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HOFMANN GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Hofmann gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The audience was a very large audience. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, sonata op. 110, Rondo a Capriccio, Allegro Furore, march from "The Ruins of Athens" (transcribed by Rubinstein); Chopin, Ballade, nocturnes in C minor and D flat major, in E minor, etudes in C sharp minor, A flat major, E major and G flat major; Schumann, nocturne; Debussy, Solenne; Rachmaninoff, preludes in F major and G minor.

Mr. Vincent d'Indy, in his "Course of Musical Composition," and also in his life of Beethoven—truly a golden book—has much to say about the sonata played by Mr. Hofmann. He finds the fact that it is no dedication significant. "How could Beethoven do otherwise? Could he dedicate to any one but himself this great expression of an intimate confession in his life? Triumphant at that moment over the first attacks of the disease to which six years later he succumbed, triumphing also, through gaining a lawsuit, over sad family affairs, and suffering for him than disease itself, exulting in the serene joy of work on the Mass, he wished to transcribe in music the moral drama in which he was the chief actor." And then M. d'Indy states that the first theme closely resembling one in a sonata (op. 58) by Haydn was Beethoven's last tribute to an early master, and appears as an image of moral and physical health. A scherzo follows; then a recitative with ritornelles in orchestral fashion.

The melody in A flat minor is a poignant expression of sorrow. The theme, built on the first theme, is like an effort of the will to banish suffering, which is for a time the stronger, and the dolorous phrase reappears. The will finally prevails. The sonata is then very dramatic, and the fugue is not only a constituent part of the cycle, it is a medium of expression, it is itself dramatic.

M. d'Indy is not an exuberant rhapsodist in criticism or analysis. This sonata is easily recognized as a dramatic work. Mr. Hofmann played it beautifully as far as lucidity, proportion, tone, rhythm, mechanical perfection were concerned; but he played it in a contemplative mood. The first movement was delightful in every way. His performance was "most amiable," according to the expressed wish of the composer. The scherzo, the interlude with the recitative, the dolorous cry, the fugue in which there is the struggle between sorrow and a heroic will, were for the most part also played amiably, too amiably. It was a carefully studied performance, charming to the ear, but without strong individuality in expression, without the revelation of a soul at war. Accept or reject M. d'Indy's explanation. There is the music, and through Mr. Hofmann's interpretation, it was not allowed to say in full its say.

The other pieces by Beethoven—the Rondo and the Andante—were admirably played; the former with the fitting whimsicality; the latter in the appropriately suave spirit, with unforced expression, with tonal beauty and immaculate phrasing. Mr. Hofmann's performance of the march recalled that of Rubinstein, his master.

There are few pianists who present Chopin's Barcarolle as a whole who make it hang together—to use a homely phrase. Mr. Borwick, an excellent player of Bach, failed in the performance of the Barcarolle, and not only because he was robust throughout. Mr. Hofmann played it with more color, with finer nuances, more poetically, and yet his reading was not satisfactory. The piece seemed composed of unrelated sections. Sir Charles Hallé described Rubinstein's performance as "clever, but not Chopinesque." Mr. de Pachmann is the only pianist we have heard in recent years who has given to this superb composition its true form and made it beautiful throughout.

Mr. Hofmann played the Valse and the Etudes most artistically. His performance of the Nocturnes was too deliberate, almost mannered. This charge might also be brought against his conception of Debussy's piece, which seemed to be impressionistic. The other pieces in the last group were hardly worth his attention with the exception of Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor, which is a sure trap for applause.

The audience was an enthusiastic one, and Mr. Hofmann responded to the call for more after the second and third groups.

MISS AMSDEN AS AIDA

First Appearance Here Gives Very Favorable Impression.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Aida.....Elizabeth Amaden
Amonasro.....Mme. Claessens
Ramses.....Miss DeCourcy
Ramesses.....Mr. Constantino
Amonasro.....Mr. Blanchard

Miss Aida last night made her first appearance at the Boston Opera House in opera. She had been heard at a Sunday night concert. She was trained musically in this city and as a pupil of the Operatic School of the New England Conservatory appeared at the Boston Theatre in June 1903 as Carmen in the fourth act of Bizet's opera. She was then known as Harriette Amsden. After studying in Florence and Paris she sang in opera at Angers, France, and later in England.

In the taxing part of Aida she made a favorable impression last night as a singer. Her voice is of pure and emotional quality in the lower and middle registers. The extreme upper tones are not generally so well focussed; they are inclined to spread, but in fortissimo they come out clearly and effectively. Miss Amsden sings with intelligence, both musical and dramatic.

It is true that her gestures and carriage—as in her exit in the first act and in the first scene of the second act—were too often mannered, stiff. Her costume in these scenes, while it was rich in color and becoming, fitted so snugly that a more graceful walk was impossible. In the Nile scene she was more at ease. She had a marked conception of the character, and her facial expression throughout was significant. She has already learned the art of listening, which is as important as that of speaking or singing, if there is to be continuous dramatic effect. Perhaps her entrance was too cringing, for although Aida was a slave, she was still the daughter of Amonasro.

All in all a promising debut, one that evidently gave much pleasure to a large audience, for she was called before the curtain again and again.

Mr. Blanchard was a picturesque Amonasro, eloquent in action and dramatic in song. The Radames of Mr. Constantino, the Amneris of Mme. Claessens and the Ramses of Mr. Mardones have long been familiar to the public. The performance as a whole was much enjoyed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance this season of Verdi's "Traviata." Mr. Conti conducted.

Violetta.....Mme. Tetraxini
Flora.....Miss De-Courcy
Annina.....Miss Sant
Alfredo.....Mr. Zenatello
Giorgio.....Mr. Polese
Gastone.....Mr. Giaccone
Duchessa.....Mr. Puccini
D'Obigny.....Mr. Huddy
Doctor.....Mr. Silli

1911 in London The Daily Telegraph and the Pall Mall Gazette have summed up the dramatic record of 1911 in London. The Daily Telegraph described the year as one of modest endeavor and slender achievement.

"Even our leading playwrights have been content to tread the primrose path of dalliance rather than the more difficult track of serious resolution. It is not in any sense a regal banquet to which we have been invited. There have, of course, been palatable dishes, some cunningly spiced to win our approval; but for the rest we look back upon the cooking as of a somewhat humble and bourgeois character. The best we can say of ourselves is that we have just succeeded in marking time; the worst we can be accused of by others is that the promise of that dramatic renaissance which some 15 years ago made so encouraging a start has still to be realized. To say that 1911 has been wholly unproductive of good work would be to ignore palpable facts. There is abundant evidence, as we shall show, to the contrary. But the work is only good of its kind. In scarcely any instance has it reached the level of real inspiration or true imaginative creativeness. 'Reculer pour mieux sauter' is an excellent axiom, but the phrase carries with it a certain apologetic significance calculated to provoke a rather unfavorable impression. It leaves so much, so very much, to the future."

Failures Sir Arthur Pinero's "Preserving Mr. Panmure" left a bitter taste in the mouth.

Successes When the play comes to America, the last act will be changed "to suit American taste." "The Lily" and "Israel" were thus ruined in the attempt to provide a happy ending for the soft-hearted Americans.

Henry Arthur Jones's "Ogre" was written merely to amuse; "that object it fulfilled only intermittently." Alfred Sutro's "Perplexed Husband" is an instance of where "the embroidery is more to be prized than the cloth itself." Maugham's "Loaves and Fishes" fell below his other plays. Then there was Haddon Chambers's "Passers By," a curious and interesting blend of the author's earlier and later methods. "There is just enough of the melodramatic element in it—not to mention the long arm of coincidence—to recall 'Captain Swift.' In respect of quiet humor and keen observation it reminds us, on the other hand, of 'The Tyranny of Tears.' We liken Mr. Chambers to Thackeray's famous clubman who, from his easy chair, set in the hay-window of the reading room, watches

the comings and goings of his fellow creatures. He is as eager to study the ways of the street loafer as of the society leader who dates her letters from Mayfair. One imagines that Mr. Chambers takes life in leisurely and cultured fashion, that unlike the law, he has a paternal regard for the little things of existence. "Passers By" reflects this state of mind; it abounds in sympathy, in sensibility, and in charm. Nothing more easy than to pick holes in it, if you have a turn for chopping logic with an analytical hatchet. But to do this you must first harden your heart against the sweetness and the fragrance of the author's work.

"Fanny's First Play" has achieved one of those obstinate successes against which Mr. Bernard Shaw, if we mistake not, strenuously rebels. The voice of the people, however, has proved too strong for him; in point of length of run "Fanny's First Play" has only been beaten by "Baby Mine." It is just possible that Mr. Shaw may not accept the circumstance as a compliment, but the fact remains. In that piece Mr. Shaw allows himself to be amusing at the expense of dramatic critics, and as he himself acted for a considerable time in the capacity one may surmise that he speaks from personal knowledge. The play itself reveals no fresh facet of the writer's talent; it has all the whimsicality, the self-contradictoriness, the extravagance, and the brilliancy of most of its predecessors. In a wholly different category stands Mr. Israel Zangwill's "The War God," produced, in rather experimental fashion, by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's. In justice, one must accord to Mr. Zangwill the virtues of an exalted purpose and lofty ideas. But somehow his parable of the great struggle between Count Frithiof and Count Torgrim—Tolstoi and Bismarck—evoked no very decisive feeling of reality; the characters struck one rather as embodied principles than living beings. This result may in some measure be attributed to the author's use, as a medium of expression, of blank verse instead of ordinary prose. Has not Mr. Zangwill himself declared, however, that "The War God" "cannot be killed," even by criticism? There, perhaps, the question may be permitted to rest.

A Play Solidly Successful

"The honors of solid success certainly lie with Mr. Graham Moffat's comedy of Scottish life, 'Bunt Pulls the Strings.' No one will contend that it is a work of superlative merit, or that it can claim in any way to be epoch-making. The secret of its popularity is easily explained. The author touches with a sure hand that note of true humanity which is of universal appeal. In addition, he possesses a quaint sense of humor, essentially characteristic of the nation to which he belongs. 'Bunt Pulls the Strings' denotes the triumph of thoroughness. It bears the hall-mark of actuality, one of the most valuable assets in the dramatist's knapsack. It has, we feel intuitively, the right atmosphere, the true ring. To use a well worn phrase, it is 'a slice of life,' which even those who have never ventured across the border instantly recognize to be the real thing. Its success is particularly instructive, for it shows that, however humble the environment, however low in the social stratum the characters may be, a play imbued with a sense of truth and sincerity may face the footlights without fear of failure."

Productions by Lesser Dramatists

The characters in Besier's "Lady Patricia" were humorously and well drawn. Knoblauch's "Kismet" was conspicuous for the rare beauty and the strangeness of the spectacle. Mason's "Witness for the Defence," after an effective prologue, became merely a detective tale. Parker's "Pomander Walk," with its "delightful fragrance," might have created a greater effect had it been more judiciously cast; in any case, the story was of too thin a texture ever to obtain a lasting hold upon the public. Arnold Bennett's "Honey Moon" lacked dramatic fibre, and was too improbable even for a farce. Lord Dunsany's "Gods of the Mountain" was the product of a curiously eerie and weird imagination. Granville Barker's "Rococo" showed genuine knowledge of life. Tribute is paid by the Daily Telegraph to Trevelyan's operatic production and Mr. Terry's revival of "As You Like It."

The Pall Mall Gazette begins its review:

Treatment of the Classics

To take the classic works of our dramatic literature first, we owe it a revival of 'Macbeth' at His Majesty's, with fine scenery and clever stage management, but no revelation of any authentic and vital power of tragic acting; a presentation of 'As You Like It' at the Coronet, in which the most enchanting poetical comedy ever written was treated as a farce, and a revival of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' at the Garrick, in which Mr. Oscar Asche made a very passable Falstaff and Miss Bessie

Majesty the best Mistress Quince, who in London for years, and of which the other notable feature was a potter, but in no other respect justifiable, and try settling of all the pieces. It was brought on a very fine performance of Bulwer's "Money" at His Majesty's, and before an audience limited by the King and Queen and the German Emperor and Empress. The acting on that occasion left lasting and delightful memories, and both their majesties and their imperial majesties subsequently allowed their admiration of it to be plainly made known. By way of contrast to saw at His Majesty's Theatre, the performance of a version of Sheridan's "The Critic," gagged and mutilated, and out of recognition, and drowned in the most flagrant way by many of the papers; and, to add to the disaster, the exhibition took place before the King and Queen and their guests for the coronation from all parts of the world. That also left abiding memories of grief and almost of humiliation. Curiously enough, "The Critic" had been acted in London by the Manchester Repertory Theatre company only a little while before, when a pure version was presented and the clowning was reduced to a minimum. It is not altogether unsympathetic that London players should have to go to Manchester for the respectful treatment of a British dramatic masterpiece."

A More Optimistic View

The Pall Mall Gazette insists that Zangwill's "War God" was the finest original drama produced in 1911 and Sir Herbert Tree's Prophet of Peace in it his best performance of the year. Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" is "one of the wittiest, most original and best constructed of all his social commentaries in dramatic form." Besier's "Lady Patricia" contained scenes of the subtlest humor and of a very rare literary bouquet. "The Great Name," which failed, is highly praised. "Baby Mine" and "The Glad Eye" appealed to a rather brainless laughter. Henry James's "The Saloon" was a masterpiece of construction and dramatic effect. Cannon's "James and John" powerfully delineated a half-hour in the lives of four unhappy people and was beautifully acted. Lennox Robinson's "The Clancy Name" is favorably remembered.

"And, while so much good work has been done by our dramatists—the true and only begetters of the Renaissance now so happily in progress—what of our actors? Is the histrionic standard higher than it was? Judged by the salaries paid, one would say it was; judged by a good deal of the work done, one might say it was not. There has certainly been little or no revelation of trained, capable and imaginative acting in classical drama, nor is there likely to be any until we begin to reap the harvest of the work of the repertory theatres, now doing so valuable a work in the provinces. On the other hand, we have seen a very high standard reached in modern comedy. * * * On the whole it looks as though that precious spirit of high enthusiasm, lofty hope, and stern criticism by the standard of truth, without which nothing worth ought will be achieved by the theatre, or by any other of the arts, and which has so notably uprisen in Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool and Stockport, is steadily, if slowly, gaining strength in London in response to the call of the men and women of letters now devoting their highest powers to the writing of plays worthy of a thinking people."

To the Editor of The Herald. At the Boston Museum

How many old-timers are left, I wonder, who remember the "wood box," as we boys used to call it, located on the floor, in the corner of the Boston Museum, furthest from the entrance to the theatre proper? You went up a step or two in order to reach this haven of rest, prized by those frugal patrons who bought admissions only, and taken by the ones who were lucky enough to get there first. The box had a flat, hinged top, good to sit on, and the ushers kept their street coats and hats inside, under lock and key. It was an excellent point of vantage, and many a play my schoolmates and I enjoyed from our snug perch thereon. It is a pet theory of mine that, in those days, when the old English comedies were performed season after season, at this theatre, a certain amount of culture was unconsciously absorbed by the younger frequenters of the house. Even the dunces at school, who either could not, or would not, learn their lessons, in my opinion gained a good deal by going regularly to this conservative old playhouse. As for harm that might have come to them, this was guarded against by the presence of the wax figures in the upper story of the building on Tremont street, which depicted the terrible and inevitable consequences of sin, all to be viewed for the one price of admission.

A schoolmate of mine was the son of one of the members of the stock company, and my innocent bosom swelled with pride over the wonderful fact. The

My manager, I thought, some deeply regrettable oversight, failed to put my name on the free list, so I often had to hustle to gather together enough ancient metal to sell the junk dealer in order to get the wherewithal for the weekly visit. To have missed the show would have broken my heart. If through extreme good fortune I had any balance left in my pocket after buying my ticket my chum and I stopped at Higgins's oyster saloon on the way home and ordered a single plate of strawberry ice cream with two spoons. We sat in a compartment, vis-a-vis, and, following the advice of Sarah Gamp to her friend, Betsy Prig, we ate "fair"; that is to say, first one took a spoonful then the other followed suit, and so on until all was gone. How the taste of that frozen dainty haunts me now that I am compelled, as a general rule, for hygienic reasons, to confine my diet to gruel and barley water!

An Escape from the Horn

One of the first plays I saw at the Museum was "Neighbor Jackwood's Daughter," and my impressionable mind was deeply affected by the young actress who played a boy's part. Was it Mrs. Fred Williams? or one of her charming predecessors? For the life of me, I cannot now remember, although I knew, at the time, that I should never forget. Even my schoolmate's name has almost escaped me. After leaving school, he wanted me to go with him as a common sailor on a clipper ship round the Horn. He had been reading "Two Years Before the Mast," and was eager to try a life on the rolling wave. Knowing something about clipper ships and their captains, I declined the invitation, preferring the dangers of the Bun Shop on Bedford street, where the English High and Latin school boys congregated at lunch time, to the dangers of the deep in a crack sailing vessel built for speed. I also must have had a presentiment of evil, for just as the ship was entering the Golden Gate, my schoolmate, in furling sail, fell from aloft and was instantly killed.

Speaking of the Bun Shop, how many of the boys are left who used to engage in those bun fights in that little bake shop on Bedford street? The early comers bought up the supply of buns and then held the shop against intrusion by their mates outside. The person in charge went under the counter when the ammunition began to fly, and a head entering the door was the signal for a hot volley. How the custom originated I do not know, but it probably grew out of the total depravity of the schoolboy make-up. I felt the bad effects of the above-mentioned article of diet so many times, and in such various parts of my anatomy, that I have never hankered for the taste of one from that day. Quantum suff. Bedford street and buns are also connected in my mind with Shakespeare, for that queer Boston personage, to whom the name was derisively applied, who used to walk the streets dressed in somewhat theatrical costume, and with an inimitable swagger, frequently came there to spout Shakespeare to the High and Latin boys during recess. Although I am growing deaf, I can hear him spouting still "Many a time and oft, on the Rialto." Little be cared for the Baconian theory. The only Bacon he condescended to notice was a rasher with eggs; and as for the cipher, "It is a thing of nought, sir, of nought!" Curious, is it not, how perceptive such people often are!

From Ice Cream to Ale

After my friend left me to sail the ocean blue with such dire consequences, the ice cream with two spoons became a tender memory, and I eschewed it as an article of diet. Then came the time that, from my old haunt in the Museum, I used to cross the street to Ingalls's, where the English ale was the real bass, drawn from the wood. One could sit down at a little table while sipping the beverage, and look over bound volumes of London Punch and other illustrated periodicals. Still another attraction, it was patronized by the "profession," and one could get many a peep at them as they strolled in before and after the play. An air of creature comfort hovered over the place, and at that time it almost out-Englished an English resort of like character. Our forebears, who lived in Boston, used to absorb a goodly share of their ale at the "Bell-in-Hand," so called from the town-crier, who was the proprietor of the place in their day. The sign, significant of his calling, was a hand grasping a bell; and it, or its fac-simile, is in use at the present time. The following lines, written long after the crier had departed this life, may interest the antiquarian as well as the convivial reader.

The Bell-in-Hand! We dreamers know
The cosy rooms with ceiling low,
The pictures hung upon the wall,
The lns and oute, we know them all,
The pumps and pewts in a row.

Outside we see, short, stout and slow,
The crier, with a child in tow;
He rings, whenever the babe doth bawl,
The Bell-in-Hand.

Ah, no! we dream. But still doth flow
The brew he loved while here below;
And oft, when weary of the call
Of trade, and all the fol-de-rol,
We seek, to muse an hour or so,
The Bell-in-Hand.

The Dead and Gone

In the course of my many visits at the Museum, I saw a goodly number of plays of various kinds, but my allegiance was somewhat shaken when Selwyn's Theatre opened, and Stuart Robson took the centre of the stage in "The Spitfire." I shall never forget his falsetto voice, when, as the sea-sick tobaccoist, he sprang that agonized question on those who were trying to get him to go on deck from below during a heavy gale: "Do you really think I would be safer on the roof?" I can still see him as Tilly Slowboy, carrying the blessed baby in his arms, with that exaggerated swing in his gait as he aped the nurse-maid. And he and Harry Pearson were certainly a pair in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as Nick Bottom and Peter Quince, two courageous souls, equal to the performance of any part played either in "your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colored beard, your perfect yellow." The original Selwyn's Theatre burned down shortly after the great Boston fire, and the new Chauncy Hall school on Essex street went with it, so that even in death they were not divided. John T. Raymond was at that time a member of the company, and I saw him on the day of the fire rushing through Boylston street, in his shirt sleeves, bent on saving his effects. It brought back old memories when I read Mr. Frank Carlos Griffith's tribute in these columns to Kitty Blanchard. She was all his fancy painted, and "then some." The florist's supply of flowers ran short on her benefit nights. A few years ago I met an old friend at the Tremont Theatre, when "Kitty Gray" was being played there. He was particularly pleased with the second act, and was highly diverted by the scene between Kitty, the actress, and the noble lord, her ardent but fatwitted admirer, admirably played by Julia Sanderson and G. P. Huntley. After the performance we retired to a quiet nook, where the trusty waiter brought us something soothing, and I rallied my friend a bit over his enthusiasm, which he took in good part, saying that he felt as interested in everything as he did in "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" days. To prove to me that his faculties were still in working order, he jotted down in his note-book, then and there, for my perusal, the following stanzas:

"Ah, Kitty, charming Kitty!
You've won my Boston heart;
An organ somewhat battered—
Which only proves your art.

"'Tis easy to cajole us
In days of careless youth,
But quite another matter
To win the old, forsooth.

"You said amid a mixture
Of laughter, song and jest,
If Love is half life's story,
Then Friendship is the rest.

"A near approach to wisdom,
For, when we reach the goal,
We may, perchance, discover
That Friendship is the whole."

Offenbach Among the Immortals

"La Belle Helene," it seems, is going round the world again. This reminds me of the prediction made by a New York critic, 20 odd years ago, that Offenbach's operas were doomed, that personally he left no impress, and that professionally he fought his way to a cheap renown. And yet the critic recognized Offenbach's volant touch, "so inimitably careless and recklessly jolly." Whatever "good taste" pronounced it, the populace "knew it was blithe." And now comes Saint-Saens, who points out the danger of prophesying, admitting that he himself predicted that posterity would not know Offenbach. He winds up a recent interesting article by asking: "Will Offenbach become a classic?" His answer is: "That would be surprising. But what unexpected phenomenon may we not expect? Everything is possible, even the impossible."

AN OLD CHAUNCY HALL BOY.

Fresh Horrors at the Guignol

Of the five new plays produced at the Grand-Guignol, two are decidedly clever. A bird competition is held in a Chinese town. Li, a jeweller, expects to secure the prize, but he has a formidable competitor in Tschang, his neighbor. But the latter takes advantage of Li's absence from home to call on Mrs. Li, and he induces her to open the cage and let the lark escape. When Li returns and hears what has occurred during his absence, he quietly, and with the Chinaman's characteristic politeness, carries out his revenge. In the presence of his parents-in-law he first strangles Tschang, and then shows his wife's parents the cage from which the bird has flown, and now containing the head of Mrs. Li, who paid for her foolishness with her life. "L'Homme qui a vu le diable" also belongs to the blood-curling order. An old gentleman labors under the belief that he has seen the devil, and sold him his soul, in return

for which he will always win at cards. A Dr. Allen, who has all along laughed at the old man's hallucinations, is suddenly seized with the strange desire to see Satan and to implore him to rid him of his mistress's husband. The next morning Allen kills the husband with a gun he thought was not loaded. According to the author, we carry inside of us the Satan we wish to see and whose help we invoke.—The Era (London).

The Composer and His Fees

As to the money to be made by the individual composer out of his own music, Elgar points out that there is an enormous misunderstanding on the point. He calculates that there are not many more than 100 first-rate symphony orchestras existing which have their own important musical library. Now if each of these purchases the full score and parts of a new symphony it will be, roughly, the maximum; on the other hand, if a novelist sell 2000 copies of a book it is put down as a failure. Did ever a modern musician sell 2000 full scores? To emphasize his point that it is only from piano-forte or violin music that the composer can make a living (we were not speaking of ballad-makers), Elgar cited examples from his own experience. When he visited Turin in November to conduct a concert he found a superb orchestra of 126, who for years had had his "Enigma" variations in its repertory, and had played the work on tour under Toscanini as a show piece.

Now Elgar assured me that in no one year since the Variations came into being (1899) have his fees from their performance amounted to a sum sufficient to pay the cost of the MS. paper on which they were originally written. Yet the Variations are played hundreds of times each year in Europe and America. Out of the multitude of these performances last year Elgar gathered 14 shillings into his own exchequer. The case of "Gerontius" is almost worse, for the composer's average yearly income from its performance is about, and not more than, £25! This is not the fault of the publishers, but of the public and the musical societies, who will play any music that is "free." Amateur actors in the country will readily pay £1 for the right to play some farce, but not one penny can be extracted for the musical composer, whose work is rejected if his performing right is insisted on—if, indeed, it exists. There is much more yet to be said, but enough for the moment.—Daily Telegraph, London.

This reminds us that Mascagni, it is said, received \$12,000 for conducting the opera in Buenos Ayres. The astounding statement is made that his tour yielded \$800,000 in receipts. "Ysobel" was performed 25 times, as was "Cavalleria Rusticana," and at each performance of "Ysobel" the receipts reached \$10,000.

To the Editor of The Herald:

A Band and Daniel Webster

At one of its fall field excursions in the sixties, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company visited Plymouth. It had dinner at the Samoset House and a dance in the evening, returning to Boston by special train. The old Boston Cornet band was engaged to furnish the music. At the dinner the dining room was somewhat crowded, so that the band, with several of the company, was placed at a table very near the kitchen entrance, where there was much confusion, rattling of dishes, etc. Now, in the postprandial program of such occasions the band is often called upon to respond to some toast, or after speeches, and the selection offered is supposed to be in sympathy and apropos of whatever preceded it. A gentleman in citizen's dress at

the other end of the room was called upon, and made quite a long speech, but in so low a tone of voice that no one in the band's vicinity could catch a word of the subject of which he was speaking. As he concluded, the commander (Capt. Fox, I think) gave the signal for the band to respond. "Dr." Chase, the leader, said to a bluff old Ancient near him: "I don't know what to play; I couldn't hear a word that was spoken." The reply was: "Play anything, play 'Molly Put the Kettle On,'" a rollicking jig tune of the olden time, the song commencing:

"Molly put the kettle on, and all take tea;
Sukeey take the kettle off, and all bite away."

As the band had no arrangement of it, but the tune being familiar to the melody instruments, the "Dr." gave the word to "Vamp in Ab,"—a term used by musicians to indicate that the bass and harmony instruments were to play in that key, building up a musical composition according to their several ideas of notation, etc., with often Debussy-like and ear-torturing results. As soon as we commenced, I knew from the looks of wonder and disapprobation directed toward the band that there was an error somewhere. It was in evidence when, at the close of the selection, the commander arose and said he hoped "the band leader would exercise a little more discretion in his selection of music for responses." It seems that the speaker's remarks were devoted to honoring and eulogizing the memory of the lamented Daniel Webster, who was sleeping on the opposite shore of the bay. The Ancient who suggested the tune relieved the band's embarrassment by saying to the commander: "You people at that end of the room must speak louder or else stop this noise in the kitchen. Neither the band leader nor myself could hear a word of what was said, and when he was undecided what to play, I suggested the tune, and he played it well, too." That closed the incident, but when the news became known in Boston the members of the band were often gayed and joked about it. T. O. E. Hingham.

New Brooms in Pittsfield

Messrs. Daniel Eng-land, Luke J. Minahan, and Edward Boitwood, executive committee for the directors of the Pittsfield Theatre Company, published on Jan. 10 the following circular, which is of general interest:

It will interest you, perhaps, to know of a step taken by the people of a New England city toward the improvement of conditions which affect the stage and the theatrical profession. The city is Pittsfield, Mass., a place of 33,000 inhabitants in the Berkshire hills. Pittsfield is a prosperous and growing town. Ten years ago a modern theatre superseded the opera house of rural tradition. The new theatre was built and conducted by gentlemen whose interest in it seemed to us to be a purely commercial one and directed almost solely from the point of view of personal profit. It was, so far as we could see, a commercial enterprise, like a grocery.

After a time we found that we were not enjoying the theatre as much as we thought we ought to. Barring vaudeville and moving-picture establishments, this theatre, the Colonial, is the only one in Pittsfield. We began, of our own accord, to talk it over. We have no "high-brow" notions, and we are not theatrical experts, but we believe that in a town like ours the theatre justifies a consideration not dissimilar to that with which we regard our public library or our art museum.

We have done more than talk about it. Last week we bought the theatre, and we shall try to run it in accordance with our own ideas. A corporation of 50 reliable citizens of Pittsfield now owns the theatre—men of vocations as diverse as the law, medicine, farming, trade, hotel keeping, life insurance, manufacturing, journalism, banking, architecture. We do not look upon ourselves as public benefactors, and we do not intend to lose money, but we do not care in the least about making it, at the sacrifice of our idea of what a theatre should be.

We have begun to spend \$5000 on the cleansing and re-equipment of the Colonial; and we have already discovered some things which must have been sufficient in themselves to cripple the exercise of dramatic art on our stage. For instance, the condition of the actors' dressing rooms appalled us. We are making these rooms fit for ladies and gentlemen, and we shall keep them so. We are going to spend as much money for the physical comfort of our performers as for that of our audiences, and this not merely from a motive of generosity, but also because we believe that it is sound common sense.

Now, we are not in this thing for a fad or for the fun of it. Any advice or comment, however brief, which you may feel inclined to send us, will be gratefully received and properly used. We, therefore, have taken the liberty of bringing to your attention this effort of a community to make its theatre a better place of entertainment for intelligent people.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M.—First concert of People's Choral Union, Frederick W. Wodell conductor, Hermann A. Shedd organist. Chorus of 40; 40 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Soloists, Mrs. Lorene Rogers Wells, soprano, and Charles E. Harveys, tenor, of New York. Mendelssohn, "Hear, My Prayer"; Gade, "Spring's Greeting"; Buck, "The Nun of Nidaros"; selections from works of Rossini and Handel.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M.—Concert by members, chorus and orchestra of the Boston Opera Company. See special notice.

MONDAY.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Piano recital by Heinrich Gebhard. Bach, prelude and fugue from "The Well Tempered Clavier"; Franck, prelude, aria and finale; Chopin, Valse, op. 42; Schumann, Des Abends; Gebhard, Intermezzo, etude melodique, Gavotte (first time in Boston); Liszt, Liebestraum No. 3; Tschalkowsky, danse caracteristique Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12.

Fenway Court, 3 P. M.—Miss Terry's second concert. Mrs. Henry Russell (accompanied by Mr. Russell) will sing these songs: Webster, La Premiere, Paladins; Psyche; Agnes, Berceuse, Borodin, Dissonance and Fleurs d'Amour; Cui, La Statue, Francis Rogers will sing these songs: Old French, Cattle Song and Troubadour's Song; Sechli, Love me or not, Sarti, Lungi dal caro bene; Carissimi, T. 10; Rachmaninoff, The Harvest Field; Rubinstein, Since First We Met; Rios, Good-bye Sehnsucht; Burgert, Der Landstreger; Paderewski, Ach! die Qualen. Miss Jessie Davis will accompany him.

TUESDAY.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Second and last Sonata recital (violin and piano) of David and Clara Mannes. Bach, Sonata in E major; Wolf-Ferrari, recitativo-Adagio from Sonata in A minor, op. 10; Beethoven Sonata in F major, op. 24. Leiser, Sonata in G major.

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an to recall. You can't imagine how much pleasure it gave me to see that Good Old Time remembered again. I read it years ago—a dilapidated copy in our (Unitarian) Sunday school library, and at intervals read it again. Some of the illustrations—one of the boys rowing—are by Winslow Homer. I think I wonder though if our modern boys would enjoy it. It seems as if they would.

We did not say that Leslie wore her feather in 1880. The date referred to the edition of "Leslie Goldthwaite."

A Disputed Point.

As the World Wags:

And so a correspondent assures you that Arthur Nikisch learned poker in the Hub, and you allow this monstrous perversion of history to go unchallenged! Himmelsakrament nochmals! Where are the marks that I dropped in the Wiener Cafe near the Altes Theater in Leipzig in the days before der schoene Arthur ever dreamt of posing to the Back Bay? In my private opinion Nikisch taught Boston how to play the American national game, and certain it is that, since his time, a certain club has not allowed any poker in that back room upstairs. History is history.

HISTORICUS.

We remember that when Mr. Nikisch came to Boston in the fall of 1889 wearing the famous accordion "pants" cut by the fashionable tailor in Leipzig, it was reported that he was almost immediately taught the game of poker by violinists in the Symphony orchestra. It was also reported, and with loud laughter, that Mr. Nikisch after a day or two showed singular proficiency; that, instead of being an easy mark, he won the admiration and the money of his merry men. When he came to Boston he professed ignorance of the game.

GEBHARD GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Heinrich Gebhard gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, which was filled with a warmly appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Bach, Prelude and Fugue in B flat major from "The Well-Tempered Clavichord"; Franck, Prelude, Aria and Finale; Chopin, Valse op. 42; Schumann, Des Abends, Tschakowsky, Danse Caracteristique; Gebhard, Intermezzo, Etude Melodique, and Gavotte (first time in Boston); Liszt, Liebestraum No. 3, and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11.

This was an agreeable concert. The program was varied and not of the common order; it was not too long; and Mr. Gebhard played in a most musical manner. It was a pleasure to hear Bach represented, not misrepresented by some thunderous transcription of an organ piece. Franck's composition served as a sonata, and the pieces that followed were well contrasted.

Mr. Gebhard of late years has made marked progress in the cultivation of tone and style. His tone is now full and colored, and he has a variety of nuances at his command. He sings a melody; he does not poke at it; he does not hammer it out after the manner of certain renowned pianists. And he now has a marked style, a style distinguished by its elegance, musical taste and subdued but evident emotion. His well developed mechanism is, if any adverse criticism should be made, too highly polished; for yesterday the hearer might reasonably have asked for a little more force and breadth in Franck's Prelude. This Prelude, by the way, as well as the piece by Schumann, would have gained in effect if the pace had been a bit slower. But this is to be said: Mr. Gebhard plays the piano with full appreciation of its limitations. He does not force tone; he does not try to impress or stun; a thorough master of his subject, he is not pedantic; well prepared, he is not openly laborious. He sits down and plays as though he were improvising to his own joy.

Would that we could hear in concerts more frequently the pieces that Bach wrote for the forerunner of the piano. There are beautiful pages in the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" and French and English suites that are unknown to the great majority of concertgoers, unless they happen to play the piano and have learned them as exercises. Mr. Gebhard played the selection yesterday delightfully. Bach, as he presented him, was a human being with romantic feelings, not the traditional cantor with a dusty and forbidding wig. Franck's suite in the Prelude and Finale would have allowed treatment on a grand scale, but Mr. Gebhard's performance was poetic and it had individuality. The Danse by Tschakowsky has much more character than have many of his piano pieces, mere pot-boilers. This Danse was written in the composer's last year. He himself joked about it and its fellows. He wrote to Davidoff: "I am engaged making musical panakes. Today I tossed the 11th. It is remarkable; more I do, the easier and pleasanter education grows. At first it was work, and the first two pieces

re the outcome of a great effort of will, but now I can scarcely fix the ideas in my mind, they succeed each other with such rapidity."

Mr. Gebhard's own pieces were warmly applauded and he was obliged to repeat the Gavotte, with its melodic frankness and harmonic twists and turns. In the Intermezzo the relationship between the introductory measures and the main body of the composition is not inevitable. The Etude Melodique has grace.

'PELLEAS' GIVEN

Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande" was performed last night at the Boston Opera House for the fourth time. Mr. Caplet conducted. The cast was as before, and Mmes Maeterlinck, Gay and Fisher, and Messrs. Riddez, Marcoux, Lankow and Mardones took part.

Now that this music drama has been performed on the subscription nights and at the matinee, the subscribers and others surely recognize the artistic success of the production, for which Mr. Russell, Mr. Caplet and all who took part in the performances, singers, orchestral players and all concerned with stage settings and mise en scene have earnestly and indefatigably labored. Even those who have not yet accustomed themselves to the exquisitely poetic music of Debussy have found pleasure in the scenery, in the effects of light, in the succession of stage pictures, in the fine acting of Mr. Marcoux, and naturally been interested in making the acquaintance of the celebrated wife of the dramatist.

It is singular, how aggressive some are, how violent, in their dislike of this beautiful and haunting music. Tell them of your inability to enjoy "Tosca," "Pagliacci" or some of the older operas, as "Lucia" and "Mefistofele," and although they may be fond of them, they do not grow hot in defence. But say to them, "I enjoy 'Pelleas et Melisande,'" and they resent it, as though you had personally insulted them. Their most telling reply is to pronounce "Pelleas" with a heavy and mocking accent on the final syllable. Then they laugh with an air of finality.

In the whole history of opera there is no similar instance of complete wedding of music with text. It might be said that the music suggested the play; not merely that the play evoked the music. The two are inseparable. One of the most remarkable features of the work is the treatment of the text for the actors. The music never compels them to go outside the limits of natural speech. Of course those who demand a set aria, and wait impatiently for Tosca to voice her views on art life, and death in song, while the Baron Scarpia waits obligingly for her to sing her best and then acknowledge the applause before proceeding in his hellish purpose, will be bored by Debussy's music.

It is a good thing that there are sharply differing views. It promotes discussion, and without discussion operatic performances would be cut and dried affairs and composers and singers taken for granted and soon intolerable in their assurance. We all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Russell for this production. Let us hope that "Pelleas et Melisande" will remain in the repertoire. As it is produced, it is an honor to the Boston Opera House and to the city.

Mr. Renaud, one of the finest actors on the operatic stage, will make his first appearance here this season on Wednesday night as Rigoletto. The other singers will be Mmes. Scotney and Gay and Messrs. Constantino, Mardones and Sill. Miss Scotney will make her first appearance on a subscription night.

CLEVER FARCE AT B. F. KEITH'S

Charles E. Evans made his reappearance in vaudeville at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night in a farce entitled "It's Up to You, William," by George Arliss, that is one of the funniest ever presented. Two English chums who had been married a year or less arranged to slip away for a few weeks, and as an excuse pleaded the doctor's orders for a sea voyage and, disliking the ocean, went to Scotland to visit an old friend.

In a hunting lodge far removed from civilization they were entirely cut off from the news happenings of the world, but timed their return to coincide with the schedule of the steamer upon which they were supposed to have taken a trip to America. Unfortunately the steamer had sunk and, utterly unaware, they greeted their mourning wives with a glowing account of their voyage.

But their marvellous descriptions were interrupted by information of the ship's disaster. That was immediately accounted for by a thrilling tale of rescue only to be met with the startling assertion that the ship sank on the outward passage. Finally, even the wonderful supply of excuses gave out and the truth was admitted. The skit gave Mr. Evans full opportunity to give rein to his humor and the farce was a constant

process of laughs from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The part of the chum was well played by Charles H. Hopper.

Will Dillon, the song writer, was given an enthusiastic reception and sang a number of ditties of his own composition which met with favor. He was aided by several persons stationed about the auditorium, who took up the chorus for him.

Grace Hazard appeared again in her costume novelty, "Five Feet of Comic Opera." Charles Kellogg returned in his bird songs, showed the Indian art of kindling a fire by rubbing sticks and his dancing flane, which responds to his reproduction of the notes of the birds. He introduced the Digger Indian trick of tying a man to a tree by his legs. The method of twisting the legs, holding them down by the weight of the victim's body, is such as to defy the ordinary mortal, but was solved by one volunteer, who easily released himself.

Very interesting was the sketch "Sweethearts" by Sir W. S. Gilbert, played by Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Connelly. The piece revolves about two young people in England who part without revealing their love and meet again 40 years later in the same spot to find that the spark of love had never burned out and kindled again at their meeting.

"The Great Golden Troupe," 10 singers and dancers from Russia, provided an interesting entertainment and did some excellent dancing. Others on the bill were Leo White and George Perry in songs, Mildred Grover, a singer, assisted by Dick Richards at the piano, and the Ballots, gymnasts.

CASTLE SQUARE—John Craig in Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Middleman." The cast:

Cyrus Blenkarn.....	John Craig
Joseph Chandler.....	Walter Walker
Capt. Julian Chandler.....	Leslie Palmer
Batty Tod.....	George Hassell
Jesse Pegg.....	Donald Meek
Sir Seaton Umfraville.....	Robert M. Middlemass
Mr. Vachell, a lawyer.....	Albert Hickey
Mary Blenkarn.....	Miss Grace Lothrop
Nancy Blenkarn.....	Miss Mabel Colcord
Mrs. Chandler.....	Miss Maude Richmond
Maude Chandler.....	Miss Lorion Leon
Lady Umfraville.....	Miss Sylvia Bladen

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"My Friend from Dixie," by the Dixie Amusement Company.

Jasper Green.....	Sam Gaines
Clementine.....	Lillian Bradford
Jimmie Moon.....	Tiny Ray
Jim Jackson Lee.....	Richard Shelton
Mandy Lee.....	J. Leubie Hill
Bill Simmons.....	Will Brown
Madam Langtree.....	Lena Roberts
Lucinda Langtree.....	Evon Robinson
Kattie Krew.....	Marie Wayne
Mose Lewis.....	Eugene Perkins
Dr. Moore.....	Arthur V. Carr

MR. AND MRS. MANNES GIVE SECOND RECITAL

Violin Sonata by Well Known New York Players in Steinert Hall.

Clara and David Mannes gave their second sonata recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a large and appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Bach, sonata in E major; Wolf-Ferrari, recitativo adagio from sonata in A minor, op. 10; Beethoven, sonata in F major, op. 24; Lekeu, sonata in G major.

All the pieces on the program yesterday afternoon were familiar to Boston concertgoers, with the exception of the recitativo adagio by Wolf-Ferrari, which was played here for the first time, and there was natural interest to hear the composition of the young composer, who is much in evidence at the present time, and whose operas have met with such marked success in New York and Chicago.

There is inherent beauty in the composition played yesterday afternoon. The music has a reflective and pensive character. There are moments of spontaneously emotional expression, and in the more strictly formal passages there is ingenuity of treatment. Lekeu's sonata is a remarkable work to have been written by a composer who died at an early age. It is to be regretted that none of his orchestral works have as yet been heard in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Mannes played in a musically fashion and with their accustomed attention to detail.

Louis Cornaro, the Venetian, wrote a book, "La Vita Sobria," in which he demonstrated, by his own example, a sure method of attaining a long and healthy life; and his four discourses were written severally at the ages of 83, 86, 91 and 95. This book has been translated into various languages and is in these days of zealous dieters quoted as though it were an example of plenary inspiration. We were reminded of it when we read a report of Mrs. Mildred Manly Easton's talk—one of her "Over the Tea Cups" talks—in New York. She said many things; the most beautiful age is from 40 to 50; anger adds to your age, so whenever you are inclined to be angry relax the jaw; Mr. Jeffries lost his imagination when he encountered Mr. Johnson at Reno and was then old beyond his years; a woman should frequently change her style of dress and manner of wearing her hair. It was a pleasant talk. One of the club members asked: "Wouldn't you rather be a nice, sassy pullet than an old setting hen?" To this a fellow member replied: "No,

because the pullet is a bird, and I am not improving my mind, and we shall like to discuss it at length, but conversationalists are clamorous without."

Doubtful Jests.

As the World Wags:

The actor of Archdeacon Colley of St. Michael's and Angels in Stockton, Warwickshire, England, in being carried around his church in his coffin as chronicled in this evening's Herald, doesn't quite come up to the performance of Lord Timothy Dexter in having a mock funeral of himself. Lord Timothy licked his wife because she didn't sufficiently enter into the spirit of the occasion to weep. Boston has some vaudeville puppeteers who are not far behind Archdeacon Colley in their sensational antics.

TIMON OF BROOKLINE.

January 20.
Mrs. Dexter was unfortunate in having no sense of humor. The will of an army pensioner is in the care of the Postoffice Savings Bank, London, and it is in this form: "Either goods or any money there may be in the Postoffice Savings Bank, must all go to my wife, unless I die a violent death at her hands." There is a grim humor about this that would not appeal to every woman—though amiably disposed.

Made in Germany.

As the World Wags:

In re scarcity of the surname "Red" in the Boston directory. "Roth," German for red, occurs nearly 30 times. "Rothe" requires a prefix—the, of the etc. "Roeth"—of a reddish color. No doubt there are many more "reds" in other languages in the directory.

THEODORE ROTHE.

Boston, Jan. 21.

Grammatically Anxious.

As the World Wags:

Do you approve the use of the adverb

"like" before clauses containing a verb, as "The mince pies like mother made." Though formerly unheard, this use is no longer uncommon. Another distressing departure from good English, to be found frequently in good newspapers and magazines and extremely common in ordinary conversation, is the use of "than" in the sense of "from" e. g. "The verdict was different than generally expected." And do you accept cheerfully the rapidly growing usage of (Hibernian origin) of "place" for "where," as every place, any place, some place for everywhere, anywhere, somewhere.

NEWTON CENTRE, JAN. 15. TORY.

1. The Emperor Tiberius would—to quote the phrase of Philemon Holland—"assay and appose" grammarians with hard questions. We are not of that honorable class. Our own grammar is shaky, not to say quibsy; therefore we are not distressed by solecisms, and find pleasure in Richard Grant White's statement that the English language is a grammarless tongue. But to your questions.

2. "Like" has long been used for "as" and even by good English writers as in "Like he did." No, we do not approve this use. In your sentence the grammar is probably no better and no worse than the pies glorified through fond recollection. The whole phrase might be "like those that," but the sentence as it stands is intelligible in spite of an ellipsis. We should not recommend the construction to any one writing for a prize. "He does his work like a man; not, like a man works."

The word "different" is followed by "from," "to," "than"—all used by good writers, past and present—"than" chiefly where a preposition is inconvenient. The word long ago was also followed by "against" and "with." The construction of "different" with "than" is found in many famous writers from Addison to Newman, from De Foe to De Quincey and Thackeray. "Different than the one generally expected." Richard Grant White abhorred "different than," but found it interesting as a peculiarly British misusage.

3. We have not seen or heard "anyplace" substituted for "anywhere" in an objectionable manner.

Pleasing Irregularities

We repeat, grammar is not our forte." Gould Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars" is to us a more colossal work than the great pyramid or the Panama canal. Yet there are wild irregularities that are more pleasing than the professor's formalism or the mar-morean stateliness of Landor. In the North station a boy tripped while running toward his father and mother who were on the back platform of a car just starting.

The Mother—Little Johnny has fell down.

The Father—Leave him lay.

This was wholly admirable.

Jan 25 1912
Montaigne tells us that as a child he was awakened every morning by the sound of some instrument, for his father thought to startle and fright children out of their dead sleep in a morning by suddenly awaking them would greatly trouble and distemper their brains. The great majority of us are called to the work of the day by the whooping or repartee of milk men or the

Alas, What Boots!

The member of the Pall Mall Gazette staff who discourses concerning fashions for men, says: Many a man has caught a bad cold during wet weather because of his servant's carelessness in attending to his boots. Trees should be put into wet boots. If you put the boots too near a fire you spoil them. Nor are trees always of well seasoned wood. They may warp when put into wet boots. This prattle reminds us of an illustrated joke in Vanity Fair at the breaking out of the civil war. A guest returning from a long tramp asks his host for a pair of slippers. The host is horrified. "Slippers, my dear boy, spoil the shape of the feet. I always keep cold boots in the cellar for my friends."

'RIGOLETTO' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Conti conducted.

Gilda.....Miss Scotney
Maddalena.....Mme. Gay
Countess of Ceprano.....Miss Morella
Giovanna.....Miss De-Courcy
Il Duca.....Mr. Constantino
Rigoletto.....Mr. Renaud
Sparafucile.....Mr. Renaud
Conte Monterone.....Mr. Marloni
Conte Monterone.....Mr. Marloni
Marullo.....Mr. Pulcini

Mr. Renaud made his first appearance at the Opera House this season, and Miss Scotney sang for the first time on a subscription night. She had been heard before in "Lucia" on a Saturday night and in Sunday concerts.

Mr. Renaud first sang in Boston at one of Mrs. McAllister's morning concerts as far back as Dec. 31, 1906. In 1909 he visited the city with Mr. Hammerstein's company and took these parts: Athanael and Rigoletto, also the three parts in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." He was here in Mr. Hammerstein's company the next year and was seen as Athanael and Boniface. In November, 1910, he appeared at the Boston Opera House as Scarpia.

We have seen many Rigolettos of late years. Those who could sing the music effectively were not actors of the first rank. The two that were dramatically the most impressive no longer had full control of the voice; I refer to Mr. Maurel and Mr. Renaud. The part is a particularly trying one. It demands an accomplished singer who is at the same time a fully equipped actor of tragic force. When "Le Roi s'amuse" was revived in Paris 30 years ago the admired Got trembled at the thought of playing the jester. He took infinite pains in preparation, but his impersonation was damned with faint praise; he was found to be dry and tedious. He then noted in his diary that Verdi had taken the meat of the outfit for his "Rigoletto," while in "Le Roi s'amuse" we serve it with bone, fat and gristle.

"Rigoletto" is a music drama in its musical portraiture of character. The intention of the composer outstripped full expression, for he had not yet escaped from the formulas of his period; nevertheless, each character is shrewdly drawn. His Gilda is something more than any prima donna with a florid air; Sparafucile is introduced in one of the most original and impressive scenes that Verdi ever wrote; the bravo's sister has music that reveals her character; the Duke is a careless libertine in song, and the late Charles Gilbert showed us what could be done with the part of Monterone. It is necessary that the singers in this opera should be of marked dramatic ability; that Rigoletto, who dominates every scene in which he appears, should be, if not a great tragedian, at least a master of melodramatic effects. Varese, who created the part, had a sonorous and flexible voice; he was a passionate actor; furthermore, he had, as the French say, "physique du role."

Mr. Renaud is a well graced, versatile, impressive actor. He makes his points unerringly and directly. He is a master of diction. His face is singularly mobile. Every attitude and gesture is significant. He has few tricks and mannerisms. Above all, he has imagination. For the time he lives, thinks, moves in the part he assumes. His Rigoletto has long been admired in many countries. It is a pity that it is now chiefly distinguished by its dramatic vividness. The tones have for the most part lost quality; the intonation is no longer secure; in a word, the music itself is not sung effectively. The dramatic conception and realization are still admirable. The hearty applause of last night was no more than was due to his performance as an actor.

Miss Scotney's tones above the staff awakened the enthusiasm of the audience. With the exception of these extraordinarily clear and brilliant tones, her voice last evening was childish and most uninteresting. The voice was as unemotional and meaningless as was her dramatic performance. Her youth, however, was in her favor. For once we saw a Gilda who had not passed

the appearance of a singer who was at present untried. Would it not be wiser for her to wait until she had gained more experience? Some might say that she will never be able to take the parts frequently and at the beginning. Others might answer that a singer should not be ambitious until her voice is fully and evenly developed; until she has a sure control of breath; until she has mastered at least the elements of dramatic action.

Mr. Constantino was in better voice than he was last week. Mme. Gay is eminently suited to the part of Maddalena. The choruses, which for the most part are the weakest pages in the opera, were well sung.

On Friday night "Faust" will be performed with Mme. Brozia and Messrs. Zenatello, Marcoux and Ridez. Mr. Caplet will conduct.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Viola Allen and the first performance in Boston of "The Herfords," by Rachel Crothers. The cast:

Tom Herford.....Charles Waldron
Ann Herford.....Viola Allen
Daisy Herford.....Grace Elliston
Millicent.....Beatrice Prentice
Dr. Remington.....George Fawcett
Keith McKenzie.....John Westley
Ruth Creel.....Jessie Izette

Tom Herford is a young sculptor whose first big accomplishment will be to design a frieze for a public building—if he wins the competitive award. His wife has taken up sculpture since her marriage and shows talent. She, too, enters the contest. She wins it. But meanwhile, Millicent, who has been kept at a girl's school because of her mother's absorption in art, has grown lonelier and lonelier, until for sheer lack of guidance and companionship she falls in love with the school chauffeur. The mother finally rallies to the rescue of her child and gives up sculpture.

There is a sub-plot concerning Keith McKenzie, Herford's assistant, and his fiancée, who magazine-writes and refuses to give up work for marriage. This throws the young man back on Herford's sister, who has no "call" but who would be happy making a home for some man, and the scene in which Keith begins to realize that Daisy is the old-fashioned woman that he really wants. Here Miss Elliston and Mr. Westley furnished the only completely satisfactory moments of the evening. A simple task of sentimental comedy was effectively achieved by both actors and author. The only other part that carries, both as written and acted, is that of the grandfather, Mrs. Herford's father, conceived in the old manner of jolly and incarnate wisdom, the friend of the family of Dumas and Augier, which Mr. Fawcett adequately filled, barring a slight confusion in his enunciation.

The rest of the play consists of episodes, allied in matter and method, but all "come tardily off." Every vital point arrives too late. In the first act it becomes obvious that Mrs. Herford will triumph over her husband, but no sharp joining of issues takes place before the fall of the curtain. The main-spring of the play is shown but not released. Two-sixths of the time wasted! Nor does the actual news of the husband's humiliation arrive on the stage until the middle of the second act. Half the action wasted. And then it falls flat.

Now comes Millicent, running away from school, pat upon the hour of the playwright's need. At last the threads of dramatic conflict and tension are knotted together. But many psychological moments have slipped past in at least an act and a half of solid prologue. Time is even more to a playwright than it was to Napoleon, and he said that it was everything. And it is too late for Bluecher.

Up to this point Miss Allen carried the play along with verve and attractive good spirits. Mrs. Herford's affection and her ambition were both well displayed, although the inner workings of the woman's character were not touched upon in the slightest. No one saw into Mrs. Herford—she is only sketched.

The play has been a sentimental, well-carpeted comedy. Too well carpeted, perhaps. All the entrances have been arranged on the Wagnerian leit-motif system. Like the devil, no sooner are the characters spoken of than they appear. Now comes a scene that, taken out of context and by itself, is really gripping, suggestive of a Bernstein cross-examination. The pathos and the pity of the lonely 16-year-old Millicent's revelation of her love affair, and its biting reproach to the new woman, neglectful of her primal, mother-animal duties, is splendid, were not certain light lines of childish naivete interspersed through it. The girl's little enthusiasms for her lover's good looks and her unsophisticated excuses for his lowly position are harmless, did they not become shoutingly shameless when so handled as to make the audience titter. If they are there intentionally they show somebody's indifference to the niceties of a child's emotions, which above all things should not be sold onto the stage for a few paltry giggles. Miss Prentice did excellent work here, as well as elsewhere, and Miss Allen finally worked herself out of the mood in which the rest of the piece is keyed. Together they did make it an intense and touching situation, except for the humorous

BERLIOZ WORK BY THE CECILIA

"Damnation of Faust" Given in

By PHILIP HALE.

The Cecilia Society, Arthur Mees conductor, gave a performance of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" last night in Symphony Hall. The solo singers were Miss Caroline Hudson, George Hamlin, Herbert Witherspoon and L. B. Merrill. The chorus was assisted by 40 members of the Schubert Club of Malden (male voices) and an orchestra of Symphony players. Miss Florence Jepperson sang the music given to "A Voice." Miss Hudson replaced Miss Alice Nielsen who was unable to sing the music of Marguerite on account of a severe cold.

Mr. Mees made his first appearance as the conductor of the Cecilia. The dramatic legend of Berlioz makes peculiar demands on a conductor. It is widely romantic, most imaginative. The man that leads the chorus and the orchestra in this work should meet Berlioz at least half-way. A smooth, polished performance is an excellent thing. It is highly creditable to the disciplinarian, but it is not an interpretation of this extraordinary composition.

"The Damnation of Faust" was an extraordinary work when it was first performed at Paris in 1846. Schumann had then 10 years to live; Tchaikowsky was six years old; Brahms was a student of 13 years; Verdi's greatest opera was then "Ernani." Nearly 66 years have gone by since this first performance, and "The Damnation of Faust" is still extraordinary, more modern than many works that have been published within the last 10 years. We have seen the rise of Franck, d'Indy, Debussy, Richard Strauss; yet Berlioz is still among the immortals and not merely through the courtesy due an illustrious man of his own period. This music today is alive, vital. Its beauty and splendor which disconcerted or shocked the hearers of the Forties have not been tarnished by time nor been chilled by the acknowledgement that "The Damnation of Faust" is a classic.

The music itself gave pleasure last night to a large audience, yet the performance was in certain respects, and perhaps necessarily, academic rather than romantic. "The Damnation of Faust" first of all calls for a much larger orchestra than the one engaged. When Colonne performed the work at the Chatelet, his orchestra numbered about 120; his chorus was between 75 and 90, but each singer was a professional chorist and was paid for every rehearsal. The strings last night were numerically weak. Yet if there had been the great orchestra that the music imperatively demands, what would have become of the chorus? The women's voices were clear and effective, but the male chorus, an unusually large one at Cecilia concerts, was less sonorous than any small group in a musical comedy. The first class or in a Sunday night concert given by an opera company.

The tonal quality of the chorus was agreeable, and in such pages as those of the Easter Hymn there was expressive singing. Throughout the performance there was an unusual attention to detail, to niceties of expression. When the students sang in Auerbach's cellar or marching with the soldiers, the result was tame, inconsequential. Thus was the tradition—not of Berlioz—preserved. Whenever the Cecilia Society or the Apollo Club has in the past sung in praise of wine, the music has sounded as though it came unwillingly from the mouths of stern-faced prohibitionists.

As far as chorus and orchestra were concerned, the performance was careful, accurate, as polished as though it had been sandpapered. It was as a pale but pleasant reflection of Berlioz's flaming choral masterpiece.

Miss Hudson, suddenly called, sang without an orchestral rehearsal. Her voice is of beautiful quality and of an emotional nature. It was skillfully employed and the character of Marguerite was revealed in song. The heroine of Goethe has twice found full expression in music: in "The Damnation of Faust" and in the wondrous second movement of Liszt's "Faust" symphony.

Mr. Hamlin, as is his wont, sang with marked intelligence and with a

Thrifty in Death.

The Scot is always telling stories against himself. One of the latest is of a Scotsman who was down in the world, without hope, and with only 3d in his pocket. He decided on suicide, and, entering a chemist's shop, asked for three-pennyworth of arsenic. "What do you want it for?" demanded the chemist. "Twopenny," said the Scotsman.—Daily Chronicle, London.

Between Fair Lips.

A London correspondent writes that smoking among women is now so common in England that it no longer excites comment. A woman pauper recently left a workhouse because the rules forbade smoking. In the 17th century English women relished tobacco. Jorevin de Rochefort recorded in his travels, which were published in 1672, that "the supper being finished they (the English) set on the table half a dozen pipes and a packet of tobacco for smoking, which is a general custom as well among women as men," but in that period children

went to school with a pipe filled by the mothers. The tobacco served instead of a breakfast. At school the master smoked with the children and taught them how to hold their pipes and draw in the smoke. Before that period there were women who protested against the weed. Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday" was published in 1599. In it a journeyman asks his master's wife: "Will you drink a pipe of tobacco?" Margery answers: "Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco pipes are the most die slaving baubles that I ever felt. Out upon it! God bless us, men look not like men that use them."

A Pathetic Farewell.

German nerve doctors are inveighing against tobacco, and in solemn meeting at Frankfurt they laid down general laws for the use of wretched beings, slaves to the habit; how they must expel smoke at once; how the smoke should be filtered through a plug of cotton wool steeped in perchloride of iron, etc., etc. They advise a long farewell to the plant.

Charles Lamb's "Farewell to Tobacco" has moved many smokers to tears, but it is feeble in comparison with a passage in Mrs. Rowlandson's narrative (1682). She, the wife of the minister at Lancaster, had been taken prisoner by Indians. "Then I went to see King Philip, he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it (a small complement now adays amongst Saint and Sinners), but this no way pleased me. For though I had formerly used Tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a Devil, the Devil lays to make men to use their precious time; I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching it is; but I thank God, he has now in me power over it; Surely there are many who may be better employed than to ly sucking a stinking Tobacco-pipe."

As late as 1799 the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Association in published "Directions for preventing Calamities by fire" urged that cigars should not be smoked in families, especially after dark. "May not the greater frequency of fires in the United States than in other years be ascribed in part to the general use of segars by careless parents and children.—There is good reason to believe a house was lately set

Mr. Witherpoon was refreshingly dramatic in the music of Mephistopheles. It at once awakened the sympathy of the audience. This is not surprising when it is remembered that ever since the mystery plays audiences have always welcomed the appearance of the devil in any shape or disguise on the stage and laughed with him, not at him. Mr. Witherpoon was not always vocally well disposed, especially in the upper register, but he was dramatically interesting, and his treatment of "In this fair bower" was a fine example of sustained singing.

Mr. Merrill did not come to grief in Brander's taxing song, which he sang in a truly fashion, for was he perplexed by the rhythmic difficulties.

The second concert of the Cecilia will be on March 11 when the program will include compositions by Bach, Cornelius, Verdi and Loeffler. Mme. Eames and Mr. de Gogorza will be the soloists.

'MONNA VANNA' AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: First performance in French in Boston of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna."

Monna Vanna. Mme. Maeterlinck
Prinzvalle. Mr. Maupre
Guido. Mr. Durozat
Marco. Mr. Duval
Trivulzio. Mr. De-Potter
Borso. Mr. De-Potter
Verdio. Mr. Lyon

The play was first produced at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, May 17, 1902. Mme. Maeterlinck, Jean Fromont, Darmont, Lugne-Pae were in the cast. The first performance in English was at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, Oct. 23, 1905, with Mme. Bertha Kalich. This production visited Boston in the spring of 1906.

Maeterlinck is at the height of his reputation. Symbolism and mysticism can scarcely be said to define the temperament of the modern American. This to the contrary notwithstanding, the exceptional popularity of the author of "Pelleas and Melisande," even in this country, cannot be discredited. In consequence, one might have expected eagerness for the performance last evening, especially since Mme. Maeterlinck was in the cast. In point of fact, the attendance was small.

"Monna Vanna" is unquestionably well suited to the purposes of the stage. After a fashion, it is invidious to make reference to matters of dramatic construction when there is no undertaking on the part of the author to make other considerations subservient to the idea of theatrical perfectibility. Still it is noteworthy that unconsciously, as it were, Maeterlinck had familiarized himself for purposes of this play with the methods of Augier.

The performance in French, last evening, served better to explain the cause of this innovation than the English production in 1905. Maeterlinck's symbolism, pictorial and imaginative, has constantly found expression, in the greater number of his plays, in the action as much as in the dialogue.

Entire scenes are written, wholly disconnected in dramatic importance from the fable, for the express purpose of emphasizing the theme of the play. Such, for instance, are the incidents of the ring in "Pelleas and Melisande," the scenes of Yniold's lost pebble and his adventure with the sheep, the episode of Pelleas and Colaud in the vaults of the castle with the stagnant pool. The psychological element of the play is thus intensified, but the objective dramatic unity is not obtained.

In "Monna Vanna," on the other hand, as was more evident from the production in French last evening than from the translation of a prose that is so uniquely adapted to its purpose that it breaks no translation, the mysticism is found in the dialogue rather than in the scene. Of course there is symbolism in the fable of the play as a whole—a dramatic parable of what the French call "le physique moral." But there are no episodic scenes which serve to clear up the mysticism of the theme. In so far the play advances with striking, though motivated, rapidity. Conversely, the dialogue is saturated with mystical references to a strange philosophy of life.

For the rest the theme of the play is bold, strangely confusing the flesh and the spirit. And there is sophistry in every line. Prinzvalle, Guido, Marco, Monna, are sentimentalists, and their failing is the failing of every sentimentalist. They trust implicitly to the dictates of their instinct. That is sophistry of the feelings.

The performance last evening was uneven. Mme. Maeterlinck was appreciably indisposed with an uncomfortable cold, and for that reason seemed scarcely in a mood for reading the part. As it was, however, her ren-

dered with a remarkable in any way except perhaps, in moments of graceful and artistic pose, was interestingly competent. Her conception is, in all probability, the conception of the author. In that respect alone it is therefore noteworthy.

Monna is an aesthete with a constant determination to practice her creed. Beauty—spiritual beauty—is her motive for action. It is beautiful to save thousands from famine and pain. To accomplish that no forfeit is too great. Indeed, Mme. Maeterlinck seemed so conscious of this element of beauty in her characterization that, in a physical way even, she attempted to convey its significance. Thus her action was constantly pictorial, and, injudiciously even, at times, she sought to substitute pose for eloquence. For the rest, Mme. Maeterlinck has strength in utterance but a scarcity of tragic depth. Her diction is eminently commendable for purity of enunciation.

Mr. Duval is essentially artistic. No more satisfying performance by a French actor has been seen in Boston since the days of Coquelin. Here is an actor who takes his art seriously. The French would call him "artiste" rather than "comedian." Technically, his accomplishments are great. Depth and an ability to appear absolutely sincere in his emotion are rare assets in an actor. Truth in emphasis, imagination and suggestion are handmaids of artistic reading. These qualities best define the conception of Mr. Duval. He was perfect.

Mr. Durozat is adequately resourceful in matters of vigorous declamation. Indeed that may explain the note of artificiality that sounded in his reading. He has all the technical competency of a pleasing actor except the ability to carry conviction over the footlights. Last evening he was only a shade away from the dramatic reality that is persuasive. But, to that extent, he was artificial.

Mr. Maupre was miscast as Prinzvalle. In a lighter part he would be unquestionably successful. As it was, he taxed his resourcefulness severely, but scarcely succeeded in bringing to the part the maturity of expression and characterization it exacts.

The performance was adequately staged in matters of scenery and costume. The members of the chorus of the opera troupe derived huge enjoyment in their supernumerary roles. They constituted the mob ostensibly. But the delight of the audience was not so great as theirs.

"Her Great Match" Given for Benefit of the Suffrage Association.

Clyde Fitch's play, "Her Great Match," was performed yesterday afternoon under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Pittman and Miss Alice Carpenter at the Plymouth Theatre for the benefit of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association. The cast was as follows:

Jo Sheldon. Mrs. John Craig (Mary Young)
Mrs. Sheldon. Miss Alice Carpenter
Victoria Botes. Miss Julia A. Shewell
The Grand Duchess of Hohenstein
Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Pittman
Countess Cassavetti. Miss Leslie Lindsey
Crown Prince of Eastphalia.
Horace B. Stanton
Mr. Botes. Howard White
Cyril Botes. Timothy M. Spelman, 2d
Mr. Frank Wilton. Timothy W. Sprague
Hallen. Robert W. Frost
Weeks. Charles B. Whitney
On account of the sickness of Mr. Samuel A. Elliot, Jr., the part of Mr. Botes was taken at short notice by Mr. Howard White.

The theatre was filled with a greatly interested audience; interested in the fact that friends and acquaintances were on the stage, and pleased by the general excellence of the performance. The managers were indebted to Mr. Wright for the courtesies of the theatre. The scenery was loaned by Mr. John Craig of the Castle Square Theatre, and it may here be said that the stage settings and the management of lights excited admiration.

The play itself is not one of Mr. Fitch's most original works, but it is well devised to please an audience by its mixture of melodrama, sentiment and humor. It reminds one of a story by Anthony Hope, while Mrs. Sheldon was no doubt suggested by the adventures of Mrs. Chadwick. It is not necessary at this late day to point out the glaring improbabilities in the construction and handling of the plot or to analyze closely the sentiment and the humor, or to inquire whether German crown princes speak such remarkably broken English.

The players had evidently been well rehearsed, and some of them had acted in the piece before this. Miss Mary Young played with a fine sense of humor and girlish feeling. Mrs. Pittman gave character to the part in which Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly shone, and refrained from exaggeration in her sentimentalism. She told the story of her wild attachment for a common soldier in an admirable manner. Miss Carpenter was conspicuous by her significant facial play, and Miss Lindsey was amusing as the rapid Countess, who flirted with married men merely for the sake of excitement. Mr. Stanton acted with sincerity an inherently absurd part; he played it discreetly and with authority. The other male actors, each in his way, contributed to the general success.

MME. SZUMOWSKA'S THIRD LESSON RECITAL

Last of the Series in Steinert Hall Devoted to Chopin.

Mme. Szumowska gave the third and last of her series of lesson recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a large and appreciative audience. The program was as follows: Chopin, Nocturne, F sharp major, op. 15, No. 2; etude, F sharp major, op. 25, No. 3; prelude, D flat major; ballade G minor; Mazurkas, op. 23, No. 4, and op. 66, No. 2; polonaise, A flat major.

The pianist began by saying that to her Chopin is a magic word, which stands for everything that is most beautiful, poetic and inspiring in piano music. She spoke of the composer's perfect understanding of the piano, of his revolutionizing effect on the technique of the instrument and of the fact that besides bringing into play new harmonies, he had perfected the use of the chromatic harmony to an extent hitherto unsurpassed.

"There are two characteristic traits in Chopin's music," said Mme. Szumowska, "his melodic wealth and his strong national spirit. It is because of the latter that he is best understood by a Pole, or at least a Slav. The spirit of his music cannot be reasoned out; it must be felt or imitated."

"It is often said that Chopin lacked musical knowledge, because his fame lies pre-eminently in his piano compositions; that he is over-sentimental; that his music lacks virility; but none of these criticisms seem to me to hold good. It was merely because he was par excellence the poet and prophet of the piano that he confined himself more especially to that instrument. The statement that his music is too sentimental seems almost absurd, for music is the result not of the intellect, but of the feelings, and how would it be possible to compose too emotionally? As to the assertion that his work lacks virility, this is perhaps made because his was so fine and sensitive a nature that its expression can be better understood by women, but otherwise it appears equally ridiculous."

The recital part of the program was especially enjoyable yesterday afternoon. The pianist played *con amore*, with evident understanding and appreciation of the composer. There was a discriminative use of an admirable technique, and there was also imaginative interpretation.

Some time ago The Herald spoke of Pfaff's cellar in New York and, alluding to Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Fitz-James O'Brien, asked why the former was disinclined to talk about his early life in New York and where O'Brien lived when he sojourned in Boston. The Herald has received the following letter of entertaining gossip:

Aldrich in New York. As the World Says:

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was never a thorough Bohemian. His early associations were not of a character to make him one. He had a good home for a time in New York at the house of his uncle—not the one "round the corner." Many of his associates at Pfaff's never enjoyed a like felicity. He was employed in an editorial capacity at the Home Journal in the days of N. P. Willis and George P. Morris. Thomas W. Fitch, who married Gen. William T. Sherman's daughter—to whom the Khedive sent diamonds for a bridal gift—was an office boy there at that time. He went into the navy afterwards. There was no Bohemianism in the polite atmosphere of the Home Journal when "Babie Bell" was published.

I visited Pfaff's one night late in 1860 or early in 1861, just before the breaking out of the civil war. In a recess under the sidewalk the Bohemians were assembled at a long table, with Walt Whitman sitting at one end. Some of the group were matching pennies, and while they were so doing, Aldrich, young and dapper, came in and made some humorous remarks about the performance. I did not know him then, though I knew him well enough in Boston afterwards. And what a lucky fellow he was! He came here under the wing of James T. Fields. Both were originally from Portsmouth, N. H. Aldrich was first made editor of Every Saturday and then succeeded Fields as editor of the Atlantic Monthly. While Edwin Booth lived in a house in Chestnut street, where his daughter Edwina was married, I used to see Aldrich and the tragedian at the Old Elm in Tremont street.

At Pfaff's Table.

William Winter, too, quitted the Bohemian circle early. Though no ascetic, he evidently had little sympathy with some of the contributors to the Saturday Press that made Pfaff's famous. Has any one a copy of that brilliantly audacious but comparatively short-lived publication, with Henry Clapp at its head? He was, by the way, a cousin of the late Francis H. Jenks of the Boston Transcript, who had not a speck of Bohemianism in his make-up; perhaps because he was of Quaker descent on the maternal side. Clapp hailed from Nantucket originally.

Edwina Jenks's father, a partner in a paper concern, George Jenks, was her brother, I was well acquainted with him in Boston.

E. G. P. Wilkins, at one time a dramatic critic of the New York Herald and the man who wrote the feuilleton signed "Personne" in the Saturday Press, in his younger days was employed at Oak Hall, in North street, Boston. He was a clever writer and the author of one or two plays. He was a man who affected a leisurely manner in all that he did and he sauntered down Broadway to his office in the old Herald building as if he owned

the Astor House and time was of no account. He died early as did many of the Bohemians. Among them let us not forget Ada Clare, a bright woman in her way, but not a successful actress. The Queen of Bohemia, some called her. She is said to have invented in a moment of feminine inspiration the theatre coupon ticket which has been such a convenience to both managers and amusement seekers. It was reported that she died of hydrophobia contracted in oressing a pet dog.

Fitz James O'Brien while in Boston frequented Louis Blanc's restaurant in Winter place, a quiet nook. Where he lodged I know not. Maybe he vaulted lightly up four pairs of stairs. Blanc was the predecessor of Louis P. Ober as a landlord, in the early sixties. Boston, Jan. 22, 1912. BAIZE.

Note and Comment.

Ada Clare was, indeed, from all accounts, a brilliant woman. She played on the stage as Agnes Stanfield, and made her first appearance as Julia in "The Hunchback," Aug. 15, 1855, in New York, at an amateur performance. Her real name was Jane McEthenney. She wrote a novel, "Only a Woman's Heart," and contributed to periodicals. Early in 1871 a pet dog bit her nose. The wound healed and she went touring with Lucille Western. At Rochester, N. Y., she was taken sick on the stage. In her room she ran about on all fours begging to be killed. She died a frightful death March 4, 1871. In 1868 she married J. Frank Noyes. There are frequent allusions to her in Vanity Fair, and her face, no doubt, appears in some of Mullen's pictures for that weekly. R. H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr") introduced her in his interesting novel of New York life.

William Winter left the Bohemian circle at Pfaff's, but he treasured the memory of many of his associates. In the sketch of O'Brien prefixed to his edition of O'Brien's poems and stories, he speaks of "the season of the light heart and the foaming flagon, when the chimes are heard at midnight and the bloom is on the rye," and in his notes he refers most sympathetically to companions long dead.

Wilkins appeared to be a man of leisure, but he left his bed at 6 in the morning and worked for three or four hours. He could then afford to saunter to the Herald office. At the office he furnished more copy. After the theatre closed he wrote paragraphs and sent them to the Herald by a messenger. He was a systematic worker, so that he could afford to saunter. George Arnold said it was one of Wilkins's pleasant and harmless affectations to let nobody know when he worked; to appear not to work at all. There are men who bore you by telling how busy they are; they do not know how long they can stand the strain. The affectation of the brilliant Wilkins was more to be commended.

MARCOUX MAKES HIT IN "FAUST"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Caplet, conducted.

Faust. Mr. Zentello
Mephistopheles. Mr. Marcoux
Valentin. Mr. Riddex
Wagner. Mr. Barreau
Marguerite. Mme. Brozia
Siebel. Mme. D'Ollige
Martha. Miss Leveroni

Mr. Marcoux gave a remarkable impersonation of Mephistopheles last night, probably the most subtly composed and adroitly acted since Jamet visited this city. Edouard de Reszke's in comparison was commonplace, and while Plancon was indisputably superior to Mr. Marcoux as a singer, his dramatic conception was not so vivid, picturesque and varied.

The man that created the Mephistopheles of Gounod's opera was named Balanque, and the composer said of him that he was a good singer and a good actor; "he sings especially well what he acts." Berlioz thus characterized him. "He has the face and figure, the angular profile, the deadly glance, the strident, mocking voice."

It may be said first of all that in judging an impersonation of this operatic Mephistopheles, it is not necessary to consider Goethe's fiend, any more than it is necessary to ask whether the Marguerite of the librettists is Goethe's Gretchen. Any singer who should build

When Peter was arrived at the Paris Opera, there was much talk about the "realism" of the scenery and costumes that were supposed to be peculiar to the year 1800. A critic then protested against certain "improvements." He wished Faust again to be dressed as a noble cavalier of the Renaissance, not as a Toreador; he preferred the Marguerite with the traditional braids of hair to one that looked as though her home were in Holland. "Why this chatter about realism in an opera in which Mephistopheles talks with the flowers?" And he wished to see Mephistopheles in the old dress of scarlet, not in black so that he might pass unobserved among the honest people of the old German town.

The force of Mr. Marcoux's impersonation fortunately does not lie in his costume, handsome as it is. He is not the first to discard the traditional scarlet. Years ago Victor Maurel aroused discussion in Paris by wearing black, and when he was seen in Boston as Mephistopheles, he wore two or three costumes, one of a mouse gray; for he said at the time that Mephistopheles should not be compelled to wear only one suit on his travels. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman." In opera he often looks as though he were arrayed for a pantomime.

The Mephistopheles of Marcoux is at first friendly, companionable. He is evidently a man of the world, gay, witty, as full of devices as Casanova, only too conscious of the weaknesses of mortals. In the first act he reassures the philosopher, naturally frightened somewhat by the apparition. Even when he makes the contract, he does not emphasize the future servitude "down below," nor does he make a pretence to clutch him with satanic claws as Faust hesitates.

In the Kirnes scene he does not at once excite the suspicion and fear of the villagers. He is a stranger on his way through the town with a handsome young travelling companion. He sang the song of the golden calf to the townsfolk in a friendly way, as a good fellow called on for a song. There was no direct appeal to those this side of the footlights. The consummate art of Mr. Marcoux, however, was first manifested in the sobriety of his action when he saw the sword hilts in the form of the cross. He did not writhe and mow and gibber, or bite his futile sword with his teeth. He stood erect and still defiant, but his face revealed his anguish and his knees were turned to water. Admirable, too, was his quick recovery of sang-froid. Admirable also was his bearing in the scene of the dance, his scrutiny of Marguerite and Faust.

In the garden scene his business, whether it were wholly original or derived in part from that of Faure, for years the great French Mephistopheles, was singularly effective. There was none of the familiar buffoonery with Martha; there was no trotting across the stage. His contempt for the over-ripe widow, a true Ephesian matron, and his aversion were finely indicated. His invocation was not roared, nor was he melodramatic in his handling of the hesitating Faust.

It is a question whether Mephistopheles should appear in the church, or exist only in Marguerite's distracted brain. It seems to me that the scene is more effective when the voice is heard and the singer is not seen until the end, when he is shown, horribly exulting in the pillar. Mr. Marcoux preferred to stand as one ready to join the worshippers. Thus he had the opportunity of expressive facial play, as when the "Dies Irae," sung by the choir, reminded him of his own doom.

His finesse in vocal nuances was fully displayed in the Serenade. As usually sung, it is long drawn out and bore-some. Mr. Marcoux's mockery was sinister, not bolsterous.

The features indicated were only a few in a performance that should be carefully studied. Perhaps they were the most salient in an impersonation that was engrossing from the beginning to the end. Mr. Marcoux's voice is not robust; it is not sensuous; but it was used with rare skill for dramatic effect. As Berlioz said in praise of Balanque, it was strident and mocking.

Mme. Brozia was evidently not "in voice," but she sang with intelligence and gave a charming characterization of Marguerite, free from sentimentalism, undisfigured by coquetry. Mr. Zentello sang as a lover, not as a hero. His song and action were well suited to the part. The chorus in the Kirnes scene was at times inexact, but the Soldiers' Chorus was sung sonorously and with spirit. Valentin's song in the Kirnes scene was omitted. Gounod wrote it for Sattley when the opera was given in London, and the omission last night was in accordance with the original version. All in all a memorable performance, if only by reason of the appearance of Mr. Marcoux as Mephistopheles.

The opera this afternoon will be "Haensel und Gretel," with Mmes. Swartz, Fisher, Claessens, and Mr. Gortz. The opera will be followed by an act of the ballet "Coppelia," with Mmes. Galli, Paporello, Parker and Messrs. Bottazzini and Pulcini. Mr. Goodrich will conduct.

The operas this evening will be "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mmes. Amsden,

and De Courcy, and "Faust," with Mmes. Barnes and Gaudenzi, Poiese, Giaccone and Gortz. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

DVORAK WORK BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Katharine Goodson was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, O major, op. 61...Schumann
Concerto for piano No. 1, B flat minor, Tschalkowsky
Dramatic overture, "Husitska"...Dvorak

Two of these compositions are familiar to concertgoers in Boston. Dvorak's overture has not been played frequently. It is not a composition that would bear many repetitions. Written for an occasion—the opening of a new Bohemian Theatre in Prague—it is appropriately theatrical. The composer attempted to celebrate in music the wars of the Hussites, and the important theme, which undergoes many changes, is a phrase from a Hussite hymn. The recipe for compositions of this sort is well known. As was to be expected, the solemn theme heard at the beginning, the typical motive of the faith for which men suffered persecution and death, is at the end pompously triumphant, shouted by the orchestra with beating of drums and other pulsatile instruments of joy and ceremony. Hanslick of Vienna found out that the allegro was fanatical in spirit, as though passages were "orchestrated with hatchets, scythes and battle maces," but today this fanaticism seems deliberately assumed and rather tedious. The overture is not one of Dvorak's best works, and in the flight of time these best works are growing few in number.

Miss Goodson has now played three concertos at concerts of the orchestra. She chose Grieg's when she first played here. I did not hear that performance, but competent judges praised it highly. For her second concerto she chose her husband's—for, though she retains her maiden name for concert use, she is the wife of Arthur Hinton. Choosing this concerto, she proved her wifely devotion and also acquainted us with an unfamiliar work.

Her choice of Tschalkowsky's concerto in B flat minor was not fortunate. She was busy in the first and third movements, very busy, most industrious; but the concerto is beyond her grasp. Her performance was lacking in breadth, in Cossack fury and wild abandon, in the demoniacal spirit that redeems certain pages from downright vulgarity. She played the running passages nimbly; the lyrical episode in the first movement had refined expression; the second movement was read with pretty sentiment; but as a whole the performance of this tumultuous work, with its relieving pages of song that is quickly shadowed by melancholy, was not impressive or exciting.

The feature of the concert was Schumann's Symphony with its wonderfully beautiful Adagio, which would be a perfect work of romantic art were it not for the incongruous and academic contrapuntal episode. When Schumann wrote it he was more than ever a dreamer; he would sit for hours, silent, in a nervous state. We read that when he did work, he applied himself to contrapuntal problems; hence, no doubt, this disturbing episode. How Schumannesque the Adagio is! How peculiar and individual its beauty! No wonder that the audience yesterday was deeply moved by it.

There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will make its western trip. The program of the concerts of Feb. 9 and 10 will be as follows: Symphony in F minor, No. 4, Tschalkowsky; concerto for cello, "Lalo" (Heinrich Warnke, cellist); "Ormazd," a symphonic poem (Ms., first time), Converse.

The poem this morning is by Mr. Thomas Hardy. It will appeal to many who to outward view are snugly happy in the apathy of middle age.

"I LOOK INTO MY GLASS."
I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistressed
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

The Fatal Chair.
As the World Wags:

I thought about going to the theatre last evening, but made the wiser choice of staying at home with a book and early to bed. It occurred to me in pondering the matter that since the boot, the maiden, the thumbscrew and the rack are no more available, under civilized conditions, for the extraction of infor-

mation from such reports. J. J. McNamara, the more than ordinarily Irishman, the ordinary theatre seat of commerce might easily be adapted to fulfil their ends. With a spack of air of philanthropy well calculated to please the emotional people who, bent upon giving freedom to Spencers, Richesons and Phelps, and in the doing of this an implicit promise of immunity to other gentlemen who may be upon murder bent, Mr. McNamara might be sent to the theatre night after night. If the average entertainment did not suffice to suggest full confession as a desirable alternative, the torture of the theatre chair would assuredly do the trick after a few days' experience of it.

DRAMA LEAGUER.

Boston, Jan. 25.

What Larks, Pip!

As the World Wags:
Your discussion of the stirrup cup under the Gaelic name suggests to me the possibility that the old game of Duck on Davy may be of Gaelic origin and that the "on" may be "an." You remember the game? The "Davy" was a rock protruding from the earth, say a foot or more; the "Duck" was a small stone placed on top of the rock. One man stood as guard to the Duck, while the rest stood off and bowled at it with stones. When it was knocked off, the guard pursued the successful bowler, and there was a monkey and parrot time, though I don't remember that anything very painful ensued if the bowler were caught.

"Perhaps you remember also the game of Bloody Miller? One fellow lay face down on the grass and the rest piled on top until the bottom fellow cried "Bloody Miller." Then everybody rose and the bottom man gave chase. The fellow he caught had to go to the bottom next time.

Of course the game of Lame Soldier belongs to that class of news which isn't fit to print. It could never be played twice on a victim not suffering from loss of memory.

Chestnut Hill, Jan. 24. V.

Concerning Duck.

"Duck on Davy" is known in and about Washington, D. C. It must be a southern name for the game called commonly in Massachusetts "duck" and in some places "duckstone." We remember the game well, for we were generally "it."

Why "Davy" for the rock? In Dr. Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" (vol. II., p. 198) there is a long account of the game and its variations in English provinces. The rock is sometimes called the duck stone or duck table in England, and the boy who puts a stone on it is known as the Tenter; in other places "old man"; and the duckstone is the "duckey." We find no allusion to "Davy."

We never heard of "Bloody Miller." The favorite spring, summer and fall games in the sixties in Hampshire county were duck and yard-sheep. Hare and hounds was known, but not often played. There was occasional pitching of quoits. In duck and yard-sheep there was no mercy shown the slow and awkward.

From Nose to Mind.

An advertisement of a nostrum sold some years ago ran as follows: "A cold leads to catarrh; catarrh to consumption; and consumption—to the GRAVE!" A fine crescendo ending in a fortissimo climax of terror. We now read that the automobile makes a street dustier; that inhaled dust starts a certain catarrh; that this catarrh accompanies infantile paralysis.

Yet catarrh may be of benefit to a man; it may shape him for higher things. There was an Englishman, a victim. He found that the dry air of the British Museum reading-room suited his complaint. Spending his days there he began to read. Then he took to writing and soon found editors and publishers. There are victims of catarrh in Bates Hall at the Boston Public Library, for the hall is warm in winter and reasonably cool in summer; but they, snuffling, barking, dozing, have little time to read, poor things.

Mr. Sofer Whitburn died recently in London. His complaint was asthma, and he found the air of Lombard street beneficial, so he settled there and worked. Great was his reward; he lived to be 76 and left £1,500,000.

Not Impressive.

Rajah, Maharaja, Ahkoond are mouth-filling, sonorous words, suggesting the clash of cymbals and the flashing of scimitars, the perfume, the splendor, the voluptuous boredom of the Orient. But there is no association of pomp and ceremony with Gackwar. The Gackwar of Baroda! He might as well be called the Gezer of Baroda. No wonder his picture is booted in London music halls.

Jan 28 1913
"HAENSEL UND GRETEL" GIVEN
By PHILIP HALE.
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel," followed by the first act of Delibes' ballet

Humperdinck's opera was performed yesterday afternoon for the first time this season. The singers were all members of the Boston Opera House company with the exception of Mr. Gortz, who came from the Metropolitan Opera House to give his initial impersonation of Peter.

New scenery had been provided for the production, and the opera merely as a spectacle is now well worth seeing. As in "Pellican et Melisande" the scenes are framed, so that the whole of the stage is apparently not in use. The framing of the first scene is quaint, and the sight of the inner curtain quickens expectation. The middle section of this curtain rises to show the living room of Peter's house, an admirably designed scene with a striking effect of light through the rear window. The forest scene is impressive, although the tall trees are painted after a Boecklin formula and some might describe them as wildly imaginary rather than realistic.

The scene in which the angels descend the golden staircase is beautiful in color effects. The stairs, one by one, come as molten gold, and contrast gorgeously with the blue background and the costumes of the angels. The cloud effects on each side of the stairway are not so convincing. The final scene of the witch's cottage is picturesque and the mechanical tricks yesterday worked flawlessly.

If the production reflected credit on a management which is already famous for productions, the performance was also highly creditable. Mr. Gortz's Peter is so well known that it is not necessary to dwell upon the characterization. It is delightful in every way, in its rollicking good humor, its gruff tenderness, its representation of superstitious fear, its peasant simplicity.

It is not easy to imagine a better Gretel than the one portrayed by Miss Fisher, who went back to her girlhood and did not suggest an opera singer feigning childish things. She was light-hearted, mischievous, a romp, yet shrewd with the peculiar shrewdness of children, who are uncomfortably quick to read the character of grown-up persons. In the opera, as is generally the case in life, the little girl is superior to the small boy in matters of instinct and in shifts and devices. Miss Fisher sang Gretel's music charmingly.

Miss Swartz gave the illusion of extreme youth, and her performance, also, was not disfigured by self-consciousness. She was suitably boyish except in one respect. She too often used her wrists as girls do and boys do not; otherwise her characterization was plausible. When her music lay in the lower part of her voice she was not clearly heard and at times in the earlier scenes she was almost inaudible. It is to be hoped that she will not follow the example of many unwisely ambitious contraltos and seek to extend the range of her upper voice and the brilliance of it at the expense of tones that are naturally rich and full of color.

Mme. Claessens played the part of the witch con amore and as Gertrude scolded the children and berated the returning Peter with his double load—inside and out. Miss de Courcy sang prettily the song of the Sandman.

Mmes. Galli, Paporello, Parker and Messrs. Bottazzini and Pulcini took the chief parts in Delibes' ballet.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

DOUBLE BILL LAST NIGHT

'Cavalleria Rusticana' and 'Pagliacci' at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

SanluzzaElizabeth Amsden
LolaElvira Leveroni
Mamma LuciaFlorence De Courcy
TuridduMr. Ramella
AlfoMr. Fornari
Followed by Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

NeddaEdith Barnes
CanioMr. Gaudenzi
TonioMr. Poiese
SilvioMr. Barreau
BeppeMr. Giaccone
Miss Barnes, who has appeared in secondary parts this season, was given her first opportunity at the evening performance in a leading part and delighted the audience with her singing as Nedda. Her voice is sweet and suited to the music. What fault might be found with her acting is due to inexperience and will no doubt be overcome.

Mr. Gaudenzi's solo at the close of the first act drew much applause, and Mr. Poiese sang the role of Tonio admirably.

Miss Amsden sang the role of Sanluzza in the first opera dramatically, and her duet with Mr. Fornari was remarkably effective.

6 COMPOSERS AT RECITAL

The First Composers' Recital was given yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Shepherd, sonata, op. 4, for the piano, played by the composer; Converse, sonata, op. 1, for violin and piano, played by Miss Bessie Bell Collier and the composer; Michheim, "The Heart of the Woman," "When the Dew Is Falling," "Across the Silent Stream," "Aedh Wishes His Beloved Were Dead," sung by Mrs. Florence Stevens Low, assisted by Miss Jessie Davis, pianist; Gebhard, intermezzo, impromptu, gavotte, etude, in A minor, piano pieces, played by the composer; Strube, reverie in A minor; T. Adamowski, air de ballet, Barcarolle; Loeffler, "Caprice Espagnol" (Henri Ketten), played by Miss Bessie Bell Collier, assisted by Miss Grace Collier, pianist.

The stage was festooned and decorated with plants. There was a large and warmly appreciative audience.

Mr. Shepherd, who played his own sonata yesterday afternoon, is at present a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory. He has already shown himself to be a composer of talent, and his "Overture Joyeuse," it will be recalled, was recently the winner of the Paderewski prize for American orchestral works. The sonata is built on a large scale. The first movement has at the same time a resolute and sombre character. The second movement, eminently MacDowellian in reminiscence, is less sombre and there are many moments of tenderness and beauty, while the third is by far the most effective. The workmanship is on the whole creditable to the composer, but his workmanship is more apparent than his melodic invention. There is a lack of spontaneous melody, and the thematic material, especially in the first movement, shows little profile, little physiognomy.

Mr. Eichheim's songs are charming in every respect. Ultra modern in harmonic progressions and in spirit they are effective, not merely bizarre. Imaginatively conceived, their themes are full of character and skillfully developed, while they are at the same time profoundly emotional. Admirable diction and musical phrasing were features of Mrs. Low's singing, while she displayed the ability to suggest the mood of the composer and appreciation of the text.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Converse's sonata, but its performance was marred by Miss Collier's faulty intonation and explosive rendering.

Mr. Gebhard's pieces, agreeable salon music, were musically played, and the plausible brilliance of the gavotte necessitated a repetition.

PROF. MARSHALL TALKS ON OPERA DEVELOPMENT

Prof. John P. Marshall talked on operatic development from the time of Scarlatti to the period of Wagner yesterday afternoon in Jacob Sleeper Hall, at the third of the Boston University series of lectures on the opera. There was an illustrative program of unusual interest, given by Miss Evelyn Scotney and Messrs. Polese and Fornari of the Boston Opera Company.

"A Doll's House" in Japan

The Herald is indebted to the Rev. Clay McCauley for copies of Japanese newspapers containing interesting information about the theatre of Tokio. Ibsen's "Nora," or "A Doll's House," was put on the stage of the Empire Theatre in Tokio and produced for a week. The Japan Times of Dec. 7 said in an editorial article: "To a Japanese woman brought up in the atmosphere of the threefold obedience doctrine—when a girl, obey thy father; when a woman, obey thy husband; when a matron, obey thy son—it must be very difficult indeed to adequately understand the sense of personal freedom that inspires Nora in carrying out her decision. But the fact that such a play should have been enacted in the foremost metropolis of the Orient before a large appreciative audience shows the great change that is taking place in the intellectual life of oriental peoples, particularly of the Japanese. It is quite probable that a large part of the audience did not grasp the full import of the play and the philosophy that lies at the bottom of it. Yet there is no question that the play was the chief thing that attracted them, and the independence displayed by Nora, if it appeared to them quite extreme, did not make them angry, but set them in good humor throughout. It would not have been the case 30

years ago, and the evidence of this change in popular sentiment seems to us to be one of the striking features of the performance."

After pointing out that there used to be one and almost the only line in which a man or woman could find a pathway to freedom in old Japan, viz., the line of religious life, the Times concludes: "Modern Europe owes its wonderful activities and splendid progress largely to the early realization of the sense of individuality. Ignore this great truth of individualism, and you make the laws, morals, industries and politics of Europe and America an enigma impossible to explain. Now Ibsen's 'Nora' will be an enigma to those who are unfamiliar with the sense of personal freedom, but to those who realize that they are human beings, before they are citizens, husbands, wives or children—to them the play represents, in an exaggerated form, indeed, but in a very forcible manner, this great truth of human life. And we believe that to a great many people this play—'Et Dukkehjem'—since it was written in 1879, has proved to be a means of opening their eyes to a great fundamental truth of life."

"The Japanese educators who can recognize in woman's education no other aim than the training of obedient wives and wise mothers will do well to take into consideration the fact that Tokio has already opened its foremost theatre to the performance of Ibsen's 'Nora.' Whatever the authorities may be imagining in their supreme pride of training the nation according to their narrow nationalistic ideals, the great spirit of individualism is here in their very presence. If they wish to make their work enduring, they would do well to remember that Ibsen's 'Nora' is tolerated and appreciated in Tokio, and shape their policy accordingly."

First Performance of "Pinafore" at the Shubert Theatre

The revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Shubert Theatre this week brings to mind the earliest productions in this country. The very first American production was made by Manager Field at the Boston Museum on Nov. 25, 1878. It was presented in San Francisco on Dec. 23 by the Alice Oates company at the Bush Street Theatre; in Baltimore in Christmas week, with Blanche Chapman as Josephine, and in Philadelphia by the Ford company the first Monday in January, 1879.

The Boston cast, composed of the regular members of the Museum stock company, was: Sir Joseph Porter, George W. Wilson; Capt. Corcoran, James H. Jones; Ralph Rackstraw, Rose Temple; Dick Deadeys, Ben R. Graham; Bill Bobstay, Joseph H. Hawthorn; Bob Becket, W. Morris; Tom Tucker, Little Gertrude; Tom Bowline, W. Melhorne; Josephine, Marie Wainwright; Little Buttercup, Lizzie Harold, and Hebe, Sadie Martinot. Fred Williams, father of Fritz Williams, was the producer and stage manager. John Braham was the conductor. The people who were in the original New York company went to Boston to see the piece as produced there.

The first of the many New York productions of "Pinafore" opened at the Standard Theatre on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, 1879, under the management of James C. Duff. On Monday and Tuesday the theatre was closed for rehearsals. The presentation of "Pinafore" was preceded by a comedietta, entitled "My Uncle's Will," in which William Davidge, B. T. Ringold and Miss Davenport appeared. The cast for "Pinafore" was: Sir Joseph, Thomas Whiffen; Capt. Corcoran, Eugene Clark; Ralph Rackstraw, Henri Laurent; Dick Deadeys, William Davidge; Bill Bobstay, Charles Makin; Bob Becket, H. J. Burt; Tom Tucker, Master Henry; Tom Bowline, J. Wilmot; Josephine, Eva Mills; Little Buttercup, Blanche Galton, and Hebe, Vernona Jarbeau. This was the most important of the first crop of American productions and ran without interruption until June 14. Considerable changes in the production were made on the occasion of the 150th performance, on May 2.

The opening of "Pinafore" at the Standard Theatre created an immediate popular sensation, even though some of the players were severely criticised and the entire production had not been rehearsed as thoroughly as it might have been. Messrs. Whiffen, Laurent and Davidge and Miss Jarbeau were the most successful members of the company.

"Trial by Jury" had already been heard in Boston at the Globe Theatre Nov. 19, 1876, performed by the Soldene company, with Clara Vesey as the plaintiff, and a poor performance of "The Sorcerer" had been given at the Gaiety, March 13, 1879.

The first juvenile company seen in New York in "Pinafore" was Haverly's at Haverly's Theatre on May 1, 1879.

The first performance "authorized" by composer and librettist was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, by D'Oyly Carte's London company, Dec. 1, 1879. Gilbert was stage manager and Sullivan led the orchestra. In the company were Blanche Talbot, Jessie Bond, Alice Barnett, J. H. Ryley, Mr. Broccolini, Hugh Talbot, Furneaux Cook, Fred Clifton, Mr. Cuthbert.

Versions of a Good Old Song

The Journal of American Folk-Lore has published "The Grand Old Song Old Ballad of Old Dan Tucker." This is the version given:

Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk,
He fell in the fire, and he klicked up a chunk;
The red hot coals got in his shoe,
And whew-wee! how the ashes flew!

CHORUS.

Get out the way for old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper!
Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper.

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
He washed his face in the frying pan,
He combed his head with a wagon wheel,
And he died with the toothache in his heel.

Daniel Tucker, he's a Quaker.
He drinks butter-milk by the acre,
Supper's over, dishes washed,
Nothing left but a little bit of squash.

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
He used to ride the Derby ram,
He sent him a-whizzin' down the hill,
And if he hasn't got up he's a-lyin' there still.

Contributors to the New York Sun have protested against this version and given others. Thus Mr. Dan Beard says that the first verse as sung in Kentucky when he lived there was as follows:

Old Dan Tucker clum a tree,
He clum so high he couldn't see.
A lizard caught him by the snout
An' he hollered for a nigger to pull him out.

Get out the way, Ole Dan Tucker, etc.

Mrs. Martha McCullough-Williams improves the Journal of American Folk Lore for "debasing and emasculating our classics." Her version begins:

Old Dan'l Tucker clomb a tree,
His Lord and Marster for to see.
De limb hit broke and Dan got a fall—

Never got to see his Lord at all!
Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!
Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!
Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!
You're too late to git your supper.

And what, pray, is the Darby Ram doing in the version published by the Journal of American Folk Lore?

Can any one tell us who first sang Dan Tucker on the stage? The song was published by William Hall & Son, New York, in the forties. It was the fifth in a collection of 18, entitled "Music of the Ethiopian Serenaders," and on the title page is the picture of a group, blacked; bones, tambourine, two banjos and an accordion; Pell, Germon, Harrington, White and Stanwood. The date of copyright is indistinct in the copy before me, but it is either 1842 or 1847.

Craig's "Hamlet" in Moscow

The final rehearsal of Gordon Craig's production of "Hamlet" took place at the Theatre d'Art in Moscow, Jan. 3. This theatre has maintained a high standard for many years. "Whatever play they produce is carried out with thoroughness and mastery of detail, and they are able to handle the most diverse material with such sureness of touch that one can but wonder at the elaborate mechanism which must be put in motion to produce such technical perfection. It has carried 'realism' as far as probably any theatre in the world, and now it has proved that it can without difficulty go as far in the opposite direction." Mr. Craig was directly concerned in every part of the production. The staging was most novel.

The correspondent of the London Times gives this account of the scenery:

"Every scene in the 'Hamlet' has for its foundation an arrangement of screens which rise to the full height of the proscenium, and consist of plain panels devoid of any decoration. Only two colors are used—a neutral cream shade and gold. A complete change of scene is created simply by the rearrangement of these screens, whose value lies, of course, not so much in themselves as in their formation and the lighting. Mr. Craig has the singular power of carrying the spiritual significance of words and dramatic situations beyond the actor to the scene in which he moves. By the simplest of means he is able, in some mysterious way, to evoke almost any sensation of time or space, the scenes even in themselves suggesting variations of human emotion.

Take, for example, the queen's chamber in the castle of Elsinore. Like all the other scenes, it is simply an arrangement of the screens already mentioned. There is nothing which definitely represents a castle, still less the locality or period; and yet no one would hesitate as to its significance—and why? Because it is the spiritual symbol of such a room. A symbol, moreover, whose form is wholly dependent upon the action which it surrounds; every line, every space of light and shadow going directly to heighten and amplify the significance of that action, and becoming thereby something more than its mere setting—a vital and component part no longer separable from the whole. Whatever Mr. Craig has done he has obviously done it not only with the touch of an artist, but also with all the care and reverence of a true lover of Shakespeare.

"To judge from his work he is not so much a revolutionary as a reformer. Far from being an enemy to theatrical tradition, he seems to realize better

than most men how to make a valuable material for his art. He has buried in the limbo of things forgotten. He has gone back over a field whose fertility so many have ignored, and drawn from it all that is best and most useful to him."

The correspondent describes the acting as altogether admirable. Katschaloff took the part of Hamlet. The theatre was crowded at the rehearsal.

A Good Old English Growl

The Pall Mall Gazette praised editorially Mr. Craig's production, whereupon a correspondent took the newspaper to task. "County Cousin" first called attention to the fact that Sir Herbert Tree, a short time ago, produced "Hamlet" at His Majesty's Theatre, simply, with screens and curtains, and the play drew very large audiences. "Those who saw this production will probably agree that this particular play of Shakespeare's is peculiarly intensified by a simple setting; but surely it is misleading the public when a paper of such influence as yours speaks of Mr. Gordon Craig's experiment as if it were something new. I live in the country and seldom come to London. I am, therefore, the more amused at these periodical attempts to shepherd the London public into the fold of enthusiasm over some so-called 'new' movement in art, the glamor of which is very wisely generated at the safe distance of Moscow."

The One and Only Out

"The Rehearsal," by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, first acted in 1672, was revived on Jan. 6 in London by the Elizabeth Bessie Comedy company. London "roared its ribs out" when "The Rehearsal" was first played, but a pruned version is necessary for modern taste. "It seemed a very well made version, and, so far as we could judge, it was entirely undisfigured by such gags as those with which the vanity and bad taste of generations of actors down to this very day have nearly killed the wit of 'The Critic.'" The comedy was acted simply and sincerely. There was only one out: only about half that was said on the stage could be heard in the front seats, and at the back of the hall long passages were inaudible.

Music to Recited Speech

Apropos of the performance of Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" between the acts of the play as recited by Mrs. Carolyn Foye Flanders in Jordan Hall last week, Mr. S. S. Curry writes to The Herald an interesting letter concerning reading with musical accompaniment.

"After mature thought and study and observation of the difference between French, German and English speech and musical elements I became firmly convinced that readings with musical accompaniments were wrong. The reader may possibly give the play with recitative, but that requires the very highest artist both in music and speech, and much of the dramatic rendering of the play is lost because the language of in-

fection has been omitted. Inflection, to my mind, is one of the six or eight fundamental elements of expressiveness in speech, and it is inconsistent, of course, with music in a technical sense. Hence such an interpretation would be in recitative and would be primarily expression in music rather than expression in speech. Accordingly I have held that the two should be separated. We should realize the difference in the modes of expression between all the arts and should keep them as distinct and pure as possible, and in cases of union we have to be careful that one art should not sacrifice the fundamental elements of another. Their union should be as simple, dignified and harmonious as possible. It has been my belief also that such a union is dangerous, and students need to be very cautious.

"For example, At the theatre when intense emotional and tragic parts are given to what is called 'slow music' the music is very simple and sustained. It gives rather the color to the performance. The melody of the music is very slowly accented, the melody being transferred more to speech, and the speaker, when full of intensity of feeling, accentuates the rhythm more than his melody—that is, the pause and touch and tone color and texture, rather than the inflection or melody, in order to bring it into harmony with the music and express by this union the deeper intensity of feeling—the pent-up condition of emotion when such a union is especially appropriate. Even here the music gradually subsides as the passion and excitement begin to be more pronounced and the action is more like opera than drama. That is, the attitudes are more pronounced than the motions, and even then the music gradually subsides to a very soft diminuendo as the excitement increases and the action and words become more varied."

Hammerstein in London

London newspapers look philosophically on Mr. Hammerstein's trials and tribulations. His plan of

and can explain it as a fact, and this result and here I quote the *Uni. Mail Gazette* of the 1st of yesterday. Unfortunately, however, the majority of the players failed in the first and most elementary function of an actor—only about half they said could be heard. Why do the public flock to the 'halls'? Is it not because the halls demand the all-round competence which is conspicuous by its absence at the theatres? These are questions which the actor-managers will have to answer sooner or later, for the music hall manager is a business man, not an 'artist manager,' and the lord chamberlain has given him free trade, and be sure he will know how to use it!"

As the World Wags:

That incident of Archdeacon Colley's being carried about in his church in Stockton, Warwickshire, England, in the coffin in which he intends to be buried calls to my mind the fact that a resident of Fryeburg, Me., with whom I was acquainted, purchased the coffin in which he was buried. It not infrequently happens that when I mention this incident to anybody the person to whom it is mentioned remarks that he or she has personally known of an incident of the same kind, so it seems that the buying of a coffin by the person who is to be buried in it is not so rare as one would naturally imagine. For several years preceding the death of Daniel Boone he had on hand, ready for use

incident in the life of Boone is related by several of his biographers—for examples, by George Canning Hill on page 256 of his "Daniel Boone," by Cecil B. Hartley on page 330 of his "Life and Times of Colonel Daniel Boone," and by John S. C. Abbott on page 327 of his "Daniel Boone"; this incident in the life of Boone is also mentioned in the sketch of him which is given in "Appetuous Cyclopaedia of American Biography," the cyclopaedia and the above-mentioned biography by Abbott stating that the coffin was made by Bone himself.

OBSERVATOR.

Sarah Bernhardt for some time slept and read in a coffin so that she might be accustomed to the last cloak.

"Nothing Like Leather."
As the World Wags:
For many years two matters have caused me considerable "worryment."

like leather." What was its origin? When did it become proverbial? Apparently it was unknown to John Heywood when he published his Proverbs etc., in 1562. Nor does there seem to be anything about it in the Oxford Dictionary under the word "nothing." But under "leather" is this extract from Fenning's Universal Spelling Book, published in 1762: "A currier, being pressed, said . . . If you have a Mind to have the Town well fortified and secure, take my Word, there is Nothing like Leather." In the Massachusetts Centinel of Feb. 26, 1785, will be found the following:

"The project of building a bridge over Charles river has occasioned a terrible clashing in opinions. We can compare it to nothing better than the fable in Aesop of a town besieged, when upon a consultation of its inhabitants as to the best means for its defence, a Mason strongly urged that stone was the best, a Carpenter thought oak much better, and the fable says: "A Currier wiser than both these together, "Says, try what you will there's nothing like leather."

Clearly this is the same fable alluded to by Fenning. How far back can it be traced? On seeing the heading

"Nothing Like Leather" in this column in yesterday's Herald, I hoped that my curiosity would be satisfied; but I was doomed to disappointment, as nothing earlier than 1876 was quoted.

Boot Legs.

Second, exactly what is a "boot leg"? In the Oxford Dictionary is a quotation dated 1634: "For a payre of Boot-legges needfull to be used about ye bells." In the Royal Gazette, New York, of Feb. 7, 1781, was this advertisement: "Imported In the Ship Ruby, from Glasgow, * * * Boots and Boot Legs." The most curious pair of boot-legs known to the present writer were made not of leather but of the skin of an Indian's legs. When, during the Sullivan campaign, the Indians were defeated at Newtown (now Elmira, N. Y.) on Aug.

29, 1879, the next day Lieut. William Barton, referring to Maj. Daniel Platt of New Jersey, made this entry in his journal: "At the request of Maj. Platt, sent out a party to look for some of the dead Indians—returned without finding them. Toward noon they found them and skinned two of them from their hips down for boot legs; one pair for the major the other for myself." The pair made for Maj. Platt were last seen in 1792, but the tradition in regard to them has remained in the Platt family. Were boot legs a kind of leggings? This would seem to be the case from what Sergt. Thomas Roberts wrote on Aug. 31, 1779: "This morning Our trupes found 2 Indians and Skin thear Legs & Drest them for Leggins." CRISPIN.

Perhaps some book on campanology—and there are many of them—will throw light on this subject. In Sussex, England, today, a boot leg is a long leather gaiter reaching from boot to thigh.

Was It Egoism?

As the World Wags:

Appropos of your mention of Gould Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars," I should like to inquire as to your interpretation of the grammar's title. A friend of mine who lived in Lynn where Brown resided the latter

We have always understood that the title was chosen because the author criticised the English of preceding grammariana in their text books.

Grapes and Gripes.

The extracts given by Mr. Page from these old almanacs are not of great interest to the general reader. In "aqua-antimionalls" was advertised as sold by Benjamin Harris at the London Coffee House in Boston. "Torminal" is a polite name, Ciceronian Latin, for the gripes or colic, and "torminalis," though not found in Cicero's complete works, was used by Pliny and Celsus. This Harris, by the way, was the printer and seller of the almanac for 1693, 1694 and 1695. He also wrote poetry. In 1694 he was "over against the Old-Meeting House," and in 1695 he "removed to the sign of the Bible over against the Blew Anchor."

Mr. Page might have digressed here in an entertaining fashion. The original "Blew Anchor" was in Cornhill. The rooms were designated as the "Green Dragon," the "Anchor and Castle Chamber," the "Roae and Sun Low Room," etc. Members of the government, juries and the clergy when summoned into synod found lodgings, food and drink "at this tavern." Mr. Drake notes an election dinner given in 1700. There were 204 dinners, 72 bottles of maderla, 23 of Lisbon, 10 of claret, 17 of port, 13 of porter, 50 double bowls of punch, also cider. The double bowl held two quarts.

Where was the London Coffee House?

Weather Wise.

The almanac for 1702 was entitled "Tulley's Farewell," and the title page stated that he died as he was finishing it and so left it as his last legacy to his countrymen. Here are the prognostications for January of that year: "Cold enough. The cold Strenghtens many Heels tript up Frequent Snows about this time Need of a Flre Snow upon Snow Norwesters Keen Twll freeze by the Fire side Pitty the poor Too many stay at Home (this entry is against Sunday) Fair in some places, Cold in all. Over Shoe and Boots."

In 1700 there were "Natural Prognostics for the Judgment of the Weather." Here is an example; "Water-fowls (as Sea-gulls, More-hens, etc.) when they flock and fly together from the Sea towards the shores; and contrariwise, Landbirds (as Crows, Swallows, etc.) when they fly from the Lands to the waters, and beat the waters with their wings, doe fore-shew Rain and Wind."

A Modest Request.

The librarian of the public library in a far western city sends to The Herald a copy of a letter received early this month:

Dear — — —: Pardon this intrusion upon your time, but seeing your likeness in a magazine and reading some of your articles prompts me to ask a favor of you and it is if you will please write me a short article on "The Novels of Maurice Hewlett." I know you will think me very presumptuous, but it will be no exertion for you and will be granting a great favor. I don't believe you want to be paid for every article, do you, when you will be conferring such a favor? Your countenance appeals to me and so I write asking this favor. I have access to so few of

none can afford to be... or effect—has his own... "Hogan the Painter," the Hogan series. It is a play with a plot together new but it affords an opportunity to appear at... in his slang specialty, with... of the company, especially Mr. Matthews, are also excellent.

The Princess Rajah, recently returned from a two years' tour of Europe, during which she did her Cleopatra and her Arabian chair dance before several crowned heads and others, is the headliner of this week. Her costumes are all new and duly abbreviated, while her dancing possesses a certain weirdness not a little augmented by the abandon with which she handles a large and vicious looking snake in the Cleopatra dance, finally permitting it to give her a sting in the breast, from which she as Cleopatra eventually dies.

Fay, two Coles & Fay, as the program had it, present a little minstrel show and musical entertainment of their own, introducing several clever novelties and much good singing. Then there is William Gould, assisted by Belle Ashlyn, in some snuff songs and cheery chatter, who have a very pretty little sketch that went well yesterday. The rest of the program is made up of Diers & Howard, acrobatic clowns; Mae and Belle Connolly, in songs and dances, and Leon and the Adeline sisters in a juggling sketch. The concluding number is presented by four Japanese acrobats and hand-balancers—the Ishakura Brothers—who do a lot of difficult feats and get about gracefully and rapidly upon their hands.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, "McFadden's Flats" by Thomas R. Grady. The cast:

Timothy McFadden.....Jack Lampe
Jacob Baumgardner.....Lew F. Lederer
Terrance McSwatt.....Jack Davis
Bill Kerrigan.....Edward James
Dooley.....Grant Allmon
Prof. Slapp.....M. J. Joyce
Mary Ellen Murphy.....Dixie Norton
Widow Murphy.....Cora Proctor
Florence Millionbucks.....Celeste Ritchie
Alex.....Jerry D. Sullivan
George.....Tommy Wiener

SHUBERT THEATRE—Revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore." The cast:

Sir Joseph Porter.....Wm. T. Carleton
Capt. Corcoran.....Geo. J. MacFarlane
Ralph Rackstraw.....Arthur Aldridge
Dick Deadeye.....De Wolf Hopper
Bill Bobstay.....Eugene Cowles
Bob Beckett.....Robert Davies
Josephine.....Mabel Weeks
Little Buttercup.....Viola Gillette
Hebe.....Marguerite Hobart

PELLEAS DRAMA GIVEN IN FRENCH

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Maeterlinck's drama "Pelleas et Melisande."

Melisande.....Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck
Genevieve.....Mme. D'Ollge
Pelleas.....Rene Maupre
Golaud.....Jean Durozat
Arkel.....Jean Duval
Le Petit Ynold.....Shery
Un Medecin.....D. Leo
Maeterlinck's drama was performed in French for the first time in Boston last evening. It was produced here in English April 12, 1902, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell took the part of Melisande and that excellent actor Mr. George Arliss took the part of an old servant. Gabriel Faure's music to the drama written for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production in London was then played. Last night Mr. Caplet conducted the orchestra.

When Mme. Duse or Mimi Aguglia plays the part of Santuzza in Verga's "Cavalleria Rusticana" there is no thought of Mascagni's music. He that has heard Debussy's opera cannot see a performance of Maeterlinck's drama without missing Debussy's music. Without this music the characters seem creatures of earth; the baldness of certain pages of the dialogue approaches triviality; the expression of emotion is too often matter of fact. The actress may say to Melisande with longing in her tones, "Oh! pourquoi partez-vous?" but the full meaning of the question is revealed only in the haunting music that Debussy dreamed for the scene. Arkel may exclaim as the soul of compassion, "Si j'étais Dieu, j'aurais pitié du cœur des hommes," and though he may be as eloquent as Mr. Duval represented him last night, Debussy's music gives emphasis to the majesty of the speech.

The drama was fortunate in that it was produced with the stage settings and the beautiful effects of light at the Boston Opera House, but the size of this theatre was necessarily injurious. "Pelleas et Melisande" is a play for a theatre no larger than the Park. It is not necessary to speak of the drama itself. Nearly every one interested in the theatre has read it; opera-goers are familiar with it; it has been

judging the respective work of dramatist and composer. When the play is read its beauty remains the same. When it is acted the music is as the indispensable complement. The libretto with the music is the greater play.

Nor is it necessary to speak at length concerning Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck's impersonation of Melisande, which as far as conception, gestures and attitudes are concerned, remained practically the same. In the drama as in the opera there was much that seemed artificial in her characterization, and the sincerity of the woman in maintaining artificiality brought the inevitable reproach of insincerity. Yet there were fine moments in her performance, as in the scene where Golaud is lying on his bed, and in the first scene of the third act, which is unfortunately omitted in the opera, the scene between the lovers and Ynold with the arrival of Golaud. It may also be said that Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck acted in the love scene with the death of Pelleas with more passionate abandon than she did in the operatic version, and was emotional in the final scene, which is one of the most moving known to the stage.

Mr. Maupre gave a carefully composed impersonation of Pelleas, one characterized by a crescendo and explosion of passion, as though a figure had left the tapestry, been vitalized, and finally became a mortal with the emotions and longings pertaining to humanity.

Mr. Durozat's Golaud was sharply characterized. The actor brought out the natural tenderness of the man as shown in his wish to comfort the weeping Melisande, unhappy in the old and sombre castle; a tenderness that began to disappear as soon as he learned the loss of the ring. There were many admirable features in the performance, as when he twice surprised the lovers. In the great scene with Melisande, where his brutality is akin to insanity, he was melodramatic rather than tragic.

Mr. Duval read the lines of Arkel with the sweetness and dignity of wise old age. Mme. D'Ollge was almost inaudible in the letter scene. Master Sheridan Russell was a truly boyish Ynold. Faure's music was played sympathetically.

The opera tonight will be "Madama Butterfly." The chief parts will be taken by Mesdames Carmen Melis and Gay and Messrs. Zenatello and Polese. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

VARIED RECITAL BY MR. PLATT

By PHILIP HALE.

Richard Platt gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, Rondo, G-major, Op. 51, No. 2; Bach-Saint-Saens, Overture from the 29th Church Cantata; Schuett, Carnival Mignon, Op. 48; Schumann, Sonata, Op. 11; Chopin, Ballade, A-flat major, Op. 47; Liszt, "Au Born d'Une Source"; Tarantelle from "Venezia e Napoli."

Mr. Platt began by giving an excellent performance of Beethoven's Rondo. His tone was full and beautiful; the running passages were fleet and clear; the phrasing was musically intelligent; the spirit of the interpretation was in keeping with the composer's period. There were fine effects also in Saint-Saens's transcription of Bach's overture; as a noteworthy crescendo with following diminuendo.

Schuett's Carnival, with the exception of the Prelude might be characterized as Schumann's Carnival abridged and adapted for the enjoyment of the Viennese. Not that there is any plagiarism, but the suite inevitably suggests the greater, more poetic one. Mr. Platt played the Prelude in a forcible manner, but he was less successful in the other movements. There was tonal monotony; there was little differentiation in sentiment. Arlequin, Columbine, Polichinelle and Sganarelle all wore the same costume and mask. It may be said, however, that the music itself is not imaginative.

No doubt Mr. Platt can give a better performance of Schumann's Sonata than that of yesterday. Only the Scherzo section was conspicuous, and the Intermezzo was played with a curious rigidity of tempo. In the first movement he faltered and seemed at a loss, and throughout the Sonata, with the exception noted, the labor of the task was too evident. Here again there was monotony in dynamic effects and in coloring; nor was the pianist able to present the Sonata as an organic whole. The Finale itself seemed disjointed. And this Sonata demands imperatively a broad and passionate treatment, with lyric episodes of tender beauty.

An audience of good size applauded warmly.

GISELA WEBER TRIO GIVES ITS SECOND CONCERT

The Gisela Weber Trio, Gisela Weber, violin; Cecile Behrens, piano, and Leo Schulz violoncello, gave its second concert in Boston last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Smetana, Trio, op. 15, D minor; Cesar

and piano, E. Smetana, Trio, waltzes maerchen, Op. 54.

In the fifties Smetana gave chamber concerts in Prague with a violinist and a cellist. His five year old daughter Frederika died from scarlet fever in 1855. She had shown extraordinary musical instinct. He put his sorrow into the trio played last evening. It was performed for the first time in Prague Nov. 22, 1855. The critics then thought little of it, but Liszt, hearing it a year later in Prague, praised it warmly. A melodious work of a mournful character, it reflects the distress and mental perturbation of the composer at the time of its composition and expresses varying forms of grief from melancholy brooding to passionate lamentation.

Mme. Weber's intonation was often insecure, and her technical deficiencies were constantly in evidence. She gave a complacent performance of Franck's sonata. Miss Behrens played authoritatively and with taste while the feature of the evening was the admirable musicianship of Mr. Schulz.

An audience of fair size was courteous in its applause.

"E et I," writes to The Herald, "we take exception to your translation of the French word 'valr.' Our dictionary, Larousse, informs us that 'valr' is a fur, in color white and gray—only in heraldry is it painted white and blue. We have heard of purple cows—avaunt with your 'blue squirrels!'"

"Vair" and "Squirrel."

This amiable letter sent from Boston on Jan. 20 shows how carelessly even Bostonians read. We commented on the curious mistranslation that has for years made Cinderella's Slippers of glass. "Perrault," we said, "described them as of 'valr.' Now 'valr' in his day meant a rich fur or ermine powdered thick with blue; and later the fur of a sort of squirrel, pigeon blue above and white below; so Cinderella's slippers were trimmed with this fur. The English translator mistook 'valr' for 'verre' (glass)."

The word "valr," according to Littré—and we suppose "E et I" will accept him as an authority—originally meant "the fur of a kind of squirrel of the same name, which was columbine above and white below." Now columbine means "of the color of a pigeon's neck—or dove color." Let us consult an authoritative dictionary nearer to Perrault's period, the "French and English Dictionary composed by Mr. Randle Cotgrave" (the edition of 1673): "Valr: a rich fur of Ermlines powdered thick with blue hairs, also the grayish color of some eyes; also that which our Blasonners call verrey."

The word in the meaning first given by Cotgrave and Littré and understood by Perrault is now obsolete except in heraldry. In Mollett's "Dictionary of Words Used in Art and Archaeology" we find: "Valr. The fur of the squirrel much worn in state costumes of the 14th century. In Heraldry—one of the furs—represented as a series of small shields placed close together, alternately blue and white." But "valr" in everyday French now means "petit-gris," which is usually translated into English by the word "miniver."

A "sort of squirrel" is not necessarily a gray squirrel or a chipmunk.

Another's Care.

The comments of "E et I" on the editorial article "Latin as She is Writ," which was published in The Herald do not concern us. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." Only let us remind the anonymuncles that the word "Puritas" derived from "purus" means not only "purity," but "the pure or absolute truth"; also "an oath." Neither this word nor "puritas" derived from "pus" and meaning "supplication," is Ciceronian Latin nor do they belong to classical prose.

Grammar of Grammars.

As the World Wags: I have never seen "The Grammar of Grammars" to which your correspondent refers, but I have a copy of the French "Grammaire des Grammaires," published early in the last century, which I found in Les Catacombes de Boston (as Professor Van Dail styled it.) This book, as explained by its author or compiler, is a digest of the rules of all recognized authorities, much attention being paid to explaining disputed points, but largely leaving preference to the judgment of the student. Possibly the title originated in this work which is in two volumes of 1600 or more pages. EDWARD LAWRENCE.

The Literary Mayor.

Mayor Gaynor recently named 16 books that have helped him: The Bible, Euclid, Shakespeare, Hume's History of England (especially the notes), Homer, Milton, Cervantes, Rabelais, Gil Blas, Franklin's Autobiography and Letters, Plutarch's Lives, the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, Bacon's Essays, and De Lome's British Constitution. It is a pleasure to know that Euclid helped the mayor. It has lowered the standing of many in school and college. The mayor is especially fond of "Don Quixote," and wishes he could read it in

dear to me. I have a copy of the French "Grammaire des Grammaires," published early in the last century, which I found in Les Catacombes de Boston (as Professor Van Dail styled it.) This book, as explained by its author or compiler, is a digest of the rules of all recognized authorities, much attention being paid to explaining disputed points, but largely leaving preference to the judgment of the student. Possibly the title originated in this work which is in two volumes of 1600 or more pages. EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Now take this passage as translated by Thomas Shelton, the first and as many think the best of the French translators. "Sancho Panza refused presently to succeed him as fast as his ass could drive; and when he arrived he found him not able to stir, he had gotten such a crush with Potosi's 'Good God' quoth Sancho. 'I foretold unto you that you should lose well what you did? For they were not other than windmills nor could any think otherwise unless he had also windmills in his brains.' And Shelton wrote this delightful marginal note with an asterisk against the exclamation: "This word (Jove) will have no grace in the work seeing the actions are presumed to be Christian although otherwise distracted in mind as was Don Quixote."

The mayor mentions Motteux and Jarvis. There is the version of Smollett; Ormsby was perhaps the soundest scholar of all; nor should the commentary of Watts be overlooked; but Shelton is the greatest of them. As Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly remarked: "Shelton lives. His successors have merits to which he makes no pretence; yet he may well survive them. For his work is literature sane and strong and beautiful." Mayor Gaynor should read the old version of 1612-1620. Will not some admirer present him with a copy of Shelton in the series of Tudor translations?

STRAYS FROM HIS FIRESIDE. BUT DOES NOT GO FAR

Characteristic French Story in "The Caprice," Toy Theatre Play.

Two one-act plays, "The Cuckoo," by Jannette Marks, and "A Caprice," translated by Miss Amy Lowell from the French of Alfred de Musset, were given last night at the Toy Theatre as the third of the season's series of amateur performances. All of the 129 seats in the house were filled.

"The Cuckoo" tells of an old and devoted couple in Wales. The old man is dying and his last wish is to hear a cuckoo sing again. His old wife, to please him, goes out into the woods and gives an imitation of the cuckoo, thereby bringing pleasure to the dying man, but denunciation of her fellow-church members upon herself for having dared to utter a lie.

"The Caprice" is a characteristic French story of a man straying from his own fireside. He does not stray far, however, although his actions bring many tears to the eyes of his wife. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Higginson played the roles of the temporarily unhappy couple with fine spirit and appreciation of the humor of the situation. Miss Amy Lowell's acting of the part of the woman who used her wiles to bring the husband and wife apart was admirable.

In "The Cuckoo," Miss Delano's acting of the part of the devoted old wife was so full of pathos it brought tears to the eyes of many in the audience. Mr. Jenkins was also feelingly realistic in his impersonation of the dying old man.

PIANO RECITAL BY MISS HARMON

Miss Corinne Harmon gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Rameau-Godowsky, "Sarabande," "Rigaudon"; Mozart, "Pastorale Variee"; Schumann, "Faschingsschwank aus Wien"; Liszt, "Walderauschen"; Brahms, ballade, "Eduard"; Debussy, "Arabesque," ballade; Chopin, three études, op. 10, Nos. 12, 3 and 8.

Miss Harmon is a young pianist, who, after studying in Berlin and Paris, came to Boston, which she now calls her home. Yesterday she played to a very friendly audience. The applause was probably as much by way of encouragement as it was an evidence of appreciation.

The program on the whole was wisely made; for the pieces chosen were not beyond the pianist's technical proficiency.

is hardly ready, however, to be called a ballad as it should be. It is in the spirit of the grisly old ballad which haunted the composer till he found musical expression for it, nor did he play Liszt's "Waldesrauschen" with a dash of bravura.

But Miss Harmon has a pretty touch, a technique that yesterday afternoon was generally adequate, and a taste that did not lead her into extravagance of any sort. A few technical slips were attributable no doubt to the natural nervousness attending a first appearance. The pieces in the first group were smoothly played and the reading of Schumann's suite was intelligent.

It was evident that Miss Harmon as an interpreter was still thinking of her instructors rather than voicing her own feelings. There was a certain carefulness, there was a certain restraint, as though she expected at any moment to hear a teacher's criticism. She should now think for herself and play without too much regard to the precepts of others. She should not shrink from a display of emotion. She should not be self-conscious. For after all, music that is worth while is an emotional appeal, and audiences, whether they be made up of acquaintances or strangers, listen gladly to any pianist who moves them and has an individual way of saying familiar things.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith is well known as an actor, artist, contributor to Punch and other periodicals. He was a painter who had exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, and portraits by him were in demand, when he decided to go on the stage and, joining Rosina Vokes's company, came to the United States in 1885. Now in his 60th year he wishes to erect to himself a more enduring monument. He has taken out a patent for the Weedon collar. Like the Tower of London as characterized by Artemus Ward, this collar will be a sweet boon, for "it combines the comfort of the soft collar with the smartness of the stiff linen collar." It is a soft roll of which the band retains its rigidity, and as it is without seam, it will not fray. If this is all true, the birthday of Mr. Grosssmith will be celebrated with ringing of bells, banquets and eulogies for years to come. Children will be named after him, and he will be classed with Wilberforce and Howard.

And yet the sartorial editor of the Pall Mall Gazette breaks the sad news that "soft fronted shirts with soft cuffs" are no longer fashionable; that the stiff fronted with stiff cuffs are again the thing. Will there be no revolt of sturdy Englishmen? Let George—Georgius Rex—do it!

Banquets, Real and Alleged.

A correspondent asks: "Can there be a banquet without wine?"

No. A banquet in honor of a leading prohibitionist, the banquet of a temperance union, or of a Sunday school convention, is necessarily a snare and a delusion. From the time of Caxton, the English word "banquet" has been a sumptuous entertainment of food and drink—and drink has not meant through the ages gaseous waters, or soft beverages that do harm to the stomach, or tea and coffee that shatter the nerves. It is true that the word "banquet" was sometimes used to characterize a course of sweetmeats, fruit and wine served as a separate entertainment, or as a continuation of the principal meal, "but in the latter case usually in a different room."

When a banquet is "tendered" to any one, he has a right to expect wine, and we do not use the word "wine" in the narrow, restricted sense dear to "openers" and "genials." The Shulamite in the song of Solomon said of her beloved: "He brought me to the banquetting house and his banner over me was love." But she at once added: "Stay with flagons," and she also asked for apples as a comforter. Capulet said to his guests: "We have a trifling foolish banquet towards"; that is a banquet approaching. Be sure there was wine in readiness; without it the banquet would indeed have been trifling and foolish. We do not protest against sincere abstainers; on the contrary, we applaud them as long as they do not wish to interfere with the rights of others; but where they meet to consume vast quantities of food, more or less indigestible, let them call the meal supper, dinner, collation, what they will, but never a banquet.

Anecdote.

The London journals recently received are full of anecdotes about Henry Labouchere. Mr. T. P. O'Connor attributed the long life of Labouchere to his temperance in eating and drinking. He seldom drank wine—and then only claret with water; but he constantly smoked cigarettes. On the floor of the House of

Commons he smoked his pipe and was ill at ease till he could gain the smoking room where he talked brilliantly. Among the stories told of his gentler cynicism is this one. Sir Henry Irving gave a great supper, probably a "banquet," and in the course of the evening said to the editor of Truth: "To think that I was once getting 15 a week from you!" "Three pounds," said Labouchere in correction.

A Literary Whet.

What description of eating and drinking makes an imaginative reader the hungriest? There are brave pages in the novels of Scott and Dumas the elder. Certain descriptions in the novels of Dickens make the reader forget that he has dined comfortably, as the memorable account of the tripe stew for the inn. Thackeray's Memorials of Gormandising and other gastronomic essays, as "Dinners in Paris," are among the best, the most spontaneous of his works. Irving's account of the supper in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is a masterpiece, not to be read without smacking of the lips. On the other hand there is the superb simplicity of the sentence in the Book of Daniel, the sentence that is as a flourish of trumpets; the sentence that haunted De Quincey: "Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand."

Oyster Porridge.

And here is a recipe taken from an early 18th century manuscript:

"Take a barrel of oysters and in opening them save all the liquor with them, put a quart of white wine and a little mace a whole onion and five anchovies set them over a gentle fire and let them stew till you conceive them ready then take the yokes of sixteen eggs well beaten together and so put them into your oysters stirring it constantly to keep your eggs from curdling and when you find them enough stew'd take it off the fire putting into it half a pint of sweet butter and rub the bottom of your dish with garlick or shallot and serve them up with sippets round the sides of your dish."

The Daily Chronicle tells of a visitor in a New York restaurant to whom they served an oyster so large that it almost choked him. "Ah!" said the waiter, "you're the sixth man as tried to swallow that and couldn't." But the ancients inform us that Alexander and his friends found in the Indian seas oysters a foot long, and Thomas Moufet wrote in 1655: "I dare and do truly affirm that at my eldest brother's wedding at Aldham Hall, Essex, I did see a Peldon oyster divided into eight good morsels, whose shell was no thing less than that of Alexander's." But oysters, large or small, were not for everybody even when there was no disquieting theory of germs. When Seneca from fear of being denounced as a follower of strange and alien religious rites abandoned vegetarianism, he continued to abstain from oysters, and before him Cicero had learned to avoid them.

'BUTTERFLY' AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Butterfly. Carmen Mells
Suzuki. Maria Gay
Kate Pinkerton. Florence De-Courcy
F. B. Pinkerton. Giovanni Zenatello
Sharpless. Giovanni Polenta
Goro. Ernesto Giaccone
Principe Yamadori. Attilio Puccini
Lo Zio Bonzo. A. Silli

Mme. Gay took the part of Suzuki for the first time in this city. Mr. Zenatello was heard here as Pinkerton last season. He created the part at the Scala, Milan, Feb. 17, 1904, when, although the audience was prepared to be enthusiastic and the composer, librettists and singers were favorites, the failure of the opera, then in two acts, was complete. "It was with deep regret," said one journal, "that we witnessed this failure, a failure in spite of certain truly remarkable qualities which were recognized here and there in two long acts of music."

Puccini did not show the Olympian indifference of Rossini, when "The Barber of Seville" was hissed; nor was he utterly discouraged, as was Bizet when "Carmen" failed at the Opera Comique. Puccini himself condemned his opera, withdrew it, and at once began to cut and revise. When the revised version was produced at Brescia in June, 1904, Mr. Zenatello again took the part of Pinkerton. The success was immediate. The opera quickly made its way and was applauded as wildly in Milan as it had been furiously hissed a few months before. Mr. Zenatello, then, has memories whenever he takes the part of the cadish American naval officer.

In one respect the first version was the more effective: the curtain was not lowered while poor Madam Butterfly was watching and waiting through the night. In the present version after the fall of the curtain there is the complimentary but disturbing applause, and too often the singer leaves her post, comes before the curtain and bows and smirks. Then there is the buzz of conversation or a walk in the foyer—before

Butterfly is again seen, still standing in expectation though it is dawn.

Too often performances of "Madama Butterfly" are marred by the grotesque restlessness of the minor characters who thinking thus to give local color, turn opera into operetta. Japanese servants do not strike stiff constrained attitudes, holding their hands as though they did not belong to them, nor do they roll about as though they were quicksilver.

Mme. Gay took the part of Suzuki. There are various ways of playing the part, and who shall say that this or that way is the correct and only one. The most effective Suzuki that we remember was that of Harriet Behnee in the performance given here in English by Mr. Savage's company. Her Suzuki was an oriental woman of sombre reserve and smouldering passion. From the first she hated Pinkerton and had no confidence in him. The tragedy was thus heightened, but is there any warrant in the text for this conception?

As was to be expected, Mme. Gay sharply characterized the part and sang the music with telling effect. Her performance was engrossing, her conception intelligently thought out and made the more interesting by the introduction of novel business. Her Suzuki was a faithful servant, a motherly soul, devoted to her mistress and puzzled by her marriage with the American. She at first eyed Pinkerton with suspicion, then, always alert and inquisitive, she gaped in wonderment at the wedding ceremony. Although herself aghast and trembling, she did not leave Butterfly to bear the Bonzo's imprecations unaccompanied. Incredulous, yet compassionate, she listened to her mistress' vision of Pinkerton's return. Nor did presence of mind forsake her at the bewildering order to show the consul to the door, but she rather stood ready to support the distracted Butterfly.

Mme. Mells sang with fine and varied expression. Her impersonation was marred by an unfortunate revelling in superfluity of gesture, a restlessness far from oriental, while in the first act she was sophisticated in her behavior rather than innocently coquettish. Mr. Zenatello sang fluently with musical taste and was dramatically in the vein. The performance was one of general smoothness. Mr. Moranzoni gave a spirited reading of the score. There was a large and appreciative audience.

The opera tomorrow evening will be Massenet's "Manon," with Mme. Brozia and Mr. Clement.

SONG RECITAL BY CLEMENT

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Edmund Clement, assisted by Alfred De Voto, accompanist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Bemberg, "Partout on l'Amour a Passe"; Saint-Saens, "Almones-nous"; Franck, "Le Mariage des Roses"; Gluck, "Ensemble des Plus Tendres Enfant"; Lalo, "Aubade du Roi"; Weckerlin, "L'Amour S'Envole"; Gounod, "Priere"; Massenet, "Poeme d'Octobre"; Arcadet, "En Passant par la Lorraine"; Barbizolli, "Je ne Veux que des Fleurs"; Debussy, "Aquarelle"; Weckerlin, "Jennes Fillettes."

Either Mr. Clement felt the effect of constant singing for the past two or three months or he was temporarily indisposed yesterday afternoon. His art was, as ever, admirable, but the voice itself was not in good condition. Unless the singer employed head tones or unless he sang piano passages, the voice seemed tired, and in forte passages lost quality. Nor were the tones, except the head tones, always well sustained. His use of head tones was frequent.

It must also be said that the program was disappointing. Mr. Clement is a distinguished singer. His high reputation has been fairly won. Few on the operatic or concert stage show such consummate art. No matter how insignificant a phrase may be, it is treated with respect. Vitalized by the dramatic and musical intelligence and the emotional nature of the singer, it assumes an importance that is not, however, incongruous. Polishing the details, Mr. Clement does not flitter away the one great effect, or dispel the mood. We all have a right, therefore, to expect from this artist a program that will represent the French school at its best.

The air of Pylades from Gluck's "Iphigenia en Tauride" is conspicuous for its tenderness and beauty. The songs by Franck and Lalo, familiar as they are, might stand on any program. It is always a pleasure to hear the old songs arranged by Weckerlin, especially when sung by Mr. Clement; but with the exception of these songs, art or folk, and the exquisite "Aquarelle" of Debussy, the program did not fairly represent the country of which the singer is justly proud. Saint-Saens and Gounod have written much better songs than those chosen. Barbizolli's ditty is of the most conventional salon order. The names of Duparc, Gabriel Faure, Chausson and of younger members of the modern French school, were missing.

It should be said, on the other hand, that although Mr. Clement's voice was not in good condition, the charm of his diction, the finesse and warmth of his interpretation, and his personal magnetism and authority gave great pleasure. The audience was enthusiastic, and it is

noteworthy that the applause was loudest after the folk songs and the most poetic rendering of Debussy's "Aquarelle," which was the feature of the concert. Mr. Clement again showed himself the true artist by refusing to repeat the "Aquarelle." He had sung it as it deserved to be sung; the effect was immediate and will long be remembered; a repetition might have lessened this effect.

Mr. Clement was recalled after each group, and he added generously to the program. One of the songs he added was in English, and his enunciation was characteristically clear.

Scent to match thy rich perfume—
Chemic art did never presume—
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain,
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell,
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damselfs meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking at of the stinking kind!
Fifth of the mouth and fog of the mind!
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison!
Hembane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue!
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!

An Economic Evil.

As though there were not trouble enough with strikes and rumors of strikes, with Mayor Fitzgerald as an active fireman, with Massa Watterson breathing out threatenings and slaughter, here comes J. W. Hodge, M. D., blowing a blast through a magazine as a speaking trumpet against the familiar plant tobacco. The use of tobacco, he argues, is an economic evil, for in a recent year the people of the United States consumed 7,600,000,000 cigars and 6,830,000,000 cigarettes, and of other forms of tobacco 402,000,000 pounds. At least, the sum of \$221,100,000 has come from the "pockets of the laboring classes." Laboring men smoke the T. D. and chew either plug or snuff. Hence the poverty and misery that are seen stalking in our cities. Dr. Hodge argues on the side that, since everybody in Spain smokes, all Spain is decadent. A rigid logician, this Dr. Hodge.

Grammes of Smoke.

Inasmuch as many estimable citizens delight in statistics, and prefer tabulated statements to Pater's description of the Monna Lisa or De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death," we feel it our duty to give figures presented by the French Anti-Tobacco League. Of all the nations of the civilized world the Dutch smoke the most tobacco; an annual consumption of 3400 grammes a head. The citizens of our great and gallant republic consume next, 2100 grammes a head per annum. The Belgians are third: 1500 a head. Then come Germans, Austrians, Norwegians, Danes, Canadians, and Swedes in the order named, with a consumption varying between 1500 and 1000 grammes. The French and the Russians use 950 each, and England, Switzerland, Italy, Portugal and Spain are at the tail end with 600 grammes each.

Hard Words.

Of course, Dr. Hodge speaks of tobacco as a pernicious, demoralizing drug and the smoker is a tobacco skunk. Who was it that in the Galaxy years ago named the tobacco worm, the rock goat and the tobacco smoker as the three most offensive things in creation? But these attacks are as old as the introduction of the plant into Europe, and the complaint that smoking is an economic evil has been voiced by others with the bitterness of a convert. Dr. von Hartmann, who ranks man with swine, bears and apes as omnivorous, in a savage attack on tobacco a quarter of a century ago proclaimed that smokers became so mostly from imitation, thinking the habit a manly one; that they are slaves of an artificial want; "that the millions puffed away into air might support asylums for the aged, widows and orphans." Even in these asylums the aged would cry for tobacco; witness the records of English work-houses and American poor houses.

Feeble Substitutes.

Why does not Dr. Hodge name some satisfactory substitute? For man smoked long before tobacco was used. We know this because pipes have been discovered of a date earlier than Sir Walter Raleigh and his boldness. A blend of the leaves of horehound, yarrow and colt's foot is said to be good smoking, but the judicious add a little tobacco to the mixture. We do not recommend rattan or sweet fern, and we now speak from experience. Man, unregenerate, bestial as Dr. Hodge would have him, likes to blow smoke through a tube. The boy with his soap bubbles looks forward to another filling for his pipe. Noth American Indians when they were out of tobacco, smoked sumach leaves, wil-

for find ro... more rel... ward, let Dr... al. The chair will now sing.
Much food doth gluttyon pro... to feed men fat like swine.
But he's a frugal man indeed
Who on a loaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands.
His finger ends to wipe,
Who has his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a pip.

"Vair."

As the World Wags

Mr. Randle Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary undoubtedly is one of the inner rings in 1673. Those dead-less lovers of the 12th century (or was it the 15th?), Aucassin and Nicolette, had "eyes of vair," that is, grayish blue. Brintree, Jan. 31, 1912.

"Aucassin et Nicolette" belongs to the 13th century, unless we are gravely mistaken. And when Aucassin told the captain of the town that he did not care to win Paradise if Nicolette were not there, but would rather join the goodly clerks and goodly knights and sweet ladies and courteous in Hell, he added: "I'll take the gold and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of silk, and harp and makers, and the prince of this world." Thus was made the distinction between "li vair" and "li gris."

"Boot Legs."

As the World Wags:

"Crispin" asked recently in The Herald what a boot-leg was, with reference to ringing of bells. On the waterfront of New York in boozing-kens of a low order a boot-leg is a huge drinking glass—bigger than a schooner, and a stevedore will put down a number of "boot-legs" to cheer him in his work. I recall a restaurant in Dresden where the deliciously prickly beer of Pilsen was served in a glass resembling a woman's boot. There was a trick to it, and the stranger, drinking, unless he knew it, would pour beer over his cravat and waistcoat. I remember a night when Joseph Mason, the American consul at Dresden, Don Cameron and Louis Ginter of Richmond, Va., were thus mightily amused. And did not Massonier drink a gargantuan draught from his boot to the health of the cautious ABSTAINER.

Feb. 1, 1912

'MANON' AT THE OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Massenet's "Manon." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Manon.....Mme. Brozia
Poussette.....Miss Fishen
Javotte.....Mme. D'Olge
Rosette.....Miss De-Courcy
La Servante.....Mme. de Lieven
Des Grieux.....Mr. Clement
Lescant.....Mr. Ridez
Le Comte des Grieux.....Mr. Mardones
Gulior.....Mr. Leo
De Bretigny.....Mr. Barreau
L'Hottelier.....Mr. Letol

"Manon" was performed last night for the first time this season and Mme. Brozia made her first appearance here as the heroine. Mr. Ridez took the part of Lescant, the braggart and rascal, for the first time in Boston.

It was said before the performance that Mme. Brozia's Manon would be different from those already seen here. The part has been taken by Minnie Hauk, Miss Sanderson and Mme. Melba, not to mention later singers. Is there more than one conception possible? I refer of course to Massenet's Manon, for the treatment by Puccini of Prevost's story is as different from that of Massenet's as Verdi's treatment of the story of Gustave III. differs from that of Auber's. Puccini's Manon is a more elemental and passionate creature. Massenet's is more or less sophisticated, pretty in her coquetry, not to be taken seriously even by Des Grieux.

In these days there is more or less talk about the "psychology" of an impersonation. Operatic scenes do not allow a close study of development in character. The descriptions and dialogue of the novellist are cut by the librettist. When "Manon" is given with an important scene omitted, as at the Boston Opera House, the spectator who does not know Prevost's romance may well wonder why Des Grieux is about to take the vow and is an admired preacher at St. Sulpice. What time is there for explaining the character of Manon? She was a puzzle to Prevost as well as to Des Grieux.

Mme. Brozia's conception of the part was not materially different from that of any one of her predecessors, except that in the seminary scene she acted with more passion and was more sensuously alluring in her entreaty. In the first act she was charming throughout, from her entrance as the country girl to her departure with her lover. It was Paris rather than Des Grieux that persuaded her flight. It was the sight of the joyous young women, the thought of fine dresses, jewels, suppers, Paris with its gay life that tempted her. Des Grieux was merely an instrument. He pleased her—for Guillot was older, less

was heard in his

All this was quietly expressed, and in this act Mme. Brozia showed more dramatic skill, more marked finesse than in the other roles that she has taken. Her facial play as she told of her journey, when she first met Des Grieux, watched with admiration and envy the frolicsome baggages above, was natural and effective. In the second act she had less opportunity, but she played with intelligence, and in the Seminary scene, as I have said, she was sensuously appealing. She had already shown as Mimì that she could act emotionally a death scene.

All in all, her performance was always interesting, often delightful, and at times, when the situation demanded, she showed genuine emotion. Throughout there was a pleasing lack of the self-consciousness from which too many singers suffer who live on the thick incense swung under their nostrils by admirers, male and female. It was in every way a sincere performance, sincere in art and in the portrayal of various sentiments. There were moments when the voice failed through natural limitations to second her intentions, but the lighter pages were sung gracefully and expressively. And it should be remembered that the best of Massenet's music in this opera is in the expression of pretty sentiment and light and sparkling dialogue.

Mr. Clement's Des Grieux is justly admired here as in Paris. It is now not easy to think of another in the part. Jean de Reszke was a great artist, but he took the Chevalier too seriously; for Des Grieux was a weak, a sorry hero, and his devotion to Manon was dog-like rather than noble. Mr. Clement acted the part with his customary skill and authority; he sang the music of the "Reve" in an enchanting manner, and in the lighter moments his voice had quality and wove a spell. In the more emotional outbursts the tones were at times hard and dry, but the diction of the singer was even then compelling.

Mr. Ridez blustered to suit the character; Mr. Mardones was the true "pere noblo"; Mr. Leo (to use his stage name of this season) acted capably and Mr. Barreau gave character to De Bretigny. Mmes. Fisher, d'Olge and De Courcy chattered gayly, and Mme. de Lieven was a most attractive waiting maid. Mr. Caplet conducted with taste and spirit and brought out the best that lies in the score. The audience was warmly appreciative and after the third act enthusiastic.

The opera this afternoon will "The Girl of the Golden West," with Miss Amnden and Messrs. Zenatello and Poles. This will be the second time in Boston that the part of the Girl will be taken by an American. The opera tonight will be "Tosca," with Mme. Melis, Mr. Gaudenzi and Mr. Ridez, whose Scarpia, it is said, is more like the character in Sardou's play than in the opera by Puccini.

Mme. Maeterlinck Discusses "Pelleas and Melisande" as Play and Opera.

K.W.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck gave a lecture yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. It had been announced that she would speak on Maeterlinck's works, and it was therefore expected that on this, her last appearance in Boston, Mme. Maeterlinck, whose interpretations of Debussy's opera and Maeterlinck's two dramas have recently been made known, would be revealed in yet another light, that of an inspired commentator on her husband's work. But instead she chose merely to discuss in detail "Pelleas and Melisande."

As usual, a picturesque figure, she wore a mole-colored satin dress with a trailing coat of fillet lace, and on her head a quaint headdress. She gave forth authoritative opinions concerning play and opera, recited passages and intoned others to the accompaniment of Debussy's music, played by Mr. Stramare.

After having spoken minutely of the symbolism of the play and of its characters as revealed in certain passages of the dialogue which she cited, Mme. Maeterlinck undertook a comparison of the drama with the opera.

With admirable wifely devotion she insisted that the drama, perfect in itself, had needed no music to enhance its beauty, and that, while Debussy's music was an extraordinary accomplishment in a new manner of symphonic drama, the opera and the play must be judged apart. Then by a process of reasoning, followed with difficulty, she attempted to prove the dissimilarity of the drama alone and in operatic form which appeared to exist chiefly in the impression that the emotions of the characters in the drama are expressed in the opera orchestrally rather than through their own speech.

The lecture ended with a reading of the tower scene from the play.

There was an audience of fair size and there was courteous applause.

The death of Florence St. John, whose maiden name was Greig, set men of grave years and responsibilities a-talking at a club which I frequent.

The conversation was pleasing, anecdotal, and improving, for there were comparisons drawn between the art of Nellie Farren and that of Sylvia Grey as enchanting skirt dancers. These English girls came to this country late in 1888 and I was surprised to find how vivid were the memories of gray-haired physicians, lawyers, bankers, how interested they were in the drama although not active members of the Dramatic League. The majority decided that Miss Farren was the more robust and Amazonian, and Miss Grey the more graceful. Miss St. John was over late in the December of 1891. Her throat troubled her in New York and her appearances were fewer, but she was a bounding, creature. I saw her a year or two afterwards in Blanchard's restaurant in London, where the waiters noted her unusual servility and she was pointed out to Americans and visitors from the provinces. Although she behaved with the utmost decorum, she could not help being conspicuous, and her laugh, while hearty, sounded

as though a barkeeper were cracking ice. She was one of the glories of the late Victorian stage; a sister of Kate Vaughan and Connie Gilchrist in the old days of atrocious puns and dances that were pretty but not "interpretative." She furthermore distinguished herself by not marrying into the aristocracy, though she had two husbands in orderly succession. When Emily Soldene gave her an engagement in 1879 she was pretty, charming in manner, but fragile. She grew more robust. As a singer, she was above the average in light opera.

Mr. August Spanuth, a German by birth, who for a dozen years or more was the music critic of the New York Staatszeitung, went to Berlin in 1906 and the next year became the editor of the Signale. A musician by profession, he writes pungently and courageously about music as it seems good and bad to him. He has taken a peculiar interest in the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Soon after the official announcement was made of the return of Dr. Karl Muck to Boston as conductor of this orchestra, a wild statement was cabled from Berlin to the effect that Geheimrat Winter of the Royal Opera House, having consulted with Mr. Gatti-Casazza about an exchange of singers, would visit Boston with the intention of securing Dr. Muck as a "guest" conductor in Berlin.

Mr. Spanuth wrote for the Signale of Jan. 17 an article describing the state of affairs at the Berlin opera and in Boston, and ended as follows: "A man that knows it all announces that Geheimrat Winter will make a trip from New York to Boston to call on Maj. Higginson. He will find him an uncommonly cultivated and courteous gentleman, who is well aware of what he has and does not dream for a moment of lending a man of Dr. Muck's ability to the Berlin Court Opera as a 'guest director.'"

Mr. Spanuth says in the course of the article that Dr. Muck does not forfeit his pension. No pension will be paid to him so long as he receives elsewhere a much larger sum; but the moment he draws no greater salary, he will receive his pension as a Prussian official.

A Question in Arithmetic.

As the World Wags:

Your statement that "every large city has its own peculiar smell" calls to my mind what Samuel Taylor Coleridge said about the odoriferosity which he found in the city of Cologne, the usual version of what he said thereof being: "I counted two and seventy stenchs, All well defined, and several stinks."

According to this version of the lines, Coleridge made a distinction between stenchs and stinks, and the aggregate number of both kinds of odors which he counted was several more than 72. On page 331 of the seventh volume of the edition of Coleridge's works published by Harper & Bros., in 1853, the version of the two above-quoted lines is the same as I have given above, but on page 306 of volume six of that edition the version of the lines is:

"I counted two and seventy stenchs, All well defined and genuine stinks."

According to this latter version of the lines, stinks are synonymous with and explanatory of stenchs; or, to speak

after the manner of grammarians, the nouns "stenches" and "stinks" are in apposition, and the total number of odors which Coleridge counted aggregated only 72. In the edition of Coleridge's poetry edited by Richard Garnett, C. B., LL. D., the version of the two lines is the one first given above, but there is no mark of punctuation after "defined," and, according to this punctuation, stinks are synonymous with and explanatory

of stenchs, the two nouns being, as in the case just mentioned, in apposition, and the total number of odors counted by Coleridge aggregated only 72.

Did Coleridge revise the original version of the two lines above discussed, and, if so, which is the original version, and what is the correct punctuation of the first version given above? Perhaps some reader of "As the World Wags" department, who has been in Cologne, counted the city's odors, and is thus qualified to decide authoritatively whether Coleridge counted 72 odors there, or several more than that number.

Jan. 30, 1912.

QUIDNUNC.

The Glossarist.

As one star differeth from another star in glory so may one stench differ from another, and yet the two be equally nauseous or pestilential. Stench and stink affect the nostrils alike, but stench seems to us the stronger, more heroic word. We prefer odoriferousness to odoriferosity, a word known chiefly to "Quidnunc," and it may here be said that "odoriferous" refers rarely to the unpleasant odor.

Cologne has been for many years a clean and handsome city and has smelt no worse than any respectable town should smell. Coleridge made his excursion with Wordsworth in Holland, Flanders, and up the Rhine as far as Bergen in the summer of 1818. He said in his Table Talk, advising the trip to Holland: "If you go, remark (indeed you will be forced to do so in spite of yourself) remark, I say, the identity (for it is more than proximity) of a disgusting dirtiness in all that concerns the dignity of, and reverence for, the human person; and a persecuting painted cleanliness in everything connected with property. You must not walk in their gardens; nay, you must hardly look into them."

Bayreuth used to smell horribly. Amsterdam in summer stinks by reason of its canals. Venice was long reproached for its slime and noisome stench, but Thomas Ravennas, the physician, insisted that Venetians were generally longer lived than those in any other European city, and many of them lived 120 years. Early in the 17th century Paris was famous for its dirtiness, for its sticky dirt like a "thick, black, unctuous oil," and James Howell wrote to his friend Capt. Francis Bacon: "This dirt gives also so strong a scent that it may be smelt many miles off, if the wind be in one's face as he comes from the fresh air of the country."

An Identification.

As the World Wags:

Would you really like to know one person's definition of "the identifying smell" of Boston? Well, it is what we New Yorkers call "necky" or "fleshy." I have been obliged to leave a car, and sometimes the theatre, on account of the strong odor.

I have been here some months and am now wonderfully used to it, and sit through a whole performance—and often ride several blocks in a car.

Boston, Feb. 1, 1912.

A VISITOR.

Feb 4 1912

MISS AMSDEN AS "THE GIRL"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Minnie.....Miss Amnden
Dick Johnson.....Mr. Zenatello
Jack Rance.....Mr. Poles
Nick.....Mr. Gila
Ashby.....Mr. Lankow
Sonora.....Mr. Blanchard
Larkens.....Mr. Fornier
Billy.....Mr. Tavecchia
Wowkie.....Miss Leveroni
Jake Wallace.....Mr. Mardones
Jose Castro.....Mr. Olshansky

When Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" was produced in New York, fiery patriots made a loud cry because the part of Minnie was given to Miss Destinn, a Bohemian by birth, and not to an American. Minnie is an American; therefore she can be impersonated only by an American. This was the condensed syllogism. Friends of Miss Farrar insisted that she might have been coaxed to take the part, and Mme. Nordica spoke at length on the subject to open-eared reporters.

It follows therefore that the part of a French woman in drama and opera should be impersonated only by a French woman, a German by a German, and so on through the nationalities.

The question might be raised. Is Puccini's opera really American? Is Minnie a representative American girl? And the question might be asked "How should an American girl show her nationality in action and song, so that she cannot be mistaken for a Russian, Italian, German or Bulgarian?"

Two American girls have impersonated Minnie on the stage of the Boston Opera House. Miss Carolina White and Miss Elizabeth Amsden. The latter took the part yesterday afternoon for the first time. It may be asked in good faith whether either one of them was more "American" in the portrayal of the character than Mme. Carmen Melis. Minnie is an American who sings in Italian and consorts with those that sing in Italian, including even the Indian and his squaw, who should have been and is to be. Was either Miss White or Miss Amsden more "American" behind the bar, or playing at cards, or appealing to the sentimental miners? Opera is full of absurdities; let us not unnecessarily add to them. The fact that Mr. Belasco put Minnie into a play written in English is irrelevant.

Miss Amsden has now appeared here as Aida and Minnie, parts that are exacting, parts that call for an experienced actress of great dramatic force. Milka Ternina said when she was already famous as Isolde, Sieglinde, Bruennhilde, that she was looking forward to the time when she could impersonate Aida. Youth is ambitious and laughs at difficulties.

As far as the singing was concerned, Miss Amsden's performance was interesting and often effective. It was especially good in the first act, delightfully simple and impressive in the school scene. The story of her childhood and the conversation with the sheriff, and later with Johnson, were sung with fine appreciation of sentiment and mood. Charming, too, was the quiet rapture of her last line in this act, nor did she rush under the light to sing it. In the more dramatic scenes that followed, she sang with intensity, but in them the voice itself was dramatic rather than musical, especially in the upper register, where there was more power than quality.

The emotional strength of Miss Amsden's performance was in her singing, not in her acting. Her conception of the part is a poetic one, but she has not yet the technical skill to vitalize this conception and give it variety and force. Her face is not yet mobile. It does not change readily with the situation and emotion. As is the case with the great majority of American women on the operatic stage she is not wholly at ease, walking or standing, and her use of her hands, her gestures, have little significance.

What Miss Amsden needs at present is rigorous training in dramatic expression. She has many excellent qualities and she should have an honorable career; for she has the voice and other natural advantages. She has dramatic instincts and the gift of imagination.

Her Minnie was not so coquettish as that of others; she was more serious minded, witness her treatment of the school scene; her devotion to Johnson was thus the more marked and her confession in the second act the more passionate. Some were surprised that she presented Minnie as a blonde, and being under the influence of the Maeterlinckian spirit, they asked if there were symbolism in the choice.

The performance was interesting in other respects. Mr. Zenatello's Johnson is wholly admirable as a dramatic interpretation and an example of lyric and compelling song. Mr. Polese's Sheriff is now more vividly conceived. He was especially effective in the second act; although he sang the music in the first with eloquence. Messrs. Blanchard, Cilla, Lankow and Olshansky were again excellent in their respective parts, and Mr. Moranzoni gave a brilliant reading of the score.

"TOSCA" IN THE EVENING

Delightful Presentation of Puccini's Work.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's Tosca. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Flora Tosca Mme. Melis
Un Pastore Mlle. DeCourcy
Cavaradossi Mr. Gaudenzi
Baron Scarpia Mr. Radez
Angelotti Mr. Sili
Il Sagrestano Mr. Tavecchia
Spola Mr. Giaccione
Santuzza Mr. Pulcinelli
Un Carceriere Mr. Olshansky

At the evening performance the opera of Tosca was delightfully presented. Mr. Radez sang the role of Scarpia dramatically, but his conception of the role makes the baron a gloomy, threatening figure throughout, without the least attempt at cajolery in his efforts to lure Tosca away from her lover.

Mme. Melis was in excellent humor and gave a delightful presentation of Flora. Her coquettishness in the opening of the first act was well drawn and her jealousy well marked. Her scene with Scarpia in his chambers was excellent, and the struggle between the two was admirably done. She sang well and was recalled many times by an audience which made up in enthusiasm for its lack of numbers.

Mr. Gaudenzi demonstrated that Cavaradossi is one of his favorite roles and appeared to advantage in it. His was in particularly good voice and his songs were excellently given. His solo in Scarpia's room after being brought from the torture chamber was beautifully sung and merited the hearty greeting it received.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted with spirit.

RECITAL BY MISS THOMPSON

Miss Edith Thompson gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Bach, prelude and fugue, F minor, gavotte, D minor; Gluck, gavotte; MacDowell, sonata tragica; Brahms, rhapsody, G minor, intermezzo, E minor; Debussy, "Poissons d'or"; Chopin, impromptu, preludes in B-flat major, F major, D minor; Liszt, "Au Bord d'une Source," rhapsody No. 12.

There were no novelties in the list, but plenty of variety. Miss Thompson's undeniable artistry infused much enjoyment into the lighter numbers, which otherwise could easily have become monotonous. The most ambitious number was the Sonata Tragica. This was MacDowell's acknowledged favorite of his piano works and was first played in Chickering Hall in 1892 at a Kniesel concert by the composer. Written in memory of his teacher, Raff, it purposes to set forth the master's life of long-suffering sacrifice to his art.

It is impossible perhaps, to eliminate the impression of sameness which pervades all the movements, and much of the promise in the first movement falls of fulfillment. But at Miss Thompson's hands the piece received truly artistic treatment. Especially noteworthy was her facility in the rapid double and triple chromatics of the second movement. Debussy's "Goldfish" was refreshing in its delicacy and fantastic charm.

If Miss Thompson's aim were contrast, in selecting the Liszt numbers, then she could scarcely have chosen better. The one piece, dreamy, the Rhapsody, in the familiar and distinctively Lisztian style. The wizardry of intertwining folk-melody with keyboard pyrotechnics—characteristic of all the Rhapsodies, was well interpreted by Miss Thompson.

The pieces by Bach, Gluck and Chopin served as a pleasing and variegated background for the larger pieces, and filled out an enjoyable program.

SANG AT DOWNES'S LECTURE

Boston Opera Singers Appear at Jacob Sleeper Hall.

Mme. Zina Brozia and Ferdinand de Potter of the Boston Opera Company assisted Olin Downes at the fourth of the Boston University opera lectures yesterday afternoon in Jacob Sleeper Hall. The subject was Massenet's "Manon" and French opera comique. The history of the representative French form was traced up to the time of Massenet and the innovations introduced by him described.

The illustrative program consisted of the soprano airs, "Voyons, Manon" and "Adieu, notre petit table"; the airs for tenor, the "Reve," from act 2, and the air, "Ah, fuyez," from the St. Sulpice scene.

Charles Strony played the minuet which introduces the scene at Cours de la Reine, and Mme. Brozia and Mr. de Potter sang the duets at the beginning of the second act—the letter scene—and the last pages of the scene at St. Sulpice. The singers and the pianist were applauded with much warmth.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will play at its concerts this week Mr. Frederick S. Converse's new symphonic poem, "Ormazd." The first performances of the work were at St. Louis, Jan. 26, 27, at the concerts of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Max Zach, formerly of Boston, and the people of Cambridge will hear the symphonic poem next Thursday night.

Mr. Converse has kindly given to The Herald a description of his new work, composed for the most part last summer.

The subject matter of this symphonic poem is derived from the mythology of ancient Persia, a full account of which may be found in James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions."

The followers of Zoroaster defied light and darkness as the gods of good and evil, Ormazd and Ahriman; or, in a larger sense, the constructive and destructive principles in the universe.

They are engaged in intermittent conflict which will, in time, terminate in the victory of Ormazd, and the purification of Ahriman and his victims by the purging fire of Ormazd.

Ormazd controls the light, the sun, the stars, as his army of light; Ahriman the forces of darkness.

The work in question is based on this general idea. It is in one movement, in free form. In the beginning, Ormazd marshals the hosts of heaven; vague trumpet calls are heard answering one another from afar. Gradually all becomes more definite; the calls more clear and full, until a brilliant, martial passage pictures the passing of the hosts of light.

This fades away and one hears the music of the blessed Fravashis, or the souls of the good, in praise of Ormazd.

Then from the deep pit of Dushak come the gloomy moans of Ahriman and the lost souls. The musical material of this part has emotional and psychological significance. The section begins with a dark motive, allegro assai, suggestive of the envy and surging hatred of Ahriman, "the backward thinker." Three times this surges up, each time to a greater climax, until at last it breaks into the conflict between Ahriman and Ormazd, a conflict spiritual rather than realistic. The former is overcome and falls back into his dark abode. Those episodes of gathering revolt are separated by motives suggestive of the hopeless longings and regrets of the lost souls, now sad moans of sorrow, now tender memories of past delight. All these ideas are tied together by a busy motive suggestive of the pernicious activity of Ahriman, a motive which becomes important in the conflict episode, where it was used in conjunction with, or rather in opposition to, the martial motive of Ormazd, from the first section.

Ormazd conquers, and from above is heard the rejoicing of the hosts of light,

also the song of the blessed Fravashis in praise of Ormazd.

Mr. Converse wishes it to be understood that he has not written "Oriental" music. "The musical idiom," he says, "is entirely modern. The poetic idea appealed to me purely on account of its richly decorative and picturesque expression of elemental truths; as potent for us today in America as they were for the ancient followers of Zoroaster. There are no doubt an Ormazd and an Ahriman within each one of us, and so my work may have subjective emotional significance, as well as decorative and imaginative qualities."

Percy Mackaye

and a Persian Poem.

Mr. Percy Mackaye has thus rendered a part of the Bundesch of the ancient Persians:

"On the far mountain Alborz, in the realm of primal light, is the abode of Ormazd.

"Beyond the spheres of high heaven he created his shining hosts: the Sun, his giant runner, who never dies; the Moon, who glides the earth; and the Planets, his splendid captains. Such-like as the hairs upon a titan's head were the unnumbered stars on the ramparts of Ormazd. Seven were his splendid captains. Beyond the spheres of high heaven marshalled he them.

"In the realm of Gorodman, the dwelling of the blessed Fravashis, the circling of worlds in their spheres was like to immortal music.

"Below the bright side, Chinevat, in the bowels of darkness, is the abode of Ahriman.

"Deep in the abysmal Dushak he created his terrible numbers—for every creature of light is a Daeva of gloom. Like the death-pang of the primal bull was the moaning of Ahriman—his loathing for Ormazd.

"Twice on huge wings, above abysmal Dushak, he flattered up toward Alborz; twice fell he back.

"Beyond his bleak pit of doom beautiful rose the peak of Alborz; in the bowels of darkness, like fire we the dreams of the damned.

"A third time, then, Ahriman arose; around him he marshalled his hordes—cold stars and wandering comets, the kings of chaos. Glittered against them the ranks of Ormazd. Dazzling and dark was the conflict.

"For 90 nights the smoke of stars obscured them, till back in abysmal Dushak fell Ahriman, defeated. Golden, then, was the laughter of Ormazd. Like laughter, the golden-haired planets rattled their shields.

"In the realm of Gorodman, the dwelling of the blessed Fravashis, the circling of worlds in their spheres was like to immortal music."

The work is scored for three flutes (one interchangeable with piccolo), two oboes, one English horn, two clarinets, one bass clarinet, two bassoons, one double bassoon, six horns (ad libitum), three trumpets, three trombones, one bass tuba, three kettle-drums, bass drum, cymbals, tam-tam, celesta (ad libitum), glockenspiel, harp, piano and the usual strings.

It will be remembered that Byron, in "Manfred," transfers as in the twinkling of an eye his hero from the Alps to the hall of Arimanes and Tschalkowsky, in his "Manfred" symphony, pictures a bacchanale in this hall.

A Baron, but

Not an

Old Friend

morrow night at the Shubert Theatre was first performed at Leipzig. The composer of the music, Fe-

lix Wolff, has written a grand opera, at least two ballets, and several operettas, among them "The Nabob," "Madame Troubadour" and "The Barefoot Dancer." Mr. Whitney produced the English version of "Baron Trenck" in London April 22, 1911, at the Whitney Theatre, formerly the Strand, and also the Waldorf.

The original libretto is by A. M. Willner and R. Rodanzky. The librettist of the present version is Henry Blossom. This Baron Trenck is not an old friend, the delight of our boyhood, the prison-breaker, who escaped from the fortress of Glaz, where he had been imprisoned by Frederick the Great, because he had dared to fall in love with the King's sister, Amelia, and was suspected of treasonable intercourse with a cousin in the Austrian service. Trenck wrote his autobiography and Derenburg made him the subject of a historical tragedy. It is a singular fact that Capt. Trenck of the English army is now a prisoner in the same fortress. The librettists' Baron Trenck is possibly this Austrian cousin. He is described as a Petruccio, a d'Artagnan and a Gay Lothario in one, and a retainer supported by a friendly chorus characterizes him as having an eye like lightning, a voice of thunder and the cheek of the devil.

To the Editor of The Herald:

A Note

on

Green Rooms.

Augustus Sala's ingenious explanation of why this room in the theatre is called the "Greenroom." He states that in the old days of the legitimate drama, during the performance of a tragedy, the stage was always laid with a dark green cloth, or carpet. This cloth, for the sake of convenience, was rolled up when not in use, set on end and kept in the foyer, where it was easily accessible and not in the way of scene shifters and carpenters, and Sala argues that the room took its name from the fact that it was the receptacle of the green cloth. The general notion, however, is that the name arose originally from the fact that the room itself was carpeted with green—baize probably—the covering of the divans being green stuff. My father, in an article written many years ago, described the stage entrance to the old Federal Street Theatre, up Theatre alley from Milk street, and spoke of Mr. Vinton, the keeper of the door, as "a kind, rather feeble, old man, much addicted to tobacco"; which was easy for him to procure, as there was a snuff shop in the immediate neighborhood. He also referred to the stage lamp-lighter, a poor, crippled fellow with a ladder, who kept in order, during the performance, rows of oil lamps running up from the floor 12 or 15 feet, each side, the entire depth of the stage. Mr. Doyme, the prompter, wore "a surcoat coat with a white collar," and was noted for his rendering of the song, "St. Patrick Was a Gentleman." The whole company was described in detail from the point of view of the greenroom, but no description of the room or its furnishings was given by the writer, although it was familiar to him. He speaks of Mrs. Young and Mrs. George H. Barrett as being remarkably beautiful women, and of Mrs. Henry J. Finn as a "quiet, gentle-looking lady, reminding you for all the world of a lovely Quakeress." It fits in very well with what George Vanderhoff said about the greenroom at Covent Garden, "when Vestris queneed it there." It was, he says, "a most agreeable lounging place, where one could pass a pleasant hour in the society of charming women and men of good manners."

cent article to George

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Bygone Nights

in the

Boston Theatre.

The first green-

room it was my

privilege to enter

the one in the

Boston Theatre, and I distinctly recall its

greenness and its bareness. This was

during the civil war, when the theatre

was given up to a great fair in aid of

the cause. The auditorium was built over

the tops of the seats, about on a level

with the stage, so that with the curtain

raised it made one vast space, filled

with booths for the sale of all those

unnecessary things commonly found at

fairs. The greenroom on this occasion

was accessible to everybody and it was

under these conditions that I first saw

it. Of course it may have been denuded

owing to the well-known propensity

of the public to "lift" everything portable

having any kind of association, theatrical

or otherwise; which reminds me that

until quite lately I have had in my gar-

den morning glories raised from seed

purchased from Chillon Castle by some

nimble-fingered person, years and years

ago. The glories have departed; dying,

no doubt, from a homesick hunger for

their native soil. In the old days, when

the opera made an annual, or even less

frequent, visit to the Boston Theatre,

I used to go very early, and when the

doors were finally opened, after a long,

long wait, I would rush helter-skelter

up the three winding flights, with a music-

loving bunch of enthusiasts of all ages,

sizes and sexes—I mean both sexes. A

choice and remarkable variety of arti-

cles, from a shoe to a chignon, were al-

ways left in the wake of the gods and

goddesses in the heavenward flight. The

pitch of the gallery seemed awfully

It is one of the things that I remember of the time that I was in the gallery of the opera house. The gallery was a long narrow passage with high sides, which we used to call the "Bohemian Hall" and "Trovatore." Castle's tenor arias brought down the house, while Campbell's "The Heart Bowed Down by Weight of Woe" was our ideal bass song; although the irreverent added to the "Song of the Car Horse," pronouncing woe "whoa." How fresh, giddy and innocent we were in those days!

Wagner and Refreshments. In after years, when the "Flying Dutchman" was given here, our idea of what was what had broadened a bit. I remember that the orchestra seemed to have a fearful grudge against the singers, so that no voice could make itself heard above the din of the drums, trumpets, trombones, etc. In this connection, it is interesting to read what Anton Seidl long ago said: "It is surely the purpose of the composer to have his stage folk understood by the public. It follows, then, that the orchestra must never shriek and drown the voices of the singers, but support them. Wagner himself was painfully anxious that every syllable of the singer should be heard. Frequently, at the close of a vocal phrase, he would arrest the sound of the orchestra for a moment, in order that the final syllable should not be covered up. Often he would call out angrily: 'Kinder; you are killing my poetry!' Well, this is exactly what the first-named orchestra did—they killed Wagner's poetry by smothering the singers. The only compensation the hearers had was to retire to the lobby, back of the family circle, and partake of refreshments, served to those who had the price. Does anybody else remember those refreshments? And was there beer? I myself am not sure, but I know there was beer to be had under the platform at Pat Gilmore's second peace jubilee, for I drank a "pony" of it while rubbing elbows with Strauss—not the Domestic Symphony Strauss, which would have been incongruous and likewise impossible—but the beautiful B. D. Strauss, to whose joyous strains we have so many of us swam round and round and round with such delight! Or am I mistaken? And was it another of the same name? Some time after the above performance of the "Dutchman" at the Boston Theatre, I heard it given by the American opera troupe with Theodore Thomas conducting. It was then a different story. Emma Juch was the Senta, Myron Whitney the Daland, Fessenden the Steersman and Ludwig the Dutchman. Even the scenery used for this opera failed to depress the enthusiasts.

And Senta! O ye gods! that voice might well have lover's heart rejoice while she her lonely vigil keeps. His ship the restless ocean sweeps; She, to the throbbing stars above, And to the wild waves, breathes her love; Across the Sea, of Time that strain—O hush! and let me dream again.

Past and Present. Very likely we had many illusions in those days, for it was before the world had

a brilliant genius to set it right, with a "passion for probing and analyzing, for denuding life of its glamour, of its aureate, consoling, factitious lure"; to tear away "the veil woven from the fiery dreams of poets and artists, and show us discordant, agitating facts." There were, of course, agitating facts even in the time of Adam and Eve. The serpent must have been one. But, somehow, when the world was young "facts" were not everything. Nowadays they pretend to be, so that we are apt, at any time, to have a truly scientific card come down the pike, singing this rollicking song: "The inspissated alkaloids with eczema contend; But Heaven pursues the comatose no Bismuth can befriend; Spasmodic hydrocarbonates with tentacles combine To whing thy cardiac meroblast, O molecule of mine!"

George Marion, who was at one time an actor in the old Boston Museum stock company, and who has been of late years one of the most successful show builders in the country, recently said that "you can't put it too strongly to the men who write and the men who compose musical comedies that it isn't the business of a stage manager to make a song 'go.' Their business, the composer's business, is to write a song that can stand on its own legs, both in words and music." So far as sturdiness is concerned, I am sure the above stanza fills the bill, and some gifted musician ought to marry it to music. It might prove even more taking than "The Girl on the Saskatchewan," and net the artist a small fortune. However, as we grow old, we have to live in our enemies' day. The previous generation

of those who grow gray become more or less soured and disgruntled. In my own case, I sympathize with the attitude of an ancient friend, one of the few survivors of the gallery gods of my youth, who sums up his feelings as follows:

Though my wistful eyes turn waveward,
Where the sun is almost set,
Though the world goes grumbling graveward,
I can laugh a little yet.

Who can wonder at the crazes
Of the ladies and the lads,
Born amid the mists and mazes
Of ten thousand freaks and fads?

They have lost the mood romantic,
In the throes of their new birth,
And are storm-tost spirits, frantic
For the solid joys of earth.

Though the world is reeling downwards,
Though its sun is almost set,
Though it sadly totters tombwards,
I can laugh a little yet.

AN OLD WEST ENDER.

Notes II. G. Noren's symphony "Vita" has been produced at Lepsic under Niklison's Random. direction. The movements are, Prologue in Tempo maestoso; Scherzo bizzarramente, "Skepsis"; Andante Serioso, "Einst"; Finale "Lebenslust." The motto of the whole work, they say, seems to be "Bizarrenmente." Brilliance and no warmth; orchestra cunning and nothing emotional or deep.

A new operatic version of the story of Paolo and Francesca was produced at Budapest last month. The music is by Emil Abranyi, Jr., and shows talent but is brilliant in a theatrical way. Sigismund Feuermann's playing of Beethoven's Concerto, if we put aside, after giving it great credit, the wonder of a boy of 11 being able to play it at all, showed just the strong and weak points of childhood. A child has quick eyes, sharp ears, clean utterances, and little balance. Accordingly his fingers went down plump in the middle of the note, his bow uttered his precise intention, and his rhythm was nowhere—or at least anywhere—London Times, Jan. 18.

Conflict has broken out between the management of and the subscribers to an opera house in the south of France. Puccini's opera "Tosca" is being given, and the subscribers are up in arms at what they term an unwarrantable liberty taken by the management with the story of the opera, says the Daily Mail Paris correspondent. The opera ends with the treacherous shooting of La Tosca's lover, and when La Tosca realizes that he is really dead she is supposed to hurl herself over the battlements. The prima donna who plays the title role at the opera house in question is rather stout, and she refuses to jump over the battlements, declaring that, whatever arrangements were made for catching her under the stage, she would run serious risk of injury. The stage manager therefore arranged that La Tosca should throw herself on the soldiers who execute her lover, and, after a tussle, should be shot herself. This ending is not to the liking of the subscribers. They threaten to bring the matter before the municipal council, which subsidizes the opera house, unless the original ending of the opera is restored.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"There goes the German Milton," said Wordsworth to Coleridge one day as the solemn Klopstock strolled past. "Yes," stammered Coleridge, sotto voce, "a v-v-very German Milton." And, last night, the brilliant audience at Covent Garden apparently met a v-v-very German Sophocles. It is, of course, a question whether the classic spirit, tragic or comic, is capable of modern expression on the stage; though those who saw "Electra" at the Court Theatre, five years ago, under the Vedrenne-Barker management, entertain no doubts on the subject. Neither do those who have seen "L'Edipe Roi" at the Franciscans. However, the times change, and the manners with them; and the application of modern sensationalist methods to these ancient dramas may be a legitimate and even a vitalizing thing. Whether it will finally oust the classic drama remains to be seen.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 17.

It has been stated that "Pomander Walk" had been withdrawn from the stage. Messrs. Liebler & Co. announce that, so far from having met with lack of recognition on the part of audiences, it has shown a substantial profit each week since it left its long run at Wallack's. The average receipts since in New York have been \$8000 weekly, and the play had a particularly prosperous engagement at the Grand Opera House, Chicago.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has asked Mr. Clarkson of London to help her in her make-up for the part of Queen Elizabeth. He has consulted pictures; one of a sharp-eyed lady with aquiline nose, red hair loaded with jewels, an enormous ruff, a vaster farthingale (the hooped dress of the period), and a bushel of pearls bestrewn over the entire figure. The portrait ascribed to Marc Gheeraerts represents her with a head-dress, half-tiara, half-coif, surmounted by feathers and pearls. The hair is reddish gold, the lips very thin, the eyes blue and piercing and the ears adorned by drops of pearls.

As the World Wags:

In Brewer's "Phrase and Fable" (page 289) is this statement: "A gone coon, Martin Scott, lieutenant-general of the United States, is said to have a prior claim to this saying."

Who was Martin Scott?

J. D. K.

History and Legend.

There are various accounts about the origin of the phrase. The explanation generally given is that during the revolutionary war a spy dressed in raccoon skins took refuge in a tree. A rifleman aimed at him and the spy exclaimed, "Don't shoot, I'll come down. I know I am a gone coon." When the English tell this story, the spy was an American. When the Americans tell it, he was an Englishman. Blood is thicker than water.

There was a Brigadier-General Charles Scott in revolutionary times. Then later there was Gen. Win Scott, irreverently called "Old Fuss and Feathers," and of "Hasty Plate of Soup Fame." Unfortunately, we know not Gen. Martin Scott. The story itself recalls Davy Crockett and the coon that said to him: "Don't shoot, I'll come down."

The Coon in Politics.

To some, and they are not unduly sceptical, this story of revolutionary times is purely legendary. The saying was no doubt common among the negroes.

The first use of the word we can find in literature is in the report of a speech made in Congress by Mr. Giddings in 1845: "Besides the acquisition of Canada, which is put down on all sides as a gone coon." It is said that the term was first applied as a nickname in 1839 to a member of the old Whig party, which at one time had the raccoon as an emblem. The raccoon was painted on their banners, and live specimens were borne in processions. The Democrats sneered at Henry Clay as "that same old coon," while the Whigs retaliated by calling Martin Van Buren an "old fox." The Whig policy was characterized as "coonery," and the Boston Post denounced it and said it "must fall with all its corruptions and abominations, never more to rise." Dickens evidently had reference to Crockett when he wrote, in 1857: "Or, like that sagacious animal in the United States, who recognized the colonel who was such a dead shot, I am a gone coon."

James Russell Lowell represented Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., as writing:

Fust place, I've ben consid'ble round in bar-rooms an' saloons
Agetherin' public sentiment 'mongst Dem-
mercrats and Coons
and in Hosea Biglow's "Debate in the Senate," we find

"Yes," sez Davis o' Miss,
"The perfection o' bliss,
Is in skinnin' that same old coon," sez he.
But who was Lieut.-Gen. Martin Scott, and when were the terms "coon song" and "coon shouter" first used?

Belated Amorists.

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:
Yesterday afternoon my two daughters—
young school girls of 15 and 17 years of age respectively—attended Mr. Clement's song recital at Jordan Hall together. A middle-aged man who sat beside the older one took advantage of her childish enthusiasm over the music to converse with her and ended by urging her to dine out with him. Very naturally she came home greatly agitated on account of her experience. It is a serious situation if such things can happen in such surroundings. If you, or some department of the Herald, would give a lash to the skunk and his kind, it would at least show them that some one is "on to them."
Boston, Feb. 1, 1912.

We have heard of other instances of this kind at concerts in Jordan Hall. We have heard of men, who under the influence of musical enthusiasm, made women or young girls next to them uncomfortable by inviting conversation or by sly elbowing or leaning fondly against them. These practices are not confined to Jordan Hall; for these middle-aged, belated, amorists, are found in street cars, theatres, all concert halls, even in church pews. A girl thus annoyed at a concert should speak to an usher or the manager of the hall. If she shrinks from making a complaint, the judicious use of a hatpin might check the ardor of the annoyers. "E. N. C." does injustice to the skunk in likening this middle-aged man to him. The skunk is a self-respecting, peaceable animal, when he is not wantonly molested, or, suddenly surprised, thinks himself in danger.

Official Criticism.

How mayors differ in critical acumen! We recently referred to Mayor Gaynor's list of books in which he finds delight and we quoted his comments on translations of Cervantes. Mayor Harrison was called on last week to pass judgment on the "morality" of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." He is reported as saying that he had read half of the play and regards it as "unusually stupid." And this from the mayor of Chicago, a city not so very far from Indianapolis, the literary centre of the United States!

Meanwhile, the police in Berlin have prohibited the performance of "Barbarina," an opera by Otto Neitzel, because Frederick the Great is introduced. The Barbarina was a famous dancer in her day, although her costume would now be considered prudish and her

dancing academic and slow. Little poems were written in her praise. Her portrait, full length, hangs in a second story room of the Royal Palace—perhaps the present Emperor, a stern moralist, or the Empress has ordered its removal. Vanloo painted Barbarina as Terpsichore on the ceiling of the Palace Theatre in Potsdam. She died, Countess of Campanini, in the odor of sanctity, possessing three fine estates in Silesia and over 100,000 rix-dollars which she gave for the foundation of a charitable institution. Frederick's passion for her was one of the most creditable features of his career; for in this he showed that he could be human. The Kaiser, who often refers to him in bumptious speeches, should welcome Dr. Neitzel's opera.

The concert last night at the Boston Opera House took the form of an international song recital, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Neapolitan and English being represented. The orchestra was loaned for the evening to the concert in Mechanics' Hall, and the piano furnished the accompaniment for the evening, Mr. Strong and Mr. Waller alternating.

The opening number was Thomas's

"Autumn," a harp solo by Mme. Conti-Berenguer, which was well received. Mr. Lankow sang Schubert's "Meeresstille," Brahms's "Volkslied" and Loewe's "Meeresleuchten." His magnificent voice appears to advantage in concert work and he was compelled to grant an encore.

French songs were given by Mme. D'Ollge, who chose Godard's "Berceuse de Jocelyn," Dessauer's "Le Retour des Promis" and Monsigny's "Il Etait un Oiseau Gris." She sang sweetly and granted the request of the audience for a fourth song.

Mr. Mardones supplied the Spanish end of the program with Englad's "Nostalgia" and Chapl's "Tempestad." The song of homesickness was given with dramatic power and keen feeling, and was one of the best numbers on the program.

Mme. Melis sang in Italian and made her selections correspond with the popular tastes. Capua's "O Mari, O Mari," and "Sole Mio" were heartily applauded, especially the latter, which brought back the play "Over Night," where the hotel clerk industriously thrummed the tune upon his guitar. But it was the old, familiar "Funiculi, Funicula," which most stirred the audience and won for the singer an almost indeterminate series of curtain calls. She was compelled to sing two encores, her second being Tosti's "Good-by, Summer," breaking away from her part in the language competition to repay the appreciation of the audience by singing in English. And even then she was not allowed to depart until she sang "Funiculi" again.

Miss Stickney played the Fantaisie from the "Barber of Seville" on the violoncello charmingly. Mr. Olshansky sang in Russian "Let Me Be," "As he King Went to War" and "The Two Giants" in a robust manner. Mr. Diaz sang Chadwick's "Three Romances" acceptably. Mr. Montella sang the Neapolitan songs "Passione Mio" and "Marechiaro" delightfully.

"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Lo, the Gentle Lark," and "Coming Thro' the Rye" were the songs chosen by Miss Scotney; but the audience was not so easily content, and, although the hour was late, she was recalled and sang "The Last Rose of Summer."

BOSTON MUSICIANS GIVE ANNUAL CONCERT

Opera House Orchestra and Artists
Help Entertainment.

A military band of 400 picked musicians, augmented by the orchestra of the Boston Opera House, a concert conducted by Arthur Pryor, operatic selections by artists from the Boston Opera House, and a presentation by Mayor Fitzgerald in behalf of Boston musicians were features of last night's annual concert of the Boston Musicians' Relief Society at Mechanics' building.

Mayor Fitzgerald presented Mr. Pryor with a medal from the musicians in recognition of his coming to Boston and giving several weeks of his time and labor in preparation for this event. In his address the mayor spoke of Boston as "the musical centre of this country," but he paid tribute to New York as the home of Mr. Pryor, who, he said, "was not only a profound musician, but a composer of unusual merit."

Perhaps the greatest hit was made by Miss Evelyn Scotney of the Boston Opera company. Miss Scotney took the place of Miss Alice Nelsen, who was unable to be present because of a slight indisposition. She sang the Mad Scene from "Lucia," and responded to an encore by singing the "Last Rose of Summer." The sextet from "Lucia" was also sung by Miss Scotney, Mme. Morrell and Messrs. Polce, Ramella, Glaccone and Cahill. Both these numbers were conducted by Arnaldo Conti, and accompanied by the Opera House orchestra. Another number of merit was an xylophone quartet by Messrs. Dodge, Stone, Hawkins and Harrington of the Opera House orchestra.

'BARON TRENCK'

By PHILIP HALE.

SUB BERT THEATRE "Baron Trenck," comic opera in two acts and three scenes performed for the first time in Boston by the Whitney opera company. English version by Henry Blossom, based on a libretto by A. M. Wilner and R. Bodansky. Lyrics by Frederick F. Schrader. Music by Felix Albin. Antonio de Novellis, musical director.

Baron Trenck Fritz Sturmfels
John Slavin John Slavin
Jas. Franz Raymond Bloomer
Alia Wana John Clulow
Herr von Trutenbach Pacle Ripple
Marquis d'Aucumetierre Sydney de Gray
Gen. Blotz Oscar McDugan
A Herald Charles Durham
Gunniss von Holstein Rose Winter
Mariza Perle Barti
Countess Lydia Blanche Duffield
Anna Payette Perry
F. A. Alexia Mero
Frau Cornelia Stecher Ethel Duffe Houston

When "Baron Trenck" was produced by Mr. Whitney at his theatre in London last April the English libretto was attributed to Mr. Schrader. This libretto did not please the Londoners, if the contemporaneous reviews published in the newspapers were trustworthy. The present version is the work of Mr. Blossom.

As the operetta now stands it is in the form of the old-fashioned comic opera. Fault was found in London with the plot because it was complex and incomprehensible. The present version is clear enough and the old traditions are respected. Chorus of villagers; comic character (this time a dancing master) who weds a pretty girl; fair and high born lady rescued from bandits by a dashing officer, the Baron Trenck, terrible in war and a gay Lothario; fair lady, wooed suddenly and hotly by the officer does not give him her card, but saves the village bride by consenting to marry him and saves herself by running away from Trenck, who admires her the more for her spirit. Surely this is enough for a first act.

In the second we are admitted to the boudoir of the fair lady, the Princess Lydia, and later to the palace of Maria Theresa. Here we meet old friends in the guise of an elderly but still coquettish aunt, a pompous Major Domo and an absurd old French ambassador, who is to marry Lydia by command of the Empress. The village dancing master attempts to relieve the formality of the court by amusing pranks and talk.

Baron Trenck appears in his best uniform. Stormy scene with Lydia. He is put up at lottery, Lydia wins him and finally admits her love. Introduction of the Kola dance. This is the story of "Baron Trenck" told in the staccato manner of Mr. Alfred Jingle.

This old-fashioned story would be more entertaining if it moved with greater rapidity and if the dialogue were more amusing. Mr. Slavin does his best, but he has little material to work with, and the majority of his jests date before the birth of Maria Theresa. Furthermore in the second act, the librettist flaps from comedy of a mildly romantic flavor into farce comedy of an ordinary order, nor does a venture into the grand opera manner, as in the duet between Trenck and Lydia restore the due balance.

The libretto will still bear revision. Not because it is in the main old-fashioned, but because in spite of the efforts of the company the action is sluggish and there are long stretches of inconsequential dialogue.

The music is worthy of a better book. It often appeals to the musician as well as to the man that simply seeks amusement and likes a pleasant jingle. Take the female trio in the first act, for instance; it is eminently tuneful, the rhythm is enticing, and the music is distinguished by grace and a certain elegance. The more important ensembles are solidly constructed. The solos and duets often have true charm, but the one number in the operetta that may insure continued popularity is the duet between Cornelia and the Major Domo.

Its appeal to the audience last night was instantaneous and irresistible. Nor was the composer unaware of the effectiveness, for the tune was repeated later in the opera and more than once. Some of the music has appropriately a Hungarian flavor. Some of it reminds the hearer of Puccini and Leoncavallo. The operetta is effectively scored; there are charming effects, which were fully brought out by the large orchestra led by that excellent musician and experienced and talented conductor, Mr. Antonio De Novellis, who is always a welcome visitor in this city.

The company is a good one. Miss Duffield, who is no stranger here, has an agreeable voice and sings with vocal and dramatic intelligence. She plays the part gracefully. Miss Barti is an

attractive person, maid and sings simply and effectively. Miss Houston's duet with Mr. Ripple is one of the chief features of the performance.

Mr. Sturmfels, it is said, created the part of Baron Trenck in Leipzig. His English spoken dialogue is sufficiently clear, and the foreign accent gives piquancy and a certain realism. When he sings, his English is not often intelligible. He acts with much spirit, like a dashing colonel of Pandours, and shows himself at home in operetta. Mr. de Gray acts in comedy vein, as does Mr. Ripple, nor do the two fall into comic opera as it is now understood.

Mr. Slavin amused the audience last night, for honest laughter followed his pranks, lines and gags. He is an amiable low comedian. Is he really funny? This is a question to be answered individually. Some are highly entertained by Mr. Frank Daniels. Some shake their sides at the mere sight of Mr. Eddie Foy. Others still swear by Mr. De Wolf Hopper.

The final scene is a handsome one and the effects of lighting with the costumes worn by court ladies, officers and the dancers make pretty pictures. The chorus is a strong one vocally.

MISS ORMOND'S SONG RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Lilla Ormond gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Mrs. Charles White was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Pierre, Tristesse and Connalsiez-vous mon Hirondelette; Erlanger, Fedia; Schindler's arrangement of La Petite Anne and Chant de Trouvere; Chausson, Le Colibri; Hue, L'An Blanc; Chadwick, Aghadue; Converse, Adieu; Colburn, Down by the Salley Gardens; Weaver, The Wind; Hart's arrangement of My Lagan Love; Miss Daniels, Daybreak; Bennett, The Guitar Player; Densmore, April; Eden, What's in the Air Today?

Inasmuch as Miss Ormond announced this recital as her last in Boston—for she purposes to leave the concert stage soon in view of her approaching marriage—the hall was filled with her many friends. The program included songs that were unfamiliar to local audiences, and some of them were sung here for the first time. "Fedia" is well known and it has usually been sung by a man. Mr. Chadwick's Ballade, dedicated to Miss Ormond, has been sung by her with orchestral accompaniment at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra in other cities. With the exception of Mr. Converse's "Adieu," the American-Irish group were new to the great majority of the hearers. Hamilton Hart's version of "My Lagan Love" made a marked impression. Mr. Bennett's "Guitar Player" has character and is noteworthy by reason of the composer's attempt to translate every thought contained in the few lines into music that should be realistic and at the same time lyrical. Witness the treatment of the words "The Wind Blew Cold."

The first part of the program, made up of French songs, was the more interesting. Miss Ormond has evidently paid much attention to diction, and the songs by Plerne and Erlanger were sung with taste and fine emotional quality. "Fedia" was recited with discreet emphasis on the dramatic contents. "La Petite Anne" was gracefully sung. In later songs of this group and often in the group with English words, the performance was marred by faulty intonation and an imperfect control of the upper register. The enunciation of the singer was uncommonly distinct, and the natural beauty of the lower tones gave value to phrases that were inherently of trifling worth. The feature of the concert was the singing of the song added to the French group. This song was made conspicuous by the sobriety and earnestness of the interpretation and the tonal beauty revealed.

The audience applauded warmly, and was at times enthusiastic. At the end, Miss Ormond was compelled to lengthen her program. Mrs. White accompanied sympathetically, and with the touch and brilliance of an accomplished virtuoso.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Masset's "Manon." Mr. Andre-Caplet, conducted.

Manon Mme. Brozia
Poussette Miss Fisher
Javotte Miss D'Ollie
Rosette Miss De Courcy
Le Chevalier Mr. Clement
Lescaut Mr. Riddle
Le Comte Mr. Mardones
Guillot Mr. Leo
De Bretigny Mr. Barreau

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—George Baker's production of Harold McGrath's novel "The Goose Girl." The cast:

Frau Bluer Jessie Howe
Officer Hoffmeyer Robert Wessels
Ludwig Frank Ramsdell
Hans Grumbach Carl Bates
Leopold Dietrich Holland Hudson
Gretchen Adeline O'Connor
Princess Hildegard Gertrude Barker
Grand Duke Will Nicholson
Arthur Carmichael John J. Ivan
Count von Herbeck C. E. Harris
Col. Van Wallenstein Alton Thomas

T. A. WISE A HIT AT B. F. KEITH'S

Thomas A. Wise, if possible a bit more rotund and robust than when he was putting "The Man From Mississippi" on the map, made his Boston debut in vaudeville at Keith's theatre, yesterday, presenting, with the assistance of a very capable company, a one-act comedy entitled "A Chip of the Old Block." The scene is laid at the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island, with Mr. Wise playing the role of Thomas Burridge, one of the inmates, and so a retired actor. Thomas's chief complaint in the closing years of his life is that he never succeeded in tragedy, and that it was only in comedy in which he was famous. During his sojourn at the home his son, whom he had understood to be playing leads in the "Kennedy Excelsior Repertoire," comes to visit him. Great is Thomas Burridge's grief when he discovers that his son, too, is in comedy after all, and not repertoire.

Mr. Wise is ever thought of as a comedian par excellence, whose very appearance upon the stage was the signal for an outburst of laughter. But in "A Chip of the Old Block" Mr. Wise has an entirely serious role. That he plays it as well as comedy parts is but a tribute to his versatility, and after the curtain fell he was called back several times at last night's performance.

Another big hit on this week's program are McConnell and Simpson, in their playlet, "The Right Girl." Lulu McConnell, although clearly suffering from an overpowering cold last night, was excellent in the part of the twin sisters playing first Josie, and then Dora Day, with equal ease and effectiveness. It is a sketch, original alike in idea and in execution.

Bud Fisher, who proudly stands sponsor for "Mutt and Jeff" of cartoon fame, has a prominent place upon the bill, and with crayon and paper shows the audience the ease and facility with which he can dash off "Mutts" and "Jeffs," doing all sorts of humorous things, but never losing their own identity or their own peculiar characteristics of facial expression, however rapidly he may draw them.

Belle Blanche has a place on the Keith bill this week, for the first time in three seasons. Her act isn't exactly the same as it was when she was last here, but her clever impersonations of Eva Tanguay, Jack Norworth and others still remain the best things she does. Between two of the vaudeville acts, that none may miss them, are thrown upon a screen, moving pictures of the arrival and reception to Cardinal O'Connell last week. The pictures cover the entire affair, from the docking of the vessel to the arrival of the cardinal at his home on Bay State road, and the applause that followed this feature showed that the idea was thoroughly appreciated.

Other acts upon the card include Louise Stickney's dog and pony circus, Jack Reidy and Elsie Currier in vocal selections, George Felix, assisted by the Barry sisters, in "The Boy Next Door"; the three Ernests, acrobats of the elevated bars, and Seymour Brown and Nat D. Ayers, in "undiscovered genius." Mr. Ayers, by the way, is Boston born and bred, and many of his friends were in the audience last night.

Some weeks ago we alluded to the "Boy's Own Book," which many consulted in the sixties. It was an English book, a fat, stubby one, with curious little woodcuts and diagrams, a book to be preserved with the "Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk," which was printed in large type and bound in green boards, but it was given away or it was loaned or it fell into pieces from constant use. Last week an artist showed us a copy of this household treasure, but, alas, it is not wholly the same. It is an American edition, revised, with certain omissions, and the covers are an ugly red. Furthermore full page pictures have been inserted without special reference to the subject matter. They were taken from children's magazines and picture books, and incongruous titles were retained. Thus there is one of "William Jay, the boy preacher, delivering his First Discourse to a rustic congregation, page 290." Turning to page 290 we find directions concerning the "Common Guards of Carte and Tierce" in an article about fencing. This edition is dated New York, 1881.

Preserved Joys.

There are disappointments, but on the other hand, turning over the leaves, we welcome old friends. There is the picture of the Maze at Woodstock, in which King Henry placed Fair Rosamonde. There is the list of 196 conundrums: "What does a 78-gun ship weigh, with all her crew on board, just before she sets sail?" "Why is a short negro like a white man?" and (No. 4) "When is a door not a door?" The title page is unchanged: "Boy's Own Book,

by Captain George Alfred Selkirk, St. John's, Newfoundland, and London, 'Kerchess and Diversions.' The beginning of the "Prelude" is also unchanged. "A Popular Encyclopedia of the Sports and Pastimes of Youth, a companion for all holidays—the Boy's Own Book—unmixed with aught that was not highly interesting to himself, had long been a desideratum; to supply which, he was usually led to become his own caterer and purchase publications of an objectionable character, merely because their low price placed them within his reach." The moral advice remains the same; the words of caution are retained. "We strongly recommend the young Archer never to shoot with another person's bow; he may, very probably, break it."

"Sliding" and "Duck."

Remembering recent discussions, we turned to "Sliding" and "Duck." The former article was always unsatisfactory. It appears that the young men of London slid in the 12th century about as they did in 1860. There was another form of sliding on the ice. "Others make a seat of ice, as large as a millstone, and having placed one of their companions upon it they draw him along, when it sometimes happens, that moving on slippery places, they all fall down headlong." The article on "Duck" is more to the purpose. The word "Duck-stone" is not mentioned, nor is there any allusion to "Duck on Davy." The noble game of "Yard Sheep" is not described, neither is "Relieve-O!" But we read again with delight that the Dutch or variegated clay marbles are reckoned the worst, and the real taws of pink marble, with dark red veins, "blood allies," are preferred to all others. Dr. Franklin's Advice to Swimmers is still invaluable, even though eggs are now high.

Troubled Homes.

The chapter, "Optical Amusements," recalls the attempt of boys to make their own kaledoscopes and magic lanterns. This chapter and the one of chemical amusements were looked on with loathing by all orderly mothers. Nor was the one on legerdemain without danger. The boy was told to take a few nut galls, bruise them to a fine powder and strew it "nicely on a towel." He then put a little brown copperas into a basin of water, which, soon dissolving, left the water transparent. Uncle Amos or Cousin Jenney washing with this water and wiping with the towel suffered a sad change. The handsome face immediately became black and remained so for a few days. "This trick is too mischievous for performance"; but the word of warning was only an encouragement to healthy, restless youngsters.

Indoor Sports.

In our village cards were looked on as Satan's favorite playthings, so "Tricks with Cards" was not household reading. The puzzles were unobjectionable, although one of them introduced a wine merchant and his clerk. "Rebuses and aerostics" acquainted us with fine writing, the Corinthian style. Here is an example: "But lo! the Theban general appears, laden with spoils, his brows full crowned with laurel, and his garments red with the slaughter of the vanquished foe. What field has witnessed this great conquest, and who are the sufferers? Leuctra beheld the fate of Spartan's sons, and streams of blood defied her pleasant plains." There is a key to the verbal puzzles, and there is this word of consolation: "It is no proof of inferiority not to be able to reply to a quaint conundrum so quickly as another." The angler is informed that the "most elegant, clean, gentlemanly and pleasant mode of fishing is, unquestionably, with the Artificial Fly"; and in this book, printed apparently from English plates, we are told that artificial bait and apparatus for all kinds of angling may be had at Bradlee's near the Old South Church in Boston. When, pray, was this advertisement first inserted?

Rabbits Not Welsh.

The directions to young rabbit keepers bring back unhappy memories. The boy teased his parents until he was allowed to have a hutch if he promised to take care of his pets. He bought a pair, and was cheated by the neighbor's son. For a week, for a month he was faithful. To feed them, to clean the hutch soon became a nuisance. He tried vainly to awaken the interest of the hired man. He had bought other rabbits and the number increased naturally. Some disappeared and he did not cry. At last he gave the rest away, or sold them at a loss and breathed a psalm of thanksgiving. It was a model parent who refrained from saying: "I told you, Johnny, how it would be."

Draughts and chess are fully described, but in this edition there is nothing about backgammon. Was there fear lest fond fathers and mothers would object to the dice? The deaf and dumb alphabet, which brings the book to a close, was learned for practice in school; confessions of calf love were thus expressed and plans for recess or after school were laid.

On the whole, the Boy's Own Book is more fascinating in the memory than in its concrete form. Would Alexander Selkirk be less of a hero if we were to read again his adventures as narrated in the old, thin, green cov-

MR. HAWTHORNE

By PHILIP HALE.

Ernest P. Hawthorne gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Stielert Hall. He played Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, Schumann's sonata in G minor and pieces by Chopin, Cui, Debussy, Liszt, and his own Caprice.

I am told that Mr. Hawthorne, who spent his early years at Potsdam, N. Y., went to Vienna for further study, and finally had the inevitable Theodore Leschetzki for a master.

Mr. Hawthorne is a young man of modest appearance, who no doubt has studied faithfully and has the laudable ambition to give recitals and to teach. Now a man may be an excellent teacher, and yet through constitutional nervousness make little impression on an audience; or he may be a sound teacher of technique and yet be unable to aid the pupil in the art of interpretation.

It did not appear from Mr. Hawthorne's playing of the pieces by Mozart, Schumann and Chopin that he is yet ripe for concert work. His reading of Mozart's Fantasia was like the reading of Hamlet by the tragedian in "Great Expectations." It was massive and concrete. Mozart's music is not distinguished by these qualities. Nor was the performance of Schumann's sonata emotional or poetic. Mr. Hawthorne should strive after beauty of tone; he should be less rigid in playing a melody; he should be more elastic in rhythm. It would be well for him to hear other pianists as much as possible and learn from them; learn what to shun, and how he may improve himself. Above all, he should bear in mind that music is emotional. Pages of notes may be correctly played and the hearer will remain indifferent, unless there be something in the nature of a personal appeal.

A small audience applauded the pianist.

APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club of Boston gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The assisting soloists were Miss Bessie Bell Collier, violinist, and Mrs. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert, soprano. The program was as follows: Wilt Wolff, Watchman's song; Charles A. Chase, "In Love She Fell"; A. Herbert Brewer, Alexander; Goldmark, air; Saint-Saens, Introduction and rondo capriccioso; G. W. Chadwick, serenade; Max von Weinzierl, "A Night in Spring"; Rudolf Weinwurm, love songs; Rheinberger, "The Stars in Heaven"; Schubert-Wilhelm, Ave Maria; Friml, Ukolebavka; Randegger, Bohemian dance; Conrad, serenade; Mendelssohn, double chorus from "Antisone."

A very large and enthusiastic audience enjoyed the pleasantly varied program, and in many cases numbers were repeated. The singing of the club, under the direction of Mr. Mollenhauer, was distinguished by breadth and beauty in volume and quality of tone, by unity and by precision of attack. The performance of the soloists was received with hearty applause, while Mr. Lamson and Mr. Drake played efficient accompaniments.

The fourth concert of the season will be given in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, April 9. The soloists will be Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Miss Helen Pumphrey, pianist.

Although I am not a symbolist, professional or amateur, I enjoyed Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande," both as an opera and a drama. Not that I understood all that was sung or spoken, for my French is rusty and I make out with difficulty the reading matter under the pictures in Parisian comic papers. I was delighted, however, with the scenery, lured by Debussy's music, and I wondered at the strength of Melisande's hair when her husband dragged her about by it. But one thing perplexed me. We were told that Maeterlinck had given his approval to the scenery and costumes of both opera and drama; that the production was authoritative. Now in the opera the wise old Arkel was clean shaven. In the drama he wore a long and venerable snow white beard. Was there symbolism in this distinction? The newspaper critics did not discuss this important point. Why should Arkel shave for operatic purposes? Personally, I preferred him bearded; not only because he thus seemed more majestic in his wisdom, but a shaving apparatus with a can of hot water was hardly in keeping with the scanty furniture of the sombre castle.



AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE

With a Digression.

Mr. Matthews spells "Pattison" with an "i" and his accuracy is well known. Nevertheless, the title of one of Dan Emmett's "imitable plantation songs," written and composed for Bryant's minstrels of New York, and published in that city in 1860, spells the name of the victim "Patterson." The choir will now sing:

I'll gib ten dollars down,
An leab dem in my will,
If any one can show de man
Dat ebber struck old Bill.

The tune to which these four lines are set was not composed by Emmett. He frankly writes above it "Old Melody." In some of the books about phrases and fables the name stands "Patterson."

Mr. Matthews writes to us: "I think that the 1843 extract for 'gone coon' is a belated one. 'Gone goose' occurs in 1833 in Seba Smith's 'Life and Writings of Maj. Jack Downing,' p. 71; and I feel confident that somewhere I have noted the other term before 1843." By the way Clough in one of his poems (1862) wrote: "He had been in the schools; plucked almost; all but a gone-coon." Bernard in 1593, translating Terence put "a gone man" for "equidemperi"; and Rutherford in 1637 wrote: "Men think Christ a gone man now and that He shall never get up His head again."

Vex Not the Poet.

As the World Wags:

In the first line of Coleridge's poem on "Cologne," he has the German form (one syllable) of the name of the city, but in the eighth line he has the Anglicized form (two syllables) of the word. In so short a poem as that (only 10 lines) it is justifiable, on the ground of poetic license or otherwise, thus to vary the form of a proper name? "Tell me that and unyoke." INQUIRER.

Brookline, Feb. 6, 1912.

"Vex not the poet . . . Dark brow'd sophist, come not near." He was born in a golden clime with golden stairs above. The bees kissed the lips of him, a sleeping child. He fed on honeydew and drank the milk of Paradise, also laudanum. Coleridge, to borrow Swinburne's magnificent phrase, was "a figure more utterly companionless, more incomparable with others, than any of his kind." Or as Artemus Ward said of Shakespeare: "Not one of these common poets, like that young idylt who writes verses to our daughter about the Roses as growes and the Breezes as blowes, but a Boss Poet." What matters it if Coleridge wrote "Cologne," "Koeln," or "Kolone." The Muses smiled on him and recited "Kubla Khan."

Feb 8 1912

A correspondent asked not long ago in what year there was snow in June so that Robert B. Thomas's forecast in the Old Farmer's Almanack came true.

Mrs. Carrie E. Shute of Brookline kindly sends a copy of a clipping from a Boston newspaper of 1877.

"Sixty years ago occurred 'the year without a summer.' Frost occurred in every month of the year 1816. Ice formed half an inch thick in May; snow fell to the depth of 10 inches in Vermont, seven in Maine, three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts, in June; ice was formed of the thickness of window glass throughout New England, New York and some parts of Pennsylvania on the 5th of July. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder in August, and the farmers supplied themselves from the corn produced in 1815 for the seed of the spring of 1817."

Truly a summer that should have been recorded by Gabriel Peignot of Dijon in his Chronological Essay on the most severe winters from 396 B. C. to 1820. Now the question is, did Thomas in his Almanack for 1816 put "snow" instead of "rain" against a day in June?

A Question or Two.

"A. A." writes to The Herald: "I read in a Dublin newspaper an account of the presentation of new colors by King George V. to the 1st battalion of the Connaught Rangers, at present stationed in India. The King said: 'Time has brought many changes in war, and you are not likely again to meet any enemy who will bring a Jingling Johnnie into the field.' The editor inserts after 'Jingling Johnnie' ('Connaught Rangers war trophy'). Pray, what is the precise nature of a Jingling Johnnie?" We do not know. Ah, what a pleasure

only a week ago, and with the same old stuff, adorned with bells, which tink when struck on the ground to make it was used in infancy. French call it the "Jeu de Gobelets." We are inclined to think that the instrument is the J. J., but with a difference. It is said, by the way, that a half-glass of whiskey is known to Ireland as a Johnnie, and that is how it produces a Johnnie in a morning drink.

Annotators as a class do not explain that which needs explanation. John Evelyn, for example, writing about Sir Joseph Williamson, said of him: "As a musician, could play at 'Jeu de Gobelets,' exceeding formal, a severe master to his servants, but so inward with my Lord O'Brien that after a few months of that gentleman's death he married his widow." There's a long note about the widow, but not a word about the "Jeu de Gobelets." What was the game? The conical cup or tumbler used by the conjurers was known as a goblet in the 16th and 17th centuries. Is it possible that Sir Joseph was a handy man with the cups and a pea; that he was a thimble-rigger high in his profession?

As to Belated Amorists.

As the World Wags:

I note your vigorous and fitting denunciation of those belated amorists of the male sex who at concerts, theatres and in the street car offer indignities to women by staring, ogling, nudging, accosting and otherwise inflicting their unwelcome attention upon those whom they do not know, and whose acquaintance they do not desire. As you remark, this sort of thing is a growing outrage and needs vehement treatment.

There is another phase of this subject to which I beg leave to invite your attention. It equally deserves your indignant scorn. A good sample of it is furnished by a recent experience of my own in a street car traversing one of our most highly respectable suburban districts. A handsome and fashionably dressed lady entered the car in which I was a passenger and took a seat next to me. Although I did not recognize her as an acquaintance, she turned and addressed me by my name, and made some perfunctory remarks concerning the weather, etc. I responded to her observations as politely as I knew how, having no desire to be discourteous to a lady who knew me by name and had presumably met me socially at some time or other. You can perhaps imagine my embarrassment when, continuing the conversation, she told me that she was having hard luck in some business in which she was engaged, and asked me if I didn't know of some nice man who would loan her some money to relieve her from temporary embarrassment. I was so astonished at this inquiry that it took me some time to recover my customary composure, and before I could answer her question the car had reached my destination. My departure would have been somewhat abrupt had not the lady suggested hastily that we might meet somewhere at lunch and talk the matter over. The rules and regulations of the street cars do not provide for delays at their stopping places to enable passengers to arrange for luncheon parties, and as no appointment for the proposed function was made, I left the car wondering who this lady might be and where we had met.

At dinner that evening I narrated this incident to my wife and asked her who the lady in the car could have been, describing her appearance, dress and other notable characteristics. Judge of my astonishment, sir, when my wife, looking at me sternly, said curtly: "What a fool you are! Don't you know that the shameless woman was trying to get up a flirtation with you?" Vahly did I reply that the person involved in the case was of ladylike appearance and had addressed me by name. My wife still insisted that I had either been imposed upon or had given the woman some excuse for her attempted familiarity. Being conscious of the rectitude of my own conduct in this affair I conclude that the woman had improper designs upon me, and that she was the sort of woman my wife, with true feminine instinct, had declared her to be.

From which I am forced to the ungallant conclusion, sir, that the role of the belated amorist in public places is not assumed by the male sex exclusively, and that methods of exterminating this social pest should be devised as to apply to both men and women.

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

Feb. 6, 1912.

Feb 9 1912

A man died a fortnight ago in England who was over 100 years old. He attributed his long life to abstinence from cheese and alcoholic beverages. The Daily Chronicle thereupon remembered the poem by John Taylor on Old Parr, "The Old, Old, Very Old Man," which was published when Parr was alive.

He was of old Pythagoras' opinion. That green cheese was most wholesome (with an onion). Coarse meslin bread, and, for his daily walk.

Crockett or Scott?

About a year ago Mr. Albert Matthews of Boston examined into this question of the rifleman and the coon. It is needless to say that his examination was thorough and the results were interesting. As a boy he believed that Davy Crockett was the hero, but finding many allusions to Scott he began to be of a different opinion. Mr. Matthews has kindly given us his notes. "This Capt. Martin Scott was born at Bennington, Vt., in 1783. He became noted at an early age for his remarkable marksmanship. For a long time he was stationed in the West."

Mr. Matthews quotes a list of books in which reference is made to Scott from Keating's "Narrative" (1825) to B. Coues's "Expeditions of E. M. Pike" (1895). Capt. Marryat met Scott at Fort Snelling. There is no mention of the coon story - Gen. Randolph B. Marcy, in "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border" (1866) knew Scott and tells the story; but his account was not published until nearly 20 years after Scott's death. "If Marcy is right in thinking that the story originated in New York, that fact would rather militate against Scott, for there is no evidence to show that Scott was known in the East."

Mr. Matthews has not found an allusion to the coon story in any book by Crockett or in any book about him, but in a series of articles called "Uncle Sam's Peculiarities," published in 1838-1840 in Bentley's Miscellany the coon story is related of Crockett. That was in 1840. Mr. Matthews concludes as follows: "Summing up the evidence, I should say that the matter was in doubt and that what we want is further information about the story between 1840 and 1866. As it stands the coon story takes its place along with the Letters of Junius, The Man in the Iron Mask, Who Struck Billy Pattison? and other celebrated enigmas of history."

Feb 8 1912

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Conti conductor.
Aida Mme. Melis
Amneris Mme. Gay
Sacerdotesa Miss De Courcy
Radames Mr. Zenatello
Amonasro Mr. Scotti
Ramfis Mr. Mardones
Il re Mr. Shili
Messaggero Mr. Giaccone

Milk, butter, water, whey and whey, met in a bucket, and by fortune happy to combine and a cup of ale most happy, after or perly when he did repair to W. Isaac's wake wedding, or a fair. Whig was a drink made of whey infused with mint and sage, soured a little with buttermilk. It was boiled, and it clarified, and then drunk cold. Mashed or mashed bread was made of wheat mixed with wheat, bread made of wheat and corn.

A Bit of Cheese.

And how about cheese? Does it prolong life or dry the blood and clog the wheels? ancients had much to say about it. They were unanimously against old cheese, but Celsus spoke favorably of soft new made cheese and Discordides said that new made and unsalted was nutritious, good for the stomach, of easy distribution and fattening. Galen was fussy precise, "As to consistence, the best cheese should be intermediate between the glutinous and the friable, and it ought to possess a distinct quality us to taste, unless, perhaps, a certain degree of sweetness." Our old and esteemed friends, Avicenna, Averrhoes and Haly Abbas favored new cheese because it is cold and humid. And what did Paulus Aegineta say? His learned opinion should be committed to memory by bright eyed Willie and thoughtful Jans and recited at dinner when there are guests. "That called oxygalactinus acquires slightly discutient powers and is more agglutinative of wounds. Old cheese, especially such as is fatty, becomes discutient, so as to be a fit application to topi in arthritic complaints, particularly along with the decoction of swins' flesh pickled and fat." And so Avicenna recommended fresh cheese with the brine of bacon as an application to chalk stones and without the brine as an application in ophthalmia.

Venner in his "Right Away to a Long Life" (1650) shook his head, allowed a little cheese after meat, but "toasted cheese is more meet to entice a mouse or rat into a trap than to be received into the body." Dr. Muffet (1655) hurried for the Parmesan cheese of Italy; after that Essex, Banbury and Cheshire; "to which the Holland cheeses might be justly compared, if their makers could but soberly put in salt." But Parmesan in England of the 17th century was a luxury.

Unworthy Townsmen.

The people of Ham in Texas wish the name changed. A townsman has written to Mr. Hitchcock: "The people in our town dislike the name Ham. Ham is suggestive only of the hind parts of the hog. This does not call out the best that there is in one." O foolish Galatians! The word itself is heroic in its monosyllabic vigor, and is not derived, as some might think, from the irreverent son of Noah, but from the old Teutonic. These Texans remind us of the effeminate Mr. Henry Blyth of the 17th century who "had such antipathies against a ham that no sooner did he hear a ham spoken of but he swarfed," that is swooned. As the word is heroic so is the meat itself, whether it be of Virginia, Bayonne or Westphalia. Grandgousier loved to drink meat as much as any man that then was in the world, and fond of salt meat, was well furnished with hams, links, chitterlings, and sausages of Digorre, Longueunay, Brene and Rouargue. Let no one bring up the slang words "ham" and "ham-fatter" in reproach, or argue adversely because the word, except as a proper name, is not in Holy Writ. Ham was not known to Shakespeare or Milton, but the poets have not disdained it: witness W. S. Gilbert with his tale of the converted bussman, and here is C. S. Calverley.

Kerchief in hand, I saw them stand;
In every kerchief lurked a lunch;
When they unfurled them, it was grand
To watch browned men and maidens crunch
The sounding celery stick, or ram
The knife into the blushing ham.

Then there is the song that delighted our boyhood: "Ham fat, ham fat, brimming in the pan"—how did the rest of it go? And in like manner the late Maurice Rollinat, who consorted gladly with spectres, ghouls and vampires in his disordered mind, wrote one of his more cheerful poems in praise of a cheese vender in Paris, "La Belle Fromagere," who breathed at ease in the midst

De cette acre atmosphere ou le Roquefort bleu
Suintait pres du Chester exsangue.

Random Notes.

A contributor, who does not trust us with his name, writes in answer to a query recently made in this column that the word "coon" as applied to a negro became common about 1890; that "coon song" was first heard about that year. But when did "coon shouter" first go into the vaudeville vocabulary?

The Daily Chronicle (London) adds to its list of substitutes for tobacco. Licorice and gum apparently smoke well; so do leaves of ribarb, cabbage and chicory. (There is a man in the Herald office smoking cabbage leaves at this moment.) Honey, moss and treacle are recommended by others (with a mistaken sense of humor). Then there are seaweed and powdered wood. A pathetic story is told of an old man in a workhouse in Kent who would spend his day the gathering yarrow leaves. These he up, dried and smoked, and called it a "staunch good tackle."

MR. COPELAND IN RECITAL

Pianist Appears to Advantage—
Miss Scotney Is Vocal
Soloist.

George Copeland, pianist, and Evelyn Scotney, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon, in Jordan Hall, under the auspices of Miss Hersey's School Association.

Mr. Copeland played these pieces: Scarlatti, Sonata No. 1, No. 5; Chopin, Etude; Liszt, Etude; Debussy, "Reflets dans l'Eau," "Cortège," "Clair de Lune," "Poissons d'Or"; Chabrier, "Habanera"; Albeniz, Triana; Grovlez, Recuerdos.

Miss Scotney sang the following numbers: Gounod, Ave Maria, cello obbligato by Howard White; Verdi, "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto"; Ronald, "Down in the Forest," "Love, I Have Won You," Thomas, Polacca, from "Mignon." Frank L. Waller was the accompanist.

The Herald has often spoken at length about the admirable playing of Mr. Copeland, and there are few pianists whose playing gives such pleasure. Yesterday afternoon he was in the vein and there was in evidence exquisiteness of touch and imaginative interpretation.

Old World Daintiness.

His Scarlatti was marked by an old world daintiness, while the Liszt Etude, too often hammered out with metronomic rigidity by many estimable pianists, became at his hands a thing of poetic beauty.

Of the four Debussy numbers, the Cortège was especially effective, and the Spanish Dances, infinitely charming in character, were played with brilliance.

Miss Scotney's singing pleased, and there was opportunity for her to display her ability in other than florid pieces.

A large and warmly appreciative audience was present, and it was necessary for both Mr. Copeland and Miss Scotney to add to the program.

Of these additional numbers, Mr. Copeland's performance of "The Blue Danube" waltz was chiefly remarkable.

CONVERSE'S NEW WORK IS GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Heinrich Warnke, cellist of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, F minor, Tschalkowsky
Concerto for cello and orchestra, Lalo
"Ormazd" symphonic poem (MS.), Converse

Mr. Converse's latest orchestral work, composed for the most part in the course of last summer, was played for the first time in Boston. The first performances were at St. Louis last month.

This symphonic poem has a program, which was published in the Herald of last Sunday. The subject is the conflict between Ormazd and Ahrlman, light and darkness, whom the disciples of Zoroaster deified as the gods of good and evil; the constructive and destructive principles. As in certain other religions, the conflict will finally end in the triumph of Ormazd. The poetic idea appealed to the composer, as he informs us, on account of its picturesque expression of elemental truths: for in each one of us the two spirits are contending.

Now in the sonata form, which is still the basis of many symphonic poems and of the first movement of a symphony, a conflict is established between two themes or musical ideas which, to quote M. Vincent d'Indy, present themselves in succession, each at one of the two poles of the adopted tonality; they seek each other, shun each other, arrive at an explanation, and end by uniting in one and the same tonality. The opposition of two decided elements of musical expression may be more or less strongly defined, so that there is dramatic action in music, whether the composition have a title and a program or be presented to the public as absolute music.

In Mr. Converse's symphonic poem, Ormazd assembles the heavenly hosts, and there is a martial motive. There is a contrasting motive which suggests "the pernicious activity" of the spirit of darkness. The two are in sharp opposition in the conflict episode. But there is another musical thought that musically is of equal importance, and to the average hearer probably of greater importance in that it makes a more emotional appeal; that is the song of good souls, the blessed Fravashis, which is heard before the conflict and at the end with the hosts of Light exulting in praise of the Conqueror.

The more salient features of this work are those that are decorative and imaginative. The music that describes the wild regret and the moaning anguish of Ahrlman and the lost is now so effective—or, rather, it was not so effectively brought out yesterday—as the episode of the marching hosts of light and the song of adoration and of triumph. And it may here be said that "Ormazd" was unfortunately placed on the program. Tschalkowsky's symphony, an intermission, and then a cello concerto did not leave the audience in an eagerly receptive mood. A symphonic poem of these dimensions, when it is performed for the first time, should come early in the concert. It may also be said without disrespect to Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra that longer rehearsal would have given more value to the pages that are not purely pictorial or objectively striking.

After the performance of yesterday it may be justly said that "Ormazd" is planned on a large scale, but the musical thought is clear and continuous, and the episodes proceed one after, and from, the other toward a powerful climax. There is no attempt at orientalism or pseudo-orientalism in the musical expression. Mr. Converse is of the advanced modern group, and the modern idiom as shaped by his individuality and for his own purposes is ample and elastic. The themes are sufficiently expressive and they are thoughtfully worked out. There are harmonic progressions that arrest the attention of the hearer, but not merely because they are bizarre. The workmanship is rightly put aside in the thought of the imposing structure and the architectural effect. Mr. Converse employs a large orchestra, but the instrumentation is not thickened thereby; it abounds in pleasing contrasts of color, it is brilliant, it is sonorous, and even in a scene of battle, in which composers are now allowed to be blatant, screamingly vociferous, Mr. Converse respects the difference between sound and noise.

The audience welcomed the new work warmly, and there was a protracted effort to call the composer on the stage. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave a highly dramatic performance of Tschalkowsky's fourth symphony, which is more frankly Russian, less cosmopolitan, than the 5th or the 6th. The andantino was played poetically; the scherzo was performed with the utmost bravura, and the finale, often brutal in its gaiety, a gaiety that is alcoholic, was given with the appropriate fury. Mr. Fiedler doubled the horns and the woodwind instruments. Whether the effect was aesthetically doubled might be a subject for academic discussion.

Mr. Warnke played with fine tone and marked taste Lalo's cello concerto, which in spite of fortunate instances of instrumentation and the grace of the intermezzo, stands far below the composer's concerto for violin op. 20 and the Symphonie Espagnole.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Goetz, Air from "The Taming of the Shrew" (Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano); Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Hugo Wolf, songs with orchestral accompaniment, "Der Freund," "Verborgenhelt," "Er ist's" (Miss Gerhardt); Enesco, Rhapsodie Roumaine in A major op. 11, No. 1.

Timid young men who hope that the Shavian theory is true and young women dividing 1912 by four will propose to them should remember that there is an old established etiquette in the matter. If a woman offers her hand to a man and he declines it, she may demand from him a silk dress, provided she is wearing a scarlet petticoat at the time and shows it to him.

Billy Patterson.

My mother was of the fifth generation of a Boston, North end, Second Church family. I grew up in constant association with my grandmother and three of her sisters. They had a store of family and neighborhood stories of the North End in their day, wholly American. This is the story of "Who Struck Billy Patterson," as they told it, and as my mother used to repeat it, she being much amused that it should have grown into a mystery.

A street discussion among some young men, on politics I fancy, grew into a quarrel. Billy Patterson was in the storm centre and was struck. Billy seems to have had some local prominence. A very small, self-important man, proud of his friend, fussed and strutted through the crowd, crying, "Who struck Billy Patterson? Show me the man that struck Billy Patterson!" Patterson had been struck by a man named Snow. George, I think. Snow was a very large man. He said to the little champion: "I struck Billy Patterson." This little man looked at Snow's height and build, faltered, and stammered, "Oh, was it you?" and faded away with the crowd. The incident and the saying grew into a much appreciated joke and by-word.

The Snows were well known to my family and I, myself, met some of them later. I always associated Billy Patterson with another well known North End family of good standing. * * * "Pattison" does not seem like a Boston name. There are plenty of Pattersons in the telephone directory, but no Pattison.

MARIANNA E. CLARKE.
Winchester, Mass., Feb. 7.

Crockett and the Coon.

The same correspondent sends a version of the coon story:

The coon looked down from the tree and saw Crockett. "Is that you, Davy Crockett?" "Yes." "Don't fire," said the coon, "I'll come down."

"This is my father's version of the old story. He lived in New Orleans between 1830 and 1844, dealing in ship stores on the old levee. I presume that this version of the story was the one current in New Orleans, probably brought down the great highway of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. I never heard Col. Scott's name connected with the story."

Dark Explanations.

We read some days ago in a book of miscellaneous misinformation, that William Patterson was a young man who entered a medical school about 1860. He was hazed: that is, he was tried in court by the elder students, found guilty and

sentenced to death. Blindfolded, he was led to the block and his neck properly adjusted. Then the executioner flourished his ax, and everybody laughed, everybody except Patterson, and he did not laugh because he had died from the shock. The students were arrested and this question was: "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

In this same invaluable and at the same times amusing book we read: Eva Tetraxini (sic), stage name of Signora Cleoponte Campanini. The Patterson story is about as well founded.

The Cult of the Foul.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is not wholly "in touch with the modern movement," (by the way, "in touch" is a vile phrase, almost as vile as "it's a far cry.") He rages up and down the field of art. Some may liken him to the hero of Gath; others to little David with his sling; all must admit that he is vigorously entertaining. Witness this burst:

"The new craze under which we are now suffering is the Cult of the Foul; or, to put it in Greek, it may be dubbed Alschrölatrela—worship or admiration of the Ugly, the Nasty, the Brutal. Poetry, Romance, Drama, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Manners, even Dress, are now recast to suit popular taste by adopting forms which hitherto have been regarded as unpleasing, gross, or actually loathsome. To be refined is to be 'goody-goody'; gutter slang is so 'actual'; if a ruffian tramp knives his pal, it is 'so strong'; and, if on the stage his ragged paramour bites off a rival's ear, the half-penny press screams with delight. Painters are warned against anything 'pretty,' so they dab on bright tints to look like a linoleum pattern, or they go for subjects to a thieves' kitchen. The one aim in life, as in art, is to shock one's grandmother. And when the society woman dances in bare legs, the up-to-date girl can dress herself like a stable lad."

Dickensiana.

Some remembering Dickens visiting Boston for the last time reproach him for loudness of dress, and fault with his fancy waistcoat, double watch chain, rings, fussed hair. They would have had him read in simple "evening dress" or "dress shute." A Bostonian who heard him told us yesterday that in those days lecturers, readers and men in an audience seldom wore a swallow-tail in Boston. Nor was it the habit of men to wear "evening dress" in theatres and only a few wore it at the opera. When the Symphony concerts were given in Music Hall any man in a swallow tail seated in the audience was conspicuous. When Symphony Hall was opened it soon became the custom to wear "evening dress," possibly because the new hall looked spick and span; or the casts of gods, demigods, goddesses, fauns and sages may have exerted an influence. Some one in New York wrote recently and disagreeably about Dickens because he offered Washington Irving calling on him his choice of a julep or a cocktail. No doubt if Irving had expressed a preference for some other drink, Dickens would have ordered it. He was a generous soul, especially toward guests at table.

TETRAZZINI IN FAREWELL

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Thomas's "Mignon." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Mllea.....Mme. Tetraxini
Mignon.....Miss Dereyne
Frederic.....Miss Swartz
Wilhelm Meister.....Mr. Clement
Lothario.....Mr. Reiter
Lactes.....Mr. Leo
Giarno.....Mr. Barreau
Antoulo.....Mr. Lelot

A very large audience witnessed the performance of "Mignon" last night. This performance was not, on the whole, so uniformly brilliant as the preceding one this season, for Miss Dereyne was not vocally so well disposed, and her intonation was often faulty. Nevertheless, she acted with intelligence, made the character one of flesh and blood, and she sang the Styrienne so effectively that the applause, richly deserved, was long continued and most hearty.

Mme. Tetraxini, who sang for the last time in the opera house this season, was in fine voice and revelled in her florid airs. Not the least interesting part of

Boston has seen many Isolde. The first was Rosa Socher at the Boston Theatre April 1, 1895. She was then 40 years old and her voice was worn and

Isolde. The performance was on April 19, 1897.

Next was Karolina Lohse, who, in 1896, was too robust and she revealed the faults of German singing.

Then came the "Flowed" (Feb. 15, 1896). Her performance was a revelation. For her grace, tenderness and passion was not yet been equaled in this city.

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QUINCY KILBY.

Mr. Kilby calls attention to a remarkable statement made by Mr. William Haydn Hale in an article on Walter Wilson, published in *World's Work* of last November: "It was at the time of the great popularity of 'Pinafore' and the strains of 'Bob up Seneca,' 'My Little Buttercup' and 'What, Never?' were all the go." Mr. Kilby, who has a passion for accuracy, well adds: "I'd feel mean if I made a break like that."

Pierre

Wolff's

"Marionettes" will be seen here tomorrow night, was produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, Oct. 26, 1910. George Grand took the part of Roger de Montelars, the husband; Miss Plerat that of his wife, and Mr. de Perandy played the part of the uncle, the guide, philosopher, friend. The piece was played 37 times that season. Unlike "The Lily," by Messrs. Wolff and Leroux, a play that was sadly mangled in the version "to suit American taste," "Les Marionnettes" does not present a thesis. The play depicts, as a French critic puts it, the mistakes, the sufferings, the joys of love, and the marionettes, the puppets, are ourselves, whom passion sets in motion at the end of a string. The young wife at the beginning, fresh from the convent, suddenly becomes a society woman of the "dernier cri," the most elegant, the most captivating of women, so that she can win back her faithless husband, and he is at once disturbed by her beauty, made jealous by her gaiety. The play at the Comedie Francaise had a great success. When it was produced in London Sir John Hare took the part of the uncle, Marie Loehr that of the wife and Arthur Wontner that of the husband.

Dickens

Reading

To the Editor of The Herald: Having been "raised" in Boston in a family of Dickens enthusiasts, I clearly recall the excitement caused 40 odd years ago by the announcement that the celebrated novelist would give readings in Boston. The tickets were in great demand, and people eager to buy them stood in line at the ticket office for I know not how many hours to get the first choice of seats. There were restrictions as to the number of seats to be sold to any one person, but these were rendered null and void by the hiring of boys and young men, each one instructed to buy up to the limit allowed. In this way a fellow-clerk of mine made a tidy sum in commissions and profits. I believe he had never read a single one of Dickens's novels, but he told me in feeling tones that he wished the novelist would come to Boston every year. My own enthusiasm for Dickens was never so wholehearted as that of the rest of the family, and I used to take a mischievous delight in stating aloud my preference for Scott and Thackeray. This led to my getting more or less severely pummeled, somewhat as Helene was chastised by his tutor who wanted to get from him that "la religion" is French for "der Glaube." "Six times did he ask me the question: 'Henry, what is der Glaube in French?' and six times did I answer him, 'It is le credit.' And at the seventh time, his face purple with rage, the infuriated questioner screamed out: 'It is la religion!' and a rain of cuffs descended upon me, while all the other boys burst out laughing." This is what one gets for being a detached thinker.

The Dickens's reading I heard was a disappointment to me, although I was deeply interested in the personality of the author. His costume was, to use a popular phrase, "decidedly rakish." He wore, for one thing, a marvelous waistcoat, the like of which had never before been seen in this latitude. It was not many removes from being "loud," and over it meandered a long gold chain. He wore in addition, I think, a heavy double watch chain. His hair was elaborately brushed, and on his hands there were noticeable rings. I did not like his delivery. In fact, I preferred Matthew Arnold's, which is saying a good deal. The latter, when he spoke here on Emerson, used a music rack to hold his manuscript, now bending down over it, then jerkily straightening up to his full height above it, a monologue screwed in his eye, by the aid of which he deciphered his notes. Dickens used a reading desk, and to a certain extent varied the voices of the characters he rendered. He read one of the familiar dialogues between Sam Weller and his father, in which the latter says to his shipper son: "Samuel, be wary of the vidders!"

Notes on

Dickens

I have taken in almost all the "Dickens" plays, and I have seen, to mention only a few among many, W. J. Florence as Cap'n Cuttle, William Warren as Micawber, John T. Raymond in the same character, also George F. Rowe, George W. Wilson as Cuttle, Charles Barron as Pecksniff and as Bill Sykes, L. Moyn as Uriah Heep, Stuart

Macready. It has been recently stated that Macready, like W. J. Florence, thought Dickens's stories overcrowded with characters, and that Macready did not take kindly to Dickens's suggestion that "Oliver Twist" be dramatized. It is difficult to imagine Macready as Bill Sykes. Macready, as everyone knows, was an admirer of Dickens, as well as a close friend. It seems strange now, but when Macready was about to start from England to make his second visit here, it was thought that his chances for a successful tour would be endangered if Dickens, at parting, made any public display of his friendship for him. This was just after Dickens had so thoroughly "roasted" as in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and the feeling against him here ran high. Macready speaks of the attack upon us as "bitter and powerful"; and it grieved him. When the story of "Little Nell" was being published serially, Macready asked Dickens to spare her life, telling him he was cruel. Dickens blushed and denied it; although for a man to blush is said to be a sign that he is either proud or cruel. Macready also speaks of the heart-breaking conclusion of "Hard Times," and he told a friend that it would justify them all in sending a round-robin of remonstrance to the author.

With regard to Dickens as an amateur actor, Macready says that, among those he had seen, the only actor with any pretensions to theatrical talent were Dickens and Miss McTavish, the niece of Lady Wellesley. He said that one of the worst he ever saw was Coates, generally known as "Romeo Coates." He drove a curlicue with large gilt cocks emblazoning his harness, and on the stage wore diamond buttons on his coat and waistcoat. One night when Coates was acting "Belshazzar," he got Macready, who was behind the scenes, to act as prompter. Coates, as the play proceeded, being really "out," Macready gave him the line: "I never looked so like a fool in all my life!" which the audience greeted with roars of laughter. A little later on, the line was given him a second time, which Coates repeated with increased effect. But he halted at a third repetition, becoming at last aware of the fact that he was being gayed.

The death of Dickens in 1870 was a severe blow to Macready and weighed heavily upon him. It was the loss of a constant and affectionate friendship of many years. It is said that after the actor's powers had so failed that he could not hold or read a book, he remarked to one of his family that he had been reading "Hamlet." On surprise being expressed, he touched his forehead, saying: "Illec." When asked if he could recollect the whole play, he replied: "Yes, every word, every pause, and the very pauses have eloquence."

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DeKoven. Mr. Reginald De Koven, whose latest comic opera, "The Wedding Trip," will be performed here, is one of many who have attempted to define the difference between "opera comique," "opera bouffe" and comic opera.

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Mr. Weingartner's interpretation of the score. Mr. Weingartner had a sense of proportion; he had a firm grasp of the essentials, but on the other hand, his reading was irreproachably correct. Mr. Toscanini's interpretation is still gratefully remembered. It was characterized by the qualities that made Mr. Mahler's conspicuous, but led the Italian music had a sensuous and a peculiarly romantic spirit.

Had Few Rehearsals.

It should be remembered that Mr. Weingartner and Mr. Toscanini led an orchestra that had been carefully and patiently drilled by each one in turn. Mr. Weingartner has had but few rehearsals. Mr. Conti had prepared the orchestra for his coming, so that his labor was lessened, but Mr. Weingartner had only a short time to poetize with these willing men.

His reading of the score will not soon be forgotten. There was fineness in the working out of detail, but there was ever a continuous flow of musical thought, with its bursts and lulls of passion, with constantly varied expression. The orchestra sang a marvellous song. And this song was heard with the musical dialogue and monologue on the stage, not above them.

The singers were supported and encouraged, not overwhelmed, not treated as though they were lifeless instruments in a tumultuous ensemble. There was the utmost sonority, but sound was never noise. There was remarkable lucidity in ensemble, but each voice in the orchestra and on the stage was allowed its allotted say, to borrow the formula in "The Thousand Nights and a Night."

There was a control that was not tyrannical. And all these results were wrought about with apparent ease and simplicity, without spectacular gestures, and there was never the thought of a conductor standing between the composer and the audience. The composer spoke through him, and it was as though composer and interpreter were one.

Theatre Is Filled.

The audience filled the theatre full in every part, and it was most enthusiastic. Applause was not perfunctory and curtain calls were not merely expressions of courtesy.

Mr. Weingartner was welcomed heartily when he first took his stand, and he and the chief singers were recalled after each act again and again. The opera on Wednesday evening will be "Tosca." Miss Lucille Marcell will make her first appearance in the United States. The other chief singers will be Messrs. Zenatello, Marcoux, who will be heard here for the first time as Scarpa; Sili, Tavecchia and Glaccone. Mr. Weingartner will conduct.

In order that Mr. Weingartner may have time to rehearse the performance of "Aida" to be conducted by him, the subscription performance of Monday, Feb. 19, will be transferred to Tuesday evening, Feb. 20.

The musical tone is a kind of Appendant, a gentle, a child, and youthful lovers; a thing which they learn with great care, and a time all night long; most punctually observing the time of the music, and that the tones of their feet and caping steps may not answer the time of the fiddles; laboring to perform the silliest and maddest thing in the world, with the greatest knowledge and ability; their bodies and souls will admit; and they were it not set off with music, it would appear the greatest Vanity of Vanities, most, most nonsensical, and ridiculous of the world.

BACK TO THE CLASSICS.

The World Wags: A recent news item in The Herald told Mordkin was unable to dance the "Lanigan's Ball." What would he say to a line described in a song of the Sixties:

Of the cratur, wasn't she

Proud of me!

We tattered the floor till the

cellar'd fall.

She's a girl, she's a girl,

She's a girl, she's a girl,

In a step for Lanigan's Ball!

The members Brook's Academy in New York.

The Two Muses.

We think "J. D. K." for his mention of a classic, "Lanigan's Ball" should be in the anthology of the dance, the Byron's "Waltz," the polka poetry of the forties, the glowing lines of George Darby beginning:

Fit-sk-t-d-d-d-d, blithe and boon,

And light and keen and low shoon,

Swart andal and kirtle rim

Over the pure wave of limb.

And sequent to the cestus fine

Lav'd beauty's undulous line.

But does "J. D. K." know that song does "Learning McFadden to Waltz"? It is attributed to M. F. C. Rev, but the verse and the music were the work of two ingenious Albanians, Messrs. Fasset and Griswold, and the song was published in 1890. Messrs. Fasset and Griswold were neither professional nor amateur actors. The former was in a church choir for his amusement and pleasure, but the two were engaged on the poets and poetry of the time. We quoted a verse of the song, but the poem here I be read as a whole. There is

of the really the pleasing metrical irregularity that gives distinction to the more exact poems of Yeats and Verlaine.

McFadden's Ambition.

Clarence McFadden wanted to waltz. But his feet wasn't galled that way. So he saw a professor and stated his case. And said he was willing to pay. The professor looked down with alarm at his feet.

As he viewed their enormous expanse. And he tucked on a five to his regular price for learning McFadden to dance.

Chorus:

One, two, three, balance like me. Your's quite a fady, but you have your faults, While your left foot is lazy, Your right foot is easy. But let's be unaisy, I'll learn you to waltz.

He took out McFadden before the whole class. And he showed him the step once or twice. But McFadden's two feet got tied into a knot. Sure he thought he was standing on ice. At last he broke loose and struck out with a will.

Never looking behind or before. But his head got so dizzy he fell on his face And chewed all the wax off the floor.

McFadden soon got the step into his head. But it wouldn't go into his feet. He hummed "La Giama" from morning till night.

And he counted his steps on the street. One night he went home to his room to retire, After making the town a bright red. Sure he dreamt he was waltzing and let out his feet. And he kicked the dash-board off his bed.

When Clarence had practised the step for a while. Sure he thought that he had it down fine. He went to a girl and he asked her to dance. And he wheeled her out into the line. He walked on her feet and he fractured her toes. And he said that her movement was false. Sure the poor girl went round for two weeks on a crutch. For learning McFadden to waltz.

Notes at Random.

Here is a problem in mental arithmetic. Perhaps the bright-eyed little girl with the blue sash can answer it. At a recent quasi-private song recital in Boston the gross receipts were \$19. Now the price of each ticket was \$2.

There is a dispute in New York city over the question whether "bishop" is a hot or cold drink. Dickens is quoted as having written "a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop." The drink was a sweet one variously compounded, but the chief ingredients were wine, oranges or lemons and sugar; the name was also given to mulled and spiced port. Swift wrote: "Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup, they'll make a sweet bishop." Coleridge cried out: "Spicy bishop, drink divine." Dr. Johnson was fond of it. Farmer and Henley speak of it as a warm decoction "similar to flip and purl," but purl, otherwise known as dog's nose, is a mixture of hot beer with gin, sometimes also with ginger and sugar, and flip is a mixture of beer and spirit sweetened with sugar and heated with a hot iron, so that the only similarity is in the heating.

A more important question is, Why was a bustle called a bishop in this country in the late forties and into the sixties? And why is the standing announcement at the head of the first editorial column in a newspaper called a bishop?

The new editor of the Pall Mall Gazette has introduced some entertaining "features." One, however, "Hors D'Oeuvre: A Dissertation on Dining," is as yet only promising. The best thing in the first of the series is a story about Thackeray, and that is not very good. Lord Broughton, with a temper, was dining with Mr. Thackeray, who pressed some unusually old and fine Madeira on his guest. "Now, my dear old boy," said the host to Broughton, "you must really try some of this." To which my lord answered: "I am not your 'dear boy,' and I'm not old—and damn your wine!" If Jenkinson of State street had said this to his host, Ferguson of Beacon street, would the anecdote have come down through the years? The New York Sun some years ago used to publish on Sunday a capital column of gastronomic notes. Did the author die or did he come to the end of his reminiscences and invention?

LONGY CLUB

The third and last concert of this season to be given by the Longy Club took place last evening in Jordan Hall. The assisting artist was Mr. Noack. The program was as follows: D'Indy, Chanson et Danes, Divertissement for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn and two bassoons, op. 50; Enesco, Sonata No. 2 for violin and piano, op. 6 (Messrs. Noack and De Voto); Raff, Sinfonietta for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons, op. 188.

D'Indy's Divertissement was directed by the composer himself, during his visit to Boston, at a Longy Club concert. It is an exquisitely wrought piece of musical workmanship, bucolic in character, with charming passages for single instruments, while the Danes are pervaded with a spirit of pagan revelry suggestive of nymphs and fauns at play.

Enesco's sonata was played in Boston by Mr. and Mrs. Mannes on Dec. 13, 1910. A Roumanian by birth, Enesco lives in Paris and is a prize pupil of the

Paris Conservatoire. His work shows indubitably French influences, while it is at the same time far from lacking in originality. The second movement of the sonata, apparently built on a Roumanian folk melody, is charming in effect, and the young composer is at all times an excellent coherer.

The club was heard to its best advantage and displayed, as usual, admirable musicianship and skilled execution. Mr. Noack played delightfully, with beauty of tone, which is a feature of his playing, and imaginative interpretation. There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

'THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN' AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE

James Forbes's Comedy Is Well Received.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: James Forbes's comedy, "The Travelling Salesman," presented by the Henry B. Harris company. The cast:

Mrs. Babbitt.....Harriet Sheldon
Mrs. William Dawson.....Harriet Mackown
Bill Crabb.....George Cameron
William Dawson.....Ray Dahlberg
Pete Elliott.....Lou Miller
Beth Elliott.....Felix Avery
Franklin Royce.....Mark Elliott
Martin Drury.....Ed. Romine
Bob Blake.....Shep Camp
Ted Watts.....Charles Ross
John.....George Cameron
Julius Kimball.....Ray Dahlberg
Ben Cobb.....Lou Miller

The B. F. Keith 'sprogram this week, although it isn't advertised as such, very closely approaches an all-star bill. The Four Mortons are technically the stars of the show, but there are many other acts upon the bill that are equally good and that last night drew exactly as much applause as did the Mortons, who are always excellent and always popular. All in all from Bertisch, the modern muscular marvel, who opens the show, to Herr Alber's troupe of 10 performing Polar bears at the end, the bill is one of the best of the season.

A newcomer to Keith's, out a fellow who made an instant hit at both of yesterday's performances, was Joe Jackson. There may be funnier men upon the stage, but if so they haven't visited Boston. Jackson, without uttering a word from the time he steps upon the stage until he leaves it 20 minutes later, keeps the audience in convulsions. His make-up, his clever pantomime, and his ancient and dilapidated, although rideable, bicycle combine to furnish fun of the unrestrained variety. His facial expressions form by no means the least effective part of a unique act.

Another novelty is presented by Dan Claudius and Lillian Scarlett who have gone back to the days of the Civil war—and before—to collect an assortment of a score or more of the popular songs of the time. They play the songs upon the banjo while stanzas are thrown upon a curtain and the audience has the privilege of providing the words—a privilege that was very generally accepted at last night's performance. Miss Scarlett's costume of "ye olden time" hoopskirt and all, gives to "The Call of the Sixties" still further atmosphere of the days when "Billy Boy," "Clementine," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," etc., were all the rage.

Lewis and Dody, like Joe Jackson, are in Boston this week for the first time. And in their line they are exactly as clever as the latter. They appear in a sketch called "The Two Sams." It is a mixture of dialogue and songs and all so new and so well done that the pair was brought back again and again. The Meredith Sisters, who essay no less than eight complete changes of costume in their act, are just back from a successful European trip, during which they added several things to their previously extensive repertoire of songs. They were the maidens who made the Hiawatha song famous, although they didn't include it in last night's selections.

The Mortons are as good as ever, which means it would be hard to improve upon them. Sam is the same typical Irishman that he always was, and his talk to Kitty about their wedding breakfast and their honeymoon festivities made the same old hit. Paul and Clara, the younger, though none the

more active members of the family, specialize in dancing and instrumental selections.

James Callahan and Jenny St. George, presenting "A Breath from the Emerald Isle," in which Miss St. George contributes several selections upon the harp, won much favor, as did Hathaway, Madison and Mack in a singing and dancing novelty. Bertisch, the German Hercules, showed the possibilities of muscular development. The bill concludes with Albers's 10 pure white polar bears, the biggest troupe ever taken out in vaudeville. A wrestling bout in which a 400-pound Bruin grapples with Albers in a real catch-as-catch-can match, is one of the specialties of this act.

Nazimova's Acting Dominates

Whole Presentation of

"The Marionettes."

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Alla Nazimova in "The Marionettes," a comedy in four acts by Pierre Wolff, done in English by Gladys Unger. Cast:

Roger de Monclars.....Frank Gilmore
Mons. de Ferney.....Arthur Lewis
Raymond Nizerolles.....Edward Elding
Pierre Varienne.....Franklin Pangborn
Bonnaire.....A. Romaine Callender
Duc de Ganges.....William Hasson
Valmont.....Frank Goldsmith
Footman.....Arthur Hurley
Lucienne de Jussy.....Grace Carlyle
Baronne Durieu.....Kate Meek
Mme. Brie.....Ellen Kearney
Marquise Fernand de Monclars.....Alla Nazimova

There were seven curtain calls after the first act, six after the second, and then after the third—there had been a strangling scene from which the Marquise emerged radiant with joy that her husband really loved her at last—after that turn in the tide of things, there were one, two, three, four, five, no less than 11 curtain calls. All this hand-clapping for "The Marionettes"? Not in the least. For the piquantly demure comedienne who played the part of the Marquise Fernand de Monclars—for Alla Nazimova.

From the moment this young Russian actress with her still broken speech in English came on the stage she had her audience, and thereafter could do with it as she would, every eye following her mobile face, her expressive arms, her sinuous movements. There were moments when Nazimova, though leaning quietly against the rear wall of the drawing room, everybody else coveting about in an abandon of frivolity, dominated the stage.

There is nobody else quite like her on the American stage today, perhaps because her temperament is not quite like that of any contemporary. Her piquancy is electrical, appealing first of all to the nerves, leaving the intelligence a little baffled, a little wondering and always admiring. Her pathos is the opposite—something subtle, delicate, wordless. And this quality in her may find outward expression in nothing more than a lift of the eyes, a tilt of the mouth, a bend of the head, but it is quite enough. There one sees a little of the reason why Alla Nazimova was recalled 11 times after the third act. Perhaps the cause of the storm was nothing more than the smile that broke over her face when, after the husband made his exit, shouting, "I hate you. I hate you," she turned to the inquiring old uncle and said, in a triumphant little voice: "Roger was telling me that he loved me."

The effects of Nazimova in "The Marionettes" are the effects of the instant, now repose, now fire. They are contrasts made with the rapidity of lightning.

What this translated French play might have been without Alla Nazimova to give it distinction, it isn't difficult to say, and to say bluntly—a good deal of a bore, with all its puppets dancing about on their strings, wooden and hard, semblances that lacked a single human appeal. And the role of the Marquise Fernand de Monclars would have been scarcely more than a series of statements, without the curiously baffling skill of Nazimova.

The play may be dismissed briefly. It is only one of many translations from the French which in the translation quite lose their only reasons for existence, the brightness of their dialogue, the cleverness of their design and the sparkle of their situations. Its fault is not in its construction, though even that be a little skeleton like, but in the reverse attempt that it makes to win the sympathies and thought of an Anglo-Saxon audience. That a wife must pretend to be a cocotte to attract the love of her husband is a foreign point of view not easily comprehended on this side of the water.

Outside of the fond old uncle, Monsieur de Ferney, admirably played by Arthur Lewis, the characters of "The Marionettes" are, as their names imply, puppets. This might be considered as an unconscious tribute to the drama if it were not that the puppets seldom dance deceptively. The brightest moment in the play is the dialogue of the dolls, in the second act, one doll held by the Marquise, the other by Nizerolles, and by the same token this was the one moment when "The Marionettes," the play itself, rose above the level of trivial entertainment.

On Monday, Feb. 26, James K. Hackett comes to the Hollis in "The Grain of Dust," a dramatization of David Graham Phillips's story.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First production

in Boston of "The Wedding Trip," a comic opera in three acts; music by Reginald De Koven, book by Fred De Gresac and Harry B. Smith. Characters:

Sziz.....Charles Angelo
Ignace.....George McLean
Canfield.....Fred De Koven
Celeste.....Dorothy Mart
Felix.....Rose Baum
Felix.....John A. Stee
Capt. Josef.....Arthur Callender
Aza.....Florence Zebell
Loraine.....Felix von Bering
Basille.....Louis R. B.
White Barnett.....John A. Stee
Portia.....John A. Stee

'TOSCA' AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Marcel Original, Interesting and Effective on Her First Appearance.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Flora Tosca.....Mme. Marcel
Un Pastore.....Miss De-Courcy
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Zenatello
Barone Scarpia.....Mr. Marcoux
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Silli
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Tavecchia
Sparafucile.....Mr. Giaccone
Sclafani.....Mr. Pucini
Un Carceriere.....Mr. Olshanski

Mme. Lucello Marcel made her first appearance in this country as a singer in opera, and Mr. Marcoux took the part of Scarpia for the first time at this opera house. The performance was still more interesting by reason of the presence of Mr. Weingartner as conductor.

The statement has been made that Mr. Weingartner was the first to introduce the operas of Puccini in Vienna. As a matter of fact, Puccini's "La Boheme" was performed in Vienna at the Theatre under Wien, on Oct. 5, 1897. Puccini himself was there and the two chief singers were Mme. Saville and Mr. Naval. Mr. Weingartner did not go to Vienna as an operatic conductor until 1908.

But Mr. Weingartner, like the late Felix Mottl, is a musician of catholic taste; he has long been known for his devotion to Berlioz; it is not surprising that he should recognize the merits of old and modern Italian operas and conduct these works and those of Frenchmen with the care and in the spirit shown by him toward the operas of Germans and Austrians. Because an opera comes from Italy or France he does not conduct it with his left hand.

The performance of "Tosca" last night was unusually brilliant, one that naturally aroused the audience to enthusiasm.

Mme. Marcel, who first won a European reputation by her impersonation of Elektra at the Court Opera House in Vienna, has a voice of beautiful quality and its strength is sufficient for all legitimate dramatic purposes. Her tones are full, rich and even. She has been well taught, and her own musical intelligence was evident in all that she did, whether it were in the lighter moments of the first act, or in the melodramatic scene with Scarpia. She did not sacrifice the melodic line or ignore the essential principles of song for the sake of dramatic emphasis. On the other hand she was constantly expressive in song.

While she is not an actress of an intensely passionate nature, while she did not last night rise to any tragic height, she had a definite idea as to the character of Tosca and presented it unmistakably. There are sopranos who play the first act in soubrette fashion and suddenly become conventionally melodramatic. There are others who are incongruously melodramatic in the first scene with Cavaradossi. Mme. Marcel at once struck the note of deep love for the painter. She was wounded to the quick when she thought him unfaithful; but she did not rant, nor did she behave like a spoiled child. Her Flora was a woman of the higher sort, not merely an applauded singer who fancied Cavaradossi. She was affectionate, demonstrative in her affection. Nor when Scarpia aroused her jealousy did she show herself a virago.

In the second act her facial expression was often eloquent. Witness the joy with which she saw in the knife the savior of her honor and the avenger of her tortured lover. There was no shuddering, no repugnance. The deed was to be done. She gloried in it. And this touch was only one of many that made her impersonation original, interesting, effective.

Mr. Marcoux gave a sharply defined portrayal of Scarpia. It was appropriately melodramatic, for Puccini's Scarpia is a bug-a-boo, not to be played as the French actors play the part in Sardou's drama. The Scarpia of Mr. Marcoux was a sinister figure, that of a libertine with a strong streak of sadism in his nature. His face was marked with viciousness of thought and life. It was not easy to say whether he enjoyed more heartily the physical agony of Cavaradossi or the mental anguish of Flora.

The fiendish callousness of the chief of police, his open delight in cruelty, his insatiable lust, were indicated not only in overt act but with a subtlety of suggestion that was the more appalling. The hypocrisy of the scoundrel, a hypocritism incredible to those unacquainted with the dismal history of Italian tyranny in former years, was also finely indicated. Inflections of voice, facial play, gestures, attitudes—these combined in compelling portraiture, one of the

most remarkable of the operatic art that have been seen in this country in many years.

Mr. Zenatello again sang the part of Cavaradossi with a wealth of tonal beauty and with irresistible force. He acted the part romantically, with a differentiation in sentiment and emotion. Never has his voice been freer, more expressive, more effective.

The minor parts were well taken, and the chorus was unusually impressive in the church scene.

Mr. Weingartner gave an admirably balanced and eloquent reading of the score. As before, he gave the singers full opportunity. As before, the stream of orchestral speech was continuous, and an engrossing and illuminating commentary on the action. Details were neither slurred nor made too important. Nor did tumultuous passion become a whirlwind beyond control.

The brilliance of the performance was quickly realized by the audience, and singers and conductor were recalled again and again.

The opera on Friday night will be Gounod's "Faust." The singers will be Mmes. Marcel, d'Ollige, Leveroni and Messrs. Zenatello, Marcoux, Riddez and Barreau. Mr. Weingartner will conduct. Mr. Marcoux will make his last appearance this season, a fact that will be deeply regretted by all.

MAGGIE TEYTE GIVES RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Maggie Teyte of the Opera Comique, Paris, and the Chicago Opera House, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Mr. Charles Wark was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Debussy, "De Greve," "Clair de Lune," "La Chevelure," "De Soir"; Duparc, "Extase"; Hue, "L'Ane Blanc"; Hahn, "Les Fontaines"; Duparc, "Le Manoir de Rosamonde"; Debussy, "Air D'Azael, L'Enfant Prodigue"; "C'est l'Extase Langoureuse," "Il Pleure Dans Mon Coeur," "L'Ombre des Arbres," "Fantoches"; Aquarelle No. 1, "Green."

Miss Teyte was heard here for the first time. Her program was one of unusual interest, especially to the older band of "Pelleas" and the rising young Debussyites. The "Prose Lyriques" from which "De Greve" and "De Soir" were taken are not so familiar here as the earlier songs that show the influence of Gounod and Massenet, or even one or two of the finer and more characteristic "Ariettes." The text of "Prose Lyriques," written by Debussy, shows that he was affected in his choice of verbal expression by his friend Mallarmé; yet there is a lightness of humor, witness the description of a railway Sunday in "De Soir," that was foreign to Mallarmé's muse.

When Debussy wrote the music for these prose poems he was already at work on "Pelleas et Melisande," but there is a difference in the musical idiom. That of "De Greve" is more pictorial, less subtle in suggestion, more outwardly striking; and some might find more of the sea in it than in the elaborate "La Mer" for orchestra which did not appear till 10 years afterward. "De Greve" and "De Soir" are among the most imaginative vocal compositions of Debussy, to be classed with the "Chansons de Bilitis" and two or three of the "Ariettes." Debussy's "Clair de Lune" is not so poetical as that of Faure's, nor has it the same Watteau atmosphere. It was a pleasure to hear again the "Ariettes," though the first version of "L'Ombre des Arbres" is preferable to the second, nor was the singers so successful in the interpretation of them as in that of preceding songs by Debussy.

Duparc and Others.

It is a pity that Duparc is not better known here by his songs. "L'Invitation au Voyage," "Phidyle," "Chanson Triste" have been heard here, and "Le Manoir de Rosamonde" has been sung in a quasi-private concert, but Duparc has written others that should be known. "Extase" and "Le Manoir de Rosamonde" were composed and sung when Debussy was a lad, and how original, spontaneous they seem today; how poetical the former in its exquisite tenderness, how imaginative the latter in

its blend of fantastical romanticism and savage passion, a dramatic cantata in miniature! Hue's song has elegance of expression and there is the finish that distinguishes his work, but the impression made by it is fleeting. Hahn's "Fontaines" has more character than the songs that have made him popular, more character and less true spontaneity.

Miss Teyte repeated "Fantoches" and added to the program songs in English and in French. It is to be regretted that she ended with a foolish ditty in English that might have been sung by a music hall favorite refusing to oblige the "ladies and gentlemen."

the slaves were not united although the slaves were raised whenever they struck, which was regularly once a month. Grip complained that they had not had a smell of salmon, green peas and spring lamb, although they had been in the market for a month, and the lobster bisque of the day before was hardly cooked and wretched in flavor. Polly summed up the matter: "Pounce & Co. wanted to equalize capital and labor, and now labor wants to equalize Pounce & Co. Equality is a very nice thing in its way, but it doesn't seem to work very well. As far as I can make out, it means that nobody is any better than you are, but that you are infinitely better than anybody else."

But the grave questions involved in the strike at Lawrence are not to be settled by the revival of a satirical operetta.

"Gone Coon."

As the World Wags:

In my previous note I said that probably the 1843 example of "Gone coon" was a belated one. Since sending it I have turned up two references showing that the term was known in 1839. One is to Niles' Register for Oct. 12 of that year, LVII. 112. The other gives us the earliest known version of the coon story in connection with Capt. Martin Scott, and so is perhaps worth quoting in full. In my former note I said that Marryat did not relate the coon story in his chapter devoted to Scott (Diary II. 191-112). That is true, but in a later chapter devoted to "Language" (II. 232-233) he thus tells the story:

"I'm a gone 'coon' implies 'I am distressed—or ruined—or lost.' I once asked the origin of this expression and was very gravely told as follows:

"There is a Capt. Martin Scott in the United States army who is a remarkable shot with a rifle. He was raised, I believe, in Vermont. His fame was so considerable through the state, that even the animals were aware of it. He went out one morning with his rifle, and spying a raccoon upon the upper branches of a high tree, brought his gun up to his shoulder; when the raccoon perceiving it, raised his paw up for a parley. 'I beg your pardon, mister,' said the raccoon, very politely; 'but may I ask you if your name is Scott?'—'Yes,' replied the captain. 'Martin Scott?' continued the raccoon. 'Yes,' replied the captain. 'Capt. Martin Scott?' still continued the animal. 'Yes,' replied the captain. 'Capt. Martin Scott.' 'Oh! then,' says the animal, 'I may just as well come down, for I'm a gone 'coon.'"

This puts Scott one year ahead of Crockett as the hero of the coon story, so far as the records go.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, Feb. 11, 1912.

WOMAN'S FIELD IN THE DRAMA

Miss Rachel Crothers, author of "The Herfords," addressed a large meeting of the Drama League of Boston, yesterday afternoon at the Plymouth Theatre.

"Woman's field in the development of American drama is a very large one," said Miss Crothers, "for women are the prevailing element in theatre audiences. Not only is their personal influence, for or against a play, very large, but they in turn are left with the important duty of deciding what plays their children shall see, and in many cases they make the selection for their husbands."

In order to become better able to pass judgment on the worth of plays, Miss Crothers urged the reading of everything good in ancient and modern drama, while she especially recommended Brander Matthews' "The Study of the Drama," as a valuable and comprehensive text-book.

"Beware of the play which is reckoned as having a high literary value," she continued, "for no matter how many admirable qualities it may possess, its true worth has not been tested until it has been acted in a theatre before an audience."

"And above all, let not mothers be afraid to permit their daughters to see plays with a strong purpose, plays that reveal evils which are nearer to our door than we perhaps realize, such plays as 'The Eastway' and the three remarkable plays by Ibsen. It is not this phase of the drama that will do harm to the imagination of young girls, but rather the light plays in which immorality is made to appear easy and attractive."

Miss Crothers also expressed the wish that there might be in Boston a special theatre, of medium size, with prices a little below the average, where the stage settings would merely be adequate and where all the pecuniary resources would be devoted to the producing of the very best plays and the getting together of an excellent company of players to act them.

BOSTON THEATRE A. H. Woods' presentation of Dustin and William Farnum, in "The Littlest Rebel," by Edward Peple. The cast:

Of the North:
Lieut. Col. Morrison, U. S. Cavalry.....Dustin Farnum
The General, U. S. Army.....William Farnum
Farnum's adjutant.....Fred Kley
Lieut. Harris, Morrison's aide.....Walter Horton
Sergeant Dudley of Morrison's command.....T. E. B. Henry
Corp. Dudley, his brother.....John Sharkey
Harris' adjutant, a trooper John C. Hickey
Farnum's adjutant.....M. A. Kelly
Capt. Lawrence.....Charles Lawrence
Sergeant Troopers.....George Ross
Sergeant Troopers.....Franklyn Horton
John C. Hickey, a trooper.....John C. Leslie
Capt. Herbert Cary, a confederate.....Frederic Morris
Of the South:
Capt. Herbert Cary, a confederate.....William Farnum
M. A. Kelly, his wife Percy Haswell
Farnum's child.....Mary Miles Minter
U. S. Army, a slave.....George Thatcher
Sergeant Troopers.....Mamie Lincoln
John C. Hickey, a runaway.....Lawrence Merten

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When Mr. Antonio De Novellis, now sojourning in Boston, was conducting "Baron Trenck" in London, Rutland Barrington was in the company, the Rutland Barrington who was the original Pooh Bah. Mr. De Novellis heard this story about him when he was in gory at the Savoy. W. S. Gilbert going into the theatre one night found the stage manager highly excited. "What's the matter?" asked Gilbert. "Why, do you know, sir, that Mr. Barrington sang every note in tune in the first act." To which Gilbert answered with traditional English phlegm: "Then he must be nervous."

An Old Song.

Some days ago in speaking of the misguided people of Ham, Texas, who, not appreciating the monosyllabic grandeur of the name of their town, wish the name changed, probably to something ending in "ville," we alluded to a song dear to our boyhood, "The Ham-Fat Man." We are indebted to Mr. Henry M. Rogers of Southville, for the following information:

"The Ham-Fat Man" was sung, I am quite sure, by Billy Morris. I can recall only the first verse and chorus:

'Tis down in old Virginia,
In a cabin by de hill,
There lives a little yellar gal,
I loves her to kill.
And if anybody interferences,
I'll smash him if I can,
For the gravy's getting hot,
In the ham-fat pan.

CHORUS.

Ham fat, Ham-fat, smoking in the pan.
Ham-fat, Ham-fat, catch him if you can.
Oh get you in the kitchen, as quick as you can.
For the gravy's getting hot, in the Ham-fat pan.

"Pounce & Co."

Editor of the Herald:

Some years ago a play by Benjamin Wolff, formerly your dramatic critic, called "Pounce & Co.," which had only a short run (I never could understand why), would seem to fit the strike situation of today. Why don't you suggest some theatre putting it on?

S. APPLETON.

"Pounce & Co." libretto and music by Benjamin E. Wolff, was produced by Collier's Standard Opera Company at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, April 13, 1883. The sub-title of the operetta was "Capital vs. Labor." There were well known comedians and singers in the company: Messrs. Temple, Pessenden, Kammerlee, Broccoli, Pepper, Janet Edmondson, Sylvia Gerrish, Hattie Delaro, Edith and Ida Abell, Miss Gertrude Franklin, now Mme. Salisbury, took the leading female part, Polly Chromo, Henry E. Dixey was the Silent Partner, William Crank. He spoke not a word in the first act, but was valuable in the second. The libretto was published by Collier & Rice.

The piece was an amusing satire in 1883 and the conditions satirized are found today. It opened with a chorus of workmen and work-girls:

There is no firm of which we know
That can compare with Pounce & Co.
Wherever we will we take our ease,
And only labor when we please.
Oliver Grip, "a man for a' that," was the leader of the discontented. Pounce tried to reason with them: "We have built you houses and furnished them in the most aesthetic manner. We have given you instruction in French, German and the philosophy of Kant; you have teachers for singing, for the piano, for harmony." These working people were paid salaries, for the term "wages" grated harshly on their ears.

The Singer Herself.

The voice of Miss Teyte is not in itself sensational, or one of any striking quality. It is inclined to be ready. Perhaps the voice now shows the results of the operative work this season. It was frequently dry, and at times it had an edge, especially in forte passages. This was observed toward the close of the concert rather than at the beginning. For the first two groups gave the greater pleasure. Miss Teyte employed her voice with much skill, and without reference to the interpretation gave pleasure by the display of vocal art.

Her interpretation was often delightful. She gave full meaning to "De Greve" and "De Solr," brought out the detail without undue emphasis, did not take the text or music too seriously or turn the fantastical and the lyric into the epic. In these songs, as in others later in the recital, it was as though she remembered the saying of Sainte-Beuve, who said that it was necessary to show in his treatment of art "a faint and indispensable smile" unless he wished to be no longer French.

"Le Chevalier" was admirably sung. Miss Teyte's delivery of the words at the beginning, "Il m'a dit," was masterly in its awakening of anticipation, as was her recitation of the woman's emotion after the lover's narration of his dream; nor did she make the mistake of confounding the passion of the one hearing with that of the narrator. In this song, in "Extase" and in "Le Manoir de Rosamonde," she revealed

herself as an interpreter of rare ability, with subtlety of expression and frank emotion equally at her command.

She was less successful in Debussy's "Ariettes" with the exception of "Green," which is now known as "Aquarelle No. 1," whereas it was originally only the fifth of the "Ariettes." "C'est l'extase langoureuse" lacked the very quality of the title. It was too hurried, too agitated from the start. Nor was there the hopeless melancholy that should drip like the raindrops in "Il pleure dans mon cœur"; nor did she catch the full poetic significance of "L'ombre des arbres."

In other words, interesting as was her interpretation of these "Ariettes," it was not so engrossing and remarkable as that of preceding songs that have been mentioned. The singer's engaging personality and graceful and modest bearing had not a little to do with the general effect. Mr. Wark played the accompaniments with marked taste. A large audience applauded warmly.

The Herald has received the following extraordinary letter:

As the World Wags:

Must I sign my name just to inquire whether Mr. Herkimer Johnson received a beagling horn for a Christmas present? Not a word since that early December notice of his longing for such a naive article has been printed about Mr. Johnson's Christmas gifts. I sympathized with such an unusual wish and had I known where such a horn could have been purchased (or stolen) Mr. Johnson would have received it.

The safety-pin is a different matter, but I have known fearsome things averted by the use of a shingle nail thrust as a skewer through button-hole and material. This was on Orr's Island where a gold safety pin was never heard of, or not in the good old days. The summer boarder (cuss him!) has "spoiled all that."

HENRI SNURFER, JR. (1)
Boston, Feb. 12, 1912.

Where Is Mr. Johnson?

Strange is Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his manners and mysterious in his movements. The last time that we heard from him—the letter was undated and no address was given for an answer—he complained tragically, not whiningly, not bitterly, about the lack of confidence shown by his printer:—hence the delay in the publication of his colossal work "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio; sold only by subscription). In this note Mr. Johnson said: "Every week I receive letters from scientific societies in Europe asking why they have not received even the first section of the first volume. Mr. Balfour's letter showed temper. Dr. J. G. Frazer wrote: 'I dare not send the final volumes of my "Golden Bough" to press until I see what you have to say about ancestor worship in Boston and whether dead ancestors are regarded there as mischievous beings, as they—the ovakuru—are among the Damaras or Herero of Damaraland in southwestern Africa. I also wish to know whether they are scattered in summer on Cape rain charm.' I fear that unless I can get more money in advance, I cannot expect the Nobel prize next two or three years after the letter was left at The Herald on New Year's day. The rumor is that Mr. Johnson? The rumor

that he was seen last month driving a meat cart between Hyannis and Clamport has not been substantiated. Nor do we credit the report that having bought false whiskers in Hamilton place he is now studying social conditions at Lawrence, disguised as a rising young anarchist.

Lines and Curves.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R. A. thinks the prevailing fashion for women, the absence of proper fullness in skirts, is ungraceful, ugly. The lines should never fall in toward the feet. "One cannot imagine a woman looking stately with a tight skirt clinging to the ankles. It interferes with the grace of her carriage and movement, and somehow gives her no foundation, no base." Nor does Mr. Solomon say anything

about the size of the feet with relation to firmness of base. Yet one of his family, the Solomon of the rapturous song, exclaimed: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O Prince's daughter!" Mr. Solomon, R. A., refers to the women drawn by Du Maurier for Punch. "The lines that Du Maurier gave I always look upon as the most stately expression of female dress. You can see the outline of the figure quite enough beneath it. It enhanced rather than destroyed the beauty of the form." But is it necessary that all women move as stately, that they should move as though drawn on castors. Then indeed would the world be stiff and formal.

Two Tiresome Models.

Not long ago "M. O. K." wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette in answer to the criticism made by men on the figures of women. Perhaps she was moved to do this by an editorial paragraph which began: "Is it not an odd thing that men should not only have been the world's best warriors, politicians, poets, musicians, painters and thinkers, but also its best dressmakers, ladies' hat designers and cooks?"

"M. O. K." wrote entertainingly. "We are told that our figures are not as good as that of Venus de Milo. The complaint comes from artists who cannot find models. And the greater number of us who believe all we are told are suitably grieved. Those of us, on the other hand—a small few—who do not, and who further have no particular desire to, achieve the Milo figure are quite satisfied with ourselves as we are. The proportions of the Venus would be as difficult to acquire and retain as the smile of Monna Lisa, and about as burdensome. La Gioconda must have irritated a good many people in her time by her highly intelligent smile, and the lady who acted as model for the gem of the Louvre must have had a constant fear of growing adipose."

Are Males Self-Satisfied?

The writer then attacked the "unsymmetrical critics." "A man owes as much to his tailor as a woman to her dressmaker. We have just as much right to set them criterions of beauty, and to demand that they shall model themselves on the Belvedere Apollo. . . . But the mere man, be he as adipose as an alderman, or as attenuated as the fasting man, is far more likely to be satisfied with himself than the most beautiful of women. . . . There is a smugness and a self-satisfaction about a narrow-chested, plain-looking and undersized man that has no replica amongst unprepossessing women. Hitherto we have been so busy improving ourselves that we have taken our men-kind at their own valuation; but this cannot last."

Reading this, we remembered Mr. George Moore at Mr. Gill's dinner in Dublin. "To pass the time away I began to wonder how it was that women could take any faint interest in men. Every kind seemed present: Men with bellies and without, men with hair on their heads, bald men, short-legged men and long-legged men; but looking up and down the long tables, I could not find one that might inspire passion in a woman; no one even looked as if he would like to do such a thing. And with this sad thought in my head, I sought for my chair."

SCHROEDER AND FISCHER ARE HEARD IN RECITAL

Cellist and Pianist Appear at Steinert Hall.

Alwin Schroeder, cellist, and Kurt Fischer, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Rachmaninoff, Sonata for cello and piano, op. 19; Schubert, Impromptu, G major; Beethoven, 24 Variations, C minor, Mr. Fischer; Bach, Prelude, G major, Courante, G major, Sarabande, C minor, Gigue, C major, Mr. Schroeder; Liszt, Sonnetto de Petrarca, No. 123; Ravel, Jeux d'Eau; Rubinstein-Slotki, Lesglinka (Caucasian Dance), Mr. Fischer; Faure, Elegie, op. 24; Holter, Bagatelle (Hymne); Gossman, Tarantelle, Mr. Schroeder. The accompanist was Randolph Nagel.

In Rachmaninoff's Sonata, a work markedly characteristic of the composer, and distinguished by richness in

melodic treatment and in its contrasted moods, the players were well matched. Mr. Schroeder played with breadth and beauty of tone and emotional expressiveness, while Mr. Fischer's touch was agreeable, his execution fluent and his interpretation musically.

A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco, like Tyburnia or Belgavia; not guarded by a huge standing army of footmen; not echoing with noble chariots; not replete with polite chintz drawing-rooms and neat tea-tables; a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco; a land of chambers, billiard rooms, supper-rooms, oysters; a land of song, a land where soda water flows freely in the morning, a land of tin dish covers from taverns, and frothing porter, a land of lotos-eating (with lots of cayenne pepper), of pulls on the river, of delicious readings of novels, magazines, and saunterings in many studios; a land where men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where, if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits, and the delightful capacity to be idle. I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world.

Bohemian, Not Czech.

This is perhaps the passage that Francis Count Luetzow objected to when he said at Harvard that Thackeray was responsible for the modern use of the word "Bohemian" in the English language "to denote the popular conception of free living." Thackeray used the word before he wrote the fifth chapter of "The Adventures of Philip on His Way Through the World." He described one of his characters as of a wild, roving nature, inherited from father and mother, "who were both Bohemians, by taste and circumstances"; but the reference was probably to gypsies. It may here be said that Count Luetzow objects to coupling gypsies with the people of his country. When the gypsies appeared in Europe in the 15th century, they were thought to come from Bohemia or to enter the west through that country. "Bohemian" for gypsy, was known in English literature as far back as 1696. It occurs in Scott's "Quentin Durward." And later the Bohemian came to mean a gypsy of society, an artist, literary man or actor, who led an irregular life and despised the conventionalities. There was no reference to morals, necessarily. The Westminster Review gave an excellent definition: "An artist or litterateur, who, consciously or unconsciously, secedes from conventionality in life and in act."

An Optimistic View.

The English took the word from the French. "Bohème," the country and the man, was used long before Murger wrote and lived his famous romance. Saint-Simon knew it; Mme. de Sevigne did not disdain to write it; but it disappeared from French literature until Balzac revived it. To be sure it is in Leroux's "Dictionnaire Comique," the edition of 1752; but with the meaning of living like a gypsy, a man without any fixed home. Balzac's definition was this: "Bohemia is composed of young persons, all over 20 years of age, but less than 30, all men of genius each in his way, as yet little known, but who will make themselves known and then be most distinguished. All sorts of abilities and talent are represented. The word 'bohème' tells you the whole story. The Bohemian has nothing and lives on what he has." Thus was Balzac optimistic. Compare Murger's given definition, and he, unlike Balzac, was a Bohemian: "Bohemia is a period in artistic life; it is the preface to the Academy, the hospital, or the morgue."

Dismal Alfred.

An equally dismal definition is that of Alfred Delvan, who knew of what he wrote: "Bohemia: a state of chrysalis—in the slang of artists and literary men arrived at the state of butterflies; purgatory paved with debtors, while one looks forward to the paradise of wealth, and a seat in the Chamber of Deputies; the vestibule of honors, glory and a million, in which sleep—often forever—a crowd of young persons too lazy or too discouraged to force open the door of the temple."

And again: "Bohemian: A lazy fellow, who wears out his coat-sleeves, his time and his wit on the tables of cafes frequented by the literary and in resorts of chatters, believing in the eternity of youth, beauty and credit; who awakes one fine morning a consumptive in the hospital or a crook in the jail."

Outside of Paris.

Balzac insisted that Bohemia existed and could exist only in Paris. There have been brave attempts at dwelling in Bohemia both in London and in New York. Thackeray and Mortimer Collins loved the Bohemia of their younger days. The Bohemians in New York met at Pfaff's. They wrote for the Saturday Press, for daily newspapers, for Vanity Fair, which was killed by the civil war. Eliza James O'Brien in his wild story, "The Bohemian," described a man with whom he had undoubtedly drunk: a man with pale, unshaven face, old, shapeless boots, shabby Kossuth hat, overcoat shining with long wear under which no other coat lurked. "I am clever, learned, witty and tolerably good looking," said Brann; "I can write

about anything, and I can make pictures, and what more, with the pictures I paint, I can compose songs, make comedies and captivate women. . . . I don't want a profession. I could make plenty of money if I chose to work, but I don't choose to work. I will never work. I have a contempt for labor."

Needless Vexation.

And why should Count Luetzow be sorely vexed because gypsies and the unconventional are known after the name of his fellow countrymen? Would he in chauvinistic spirit prohibit performances of "The Bohemian Girl" and "La Bohème"? Would he have the tales of Pushkin and Marcel Schwob burned in a public square? The man that in his youth has not sojourned in Bohemia is to be pitied. What if the gypsies passed through Bohemia on their way from India? Who has not wished at times to go gypsying like the Oxford student of years ago? Who has not wondered at Harry Richmond's indifference toward the gypsy girl? Who would not now gladly sit down with Mr. Jasper Petulengro and reason concerning life and death? "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die." But the city claims the most of us, and little wind comes into the windows of our burgh warrens.

Count Luetzow should not take the matter so seriously. Koerner once wrote a famous fighting song, and von Weber put a sturdy tune to it. The choir will now sing "Luetzow's Wild Chase."

FEB 18 1912 NORDICA AT BOSTON OPERA

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Weingartner conductor.

Tristan	Mr. Erling
Koenig Marke	Mr. Lank w
Isolde	Mme. Nordica
Kurwenal	Mr. Goltz
Melot	Mr. Kaplak
Brangäne	Mme. Gerville-Reache
Ein Hirt	Mr. Diaz
Stimme des Seemanns	Mr. Diaz
Der Steuermann	Mr. Sil

The performance yesterday afternoon filled the Opera House to overflowing. The audience was deeply interested and warmly appreciative.

Mme. Nordica sang in the wonderful love duet with fine appreciation of its many beauties and with a display of the true vocal art that is now ignored or flouted at Bayreuth and in other German cities where false traditions, the traditions of Mme. Cosima and her son, are respected, is recognized elsewhere as indispensable to the interpretation of Wagner's music.

In the first act she gave significance to the text and was vocally expressive in dialogue with Brangäne and Tristan, but in passages that required force, passages of stormy passion, her voice showed the result of her late illness, and lacked force and brilliance.

Her conception of the part has been skilfully developed in the course of the years. When she first impersonated Isolde—it was in Mechanics' building on Feb. 21, 1895, and the other singers were the De Reszkes, Mr. Kaschnann and Mme. Oltzka, with Anton Seidl as conductor—she sang with uncommon breadth and authority. She sang in "the grand style." But her dramatic action was conventional. Isolde might have been any heroine of "amore" and "dolore." There were evidences of careful coaching in matters that, after all, were of little importance; there was no revelation of Isolde, either as an offended haughty princess or as a tender woman sorely wounded.

When she sang five years afterward in "Tristan" with the De Reszkes, Mme. Schumann-Heink and Betram at the Boston Theatre, she not only sang with taste, emotion, brilliance and with a power that nevertheless suggested reserve force; she impersonated a character; her Isolde was a woman of flesh and blood. This impersonation, still more carefully elaborated, was the one of yesterday. Her Isolde is far from the furious Amazon presented by some of her predecessors; furious in gesture and in song. The pride is that of a loving woman who deems herself slighted; the woman is something more than the daughter of an Irish queen.

Although the voice of Mme. Nordica is naturally not the voice of former years, her vocal art is now even more conspicuous. Few women on the stage, having barely recovered from a painful malady, could have done what she did yesterday; but Mme. Nordica has long been famous for pluck and an indomitable will. At the beginning of her career she was first of all a singer. Her acknowledged mastery of florid song aided her in sustained melody, and gave her elasticity and fluency when she essayed Wagnerian roles. Now when she was eminent as a dramatic interpreter did she ever forget that the interpreter must be a mistress of bel canto, not merely a declaimer.

Mme. Gerville-Reache is gratefully re-

“TRAVIATA” IN EVENING

Miss Scotney Makes Her First Appearance Here as Violetta.

ROBERTSON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's *La Traviata*. Mr. Conti conducted. Miss Scotney, Violetta. Mrs. De Courcy, Alcindoro. Miss Stoddard, Mrs. Annina. Mr. Blanchard, Dr. Collini. Mr. Glendon, Mr. Escobar. Mr. Huxley, Mr. Salvi.

Miss Scotney made her first appearance in this city as Violetta Valery at the Robertson Opera House last night. She sang very sweetly and won constant applause at the close of each act. Vocally she was satisfying, but her acting of the role was not; not that a wonderful *Camille* would be expected, but the *Traviata* of operatic melodrama, judging from the *Camille* of the role, must have been very far at the opening.

Mr. Conti was very happy in the choice of his *Traviata* company, giving us a most performance of the *Traviata* of the role. His anger and sorrow were well expressed, and his singing accompanied with his expression of emotion and merit him the applause of the audience bestowed upon him. Mr. Conti was impressive as the doctor. His scene and duet with Violetta were excellently done, and the *Traviata* of the role was admirably given. The *Traviata* of the role was well done. The *Traviata* of the role was well done. The *Traviata* of the role was well done.

M. Henry Bernstein has had his revenge. His *L'Assaut*, produced at the Gymnase, Paris, Feb. 2, was applauded to the echo; yet it must have reminded the audience of an episode in the playwright's life that, raked up in connection with his play, *Après Moi*, was thought to ruin his career. The London Times characterizes *L'Assaut* as a clean play that exhibits the triumph of the inner life both over outward adversity and over the tangle of sordid political intrigue. The hero of the play, Merital, a widower of 51, is in the running for the prebendship. A rival digs up his past and discovers an unexplained affair, a theft from a lawyer. It will be remembered that the record of Bernstein's desertion from the French army was brought up against him. The confession of Merital to his wife and the story how he repaid the money, as told by M. Guirry, made a marked impression. The two motives of the play are love and fame.

Other Plays in Paris
Three plays will be produced this season in Paris in which doctors and surgeons will be attacked: *"Dichotomie," "Le Caducée"* and *"Les Charlatans."*

Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes from Paris to the Pall Mall Gazette (Feb. 2): "Mlle. Leneru's play (*Le Redoutable*) at the Odeon has no trick of costume to mitigate its severity. It is sober and full of high philosophy. It is classic in its preservation of the 'unities,' but, somehow, it lacks life. The author travels first class in the dramatic train, but she shuts herself up in the ladies' compartment. The entire action takes place in the admiral's cabin of *Le Redoutable*, which gives its name to the play. Two characters and two natures are analyzed and contrasted. The one is the traditionalist, the other 'arriviste'; the one filled with thoughts of duty and patriotism, the other eaten up with egoism. The first is Laurence Villaret, the admiral's wife, the second Malti, his aide-de-camp. Reared religiously, the daughter and grand-daughter of a sailor, Laurence's really excellent principles do not save her from the net of the fowler, spread by Malti. And Malti, who is a self-made, ambitious creature, product of 'rational' teaching, steals documents and sells them to a foreign power that he may have money enough to retain his mistress and to rise in his profession. When his treachery is revealed, it is not he who commits suicide, but she, apparently because he didn't. Though a gifted young woman, Mlle. Leneru needs a better lantern to light the dark places of her play. Sometimes she is frankly absurd. This admiral's wife sings a coon song on the piano, whilst the company rushes on deck at the sound of an explosion. One is not quite as detached as that on

Another play of ideas is *'Les Petits,'* at the Theatre Antoine-Gemier. Here, again, is a conflict in education, rendered more acute from the fact that children are concerned—hence the title. A widow and a widower remarry, their respective offspring quarrel, and they themselves are disturbed on the subject of education. The husband is a Catholic, but husband No. 1 had no religion. Between the two schools and the woman's desire to respect a memory and yet retain her husband's love, the pair drift apart. The play is filled with this internecine war, which would be unbearable were it not for the talent of the youngsters themselves. There are two remarkable people in the play. One is Lavalliere, dressed as a boy—very whimsical and high spirited, whose sallies provide the comic-relief. The other is a tiny actress of 6 or 7—Odette Claria, whose precocious talent (as Myrtil) burst upon an astonished Paris in *'The Blue Bird.'* Her naturalness is amazing—except that so many children are actors without knowing it. Odette, however, is quite conscious of her powers. She is, also, grown up in criticising her comrades. 'Lavalliere,' she says, with a baby pout, 'drinks real tea and sugar out of the crockery that she breaks. It is disgusting, because I have to pick up the pieces!' Division in the house reaches the point that husband and wife meet secretly for fear of increasing the enmity of their children. An incident of the sort, witnessed by them, disarms the half-brothers, who had resolved to fight. The curtain falls on a species of armed truce. And the moral is: 'Don't marry twice when there are children.' 'The contemporary Paris stage is combative. French and foreign taste fight in the *'Rue de la Paix.'* reds and blues hurdle against one another, greens and yellows flash an angry challenge. At the Odeon and at the Theatre Antoine-Gemier the battle of Belief and No Belief is being fought in different forms. The atmosphere is stimulating."

The Late Florence St. John

How one thought of Henry's "Ballade of the Players" as one read of the death of Florence St. John! "Into the night go on—and all!" What a dream! Only a few years ago—it seems but yesterday—and she was enchanting all London as Justine Favart, with her tambourine and her girly clothes, and the laughing eye and roguish smile of her. Who that ever heard it can forget the sound and the sight of her as she sang "The Artless Thing" in the first act, or her beautiful level vocalization of the *rebut* in the ball scene, or the boisterous fun of her scenes with poor Charles Marius—looking so handsome in his black velvet and white wig—in the last? And the dainty whimsicalities of Henry Aspley as the old Marquis de Pont Sable, with his song in the second act: "Oh, grace and wit hang round me yet, / For still I am the Ladies' Pet."

and his exquisite lesson to Marius in the third on the composition of an impromptu.

Then, after "Madame Favart" came "Olivette," and some of us who were still in our teens at the time received quite a shock in the third act, when Florence St. John, having discarded Olivette's skirts and petticoats, came running on in tights, as a sailor boy—tights, too, as daring as ever were worn in a pantomime—to sing "The Torpedo and the Whale." For in our sentimental, playgoer's way, we had been idealising her, and "tights" on her seemed vulgar and common. And now Marius is dead; Aspley is dead; Florence St. John is dead; and the theatre which used to echo to laughter they kindled has vanished to make room for a Tube railway station! "Into the night go on—and all!"—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 5.

Bernard Shaw and Music

It is a pity that Mr. Bernard Shaw has not collected the musical reviews he contributed to the World, Star, Saturday Review and other periodicals. Some of his reminiscences in a lecture at the last meeting of the Musical Association are included in a volume containing the proceedings published by Novello. Such reminiscences, Mr. Shaw thinks, might supply material for scientific treatises on art, "if veterans, instead of mentioning that they once played a piano forte duet with Chopin, and that the night they first heard Jenny Lind sing was the wettest they can remember, would try to recall faithfully what things in the music that was new in their time sounded strange to them, or even scandalous and intolerable." He remembers he was interested in Wagner's music when many, now living, found it "formless, melodyless and abominably discordant." "I supported

Great Doings in Paris

There are to be great doings at the Concours Internationale de Musique at Paris under the auspices of the city authorities and the patronage of the government. The President will himself give the prizes to military bands and others that compete in the honor division. Sevres china ornaments which will cost in all about \$100,000. Upward of \$50,000 will be awarded in addition to these prizes. The grand prize for male voice choirs is \$2000. Over \$150 is offered to winners in the sight-singing test. French railways have reduced the price of their share of the fare by 66 per cent. Contestants are asked to pay their own railway fare and the cost of board and lodging. Sight-seeing, cost of conveyances, etc., will be defrayed. Trustworthy delegates who speak English will be appointed to look after strangers. The school choirs of Paris compete on May 23. One thousand children have been invited from London and other British schools. Prizes for military bands range from \$1000 to \$20, and the grand prize is \$2000. Saint-Saens has composed the great "Excellence Exercise" for male choirs. Its title is "The Aviators." "It has been decided that the school children shall be required to sing a work of their own choice, a prescribed test piece and a sight test; that copies of the test piece shall be supplied free of charge to the schools one month before the contest, i. e., on April 26 at latest; that the music sung by the French children shall be by French composers, English children to sing that by English composers. All the music, save the 'own-choice' pieces, which may be obtained wherever obtainable, is to be supplied by Novello's at the expense of the city of Paris. Children's choirs, by the by, may enter up to April 1."

Coming Music in London

The London Times assures its reader that the music in store for him between now and Easter can "hardly be as dull as what was offered him in the autumn. There have been several dull musical seasons of late years, but few that have contained so large a number of concerts giving so little that any one wanted to hear as the one which is just past. Except in the case of new English works, which are generally first produced in London (though not always, for the provincial festivals claim some, while others first see the light abroad), we are fairly accustomed to accept our musical eggs in the condition which, in the poultryer's tongue, is known as 'coking.' Custom blunts the edge of expectation, and those who are in the habit of watching the market will hardly be surprised at the absence in the near future of foreign 'new-laid' specimens; but they must be allowed the consolation of a grumble before settling down to their fare, after which they may have their attention turned to home products."

Among the new works to be brought out are Percy Grainger's settings of lyrics by Kipling; a work by W. H. Bell; a setting by Arnold Bax for solo voices, chorus and orchestra of some of "Prometheus Unbound," also an overture by him; suite by von Holst; Rhapsody by Frederic Austin; choral and orchestral works by Cyril Scott, Norman O'Neill and Hamilton Harty; symphony and part songs by Stanford; orchestral works by Bantock, German and Mackenzie; chamber music by Holbrooke, Jarvis Read, Wood, Bainton, Dunhill; songs by Scott, O'Neill and Delius; piano pieces, by F. S. Kelly.

Notes Taken at Random

The guitar has always been typical of the troubadour spirit, and its revival might herald a return to the gentle chivalry of earlier times. The writer insists that the guitar is more suitable than the piano as an accompaniment to the voice; it can be played indoors or in the open air with equally good effect "and on the river the harplike quality of its tone is simply entrancing." Furthermore a large variety of compositions, grave and gay, romantic and classical, are suited to its strings. As an accompanying instrument it "is exceptionally easy to play, a few weeks' practice enabling anyone to read in all the simple keys at sight." But what is the matter with the concertina? Is its popularity waning? Joseph Holbrooke has introduced it in some of his later works.

The Abbey Theatre

Those interested in the Irish Players will remember that their leading woman, Miss Maïre O'Neill, married Herbert Mair, M. A. and retired from the stage "to its severe, and seemingly irreparable loss." It would seem that a successor has been found in Miss Violet McCarthy, who made her debut last month at Dublin in Rutherford Mayne's one-act play, "Red Turf." She is described as having a style of her own in which perfect naturalness is the outstanding feature. Her voice has soft beauty. "There are ease and grace in her movements and a complete absence of that what-will-I-do-with-my-hands embarrassment that labels the amateur." She is never at fault in word or gesture. Miss McCarthy comes from Lismore.

A new one-act play by Lady Gregory, "MacDagragh's Wife," was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, Jan. 11. The story is said to be highly dramatic.

English Folk Song

Students of folk song may be interested in Percy Grainger's "British Folk Music Settings," published by Schott & Co. The London Times said of the volume (Jan. 23): "So aggressively British is Mr. Grainger that all his directions are written in English (of a sort) with, however, the better known Italian expressions printed in small type below—like the fingerposts in the neighborhood of Dublin, where small names in English lurk shamefacedly below legends which only some members of the Gaelic League can read. Here we have 'louden lots bit by bit' modestly explained by poco a poco cresc. molto. There are two pieces for strings, a 'Mock Morris' (described as a 'string six-some, i. e., a sextet) and 'Molly on the Shore' (a 'string four-some'); the 'Sussex Mummers' Christmas Carol, for piano; 'Shepherds Hey,' a morris-dance tune, also for piano, and the much-used, not to say abused, 'Londonderry' tune. Musically, however, Mr. Grainger's work is all admirable; he has much, too much, real appreciation of folk songs to do anything with them which destroys their character; in the piano pieces he attempts no elaboration or development, but merely puts them in a shape in which they can be enjoyed by instrumentalists and their audiences. 'Molly on the Shore,' two Cork reels delightfully set with expansions and additions which enhance the originals, is an acquisition to the literature of the string quartet, since there is not a note of Mr. Grainger's which contradicts the character of the tunes. It has been played on various occasions, but now that the parts can be bought for sixpence each we may hope to hear it much oftener. The 'Mock Morris' is written on a different plan. Mr. Grainger says: 'No folk music tune stuffs at all are used herein. The rhythmic cast of the piece is morris-like, but neither the build of the tunes nor the general layout of the form keep to the morris-dance shape.' Incidentally this remark is an interesting reminder of the fact that sentences made out of English words are not necessarily English, and that, similarly, music made out of English folk songs is not necessarily English (nor necessarily music) at all. We constantly meet examples of the latter, but Mr. Grainger is more successful

...s in a with the English ... and the deified place has ... in the ... of the ... accepts. We can ... over his stage direc- ... will not disturb one's ... of the music."

Of a Myles Birket Foster has written the history of the Personal London Philharmonic So- Nature cety, and it will be pub- lished shortly. George Hogarth's his- tory of the society from 1813 to 1862 was published in the latter year.

To her many other distinctions Miss Mary Garden can now add that of being "the champion kisser of the world." It happened this wise. At a Chicago performance of Massenet's "Cendrillon" for the benefit of the Home for Boys the beloved of American opera-goers kissed seven of the young men who were bold enough "to beg for an osculatory remembrance." Here, obviously, was the chance of a lifetime—not only for the "young men," but for the enterprising American reporter. Hot on the scent of so thrilling a "story," one of the tribe promptly obtained "first hand descriptions from the kissees." His enterprise was rewarded. Thus "Tough" Darnum, one of the recipients, described the Mary Garden salute in these graphic terms: "It lasts a long time, and, believe me, it transports you into a regular paradise and makes the world seem sort of different. She doesn't make much noise about it. * * * She looks squarely into your eyes, and, believe me, she is some kisser." Thus another reticent admirer, to wit: "Sunny" Lindsay: "As a kisser, Mary's got all the other skirts backed off the boards." Yet another, by name "Skinny" Reifert, was a thought more poetical. "Say, man," he exclaimed, "I don't remember nothing much about my mother, but if her kisses were any sweeter than the one singer's I suppose she is the favorite of all the angels." As for Billy Denby, his ecstatic pronouncement is recorded above, and it leaves the much-discussed prima donna in proud possession of the world's championship.—Daily Telegraph (London), Feb. 2.

Mascagni will make his first appearance as the conductor of "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the London Hippodrome Feb. 26. The Italian press is attacking him for his acceptance of the offer. He himself has designed the scenery, which is being painted at Milan.

Louis Calvert has published a book, "An Actor's Hamlet." He sides with those who believe that Hamlet was at times mad.

Hortense Schneider, the famous creator of many Offenbachian parts, now 74 years old, has been coaching young actors in Paris for a revival of "Barbe Bleue" for a charity festival. For a decade she was the spoiled child of Paris, and her logo was visited by statesmen, officers, magistrates, judges, Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales), and Napoleon III. himself. For many years she has been living as a recluse in her villa at Auteuil.

Here is pleasant reading for admired opera singers. The poem was published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 3:

A SINGER'S FAME.

Her voice held thousands in its magic sway;
They thrilled to such emotion as she chose—
Whether to heights of joy her accents rose
Or a melodious wailing died away.
With her they sobbed for grief, with her
They were gay.

Or lapped in soft luxurious repose:
So she compelled and triumphed, to the close
Of her magnificent imperial day.

But now she lies a thing of withering dust;
The voice that swayed them is forever still.
Tomorrow men will coldly take on trust
The story of her witchery and her thrill;
Beyond there will be nothing, but the chill
Of dead memorials left to stealthy rust.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Federal My memories of the Street old National Theatre printed in The Herald Theatre some months ago brought me a call from an old call boy (no pun intended). This was James Holmes, for years well known in the business district as a seller of fine stationery and who, at the age of 77, hale and hearty, still takes orders from his old patrons. I have known him nearly the whole of my life. He was two or three classes ahead of me at the Adams school in Boston proper, that went out of existence in 1852. In the present school committee building on Mason street. It is the predecessor of a still older structure devoted to the teaching of what used to be termed facetiously the "three R's." But to come to Hecuba.

Mr. Holmes, over 60 years ago, was the call boy at the National Theatre when J. E. Wright was its manager and when Charlotte Cushman returned to her native city after her successes in England and began an engagement at the Federal Street Theatre. 1849, he went there in a similar capacity. In this connection he recalls a ludicrous incident in which he was unwittingly the chief actor. In the tragedy of "Macbeth" which was being performed some one was needed to impersonate the little airy spirit who sits waiting on a cloud to take Hecate into the air. None of the ladies of the ballet—the name once

given to the supernumeraries—would venture upon the confidence that represented the vapory conveyance. It looked too shaky to bear an adult of ordinary weight and Miss Cushman, always resourceful, said "Put in the call boy." Accordingly "Jimmy" Holmes was rushed to the wardrobe room where a costume was faked for him at a moment's notice, and he was put on the cloud and sent skyward. But there was one feature of his dress which proved incongruous. In those days nearly every boy and man wore boots, even though the trousers were pulled down over them. "Jimmy" had a pair with bright red tops, which his dressers had forgotten to remove, and there they were in full view of the spectators, while the mistress of the witches was preparing to mount for her flight 'mid troops of sprites. Of course there was loud laughter before the curtain and something else behind the scenes.

Memories of an Old Playgoer

It was during this engagement that I first saw Charlotte Cushman, though my mother remembered her as a vocalist before she was forced, through the loss of her singing voice, to turn to the strictly dramatic stage for a profession. I saw her from the lines of the Federal Street Theatre stage, through the good offices of a boy whose sister was in the company, perform Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," Meg Merriles, in "Guy Rannering" and some other characters. Her leading man at this time was C. W. Coudock. Those who saw him as the old father in "Hazel Kirke" and in a similar character in "The Willow Copse" probably cannot conceive of his playing the principal characters in tragedy and comedy, with his peculiar intonation and method. But these were not my earliest visits to the Federal Street Theatre. I remember mounting to the gallery with great trepidation with a companion of my own age, 10, I should say, who had 25 cents to buy two tickets, and seeing an act or two of "Hamlet," with James Murdoch in the title part. I recall little about it except that a colored man who was late asked me: "Did de ghost come in yet?" Some one gave me away to my parents, who only lived a stone's throw away, and I was rated soundly for my juvenile escapade.

Plays

Later, however, at this same theatre, I saw from a more reputable cologn with Golden Locks" and "Beauty and the Beast." This was during the proprietorship of Oliver C. Wyman, who had the house refitted for its original purposes, after it had been used for some time as a lecture and concert hall and called the Odeon. The theatre fell into disrepute after the Edmund Keane riot, and even

Theatre alley, where the stage entrance opened, was called Odeon avenue, but the name was never a popular one for this footway, which ran from Milk street, opposite Devonshire street, to Franklin street. The Lowell Institute lectures were given in the Odeon before they were transferred to the Marlboro Chapel, back of the archway on Washington street which ran under the Marlboro House, nearly opposite Franklin street.

Mr. Wyman's venture was not a success, though he had a fine company, which included, among others, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, W. Humphrey Bland and his wife (Harriet Fauch), an elder sister of the more celebrated Helen Faucit), Mrs. W. H. Smith, then retaining much of her youthful charm; John Brougham, Thomas Placide, a fine comedian, and Miss Wagstaff, a very pretty and graceful actress, who married W. P. Pettridge, whose "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" was a much advertised cosmetic in the later forties.

Titus

Edwin Forrest played an engagement here during this regime and was much disturbed one night by some person making a noise in one of the private boxes. He irately inquired who the offender was and received as an answer "Oh, he's light as a peep." "Well," said the irritated tragedian, "you give my compliments to Mr. Titus A. Peep and tell him he will be ejected forthwith if he does not stop his clatter." This gave John Brougham an opportunity to produce afterwards one of his amusing absurdities, which he called "Titus A. Peep," much to the enjoyment of the town.

After Mr. Wyman's company was dissolved Mr. Bland and Mr. Brougham opened a little bandbox of a place on Court street. I presume it was the hall of the old New England Museum, only the entrance was on Court street instead of Cornhill. They called it The Adelphi, and the opening attraction was "Cher Ryan d'Affairs Tar," which was "Cherry and Fair Star" with a French twist. It was an extravaganza of the Brougham type so well known afterwards.

The Federal Street Theatre passed through many changes of success until it was torn down in the early fifties. The Ravens acted there in their inimicable way in "The Green Monster,"

and other trick pantomime. Some songs sang there in English opera and Italian opera was given there by some of the celebrated singers that visited our shores six decades ago, more or less.

I was too young to take an interest in their performances, though I recall that one precocious school girl told me she had been to the opera at this playhouse and that she had heard "Don George Vanny."

JOHN W. RYAN.

1917 1912

MARCEL SINGS MARGUERITE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.—Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Weingartner conducted. Faust.....Mr. Zenatello Mephistopheles.....Mr. Marcoux Valentin.....Mr. Riddlez Wagner.....Mr. Barron Marguerite.....Mme. Marcel Sichel Schenck.....Mme. D'Ollige Martha.....Mme. D'Ollige Mme. Marcel took the part of Marguerite for the first time in this country. Her performance was distinguished by the beauty of her singing and adherence to the old traditions concerning the composition of the part rather than by any marked dramatic intensity or originality in conception. It was a pleasure to see again a Marguerite costumed as a German and not as a Dutch or a French maiden. It was also a pleasure to see a Marguerite who played the part simply and without an attempt at new stage effects that might startle and arouse discussion.

Her first meeting with Faust was natural, free from incongruous coquetry, and also free from sentimentalism. It would have been better, however, if she had sung her answer to Faust's address in the tempo of the address. As it was, she changed the tempo and sang the answer slowly, almost sluggishly, so that the effect was impaired and undue importance given to charming but simple phrases. She changed that which should be conversational into a set musical composition.

In the garden scene she was a sympathetic figure by reason of the beauty of her tones, her vocal skill, and the unaffectedness of her acting. She did not treat the Jewel song—that stumbling block to many—as a parade aria, nor was she so delighted with the prelate's stones that she pranced across the stage in soubrette fashion after the manner of sopranos that we have all seen. Her action in the love scene was quietly emotional, not passionate, and in the outburst to the stars there might well have been a more passionate confession.

Her Marguerite was given to day dreams, a confiding, affectionate creature; not neurotic, not eager to meet Faust more than half way. In the scenes that followed she preserved the sobriety of her conception of the character.

Mr. Zenatello was a youthful and romantic Faust. He sang with rare beauty of tone and with amorous fervor and dramatic fire, as the occasion demanded. His voice and that of Mme. Marcel blended so that in the garden scene there was uncommon euphony. Nor did he slight the music in the first act as some that regard it as unimportant.

Mr. Marcoux's picturesque, forcible and at the same time subtle impersonation of Mephistopheles has been analyzed at length in The Herald, and it is not now necessary to call attention to its many effective features. Mr. Marcoux made his last appearance here this season, much to the regret of all. His return will be heartily welcomed. It looked for a time last night as though he would not appear at all, for when he should have ascended on the trap, only his voice was heard: "Behold me!" But, lo and behold, there was no Mephistopheles. A burned-out fuse was the cause of delay, of necessary lowering of curtain, and of some minutes of confusion. The accident was unavoidable, and the first one of any importance in the history of the opera house.

Mr. Weingartner gave a most interesting reading of the score. It was a pleasure to note the restoration of the old and familiar tempi of the choruses sung behind the scenes in the first act. Rhythmic definiteness and elasticity, fine dynamic gradations, support given to the singers without undue orchestral prominence, clarity in ensemble and prevailing vitality were not the only features of a brilliant reading.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces played were Mozart's Symphony in G minor; Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1. Miss Elena Gerhardt, who made her first appearance at these concerts, sang the scene, "My Strength Is Spent," from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew" and three songs by Hugo Wolf with orchestral accompani-

ment: "The Friend," "Secret," and "Tis Spring."

Enesco's rhapsody was played here for the first time. It is one of three based on Roumanian airs. This rhapsody is a light-hearted piece that makes its way by frank tunefulness, liveliness of pace and plausibly brilliant instrumentation. There is, however, a monotony in tonality, and after the first half of the composition the invention of Enesco flags. There is apparently endless repetition and there is an unwillingness to bring the end. The rhapsody would be more effective if it were shortened, and even then it would not have the distinction of the better Hungarian rhapsodies by Liszt. As it stands, it is better suited to a promenade than to a Symphony concert. The themes themselves are inherently of little interest, but the composer has presented them clothed in holiday and varied attire.

The performance of the Symphony was much enjoyed, and there was hearty applause especially after the Minuet. Mr. Fiedler gave a dramatic reading of Strauss's tone poem with its feverish anguish, its pathetic memories of life about to end, and the sonorous close with the majesty that ennobles the humblest after he knows the one great secret.

Miss Gerhardt's voice was in excellent condition and she sang skilfully and with true expression. The scene from Goetz's opera has not been heard here for many years. The lyrical portion is more significant than the dramatic which precedes, and the beauty of Miss Gerhardt's voice and her sympathetic delivery made a deep impression. The songs by Wolf are better suited to a smaller hall, with the possible exception of "Tis Spring" and they are more effective with the original accompaniment for piano. The instrumentation of "The Friend" is singularly disagreeable, and the intimacy of "Secret" is impaired. Miss Gerhardt's singing of the last named song was admirable in every way.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for March 1 and 2 will be as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Brahms, symphony No. 2; Liszt, piano concerto No. 2 (Mr. Gerhardt, pianist); Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

We quoted yesterday the famous speech of Mr. Jasper Pctulengro to Lavengro as they sat on the heath, and that afternoon we read in the Saturday Review a sour review of essays by the late Lionel Johnson. It seems that Johnson's essay on George Borrow is commonplace and futile, because he quoted this very speech with words of approval. The quotation is "trite." And yet is a quotation ever trite when it expresses in a few words the spirit of a book? The books of Borrow tempt constantly to quotation. There are remarks about ale, the best ale, how it should be kept and served and enjoyed, in "Wild Wales" that we would gladly read daily, even in an organ of prohibitionists.

Bishop or Gypsy?

There are some, perhaps many, who cannot read Borrow. They suspect the man or they are not interested in his adventures. Mr. Ernest Newman bluntly describes him as a "boulder." Mr. Birrell says: "Men are born Borrowians, not made." There is no use in trying to argue a man into liking Borrow. A life of him by Mr. Herbert Jenkins has just been published in London, and the old discussion rages again. The Pall Mall Gazette frees its mind: "He was touchy, misanthropic, self-centred, and the surliness that made his company unbearable except to gypsies and tramps and a few intimate cronies was the ruin of his career as a literary lion. He refused to dine with a bishop because (from little or no acquaintance with their lordships) he preferred to think their port was bad and their cigars past comment. He insulted Agnes Strickland to her face; allowed Frances Power Cobbe to beat him easily on his own ground in conversation, and served Charles Godfrey Leland a dirty trick in the midst of a friendship which had been all consideration on the side of the junior and all blunt acceptance of that consideration on the other." Well, what if he did, or what if he didn't? What has all this to do with Isopel Berners and the Flaming Tindan and the famous fight and the description of Finisterre and the story of how he was suspected of being Don Carlos? No doubt he preferred ale to port. No doubt he would rather have dipped his fingers in the stew of the song that Max Heinrich used to sing with gusto, and at a bishop's table he would not have found hedgehog cooked in clay.

Sturdy English.

Men quarrel today over the question whether Borrow could write. The fact is that he did write. When his books were first published they were called dry by some, they were "without style." Even now fluent persons find pleasure in nothing how hard it was for Borrow to "compose." Mr. Watts-Dunston is patronizing. He condescended to contribute a preface to an edition of "Wild Wales." On the other hand Mr. Groome defines Borrow as "the master of splendid, strong, simple English, the prose

was interested in Randal and Spring. I accepted that he found, and did his best to turn its conditions into literature. Compare "The Bible in Spain," or "L'Avengro" or even "Wild Wales," in which there is too little about the kypselis, probably because Mrs. Borrow accompanied him, with the latest stories of the road, the "quick sellers" that are at the best only verbose and gilded dime novels. Let us all instead of reading about Borrow read his books. What a shame it would be if in our schools and colleges boys and girls were brought up grounded in Defoe (and not only "Robinson Crusoe," but "Moll Flanders" and "The History of the Pilgrimage"), Swift, Cobbett, Borrow and then Fielding, and the chapters of Rabelais translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart.

Uneasy in Parlors.

Nor is it necessary to decide at once and for all time whether Borrow were a colonial poseur and as disagreeable as he was brawny. Was he a genius? He had a genius for doing certain things. Not long ago there was a discussion at a woman's club in this city concerning the attributes of genius. At least one woman exclaimed: "But a genius is not exactly the sort of person that you would like to invite to a dinner." It is doubtful whether Borrow would accept these formal invitations were he now living. He entertained a passion for boiled leg of mutton with turnips and caper sauce and pronounced it to be food for the gods, and we are informed that this dish would be out of place at an "exclusive" dinner. Even the largest drawing room would hardly be roomy enough for him and it is not easy to think of him reading extracts from his works at a smug meeting of authors. We prefer to think of him as teaching Isopel the Armenian language, discussing life with Mrs. Coker and Mr. Jasper, talking with Ursula under the hedge, in the ale house critical of the brew, lonely and feverish in wildest Spain. Nor is it necessary to bite the thumb at those who cannot read him. There are some who see nothing in Melville's "Moby Dick" and know not the fantastical humor of Mortimer Collins. The world is large; there are many books; Mr. Addison still has his admirers, we are told; and there is eternity to come with the lure of countless hours for reading when stretched at ease.

Feb 14, 1912

Now though they confess this Art to contain very much of sweetness and delight, yet the common Opinion is verily'd by general experience, that Musick is an Art professed only by men of depressed and loose Inclinations, who neither know when to begin, nor when to make an end; as is reported of Archibald the Elder, to whom they were wont to give more money to leave off, than to continue his play. Of which Impertinent Musicians, we finde this Character in Horace:

Among Their Friends all Singers have this vice,
That begged to sing, none are more coy or nice,
Unbidd, they'll never cease.

Operatic Realism.

The Herald has received the following amazing letter:

As the World Wags:
Some two or three weeks ago my old friend Joe Bush blew in from Southern Mexico where he has been assisting in a most entertaining rebellion.

Our acquaintance dates back thirty years to the palmy days of Dodge City and the old Texas trail so that I was mighty glad to see Joe. Unfortunately I had a business appointment that night and turned Mr. Bush over to Mrs. Witherspoon for an evening at the opera. They were singing "The Girl" and we naturally thought that our guest would enjoy it as he has been crowding the frontier for forty years and the piece is supposed to have the real flavor. I had never seen (you notice I use the word "seen" not "heard") the opera myself or I should have known better.

It turned out that Joe labored under the impression that he was going to a show along the lines of "The Black Crook," a meritorious and justly popular entertainment of the sixties and seventies.

When I arrived home around midnight I found Mrs. Witherspoon in a state verging on hysteria, and the good Joseph was discovered in the library in close communion with the decanter.

It develops that my friend was with difficulty restrained from dragging his hardware and shooting up the "Glinnies." He was plumb disgusted with the whole outfit, and particularly with one Zenatello (?) who sung the leading part. Nor was his displeasure due to lack of fondness for music, as I remember he used to raise a beautiful tenor in songs like "The Cowboy's Lament" and "Old Mother Toby'll die."

By the way, do you know whether or not any collection has ever been made of the old miners' and cowmen's songs? They are worthy of preservation along with the deep sea chanteys which lost their utility with the coming of the steam windlass. Sincerely yours,

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston, Feb. 13.

We cannot understand Mr. Bush's selection of Mr. Zenatello, the justly admired tenor, as the chief offender against realism. He sang and acted the part admirably, and if he was not like the genuine article of road-agent, that is the fault of Mr. Belasco, not of Mr. Zenatello. Could not Mr. Bush be persuaded to put his views in writing?

Odoriferosity.

"Quidnunc" writes to The Herald (Feb. 12):

Apropos of your statement that there is no such word as "odoriferosity," I would say, in the words of Midshipman Easy, that "I should like to argue that," but, instead of asking you to devote any of your space to polemics of that nature, I will simply say that, according to—here "Quidnunc" names an American dictionary—"odoriferosity" is a word in good standing. Than that dictionary I don't know of any higher court to which the question of the legitimacy of the use of the word can be appealed, and so, backed by the solid rock of that latest and highest authority as justifying me in the use of the word, I will say, in the language of Fitz-James to Roderick Dhu,

Come one, come all this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!
So there now!

Higher Courts.

Oh yes, there is a higher court, there are higher courts.

Will "Quidnunc" show us the use of the word "Odoriferosity" by any reputable writer of English, from Cbaucer to Artemus Ward, from Edmund Spenser to Herbert Spencer? "Odoriferousness," on the other hand, has been in English literature since 1599. Furthermore there is more fragrance in "Odoriferousness" than in "odoriferosity"; the former word with the "ousness" has the sweeter smell. When "Quidnunc" says that the dictionary he names is the highest court, he talks like a book agent. There are other American dictionaries of higher standing, and they know not "odoriferosity," a word rejected by the New English Dictionary, which is monumental and liberally inclined toward words of modern coinage.

Hot or Cold Bishop.

As the World Wags:

And the bishop, what was the bishop? Why, the bishop, my dear good sir, was the lemon. Have you never seen him coming hot and puffy from the fire. His importance was great as he had been plerced with cloves and roasted. He was ready to disseminate the fragrance of his oily skin and hot spice into the wine. And right jolly and genial he looked floating about. And so "well roasted with sugar and wine in the cup they'll make a sweet bishop."

And this hot, piquant bishop, can it be possible that he was plunged into cold wine? ALICE HEATH AKIN, Acton, Mass., Feb. 16.

Orchestra Led by Mr. Weingartner, with Mme. Marcel and Mr. Urlus.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the concert given last night at the Boston Opera House by the Opera orchestra, led by Mr. Weingartner, and by Mme. Lucille Marcel, soprano, and Mr. Jacques Urlus, tenor, included these orchestral compositions: The overture to "Tannhaeuser" and Beethoven's fifth symphony. Mme. Marcel sang the first aria of the Countess in "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Ach, ich freh'le," from "Die Zauberflöte"; "L'He Inconnue" of Berlioz; Schubert's "Serenade," with accompaniment orchestrated by Mr. Weingartner and three of Mr. Weingartner's songs, with orchestra: "Fruehlingsgespenter," op. 19; "Du bist ein Kind," op. 28, and "Unter Sternen," op. 23.

Mr. Urlus sang Lohengrin's "Narrative," Brahms's "Wie bist du, meine Koelnge?" Strauss's "Durch die Daemmerung" and Schumann's "Der Hiddago."

The song of Berlioz and those of Weingartner are not familiar to the great majority of our concertgoers. "L'He Inconnue" is the sixth of the set, "Les Nuits d'Ete," with poems by Theophile Gautier. These songs were composed as far back as 1834; they were rewritten and published in 1841, but the accompaniments, with the exception of "Absence," were not orchestrated till about 1856.

The words of "L'He Inconnue," beginning

Dites, la jeune belle,
On voulez-vous aller?

are known to many by reason of the

fact that it is the only song which has been set to music by a French composer.

Mr. Weingartner's song, "L'He Inconnue," was the only one of the set which was not a song. Only a few of them have been set to music. If I am not mistaken, the first to set it to music was Mr. Weingartner, who sang "Wobbelled" and "Die Post in Waldo" in Stalwart Hall, Jan. 1, 1902.

They then made a marked impression, especially the former, by its unconventionality and dramatic force. Dr. Wuellner and a few others have put songs of Weingartner on their programs, but there are many in the list of his compositions.

"Fruehlingsgespenter" has been heard here with piano accompaniment, but the orchestra adds much to the humor and the spirit. "Du bist ein Kind" has charming simplicity. "Unter Sternen," with its theme against the vocal melody and with the finely worked crescendo, is effective. In each one of these songs there is a happy musical illustration of the text or emphasis is given to the poet's mood.

Mme. Marcel's voice was heard in its full beauty. The purity of style with which she sang the air of the Countess and that of Pamina; the grace she gave to the song of Berlioz and her sympathetic interpretation of Weingartner's songs were alike admirable. It would be a pleasure to hear her in a lieder recital. The large audience, delighted by her voice and manner of singing, was especially enthusiastic over Schubert's "Serenade," with Mr. Weingartner's exquisite orchestration, and "Unter Sternen." Both were repeated and Mme. Marcel added Beethoven's "Kuss" to the program.

Mr. Urlus gave a dramatic rendering of Lohengrin's Narrative and after the group of songs the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. He was especially fortunate with "Traum durch die Daemmerung," which he sang with fine sentiment. He repeated the song and added others. Here is another dramatic tenor who is equally effective in songs that are purely lyrical.

Mr. Weingartner was already known and appreciated in Boston as a conductor of orchestral works. He gave a concert here with the New York Symphony Orchestra January 17, 1906, in Symphony Hall, when the program included the overture to "Der Freischuetz," Schumann's symphony in B flat and the "Fantastic" symphony of Berlioz.

His conducting last night was characterized by the qualities that make him eminent in the opera house. First of all he seeks to let the music of the composer speak for itself. He does not hunt for unusual readings; he does not "discover" hidden voices in the score and bring them out to the subordination or confusion of the leading motives and their logical development. There is always a fine sense of proportion with resulting clarity. Melodies are sung as by an accomplished singer. Climaxes come as expected and inevitable. But the public of this city recognizes the singular ability of Mr. Weingartner, does not need to be reminded, and does not seek the explanation of its enjoyment and admiration.

The concert was in every way a noteworthy one. Singers, conductor and orchestra were applauded to the echo.

CHEER BONCI AND KUBELIK

An audience that filled Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon listened with enthusiasm to a concert by Jan Kubelik and Alessandro Bonci. Not only was every seat taken, but chairs were placed on either side of the stage, leaving only a narrow aisle down which the artists might pass. And there was even a long row standing on both sides of the floor.

Mr. Kubelik's first offering was from Tschalkowsky's concerto in D major. His second appearance was in a group of selections, including an air and a gavotte from Bach, Saint-Saens's "Hav-analsi" and "Scene de la Czarda," by Hubay. His last group included Dvorak's "Humoresque" and Paganini's "Campanella."

The great violinist was never heard here to better advantage, and his selections gave ample opportunities to judge him in all his moods, from the fantastic bowing and fingering in "Campanella" and the "Czardas" to the soft sedateness of the "Humoresque." Seldom, if ever, has the sweetness of Dvorak's composition been given as well in Boston, and the great audience was vociferous in its appreciation, recalling the violinist time and again.

Mr. Bonci was in the best of spirit and quite justified the claim made for him as being one of the greatest concert singers. His manner and phrasing are masterly and his enunciation perfect. He disregarded the program to an

his hand was a book of songs, and he sang them with a command that was a rare sight. It would be a pity to lose out any of his songs in a recital, as a special commendation, so was the range. "Do Koven," "I Love You" and "My Lady Sweet, Arise" were sung with the audience most deeply, because they were given in English. At the close of his second group of songs sung in English, he was recalled to a remarkable demonstration of enthusiasm.

Mr. Bonci endeavored to appease the demands by singing the aria from the first act of "La Boheme," but was compelled to return and sing "La Boheme Mobile." But his two encores whetted the desire of his hearers, whose applause was so strong and sustained as to be almost explosive. He was only quieted when the tenor appeared waving his street gloves in mute appeal.

We have received several letters that deserve attention.

First Aid to Audiences.

As the World Wags:

I have just thought out a scheme which if patented would no doubt yield me millions, but being in a more or less altruistic frame of mind, I have decided, after mature consideration, to give the world the benefit of my genius. Since early youth I have been a regular attendant at all the musical comedies that have passed through the town, and, although my ear is not trained musically, I am able to detect a great similarity in the tunes of today to those of last year or in fact 10 or 15 years ago. I have therefore come to the conclusion that all the possible combinations or arrangements of the notes must be exhausted, and as a remedy and means of avoiding much labor in originating new ideas, I have discovered a very simple solution to the problem. It will at once quadruple the existing supply of music now extant. The method is simple. Take, for instance, a music roll from any mechanical piano player, reverse it and at once a brand new set of sounds hitherto unheard bursts forth. Play it backwards; again a new tune; finally reverse it and a fourth is heard—all from the original one tune. I tried this method personally on "Tannhaeuser" and found that played backwards and upside down it was more pleasing to my ear than in any other way.

I confided my wonderful discovery to a friend who pretends to know something about music. He was not receptive and ventured to cast doubts on the validity of my new discovery. In his own incomprehensible jargon he gave me to understand that the new results would be nothing but ungrammatical nonsense, and would sound like German sentences read in Chinese fashion. I do not agree with him and therefore now present this important musical development to the world at large.

Boston, Feb. 18, 1912.

C. S. F.

Noble Dames Again.

As the World Wags:

There has been such an ado over the lists of the twenty most famous women that I venture to offer my list of twelve. Undoubtedly you can improve on it—then why not publish the list and offer a prize to the first person who guesses whether they were picked by a man or a woman? Helen of Troy, Mary Queen of Scots, Cleopatra, Thais, Lady Hamilton, Phryne, Semiramis, Sappho, the Empress Theodora, George Sand, Mme. de Maintenon, Briseis.

Q. X.
We should strike out Thais, Mme. de Maintenon and Briseis, and there are dozens clamoring to take their place. By Thais, we suppose, "Q. X." means the friend of Alexander the Great, not the heroine of Anatole France's romance and Massenet's opera.

Thais led the way
To light him to his prey
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.
She was a fine woman in her day and Mr. Bayle devoted an article to her in his celebrated Dictionary, but there are others more worthy in a list of twelve. By the way, "Q. X." should read "Hyperide et le Proces de Phryne," by M. Paul Girard of the Institute, who proves at least to his own satisfaction that Hyperides, to free his client, did not throw aside her cloak as in the picture by Gerome. We know little about Briseis, except that Achilles—Ash-heels, as Bret Harte's youth pronounced it—was in his tent for her sake. Thais should give way to Catherine the Great; for Briseis

substitute Jael, Delilah or the Sulamite—there should be at least one Biblical character. The Pompadour has a better right than Mme. Maintenon. The claims of Semiramis and Theodora might be disputed. It is a pleasing game—this grouping of the noblest dames—and in it there is no finality of judgment.

Dickens and Mad Folk.

M. Anatole France recently contributed an article about Dickens to Les Annales. He tells this story: A French-

you want to see Dickens in London. "You must receive all sorts of people at your house," he remarked: "princes, politicians, scientists, writers, artists and even mad people."

"Yes," said Dickens, "and the mad people are the only ones who amuse me." Then he pushed the astonished Frenchman out of doors. And M. France adds that Dickens loved to describe people of the type of Mr. Dick, who, happily for himself, was born in England, where individual liberty is greater than in France, and M. France argues that madness is only a sort of mental originality; a bizarre and singular use of faculties.

The Friend of M. France.

And how does M. France, the lambent ironist, the gentle Pyrrhonist, repeat himself. This story about Dickens and his visitor, with the allusion to Mr. Dick and the definition of madness, are all to be found in M. France's "Les Fous dans la Littérature," published originally in Le Temps and now to be found in the first volume of his "Vie Littéraire."

In this essay, a characteristically delightful one, M. France tells of an old gentleman who, erazed by the death of an only son crushed by an avalanche, dressed himself in bedtickling. Otherwise he was sane, a man of letters, learned in Greek and Latin, amiable, and even gay. He put aside the bedtickling suit after 20 years, became sad and silent, refused nourishment, and was found one morning self-hanged in his bed chamber. "We say," says M. France, "that a man is mad when he does not think as we do. That's the whole of it. Viewed philosophically, the ideas of madmen are as legitimate as ours. They represent to themselves the exterior world according to the impressions they receive from it. That is exactly what we do, and we pass as sane. We say that the image we receive of the world is true, and that which they receive is false. In reality nothing is absolutely false, nothing is absolutely true."

George Copeland, Pianist, and Mrs. Russell Give Debussy Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. George Copeland, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Henry Russell, gave a concert of piano pieces and songs by Claude Debussy yesterday afternoon in the foyer of the Boston Opera House. Mr. Copeland played these pieces: Prelude, Clair de Lune, Minstrels, Reflets dans l'eau, Pagodes, La petite Berger, Danse de Puck, la Cathédrale Engloutie, Cortège, Voiles, Poissons d'Or. Mrs. Russell sang the songs of "Le Promenoir des deux Amants" and "Les Chansons de Bilitis" viz: "La Flute de Pan," "La Chevelure" and "Le Tombeau des Naiades."

It was once the fashion in Germany, perhaps it is still observed, to hold "Composers' Evenings" in concert halls of a popular nature. Blise in Berlin, for example, used to appoint a Beethoven evening, a Mozart evening, etc., when orchestral works, a concerto, songs or a group of piano pieces, all by one composer, made up the program. Such concerts are known in this country but they are becoming rarer and rarer. Mr. de Pachmann has given several Chopin recitals in Boston. Mr. Lamond once played only sonatas by Beethoven, and yet it is said that in private life he is not of a cruel nature. Late in 1909 Mr. Copeland and Mrs. Graves gave a Debussy recital, and Mr. Copeland has prepared programs of pieces all by Debussy.

Chopin, perhaps, enjoys the test better than others. A hearer may admire Debussy greatly and yet not wish to sit through a concert devoted wholly to his works; for Debussy, of all composers, affords fewer contrasts and less variety. His musical idiom is so individual, so pronounced and at the same time his thought is so subtle and elusive, that the attention of an audience is soon wearied, no matter how great the skill and the charm of the performer may be. We are now speaking of the average audience, not of passionate Debussyites.

Fortunately the concert yesterday was of reasonable length, and Mrs. Russell sang a few songs of Debussy that were unfamiliar, so there was the whet of curiosity. The music of "Le Promenoir des deux Amants" with the verses of Tristan Lhermite appeared 12 years later than that of "Chansons de Bilitis" and is not so poetical. It suggests some one composing "after the manner of Debussy," laborious in the attempt. There is atmosphere, but it is as though it were chemically prepared and in the laboratory. "Les Chansons de Bilitis" are exquisite, each in its own way. It was a pleasure to hear them sung, not an "American French" but in the French Pierre Louys; not as set concert songs, but as though a singer reading

Louys's little poems were moved to improvise music for them.

Others have invented music for some of these songs of curiously emotional, singularly erotic nature, but Debussy is the one that surprised the secret of Bilitis, the woman who wrote of nymphs and fountains of the love that consumed her and of her amorous and exceeding sorrow. Mrs. Russell was warmly applauded, and, recalled, sang Debussy's "Pantoches."

Mr. Copeland is known and highly esteemed as an interpreter of Debussy. The pieces he chose are also known. It is unnecessary to inquire again into qualities of his art, those that set him apart from others. Yesterday he was especially fortunate in his performance of the "Prelude," which alone should have convinced the hearers that Debussy is not merely a dreamy, shadowy lover of twilight or quietly nocturnal effects; "Clair de Lune," "Minstrels," "Cortège," and "Voiles." He, too, was heartily applauded. He added a piece to those on the program.

MISS HOFFMANN

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Gertrude Hoffmann's "Salon des Ballets Russes." First time in Boston. "Cleopatre," ballet in one act; "Les Sylphides," ballet in one act; and "Scheherazade," ballet in one act. Gertrude Hoffmann's Revue.

The entertainment that will be at the Shubert Theatre this week is unusual, engrossing, a delight to the eye. Last night an audience that crowded the theatre gave many hearty tokens of appreciation and admiration. The production of the ballets is most sumptuous, and that of Miss Hoffmann's "Spring Song," which has been greatly elaborated, is one of rare poetic beauty.

"Cleopatre," with music by Arensky, Glazunoff and other Russian composers, was the first of the ballets to be performed. The scenario is based on the short story by Theophile Gautier, the story of the youth who fell madly in love with the Egyptian Queen and was rewarded through her caprice on condition that he was to die at daybreak. The characters in this ballet were taken by Miss Hoffmann, Cleopatra; Miss Novotnova, Ta-Hoe; Theodore Kosloff, Amoun, the lover; Nicolas Solanikoff, the High Priest; Miss Hille, a favorite slave. The stage was finely set; the stage business and the evolutions of the dancers were adroitly managed, but the chief features of the ballet were the entrance of Cleopatra, and the unwrapping, till from a mummified figure she stood erect, sensuous and resplendent; the fury of the choric Bacchanale; the dancing of Mr. Kosloff and the female slave.

In strong contrast with this scene was the ballet "Les Sylphides," with music arranged from Chopin's piano pieces, and with dancers in the traditional costume. The dances were waiters a mazurka and a prelude for solo display. The agility and the grace of the men, Messrs. Kosloff, Ricaut, Pernikoff and Thomas were especially noteworthy, although the dancing of Miss Cochlin, Miss Novotnova and Mouree was also pleasing. It may here be said that the women dancers are uncommonly good looking, youthful and fresh. In technical skill they are surpassed by the men.

Miss Hoffman's revue included imitations of Eddie Foy, Miss Barrymore, George M. Cohan, Eva Tanguay, Ruth St. Denis, Harry Lauder, Valeska Suratt and Anna Held. Her remarkable talent as an imitator has long been recognized, but never was she more in the vein. As the snake charmer she not only gave a marvelously close imitation of Miss St. Denis, but she was even more serpentine in movements of body and arms. The appropriate local color was supplied by a Cingalee troupe of musicians and dancers, barbarous in their frenzy. And in this revue Miss Hoffmann, who caught the mannerisms and looked like Eddie Foy and George M. Cohan, and was indescribably funny as Miss Suratt in a burlesque of "The Belle of Broadway," in which she was assisted by Lee Chapin, gave one of the most exquisitely poetical scenes that have been on the Boston stage for many years. Lithe, buoyant, graceful, with a figure of perfect beauty and face aglow with the joy of life, she was in every movement the incarnation of Spring. There are few women in a revue who show such versatility. I know of no one who has such poetic imagination.

"Scheherazade," with music of the suite by Rimsky-Korsakoff, is a necessarily softened version of the opening story of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." The king and his brother farewell the women of the harem. The women, including the favorite, Zobeide, persuade the chief eunuch to allow the entrance of their lovers. There is a wild orgy. The king suddenly returns. All are beheaded, save Zobeide, who prepares to kill herself.

It is not easy to describe the effect of the setting, the beauty and tastefulness of the costumes, the realism of dramatic action in the dance. The scene is oriental, not pseudo-oriental. The action is vivid: the music though pur-

ing might suggest the disarrangement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's famous Suite, is singularly well suited, more effective than the music of "Cleopatra," although that abounds in eastern coloring. Mr. Max Hoffmann led the large orchestra. This entertainment is so varied, so rich in spectacular, terpsichorean and musical effects that it would bear seeing many times. It is a pity that the engagement is only for this week.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Way Down East," by Lottie Blair Parker, a rural drama in four acts. Principals in the cast:

Anna Moore.....Catherine Carter
Squire Amassa Bartlett.....J. R. Armstrong
Louisa Bartlett.....Beth Summerville
David Bartlett.....Ernest P. Evers
Kate Brewster.....Caroline Pearce
Prof. Sterling.....Warren Cook
H. H. Miller.....John E. Brennan
Lebox Sanderson.....W. D. Richmond
Martha Perkins.....Jane Aldrich
Rube Whipple.....Frank Bell
Seth Holcomb.....James Galloway

BAYES AND NORWORTH HEAD B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Splendid Singing and Dancing Act Given—Other Features.

Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth, who have been in and out of vaudeville several times, are the head-liners at B. F. Keith's this week, presenting a creation of their own that had to be given some name, and so is called "A Musical Surprise Party." Bayes and Norworth have jointly made a host of songs popular, including "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly," "Shine On Harvest Moon," "Come Along My Mandy," "That Lovin' Rag," etc. In their vaudeville sketch they are generous, singing first one song and then another, according to requests from the audience, which is furnished with a list of 25 of their favorites. And Bayes and Norworth seemingly derive exactly as much pleasure in their singing as does the audience itself.

They have a very excellent company of their own, too, to assist in several of the specialties. In the early part of the act Mr. Norworth assumes the role of a magician, doing a number of clever tricks, and is subsequently joined by a partner in Cyril Chadwick, when he calls for some volunteer from the audience. Mr. Chadwick, as a typical Englishman, could not be better and made a hit second only to the stars themselves. Then Ubert Carleton and Mary Johnson, celebrated dancers, produce a few of the latest novelties in the dance line, including a Buenos Ayres importation, entitled "The Argentina," and subsequently an American dance called "The Jönora." It is altogether one of the best acts that has been staged at B. F. Keith's in a long time. Bayes and Norworth are on the stage for nearly three-quarters of an hour and there's something doing every minute of that time.

Another big hit on this week's bill is Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown, a singing and dancing combination. They have been in Boston before, but not for two seasons, and enthusiastic applause was showered upon them when they appeared. They were compelled to respond to several encores. Then Kate Watson, as "that country girl," told all about her school days in her own inimitable manner.

Franklyn Ardell presents a clever comedy, "The Suffragette," in which as Ned Matthews he is a candidate for mayor of Cowhide, Kan., running against a suffragette of unknown identity, who subsequently proves to be none other than Mrs. Matthews. In the end, however, the cause of women's suffrage receives a body blow from the voters of Cowhide, for Ned is elected by 3000 majority.

Clifford Walker, in "After Dinner," is clever in monologue and planologue, while El Cota attempts the most classic of music upon the xylophone. De Witt, Burns and Torrance have a specialty for children—although it appeals to everybody—entitled "The Awakening of the Toys." Frank and Truo Rice, talkative tumblers, round out the bill.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Man from Cook's," original French story by Maurice Ordonneau, English book and lyrics by Henry Blossom, music by Raymond Hubbell. First time in Boston.

Mrs. Benton.....Marion Murray
Marjorie Benton.....Stella Hoban
Madam Leontine.....Flavia Arcaro
Estelle du Bois.....Eleanor Pendleton
Florida.....Rene Thornton
Prince Victor de Champagnax.....Gustav Bergman
Toto Soudard.....Fred Walton
Zachary Benton.....John Daly Murphy
Lord Fitz-Bertie Bafflagone.....Leslie Kenyon
Leonard de Biron.....Ralph Whitehead

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: "The Rosary," written by Edward E. Rose, produced by the Rowland, Clifford Company.

Father Brian Kelly.....Harrington Reynolds
Bruce Wilton.....Edwin Vall
Kenward Wright.....Walter Fenner
Charley Harrow.....Margar Murray, Jr.
Lee Martin.....Billy Champ
Vera Wilton, Alice Marsh, twin sisters.....Grace E. Reading
Kathleen O'Connor.....Donna Lee
Lesura Watkins.....Mabel Haven

MARCEL SINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Aida," Mr. Weingartner conductor.

Aida.....Mme. Marcel
Amneris.....Mme. Gay
Una Sacerdotessa.....Miss De Conrey
Radames.....Mr. Zenatello
Amonasro.....Mr. Polonsky
Ramfis.....Mr. Mardones
Il Re.....Mr. Sill
Un Messaggero.....Mr. Giaccone

John F. Runciman once attempted in his most truculent manner to demolish "Aida," and he was so pleased with his article that he included it in a volume of essays. This was some years ago, but managers not having the fear of Mr. Runciman before their eyes continue to give performances of "Aida" and audiences, equally indifferent, are delighted, and applaud.

The applause depends a good deal on the character of the spectacle and the worth of the singers. There are operas that stand the test of shabby scenery and mediocre singers, but "Aida" is not among them. Written for a festival occasion of unusual and oriental splendor, it was designed with a view to spectacular effects. Perhaps this explains the irritation of Mr. Runciman, who complained bitterly that there was no action until the third act and inveighed against the "Salvation Army" rhythms. If "Aida" demands a sumptuous production, it also calls for singers of vocal power and histrionic ability.

The performance last night satisfied these demands in large measure. The production at the Boston Opera House, as ever, appealed to the eye; the two scenes in the temple are impressive, and the Nile scene is very beautiful. The scene of the returning troops with the captives was well managed. We were glad to see our old friends, the members of the military band, again upon the stage, nor were we seriously disturbed by the thought that their instruments were not known in the time of the Pharaohs.

Mme. Marcel made her first appearance here as Aida. She sang the music admirably, and it is suited to her voice, for if the part of Aida is ranked, and justly, among those for a dramatic soprano, the music is for the most part lyrical, and lyrical in the grand style. Aida in these days too often sings as though the music were by Puccini and dramatic declamation were more necessary than the maintenance and broad sweep of melodic lines.

Mme. Marcel's voice was powerful enough to make an effect in the great ensemble of the second act, although in this one instance a voice of more metallic brilliance is perhaps to be desired. It has been suggested that Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" should be played by two women: the one, a young maiden for the earlier scenes; the other, a woman in full bloom, who has tasted the transports and bitterness of passionate love. And so there might well be two singers for "Aida": one for the scenes with Radames, Amonasro, Amneris and for the soliloquies, the other of heroic mould for the second scene of the second act.

It is more important, however, that Aida have a beautiful, a sensuous, voice than one like a clarion, for the greater part of her music is emotionally lyrical. Mme. Marcel has the voice and the pure vocal art to give character to the part by song alone.

Her impersonation was simple, and as a dramatic performance, distinguished by what she fortunately did not do rather than by what she actually did. It is said that she had not taken the part before last night. However this may be her impersonation was free from mannerisms, free from the extravagancies committed by singers, who, feeling the necessity of acting, are merely violent in their attempt to convince the audience that they are acting. She did not crawl and wriggle and sob and gesture at stated intervals as though obeying the imperative command of the stage manager.

Her performance might be called discreet, but discretion until she has become identified with the part is better than the misguided enthusiasm that results in disturbingly restless. She was emotional in her singing; she gave character to Aida through the music; and in spite of Mr. Runciman, Verdi has sharply characterized Aida and Amneris by the music given to them from the very beginning.

This was Mme. Marcel's last appearance in Boston. Her return to the opera house next season will be welcomed.

Mme. Gay and Mr. Zenatello were wholly in the vein. The former's voice was never richer, more sympathetic and commanding, and she has gained in dignity and in control of passion. Mr. Zenatello, fortunate man, is both a heroic and a lyric tenor. He, too, has gained in the expression of dramatic feeling. This season he has given marked individuality to every part he has assumed. He is not merely a tenor singing under various names according to the fancy of librettists. Last night he was fervent, eloquent, dramatic in song.

And now let those reverting from celebration of Gen. George Washington's many virtues, ponder this extract from the diary of Wolfe Tono (Oct. 23, 1790): "Went at night to the Washington Club. A contest between Bunting and Boyd. Bunting was the opposite. (N. B. Perhaps Bunting was the opposite.) Persuaded myself and P. P. that we were angry. Went to the Donegal Arms and stayed on 150sters. Drunk. Very ill. Returned to P. P. Mem. To do so no more."

After the Holiday.

And now let those reverting from celebration of Gen. George Washington's many virtues, ponder this extract from the diary of Wolfe Tono (Oct. 23, 1790): "Went at night to the Washington Club. A contest between Bunting and Boyd. Bunting was the opposite. (N. B. Perhaps Bunting was the opposite.) Persuaded myself and P. P. that we were angry. Went to the Donegal Arms and stayed on 150sters. Drunk. Very ill. Returned to P. P. Mem. To do so no more."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Hansel.....Mme. Swartz
Gretel.....Miss Fisher
Die Hexe.....Mme. Matfield
Certude.....Mme. Wickham
Sandmännchen.....Mme. De Courcy
Tausendfüßler.....Mme. D'Ollige
Peter.....Mr. Hinchshaw
Followed by the first act of "Coppelia," with Mr. Goodrich conducting.

Swanilda.....Dolores Galli
Franz.....Maria Paporello
Una Pantofole.....Grace Parker
Coppélius.....Mr. Bottazzini
Le Bourgmestre.....Mr. Pulcinelli

The opera house at the special performance yesterday afternoon appeared like a Christmas pantomime at the Drury Lane, as fully a third of those in the audience were children, whose delight at the charming little fairy story was manifest throughout. Little ripples of laughter burst out from every part of the house as Gretel stuck out her tongue in mockery. The dances, too, were very interesting to them.

The Sandman seemed a familiar figure, but with the raising of the curtain upon the scene of the golden staircase a murmur of awe and whole-souled appreciation ran through the house.

The opera is one which gives delight to persons of all ages, and was beautifully sung. It would be hard to imagine the roles of Hansel and Gretel in more capable hands, as both Miss Fisher and Mme. Swartz gave a remarkably true picture of the little children, whose light-heartedness could not long be cast down by disappointment or misfortune.

Mr. Hinchshaw was impressive as the father and his singing and acting were noteworthy. Mr. Weingartner's interpretation did much to bring out the beauties of the score.

The ballet "Coppelia" also greatly pleased the children, to whom it was delightfully strange and interesting. Miss Galli was as graceful as ever and her dancing was a treat. The work of the entire ballet was excellent, and showed an improvement that promised well for this department of the opera work.

WEINGARTNER SAYS FAREWELL

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Weingartner conductor.

Tristan.....Jacques Urlus
Kunze Marke.....Edward Lankow
Isolde.....Lillian Nordica
Hans.....Herman Well
Brangäne.....Max Kapick
Brangäne.....Margarete Matzenauer
Kunze Marke.....Rafael Diaz
Der Schloßmann.....A. Sili

It was the fourth and last performance of "Tristan und Isolde" for this season. Mme. Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera House made her first appearance in Boston. Mr. Weingartner conducted for the last time, as he sails for Europe today.

The performance aroused the enthusiasm of a large audience. The singers were all recalled after each act. Mme. Nordica, who was in much better voice than in preceding performances, was applauded most heartily when she appeared before the curtain alone. V-reaths of various sizes were given to Mr. Weingartner, who must surely know that the public of this city has a lively admiration for his abilities as a conductor and will welcome his return next season. Mr. Russell, who presented Mr. Weingartner with one of the wreaths, was also warmly applauded.

Mme. Matzenauer has a voice of unusual richness. It is a voice of true contrast, but one of generous com-

at skill and with a dramatic touch. It is a voice of true contrast, but one of generous com-

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MISS GERHARDT

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Elena Gerhardt gave her third and last song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Paula Hegner was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Franz, An die Götter, Schiffswand, Willkommen, mein Wald, Im Herbst, Ständchen, Jensen Klinge, mein Pandero, Am Ufer des Flusses, Tschalkowsky, Das Voegelin, Das War ein erster Lenzestahl, Im Wogenden Tanze, Grieg, Mit einer Wasser lile, ein Schwan, Hoffnung, Weingartner, Wenn Schlanke, Lillen Wandelten, Lied der Ghawaze, Goldmark, Die Quelle, Rubinstein, Frühlingslied, Es blinkt der Thau, Neue Liebe.

The program of Miss Gerhardt's first recital was the best, but her voice and art yesterday afternoon gave momentary importance to songs that are inherently commonplace or insignificant. It was a pleasure to find Franz and Jensen represented, for they have been much neglected of late years. Rubinstein has shared the same fate, but only the familiar "Es blinkt der Thau" represented him favorably yesterday. No one of the songs of Tschalkowsky chosen by Miss Gerhardt shows the better side of the composer in this branch of musical art, and Grieg has written better songs than "Mit einer Wasser lile" and "Hoffnung." The first of Weingartner's songs has plausible simplicity, but the music of the second does not fully express the orientalism of the poem. On the whole, the program was not one of marked interest.

Miss Gerhardt was vocally well disposed and she sang with more discrimination and finer feeling than at her last recital, when she seemed to regard power at any cost as the first essential. The voice is a beautiful one, placidly beautiful rather than emotional or dramatic. Miss Gerhardt is most effective in songs of a reflective mood or of naive sentiment. Yet in "Es blinkt der Thau" she showed genuine fervor. She was especially fortunate in her interpretation of this, the songs by Jensen and Grieg's "Mit einer Wasser lile" and "Ein Schwan." She was obliged to repeat these songs of Grieg's and Weingartner's "Lied der Ghawaze." She also added to the program.

An audience of good size, but smaller than those of the preceding recitals, was enthusiastic.

CONCERT AT FENWAY COURT

A large audience assembled at Fenway Court yesterday afternoon to hear the concert, postponed from last Tuesday, in aid of the Free Hospital for Women. Both floor and balcony were well filled. Mmes. Gay and Melis and Mr. Zenatello of the Boston Opera Company, and George Copeland, pianist, gave a varied and interesting program, which included songs, opera excerpts and piano solos.

Mme. Gay, in a jaunty dark gown and with her hair parted in characteristic boyish fashion on one side, sang a group of Spanish songs, arranged the music rack of the piano with democratic ease and grace, and turned the leaves for Mr. Schiavoni, who played the accompaniments.

Mme. Melis, in a graceful, clinging gown, and nearly submerged in willow plumes, sang "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca," Pontenaille's "Obstination," and Tosti's "Good-bye."

Mr. Zenatello sang the lament from

"Tosca" and Copeland sang "Tosca" with Mmes. Gay and Melis.

Mr. Copeland played groups of pieces by Debussy, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Albeniz and Grovlez. There were many recalls and presentations of flowers.

London newspapers have been discussing the question whether English waiters are too servile or too independent. They agree in this: the great majority do not take their profession seriously. There are a few old-fashioned club waiters who look on the office as sacred and hereditary, but most waiters drift into the calling, whereas on the European continent there is careful training, there are long established schools. A youth studies his profession, say, at Raduntzky's School at Frankfurt. His father may be a rich inn-keeper; the boy learns the theoretical and practical sides of waiting; he is graduated and good positions are open to him. The great Ritz was once a waiter. Probably that is why he became great in his profession.

An Ideal Waiter.

The chief secretary of the Geneva Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employes has been a head waiter for 14 years in a French restaurant. His name is Montague and he is a Scotchman. He says that any one who wishes to excel in his calling should have the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the wit of a diplomat, the skill of an artist, the bearing of a prince. He probably does not mean that a waiter should be witty in speech; by wit he means shrewdness, presence of mind, mental adroitness. A waiter that sparkles in conversation is amusing on the stage in comedy but disconcerting in real life. Thackeray has been called a snob because he confessed that he was afraid of the man that stood behind his chair at a dinner; that he did not relish the thought of being the subject of conversation below stairs. We fall to see the snobbishness in the remark or in the state of mind. Really modest men are easily awed by a superior waiter. Paul Verlaine, about to die, bitterly regretted that his son was not a waiter in a cafe instead of being in the army, for he would then see much more of life and study human nature. The guest in restaurant, hotel or private house is often conscious of his own inferiority—hence, possibly, foolish extravagance in tipping, not to appear lordly in the eyes of other guests, but to gain the good opinion of the waiter. There is a poem attributed to C. S. Calverley—but it is not in the latest edition of his verses—in which the author contrasts a silly and vicious duke with a refined and intelligent waiter and asks whether the reason of the ironical and cruel allotment of rank is that we can breed asses but not men.

Surprising Reticence.

It is fortunate for us all that the majority of waiters do not answer this poet's description. Some are born blunderers; some live and died thick-headed; many are supercilious. The last are not greatly to be blamed, when so many guests order without wisdom gobble and guzzle, are untidy, noisy in chattering and laughter, unreasonable in complaining, suspicious of extortion, vulgarly ostentatious in payment. The wonder is that a waiter of keen observation and retentive memory does not write his memoirs. Hair-dressers and valets have written out their reminiscences of distinguished clients or masters or given the material for a book to a hack writer preferring to conceal his name. Suppose Robert has been head waiter at a prominent club for many years. How he must smile when he reads the obituary notice of some member praised publicly for his "sweetness of disposition and unfailing courtesy." It must be said, and not grudgingly, that nine out of ten club waiters have the great virtue of reticence. And for this alone members should show them the utmost consideration.

Without Thought.

Here is a "menu" for Saturday recommended by the Pall Mall Gazette: Kidney soup, fried fillet of plaice, calf's head, saratoga potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes farces, lemon sponge, sardines on toast. Does this appeal to you? Was there ever a bill of fare arranged more heedlessly? Better a simple dish of beefsteak smothered in onions, mashed potatoes, and a piece of pie; better creamed codfish and baked potatoes all mixed together in savory confusion. Examine this "menu" carefully. Is it foolish to say that more persons shorten life by feeding than by drinking?

Done by Hand.

There is important news from Berlin. Sometime ago the Kaiser in his zeal for paternal government noticed the glossy appearance of one of his suite who happened to be in mufti. The Kaiser questioned him, found that the young man was in the habit of sending his linen to Paris for treatment, and lectured him severely on his extravagance. Some time afterwards he saw the young man

at a party. He wearing a shirt that was a mess. The Kaiser joked about it, whereupon the young man answered that he had taken the reproach to heart and was having his linen washed and ironed at home by his wife. As is well known, the Kaiser wishes that Germans should avoid words of foreign origin; that they should drink German champagne and prefer the ham of Westphalia to the ham of Bayonne or Virginia. What answer could he make to his subject? He could not advise him to divorce his wife. She was carrying out the Kaiser's views concerning the proper sphere of woman.

CALVE'S VOICE RETAINS POWER

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Carmen.....Emma Calve
Micaela.....Miss Fisher
Frasquita.....Miss Martini
Mercedes.....Miss De Courcy
Don Jose.....Mr. Clement
Escamillo.....Mr. Rothler
Zuniga.....Mr. Bargaun
El Dancaire.....Mr. Leo
El Remendado.....Mr. Giaccone
Morales.....Mr. Letol
Lillas Pastia.....Mr. Julien

It was on Feb. 27, 1894, that Mme. Calve first appeared in Boston as Carmen. It was in the Mechanics' Building. Her associates were Miss Pettigiani, De Lucia and Ancona. Mr. Bevilacqua conducted.

Mme. Calve was then 30 years old, in the fulness of her beauty and at the height of her fame. In this country, as in Paris late in '92, her Carmen was wildly applauded, although in Paris there were some who shook their heads at her audacity and lamented her twisting of the phrase and her contempt for rhythm. Her impersonation in Mechanics' Building was characterized by sensuousness that often turned into sensuality. Her fascination was in her animal beauty and the exposure of her animal instincts. Thus she appealed to Don Jose, to Zuniga, to Escamillo, to any one of her lovers. There was the swaying of restless hips, the curving of amorous arms, the languishing eye that encouraged, promised, persuaded.

This impersonation was vividly dramatic, broadly conceived, abounding in subtle detail, demoniacally reckless, and, in the card scene and before the arena, superbly tragic.

Mme. Calve's success was instantaneous and enormous. Victor Hugo said that success is hideous. It was injurious to her. Managers were loath to allow her to appear in other operas. When she had the opportunity, audiences applauded courteously and demanded "Carmen." She wearied of the part. She would be indifferent or farcically extravagant. She would be vulgar or dull with now and then a flash of genius. The great public was the more demonstrative when she was the least artistic.

Late in 1899 she gave a memorable performance at the Boston Theatre. Her Carmen was then a creature of refined cunning rather than an unblushing wanton. Her tones were colored marvelously to express nuances of emotion. She was bodily more quiet; the dramatic action was in that voice of ineffable beauty. Her tones were now glowing, radiant; now pale, chill, sepulchral. An extraordinary performance, but the public was perplexed and demanded the old Carmen. She yielded to the inevitable and went back to her extravagant ways.

Yet when she was here in 1904 there was no touch of disfiguring flippancy, no suggestion of deliberate insincerity. And in certain respects the performance yesterday afternoon recalled that of eight years ago, when Felix Mottl complained bitterly of her indifference toward rhythm.

It would be absurd to deny that the years have changed her face and figure, but it is unnecessary to insist on this. Her first act was disappointing. It is said that she has not played the part for several years. This fact and the natural nervousness that possesses even the experienced after a long absence from the stage, accounted probably for her singular lack of ease. There was no longer the proud self-confidence, the supreme authority, the over-mastering spell. Even her stage business was meagre and inconsequential. She took strange liberties with text and music. Her intonation was insecure. But the timbre of the voice, a timbre peculiar, unique, was unchanged; the diction was as of old incomparable. The vocal art remained.

In the second act the singer, becoming more and more herself, colored tone with irresistible dramatic effect. Again we heard the Calve who thrilled us 18 years ago. And until the end of the opera the voice itself and the skill with which it was employed held the great audience captive. In the card scene she is still incomparable. There was no foolish or screaming protest against fate. The prophecy of the cards had struck terror to her soul. There, at her elbow, was Don Jose, who, she knew full well, was doomed to slay her. Her

the face was an antique mask of
in horror.
too in the last act there were
moments when song and
speech revealed the full glory of the
tragedian's art, in gestures or in
the facial expression according to the
formulas of the schools would have
been superfluous, unmeaning.

Nor was this another instance of art
triumphant with the aid of scenic
material. The voice of Calve is still
beautiful in itself. It is still a wonder-
ful instrument of expression; it still
carries, enchants, plays at will on
nerves and heart.

Miss Fisher's Micaela is justly ad-
mired for unaffected simplicity, flavor
of naivete, consistency and truthful-
ness in the impersonation. It is not
extravagant to say that Miss Fisher is
in many respects the most satisfactory
Micaela that has been seen upon the
local stage within the last 20 years. It
is to be hoped that in the endeavor to
acquire fuller tones she will not lose
tonal quality and exchange the sub-
stance for the shadow. It would be a
pity if her upper tones were to lose body
and become spread. It is given to any
one to force tone and win the applause
of the unthinking. A voice with the
natural quality of Miss Fisher's is not
given to every one.

Mr. Clement's voice was in much bet-
ter condition than when he took the
part earlier in the season, and he
played with consummate skill, with a
fine crescendo of dramatic intensity that
led to an irresistible climax.

Mr. Rother was a restless Escamillo,
who showed little comprehension of the
Toreador's song. Bizet never intended
that the refrain should be sung as Mr.
Rother sang it. Indeed, the composer
took the trouble to indicate how and in
what spirit it should be sung. And Mr.
Rother is so thick in song, he
has such a burr!

The quintet, one of the most effective
numbers in the opera, was none too
well sung. The voices of Frasquita and
Mercedes last season blended better and
were at the same time more brilliant.

The chorus was often unsteady, and
it required all the skill and authority
of Mr. Caplet to avoid misunderstand-
ings between it and the orchestra.

The audience was enthusiastic. Mme.
Calve and the other principals were re-
called again and again.

VERDI TOPIC OF LECTURE

Seventh in Boston University Opera Course Given.

The seventh of the Boston University
opera course of lectures was given in
Jacob Sleeper Hall, yesterday afternoon.
Verdi was the composer selected for
the discussion. It was the climax thus
far reached in the course. An audience
of about 500 was present.

The program was as follows:

Cara Nome ("Rigoletto"), Miss Scobey;
La Donna e Morte ("Rigoletto"), Mr. Ri-
mella; quartet ("Rigoletto"), Miss Scot-
tney, Miss Leeron, Mr. Ramella, Mr. Blan-
chard; Ah Fors e Lul ("Traviata"), Miss
Scobey; Scena e Aria ("Traviata"), Miss
Scobey; I Miei ("Trovatore"), Mr. Kap-
tack; Celesti Aidi ("Aida"), Mr. Gau-
denzi ("Aida"), Mr. Blanchard.

Prof. John P. Marshall of the depart-
ment of music of Boston University col-
lege of liberal arts, lectured upon Verdi
and his works.

'SAMSON ET DALILA' AGAIN

Mme. Gay Gives Dramatic Performance at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Saint-
Saens' "Samson et Dalila." Mr. Caplet
conducted.

Dalila Mme. Gay
Samson Mr. De Potter
High Priest Mr. Ridez
Abimelech Mr. Madones
Old Hebrew Mr. Lankow
Moses Mr. Saldaigne
Pharaoh Mr. Glaccone
Second Priest Mr. Burren

"Samson et Dalila" was again given at
the evening performance, with much the
same cast as on previous occasions this
season. Mme. Gay gave her usual fine-
ished performance, portraying the sedu-
civeness of the siren in her early scenes
with Samson. Her acting at the close of
the second act was intensely dramatic.
She was in excellent voice, and her duet
with Mr. De Potter in the second act was
beautifully given.

Mr. De Potter sang and acted with
spirit. He rose to the occasion in the
prison scene and his solo in the temple
was capably sung. As the high priest,
Mr. Ridez was imposing, and Mr. Mar-
dones and Mr. Lankow were admirable
in their roles.

Miss Galli's dance was graceful and
well appreciated. The audience was
travelling large for a Saturday even-
ing, and was lavish in its applause.

Massenet's "Werther," a lyric drama
in four acts, will be performed next
Friday night for the first time in Bos-
ton. It was produced at Vienna Feb.
16, 1892, at the Imperial Court Opera
House in German. The original French
libretto is by Ed. Blau, Paul Milliet
and G. Hartmann. The German trans-
lation was made by Max Kalbeck. The
parts of Werther, Albert, the Steward,
Charlotte and Sophie were taken re-
spectively by Van Dyck, Neidl, May-
rhofer, Miss Renard and Miss Forster.
Jahn conducted the performance.
The opera was produced in Paris for
the first time at the Opera Comique

Jan. 1, 1891. The first performance
Mme. Delna, Lohse, Frau P. et
Talley. Dabbe conducted.
The first performance in the
Stutes was at Chicago by the Abbey,
Schoeffel & Grand Co. on March 2,
1894. The chief parts were taken by
Emma Jones, S. G. Aronson, Jean
de Reszke, Martapour, Carboni, Man-
nell conducted. The first perfor-
mance in New York was by the same
company on April 23, 1891. The opera
was revived by the Metropolitan com-
pany at the New Theatre Nov. 17, 1890,
when the chief singers were Gerolamo
Farrar, Alma Gluck, Messrs. Clement,
Gilly and Paul Corst.

Goethe and Charlotte Buff

Does any one outside of Germany read "The Sorrows of Werther"? Does any one read "Rene"? "Wertherism" has passed into the language as the one word to define morbid sentimentality, but it is not easy for any of us to conceive the impression made by Goethe's romance when it appeared.

It was in 1772 that Goethe arrived in Wetzlar and there met Charlotte Buff, the eldest daughter of the steward of "Das deutsche Haus." She was then betrothed to an orderly and estimable young man named Kestner. Goethe was still pursued by the image of Frederika, from whom he had run away. Charlotte pleased him, fascinated him. Kestner described her as young, not regularly beautiful, but attractive, fond of dancing, a lover of nature, simple in her tastes, eminently domestic. Goethe did not know at first that she was betrothed. When he found this out he renounced all hope in relation to Charlotte, but he could not repress his inclination and he suffered in mind. Lewes said his passion was imaginative. "In which the poet was more implicated than the man. I am persuaded that if Lotte had been free, he would have fled from her as he fled from Frederika." At last Goethe's passion became real and he was strong enough to leave the town.

At this time there was a blonde, blue-eyed, melancholy youth in Wetzlar named Jerusalem, the son of a Protestant abbot. He thought much about suicide; wrote in defence of it; entertained an unhappy passion for the wife of a friend and finally killed himself.

"The Sorrows of Werther"

Here was the material for Goethe's famous book, the expression of "nameless unrest, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, that high, sad, longing discontent which was agitating every bosom." "Werther" was "the cry of that dim rooted pain under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing. It gave birth to a race of sentimentalists who have raged and wailed in every part of the world." The romance startled and enchanted Europe. Napoleon took it with him to Egypt. "In Germany it became a people's book, hawked about the streets, printed on miserable paper like an ancient ballad; and in the Chinese empire, Charlotte and Werther were modelled in porcelain."

But Werther was not Goethe, nor was it extravagance of love which led Werther to kill himself. Mentally diseased, he found life insupportable, and his hopeless love only hastened the inevitable end. The romance confirmed some morbid souls in their resolution to kill themselves. Melancholy young men and maidens wrote to Goethe and poured out their woes, until he became almost ashamed of the romance, and he grew contemptuous toward Wertherism. As for Charlotte, she was a happy wife and mother and named her firstborn Wolfgang. But when Goethe wrote his Autobiography this is all he had to say about the episode at Wetzlar: "What occurred to me at Wetzlar is of no great importance; but it may receive a higher interest if the reader will allow me to give a cursory glance at the history of the Imperial Chamber, in order to present to his mind the unfavorable moment at which I arrived."

It may here be said that when Massenet's opera was performed at Weimar in 1892, Glissen, the tenor, took the part of the hero. His real name was Buff, and he was a grand-nephew of Charlotte; and so in the performance he made love to his own great-aunt and killed himself for her sake. A still stranger coincidence is reported, that Georg Kestner, the grandson of Charlotte, committed suicide on the night of the first performance in Vienna.

Thackeray's Famous Verses

The story of Werther and his sorrows was told in verse by Thackeray, and although the little poem is no doubt familiar to the great majority of Herald readers, it may, nevertheless, be reprinted here:

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brain out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte said, when his love
Burned before her on a Sunday,
Luce, a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.
And it should be remembered that Thackeray as a young man had journeyed in Weimar, the Pumpnickel of "Vanity Fair," and seen and talked with the venerable Goethe, whose piercing and venerable eyes, eyes of "awful splendor," made him afraid, although he did not lose his head, unlike Helme who in the presence of Goethe forgot his carefully prepared speech, and could only stammer out a remark "on the excellence of the plums which grew on the road from Jena to Weimar."

Music

Goethe's romance, published in 1773, excited the interest of composers before Massenet. Kreutzer's "Werther e Carlotta" was produced at Paris in 1892. Other operas were "Werther e Carlotta," by Puccini (Venice 1855); "Il Werther," by Benvenuti (Pisa, 1811); "Carlotta e Werther," by Goeta, Florence (1814); "Werther," by Gentili (Rome, 1862); "Werther," by Aspi, about 1860. And there was a burlesque "Werther's Leiden," by Mueller (Vienna, 1829).

Blangini in his amusing and indiscreet Souvenirs tells of his composing a cantata "Werther" with orchestral accompaniment for performance at Cassel. "I composed it for a solo voice, wishing to sing it myself. I advertised the concert in all the journals, and all the tickets were sold. When the day came and I found myself in the presence of over 500 persons, I trembled so that I was obliged to sit down in order to continue. Furthermore, if I now mention this cantata, it is because of a rather singular circumstance. My cantata was the swan song of Werther a half-hour before his death. His Charlotte, who was still living and dwelling in Hanover, made the journey to Cassel expressly to hear it. I knew this only afterwards, so I do not have the pleasure of seeing her."

Blangini later in his Souvenirs speaks of a composition entitled "Werther," written by the violinist, Pugnani. "Pugnani's intention was to write music so descriptive that by the means of the orchestra alone and without the aid of any text he could reproduce the chief situations of Goethe's romance. When he completed the work he invited all the nobility of Piedmont and the diplomatic corps at Turin to hear it. Pugnani was so animated in conducting, so heated, that he threw aside his coat and led in shirt sleeves. Each hearer was provided with a program indicating the situations the composer wished to portray in music. The performance produced a great effect, but Pugnani wished to go too far. At the moment when Werther killed himself, Pugnani seized a loaded pistol and fired it in the room. This frightened some in the audience; others thought he had gone mad. Count de Stakelberg told him on this occasion that the pistol shot was the most realistic touch in the whole composition."

How Massenet Was Interested

To some composers, however, the stuff in Goethe's romance seemed scanty for operatic purposes. Paul Milliet, one of the librettists of Massenet's opera, told in L'Art du Theatre of July, 1903, how the idea of "Werther" came to them. He, the publisher, Hartmann and Massenet, went to Milan in 1882 to hear the first performance of "Herodiade" at Milan. There was talk of "Hermann and Dorothea" for an operatic subject, the lyric of gentle emotions, sympathetic characters, descriptions of nature. But the characters were thought too insignificant for the stage. "Werther" seemed more suggestive, more stimulating to musical invention. "Yes," said one, "but how about the pistol shot?" "It does not matter whether it be heard or not. The denouement is the deliverance. Werther dies from an interior wound." It was then and there decided that Massenet should compose the music. Milliet worked on the libretto for four years, polishing and re-polishing, introducing an episode that would the next day be rejected, not at Massenet's wish, for he hardly saw him, but to satisfy Hartmann, the publisher. "The verses which were closest to the text of Goethe disappeared in the changes of the last hour. It was on account of cuts and arbitrary additions that my friend Blau became my collaborator."

The Work of Composition

Massenet also gave an account of the origin of the work to position M. Robert Charvay, whose article appeared in the L'Echo de Paris of Jan. 15, 1893. Mr. Flinck translated this article or portions of it for his entertaining book, "Massenet and His Operas." (Mr. Flinck, by the way, errs in stating that the performance in New York on April 20, 1894, was the first in America.)

The composer tells how, in 1885, Hartmann told him of a "delicious exquisite" subject "which has never been set to music in France, and which in your place I would jump at—a passionate, yet delicate drama, poignant but intimate. A synthetic soul tragedy, which in simple and idyllic surroundings, in the peaceful atmosphere of a German

A blonde woman, three people
The husband, wife and child.
Werther, Yes, Werther? Don't tell
paradoxes tempt you to give us at last,
a virtuous woman on your door, you,
who have given us so many courtiers,
including our Mother Eve!"

It will be seen that Hartmann was wrong in stating that the subject had never been treated operatically in France. Nor is it easy to reconcile the statements of Milliet and Massenet about the date of the proposition.

Massenet added: "The scenic development pleased me perfectly, I was won immediately. And let me tell you I am far from being an agreeable collaborator, far from it. Very particular, troublesome, authoritative, I expect the verses to adapt themselves exactly to the melodic form; I insist that the style and the development of the scenes shall answer adequately to the conception born in my imagination on a given theme. I do not permit but enough! My collaborators are usually old and excellent friends, who accept me as I am, with the sum total of my good qualities and my stock of faults entire."

Why Vienna, Not Paris?

The first measures of "Werther" were written in the spring of 1885 and the work was completed at the end of the winter of 1886. The score was engraved at once, and Massenet wished Mme. Caron to create the part of Charlotte. M. de Solenere, not quoted by Mr. Flinck or by M. Schneider in his life of Massenet, says that there was a private hearing of "Werther" in 1889; that Mme. Caron was present; that M. Carvalho, the manager, found the subject too lugubrious. Then the Opera Comique passed into the hands of Barber and Paravey. The latter asked Massenet for an opera that he could perform during the Exposition, and he named "Werther." Massenet preferred his "Esclarmonde" because it was spectacular, and then there was Sibyl Sanderson, "a wonderful interpreter, gifted with a miraculous voice capable of rising to any heights."

"Manon" had been given in Vienna with great success, and the two chief singers were Van Dyck and Miss Marie Renard. The former wrote to him about "Werther" and asked why it could not be produced in Vienna. Massenet, delighted, signed a contract with the Imperial Court Opera.

A Weeping Frenchman Far From Home

He tells at length about his arrival and adventures in Vienna. He had visited the city to supervise the final rehearsals of "Manon." It was in January, 1892, that he went again to the Austrian city. When he arrived at the opera house for the first rehearsal he found the artists waiting for him. "They all rose and bowed. The director took me to the piano."

"I sat down on the stool and was about to strike the first chord. Shall I tell you that at this moment I was seized by a great emotion? My heart beat as if it would burst. In a second, with an intensity which was really painful, I felt my artistic responsibility. What terrible role was I about to play? That 'Werther' score was already six years old. I hardly remembered it. How many of my works had been performed in that time. Here I was alone, far from my own country, representing, through force of circumstances, French musical art. I felt the unmerited honor which I was receiving. Was I not in Vienna, the Emperor's guest, entertained at the state's expense, remembering that only two composers before me—inconvertible masters those two—Verdi and Wagner, had been the objects of such high and precious distinction? All these thoughts at once came to my mind. Tears filled my eyes, and there I sat stupidly and began to cry like a woman. What kind attentions and what exquisite delicacy were shown me! 'Courage! Courage!' came from every side. I made a tremendous effort to command myself, and, still trembling with emotion, I played my entire score. This was at Vienna, the first hearing of 'Werther.'"

First Performance

After Massenet returned to Paris, Carvalho wrote, scolding him for his running away to Austria and asking him to restore "Werther," which he had made French, to the country. Geneva, however, was the first city to hear "Werther" in French, for the performance there was a few days before the one at the Opera Comique.

Mme. Delna, who created the part of Charlotte at the Opera Comique, was then said to be between 18 and 19 years old. A serving maid at a little tavern in Meudon, she had attracted the attention of musicians, among them the late Alexandre Gullmant, by the beauty of her voice, and having been instructed in singing she made her debut at the Opera Comique as Dido in "Les Troyens" June 9, 1892. Charlotte was her second role. The tenor Ibos visited Boston as a member of the Damosch-Ellis company and appeared at the Boston Theatre on Feb. 21 and March 7, 1893, as

most and of the same year. He then suffered from a severe illness and his tons were white. Yet when he was the Werther in Paris he was praised for the sweetness and richness of his voice. He was chosen by Massenet for the part and he learned it in a month—a fact which was thought worthy to be recorded. This was a cavalry officer before he decided to go on the stage.

The Librettists' Version

Let us see what the librettists did with Goethe's simple story. After a short prelude the curtain rises and the steward is discovered seated on the terrace of his house, surrounded by his children, who laugh and sing. He is talking with his cronies, Johann and Schmidt, and Sophie speaks of the ball for which her sister Charlotte is dressing. Werther enters, happy in the brightness of the summer day and the gaiety of the village. Charlotte shows herself to her father, who, recognizing Werther, presents him. She gives the children their bread and butter, as she has done since the mother died. Every one leaves, some to the ball, the father to the inn; but Sophie remains and talks with Albert, her sister's betrothed, who now returns after an absence of some months. Charlotte and Werther come back from the ball. She talks about her dead mother. Werther makes a passionate declaration of love, and the steward entering joyfully to announce the return of Albert, she remembers her pledge. Albert was her mother's choice, not that of her heart. Werther cries out: "If you keep that pledge, I shall die."

Act II.—It is now autumn. The scene is the square in Wetzlar on a fine Sunday afternoon. Charlotte and Albert have been married. They talk of their happiness and go into the church. Werther, tortured, watches them and pines out his anguish. Albert comes out, and knowing his secret and also his honesty, tries to comfort him. Sophie joins in the conversation. Werther is finally alone, but Charlotte appears and Werther again tells his love. She begs him to leave the village. Let him come back at Christmas. Werther, again alone, gives way to despair. Sophie begs him to join in the festivities, and as he tells her he must depart she weeps.

Act III. The scene is in Albert's house on Christmas eve. Charlotte is dreaming of Werther. She rereads his letters. Sophie cannot relieve her distress. Charlotte is praying for strength when Werther suddenly appears. "It is I; I am here on the day you said I might come back." He presses her with mad entreaties. Her voice betrays her inward emotion. He takes advantage and embraces her wildly. She supplicates God to protect her against herself and finally runs to the safety of her chamber. Werther departs after a romantic invocation to Nature, which he will leave forever. Albert comes in, nervous, perturbed. He finds Charlotte violently agitated. A servant brings a letter in which Werther says that, about to make a long journey, he would like to borrow Albert's pistols. Albert gives them to the servant and leaves the room. She puts "on a cloak and rushes out, exclaiming: Oh, God, thou wouldst not have me arrive too late!"

Act IV. Christmas night. There is an orchestral prelude accompanying a snow storm. The curtain rises on Werther's study. Charlotte enters brusquely and sees in the moonlight the prostrate body of her lover. He is dying, but has the strength to beg pardon for his folly. She has acted wisely. They exchange tender memories, avowals, kisses that are no longer forbidden. He knows from her that she loved him at first sight. The voices of children are heard singing a carol. "See," murmurs Werther, "it is the hymn of pardon and deliverance." With his last breath Werther asks her to visit his resting place and pray for him. The carol is still heard.

Gossip

About the Farm

In 1893 this opera was performed 43 times at the Opera Comique in Paris, but according to M. Schelder it was never really popular in Paris until the revival in 1903 (April 24), when the chief parts were taken by Mmes. Marie de l'Isle and Carre, and Messrs. Bayle, Allard and Vieulle. Van Dyck took the part of Werther on Nov. 14 of that year. Mr. Clement, who will take the part next Friday night, did not appear as Werther at the Opera Comique until Oct. 17, 1908.

The first performance in the United States was given for the sake of Jean de Reszke, who was anxious to appear as Werther. He took the part at Covent Garden June 11, 1894, and the Pall Mall Gazette stated that the house was only sparsely filled. The Charlotte that night was Miss Eames. When the opera was revived in London by Mr. Beecham (May 27, 1911) with Mme. de Lussan as Charlotte and Ellison Van Hoose as Werther, the Daily Telegraph recalled a story about Sir Augustus Harris and Jean de Reszke, as told by Sutherland Edwards:

"During one of Augustus Harris's seasons Jean de Reszke was anxious to appear as Werther. Harris thought the English public would not care for the work, the famous tenor declared that they would; so the manager gave in and produced it. 'To the shame of our opera-goers,' Mr. Edwards wrote, 'Massenet's charming music was not appreciated. At the end of the performance Sir Augustus said to De Reszke, "Well, you have had your way. "Werther" has been played, and for the present season this one representation will be enough." Nevertheless, to oblige him, the manager consented to give a second.

"On the afternoon of the appointed day Harris was grieved to find the seats were not selling, and that there would probably be only a beggarly £30 in the house. Suddenly a letter arrived from De Reszke containing a request for a couple of stalls 'if there were any left.' 'Come in here,' said Sir Augustus to the messenger, and he took him to the box-office. 'Mr. Hall,' he then said to the official in charge, 'give me 30 stalls, 20 boxes and 100 amphitheatre stalls. Make them up in a parcel, please.' Then, handing the packet to the messenger, he told him to say that if Mr. de Reszke wanted twice as many tickets he could have them. Half an hour later he received a telegram informing him that the distinguished tenor was ill, and would be unable to sing that night."

When "Werther" was performed some years ago at St. Petersburg, Massenet transposed the music of Werther for Battistini, the celebrated baritone, and Sigrid Arnoldson, who took the part of Sophie in this country, was the Charlotte.

Sibyl Sanderson was the Charlotte at Nice early in 1893, and many women in turn have appeared in the part at the Opera Comique.

Even on Sunday our correspondents know no rest. Tireless in questioning, generous in the baring of their souls to the world or wishing to save their own time by putting us to the trouble of ransacking books of reference, they write to The Herald when they should be lifting up their voices in hymns of supplication or psalms of thanksgiving; or, if the weather be unfavorable for walking to the meeting house, reading diligently "The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying" by Jeremy Taylor, D. D., chaplain in ordinary to King Charles the First.

Yet one of our correspondents might say to us, as the Shakespeare of divines said in his dedication to the Right Honorable and Noble Lord, Richard, Earl of Carbery: "I shall entertain you in a charnel house, and carry your meditation awhile into the chambers of death, where you shall find the rooms dressed up with melancholic arts, and fit to converse with your most retired thoughts, which begin with a sigh, and proceed in deep consideration, and end in a holy resolution."

Here is her letter:

A Matter-of-Fact Inscription.

As the World Wags:

I am obliged as a necessary premise to the question that I have to ask, to tell you of the recent death of my brother William, at his residence in Boston. Were it not absolutely essential to the full understanding of the matter I should not, believe me, trouble you with the details, however sad, of my private life.

It was William's last wish that his remains should be interred in the family lot in this town, and so his body was entrusted to a well known undertaker for shipment and buried in accordance with his wish. When the casket arrived I had arranged to meet it with a few near friends as a last tribute of respect and to supervise the removal of the remains from the train. The train arrived on time and the casket was removed from the cars with a sense of propriety on the part of all concerned that I cannot too highly commend, but when I and the other mourners approached it I leave you to judge of our horror and dismay when we saw pasted upon the upper surface of the box the startling legend: "BILL INSIDE." The undertaker assures me that this hideous circumstance was a mistake—the result of confusion between William and a parcel of merchandise shipped at the same time to another address, but I am inclined to ascribe the matter to a depraved sense of humor on his part, and upon this ground to take legal action against him. Does any precedent for such a course occur to you?

SARAH HEPATICA.

East Northfield, Feb. 25.

"Casket" Again.

We regret that Miss Hepatica prefers the word "casket" to "coffin." When did the vile word first come into use in this country? It was in 1870 that a London correspondent, writing from New York, said: "In America a coffin is called a casket." Was it some undertaker, who, wishing to be genteel, or possibly thinking to assuage the grief of the mourners, first made the substitution? Why did not the poets think of it before him? Then Wolfe would have written,

No useless casket inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him.

And the first gentleman in King Richard III. would have cried out to Oliver: "My lord, stand back, and let the casket pass."

We see no cause of action against the undertaker mentioned by Miss Hepatica. It seems to us that sorrow has blunted her sense of humor.

A Leading Alphomegist.

As the World Wags:

I am very greatly distressed at the continued absence from his work and from his accustomed haunts of The Earnest Student of Sociology. I had his promise to loan me in manuscript his first draft of the chapter on Alphomegists, a type of which one of the present candidates for the office of President of the United States is a distinguished example.

This type is, as you are doubtless aware, chiefly concerned with the beginning and the ending of life, if one may judge from their precept and example, their energies tending to accumulate, like those of a bar magnet which they otherwise resemble in power of attraction, at the two ends of human existence. They are prone to urge upon their fellow-man the duty of reproducing his kind with industry, and their chief pleasure is taking the life of other animals.

It does not seem to me that to propagate one's species at one moment and to terminate an existence at the next is to advance the world greatly; the result seems rather to be what sporting men, as I am given to understand, call "breaking even"; and I greatly long to have my views on this subject pass through the furnace of our friend's approval. If, by any chance a word on this subject has been dropped by him in your hearing in the past, I shall be indebted to you for participation in such a treasure of memory.

J. POOLE OF BETHESDA.

Feb. 25, 1912.

Cheering News.

The Herald will publish tomorrow a letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest (and Distinguished) Student of Sociology. It is significant that he is in Boston during the visit of Col. Theodore Roosevelt. In this letter he has something to say about the political situation as viewed by a sociologist, and his remarks about the recall of judges are—but we must not anticipate.

We have not seen the word Alphomegist before, and Dr. Murray does not recognize it. In his colossal dictionary, it should come between "alphitomorphic"—having the appearance of barley meal—applied to pulverulent microscopic fungi, parasitical on plants, and "alphonsin"—a surgical instrument having three elastic branches for the extraction of bullets from the body.

CANTOR SIROTA

Sirota, the far-famed cantor of one of the synagogues of Warsaw, made his appearance in concert at Symphony Hall last night, and was greeted by an audience that packed every corner. Hundreds outside clamored in vain for admittance. So great was the crowd that the gates were extended to the doors of the hall and the lobby closed except to those who held tickets.

Associated with Sirota in the concert were Clarence Eddy at the organ and Miss Berta Fiedler, violinist.

Hailed by his coreligionists as another Caruso, Sirota did not hesitate to invite comparison by singing the aria, "Celeste Aida," which has become somewhat associated with the great opera tenor's name. His voice is full and strong and rich in its quality, and his "Celeste Aida" was given with great volume and dramatic climax, but it lacks the finished qualities and the polish that only training gives.

His singing of the Jewish liturgy, on the other hand, was impressive. The novelty of the music was in itself interesting, and Sirota's presentation delightful. Here his rich, natural voice shone to advantage. His tones are sympathetic in the chants and ring clear and true. Altogether he was much happier as the cantor than as the opera singer.

Another novelty to the concert stage was to see a singer endeavoring to express true fervor and give dramatic effect to his songs, while at the same time giving considerable attention to the poise of a high silk hat.

The opening number appropriately was Mr. Eddy's own variations on "Old Hundred," played in the masterly manner of this great organist. Cantor Sirota then made his appearance and was cordially greeted. He sang Loew's "Uwuncho Yomar" with wonderful effect. So sweet is this music that it seems a pity it is not better known outside of the Jewish faith. His second offering was an improvisation of his own, full of runs and trills and furnishing ample opportunity for his high notes, but lacking the majesty and sympathy which marks Loew's composition.

Miss Fiedler played Wienawski's "Souvenir de Moscow" pleasingly to the accompaniment of Mr. Vittorio Podesti at the piano. The young violinist played excellently but too softly for so large a hall as many of the notes were entirely lost despite the attention of the

audience. Her performance was very favorably received.

Mr. Eddy played two selections and then Sirota gave the aria from "Aida." The operatic selection appealed to the audience which recalled the cantor again and again.

The second part of the entertainment included two selections by Mr. Eddy, Dvorak's "Humoresque" by Miss Fiedler and three selections from liturgical music. The last number, "Rachmono D'One," by Loew was the best of the evening. The music is of rare beauty and well adapted to the cantor's singing. Here Sirota's voice was at its best, bringing out the melody and richness of the music, with admirable fervor and spirit.

SONG RECITAL AT OPERA HOUSE

For the second time last evening the regular Sunday evening performance at the Boston Opera House took the form of a song recital, international, according to the program. There was a small but highly appreciative audience, to which the singers generously responded with many encores.

Mr. Polese opened the program with the Prologue from "Pagliacci," followed by an aria by Meyerbeer. Miss Jeska Swartz sang effectively songs by Bohm and Brahms, and Mr. Howard White's voice was heard to advantage in Tours's "Mother of Mine" and Huhn's "Invictus." He also sang Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," in strong contrast to the character of his other selections.

Mme. Carmen Mells sang "L'Air des Bijoux," from "Faust," a barcarole by Meyerbeer and Fontenailles's "Obstination." She was enthusiastically received and recalled again and again by an audience which wanted to see her as much as they wanted to hear her. She kindly responded with two encores, after which the audience reluctantly allowed her to go.

The second part opened with a violin solo by Miss Irma Seydel, who romped through the technical difficulties of Sarasate's Faust Fantasy with a breadth of tone, a sureness of touch and a virility of expression surprising in one of her years.

Mr. Lankow sang with splendid effect an aria from "Don Giovanni" and Strauss's "Traum Durch Die Daemernung," giving as an encore "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," which the audience insisted upon hearing twice. Mr. Kaplick sang two songs by Grieg with feeling.

Mr. Ramella, with his finely agreeable voice, made in some ways the hit of the evening in Tosti's Serenata, "Santa Lucia," and Capua's "O Sole Mio." After repeated recalls he gave "Woman Is Changeable," from "Rigoletto," with characteristic abandon.

Miss Scotney closed the program with an effective singing of "Within a Mile of Edinboro Toon" and Arn's "The Lass with the Delicate Air."

The accompanists were Messrs. Frank Waller, Charles Strony and Arnaldo Schiavoni.

Man never hath one day to himself of entire peace from the things of the world, but either something troubles him, or nothing satisfies him, or his very fullness swells him, and makes him breathe short upon his bed. Men's joys are troublesome; and besides that the fear of losing them takes away the present pleasure (and a man hath need of another felicity to preserve this); they are also wavering and full of trepidation, not only from their inconstant nature, but from their weak foundation; they rise from vanity, and they dwell upon ice, and they converse with the wind, and they have the wings of a bird, and are serious, but as the resolutions of a child, commenced by chance and managed by folly, and proceed by inadvertency, and end in vanity and forgetfulness.

A Macedonian Cry.

As the World Wags:

I am deeply touched by the inquiries concerning my whereabouts, physical condition and state of mind, and I should be wholly overcome if some of these kind friends and ardent admirers, unknown to me by sight or correspondence, would subscribe for my magnum opus, and pay in advance, so that the printer would take heart and Vol. I. (A.—AP.) could then appear.

My visit to Boston was not, as you hint, for the express purpose of seeing Col. Roosevelt, and it may be unfortunate for us both that I am now here. When I read in The Herald that the future of the Boston Opera House was assured—at least for three years—and that the City Club had been instrumental and enthusiastic in awakening Bostonians and suburbs to a lively sense of their duty in the matter, I said to myself, why should not this club raise a fund for the publication of my colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (Elephant folio)? Boston has its Symphony orchestra, its Opera, its Public Library. Its fame is international. Why should it not be known

Mr. Johnson with Col. Roosevelt,
I had the pleasure of talking with Col.
Roosevelt today about the recall of any
Judge who should through ignorance or
self-conceit or foolish, pig-headed ad-
herence to an existing law hand down
an opinion contrary to that of the great
public. I told the colonel, and with

some emphasis, that the experiment had already been tried. The umpire of a baseball game, even when it is not for the championship, occupies the most exalted judicial position in this country. He must be thoroughly acquainted with laws and precedents. Furthermore, he must render a decision at once and in the sight of the people. He cannot consult books and colleagues at his leisure. He cannot mull over a perplexing case. Nor can he, any more than a federal or state justice, please everyone. Time and time again has there been an urgent demand for his recall immediately after the announcement of the decision. Often this demand is expressed by the throwing of empty bottles at him. Other expressions of disapproval hurtle through the air; nor do the indignant refrain from language that is "painful and free." Yet the game goes on. The umpire continues to call balls and strikes. He still pronounces on the base running. Unless he be crippled or made speechless by some one desisting his recall, he umpires till the end.

The colonel seemed impressed; he said that this put the matter in a new light; but when I asked him if I could write down his name for a copy of my colossal work (subscriptions paid in advance) he left me abruptly, muttering something about an engagement with a rising young progressive. He might at least have said "Bully," and asked for a prospectus. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Boston, Feb. 25, 1912.

A Desirable Derivation.

As the World Wags:

In the course of reading through my new encyclopaedia I have reached the article "beer." I feel that I have made a discovery with regard to this, the value of which nearly, if not quite, equals the cost of the book, for I have learned from it that "the natives of Nubia, Abyssinia and other parts of Africa prepare an intoxicating beverage generally called bousa from a variety of cereal grains."

Doubtless you are familiar with the refrain of the old song:

"I will knock off the shoes
Of the man who put booze
In that kettle of five o'clock tea."

Boston, Feb. 24, 1912. A. P. B.

The Egyptians name their sort of beer "boozeh" or "boozah." We alluded to it some days ago. Unfortunately modern lexicographers derive "boozeh" from the Dutch "buzen," to drink to excess, or from the German "bausen," a verb of the same meaning, or from "bus," blown-up condition, tumidity. Etymologists are usually disappointing in their conclusions.

MARY GARDEN AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Mustapha.....	Mr. Clement
Philophiles.....	Mr. Rother
Faust.....	Mr. Ridder
Vagner.....	Mr. Barreau
Marguerite.....	Mary Gardner
Dieb.....	Miss Leveroni
Hartla.....	Miss Leveroni

Miss Garden appeared for the first time this season at the Boston Opera House. Her Marguerite was seen here about a year ago and then excited discussion. Whenever a new Carmen comes to us some ask first of all whether it is like Carmen of Merlimée, and many study a performance of Marguerite chiefly to say it reminds them, or it does not remind them, of Goethe's Gretchen. In Spain for many years the natives objected to Bizet's opera, as there are excitable Irishmen in the United States who cry out against "The Playboy." There have been Germans—Wagner was among them—who declared that Marguerite was a Parisian gaisette masquerading as a German maiden. And thus do some take opera and librettos with pathetic seriousness.

The Marguerite of Miss Garden is interesting chiefly by reason of the actress' individuality. She herself does not pretend to be a great singer in the conventional meaning of the word, nor is her voice a sensuous organ by nature. She would not describe it as golden or velvety. Fortunately it is not one of German silver. But Miss Garden often works wonders with this voice. S

There was a Eugene Massol who sang at the Paris Opera from 1885 to 1888. He died in 1897. "Charles VI," produced in 1883, remained in the repertoire until 1888. It was revived in 1890, but performed only four times. Massol was not one of the principal singers in this opera, if he sang in it at all. Nor do the books of operatic gossip mention his fatal eye. Offenbach was accused of being a "lettatore" and there were rumors who would not play under him. The science of "the gaze" is known among the Hindus as "Trataka Yoga," according to Mr. U. S. Surya Prakash Rao.

INDIANS SING AND DANCE

Negroes Also on Hampton Program at Plymouth Theatre.

An enjoyable entertainment was given yesterday afternoon at the Plymouth Theatre under the auspices of the Boston Hampton committee. Indians in costume gave examples of their tribal love, death and planting songs and the ball and war dances were performed. Cele, a Zulu prince, in native dress, sang a love song of his race and danced a barbaric war dance. This was followed by a chorus of negro road workers in a labor song and plantation songs were afterward sung by 30 Hampton Cadets.

Preceding the entertainment, Dr. H. B. Frissell spoke briefly on "Negro and Indian Folklore," and Robert B. Moton made an address on "The Meaning of Hampton." There were other speeches by Wolf, an Ojibway Indian, and Cele, the Zulu, who recounted customs and anecdotes of their people and told the story of their own lives. A large and interested audience was present.

TOY THEATRE PLAYS PLEASE

Amateurs Do Especially Well with Production in French.

There was a capacity audience at the Toy Theatre in Lime street last night to witness a triple bill, "Sam Average," a silhouette by Percy Mackaye, "The Locked Door," a pantomime arranged by Mrs. Frederick Briggs, and "L'Ecran Brise," a playlet by Henri Bordeaux. Including the intermissions, the entertainment lasted two hours, and, judging by the applause as well as overheard comment, everybody thought the Toy Theatre players did very well indeed.

The playlet in French was an ambitious effort for the amateurs at the little theatre—in fact, one of the most exacting tasks they have undertaken. The story concerns the revelation of the late Mathilde Monrevel's intrigue with one Pierre Emagny.

Story of the Play.

During the bereaved husband's absence the lover calls at the house, meets the dead woman's sister and makes a request for certain letters from him to Mathilde.

Unfortunately, the incriminating evidence is in a locked desk and neither Pierre nor Marthe knows the combination. Here is a trying situation, for if the desk be broken into the husband will wonder why and will, of course, ask for explanations.

The young man and his late beloved's sister are at their wits' ends. In the midst of their puzzlement Mathilde's husband unexpectedly returns, and so Pierre is compelled to make his adieux without gaining the precious letters.

By and by the husband goes to the desk to get a token for the dead woman's sister. He stumbles upon the bundle of letters, but before he can open it, Marthe demands them. In order to get them she confesses they are keepsakes of an old intrigue, that they are the only remaining evidences of her fault. Yet it isn't an easy fabrication to live up to and presently the husband gets a suspicion, then a glimpse of the truth, and, when the entreaties and protestations from his sister-in-law come with too much vehemence he falls sadly into a chair murmuring forgiveness for his wife. As Marthe slowly leaves him to his woe the curtain descends.

Four in Cast.

This fascinating little tale was told by the following cast:

M. de Chenevay.....Mrs. Stanton
M. de Monrevel.....Mr. Allard
Pierre Emagny.....Mr. Stanton
Mathilde.....Mr. Abreu
The impersonation of Pierre by Mr. Stanton was a capital piece of work. One felt that he was acting a thoroughly French young man and in the original language. The insignificant dimensions of the Toy Theatre stage merely

imposed their standing room. It was, yet, so managed to give a quite adequate and satisfying interpretation of the harassed lover.

Percy Mackaye's silhouette of war of 1812 days was given by the following cast:

Andrew.....Mr. Freedy
John.....Mr. Bunke
Miss Orla Lingard
Sam Average.....Mr. Menard
Once upon a time Mr. Mackaye wrote "Yankee Fantasies." The volume included "Sam Average." As the name might indicate, it is a stupid triviality, and just why the Toy Theatre folks considered it worth a presentation is hard to understand. Miss Lingard's talents deserved a better opportunity.

Mme. Gerville-Reache Makes Remarkable Impression as Dalila.

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Samson.....Mr. Zenatello
Dalila.....Mme. Gerville-Reache
Grand Pretre.....Mr. Riddez
Abimelech.....Mr. Mardones
Vieillard Hebreu.....Mr. Lankow
Messager Philistin.....Mr. Saldagne
Premier Philistin.....Mr. Glaccone
Deuxieme Philistin.....Mr. Barreau

Mme. Gerville-Reache took the part of Dalila last night for the first time in Boston. She was heard here as a member of Mr. Hammerstein's company in April, 1909, and her reading of the letter in "Pellican et Melsande," her brilliant Amneris, and her intensely dramatic Anlita in "La Navarraise" are well remembered. When "Tristan and Isolde" was performed here recently she took the part of Brangane in two representations, but the music was not well suited to her voice.

In the course of the years certain impersonations stand out in bold relief—as Jean de Reszke's Romeo, Milka Ternina's Isolde, De Lucia's Canio, the Carmen of the earlier Calve, the Iago of Victor Maurel. This list might easily be extended, and the Dalila of Mme. Gerville-Reache should surely be included.

Grave and learned divines have speculated concerning the character of the woman of Sorek and arrived at entertaining conclusions. Only a few months ago a deep thinker read a paper before a meeting of earnest inquirers and gave it forth as his opinion that Samson, although a Hebrew and of the family of the Danites, had probably no difficulty in conversing fluently with Dalila—not that he was a distinguished linguist, but communication between the races had familiarized them with the respective tongues.

It is not necessary, however, to dilate on the psychology of the character in discussing Mme. Gerville-Reache's impersonation. When a woman takes the part of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Dalila, or any other noble dame of antiquity whose face or personal fascination played havoc with men, it is only reasonable to ask that the temptation be at least intelligible to the spectators. Last night the weakness of Samson was not without excuse, for Mme. Gerville-Reache was a seductive apparition.

Saint-Saens's music displayed her voice in its sumptuous beauty. The lower and middle tones of this voice are peculiarly full and rich, and although the extreme upper tones are not so inherently beautiful and not so freely emitted, the singer used them skillfully for dramatic purposes. It is an unusual voice, the voice of Eustacia Vye, and seldom are tones of such truly contralto quality now heard on the operatic stage. The voice alone should have led Samson astray.

But Mme. Gerville-Reache also acted the part with much more than ordinary skill. Her facial expression, her gestures and attitudes, her nuances of sensuous enticement, her intensity of passion, together with the spell of her voice, made her impersonation irresistible. And this performance was free from extravagance, nor in the scene of seduction did she become inartistically sensual.

It has been said that a singer taking this part should show to the audience that she seduces Samson only through hatred of his race, or through patriotism; that she really is not the prey of what is known to Frenchmen as "l'amour"; she feigns this passion. This is a fine point that may admit of academic discussion. But how can a singer singing with passion music that is sensuous convey this esoteric meaning to an audience? The believers in this theory would surely not have Dalila slyly wink at the audience or even at the conductor while she is wooing Samson hotly.

Mr. Zenatello was in fine voice, and he sang with the utmost freedom and with dramatic intensity. His impersonation of Samson has often been praised in The Herald, and it is now enough to say that he was effective in every way. Mr. Lankow's noble voice gave dignity to the oratorio music of the first act and Mr. Mardones gave character to the uninteresting part of Abimelech. Mr. Riddez had honorable intentions and he acted with more than pontifical spirit, but his voice seemed to have become impaired by strenuous service in the Temple of Dagon.

The choruses were sung impressively and Mr. Caplet gave a brilliant reading of the score. As a spectacle alone this opera is well worth seeing at the Boston Opera House, and not the least attractive features in this spectacle were the grouping at the end of the first act and the sight of Dalila at the beginning of the second, when she was waiting for the High Priest. The thunder storm at the end of this act was particularly well managed.

On Friday night Massenet's "Werther" will be performed for the first time in Boston. The chief singers will be Messrs. Clement, Riddez, Lankow, and Mmes. Maria Gay and d'Ollige. Mr. Caplet will conduct. It is said that Mme. Gay is looking forward to the performance, for the domestic nature of Charlotte appeals to her.

We spoke recently of "Club Cameos" by Harry Graham now publishing in the Pall Mall Gazette. Here are three verses descriptive of

Brook's.

How soft those whiskered waiters tread,
Their dishes dexterously handing!
'Twould seem (as some one aptly said)
As though a nobleman lay dead
Upon an upper landing,
In such tranquillity and quiet
Do members masticate their diet!

Yes, here is peace, that "perfect peace,"
Which loved ones safely at a distance,
Which men demand who seek release
From cares that cause the brow to crease
And poison the existence.
Peace, comatose—nay, cataleptic—
Dear to the dotard and dyspeptic!

The special feature of the place
Is that it has no special feature;
Its tone is that of frigid grace
With which the Briton loves to face
Each human fellow-creature.
Here she meets son, or brother brother,
And neither need address the other!

Olives and Radishes.

This reminds us that "E. S.," who edits the column of gastronomic notes entitled "Hors d'Oeuvre" in the Pall Mall Gazette, regrets that there is not one first-class fish restaurant in London. It seems that there is "urgent" need of a house where not only oysters, but fish of at least two dozen sorts should be available day and night, "cooked in many different approved and orthodox styles and thoroughly reliable and sound from the point of view of absolute freshness." "Reliable fish!" Somehow or other that does not sound, though it may smell, right. And "E. S." says that fish in this ideal restaurant would not be served in "the common, negligent, English, flabby fashion." He mentions three or four restaurants that are excellent, also oyster shops, but he longs for something still better.

M. Granvilliers is dead, a cook who had served in London at the Criterion, the Langham and the Continental, and since 1897 at Prince's restaurant. "He was an earnest, conscientious artist, with becoming modesty." He once wrote on a photograph of himself in kitchen uniform: "Ever since my apprenticeship which, unfortunately, is now far back, I have always endeavored to cook as well as my mother cooked; but I have not yet been able to do this." The eternal Frenchman with "Ma Mere" on his lips whether the stage be in a theatre, in the street or in the kitchen! And should a truly great cook be modest? Has he not a right to be vain in a princely manner? Henley complained of the "elaborate and extravagant cruelty" of Thackeray's Alcide de Mirobolant and contrasted it with the half-respectful irony shown by Disraeli toward his cooks in "Tancred"; but Henley was only too eager to praise any one at the expense of Thackeray. Alcide was a fine fellow in his way, and he would have appreciated the late M. Granvilliers.

The Switzer's Inns and Outs.

Has any sociologist answered with scientific precision the question: Why are the Swiss pre-eminent as inn-keepers? Years ago they were famous mercenaries and proverbs and sayings were not wholly to their credit. Why should they be so shrewd in determining the wants of travellers and satisfying them? And this shrewdness is shown in any land. Are the Swiss foreordained wait-

ers and landlords? There's a foolish story of an Englishman who was admitted to the Strangers' Gallery of the National Convention at Berne. He thought he recognized a member and unconsciously exclaimed: "Waiter!" The whole convention at once turned toward him and shouted, "Coming, sir!"

It was Mr. F. E. Chase who said, great inns have little outs. It was at the time when he was inventing titles for possible novels in the manner of Jane Austen: "Seen and Obscured," "Colic and Bucolic: a Summer Idyl."

Suggestive Glowworms.

A story about Thomas Hardy's grandfather was told recently at a meeting in Dorchester, Eng. Two men were waiting for the grandfather to rob him. He put glowworms in his hat, sat down on a furze faggot, placed the hat on his knees, stuck fern fronds on his head to represent horns, and began to read a letter by the light of the glowworms.

The robbers thought he was the Devil reading a list of expected lodgers.

May not this have suggested to Mr. Hardy a fantastic scene in "The Return of the Native," the scene of Wildeve and Diggory Venn seated on ferns and throwing dice for sovereigns by the light of 13 glowworms ranged in a circle on a stone?

Strictly Personal.

In a new opera, "L'Aigle," with music by Jean Nouges, Napoleon Bonaparte sings. And why not? In opera many heroes and noble dames of history prefer singing to speaking, from Samson to Henry VIII, from Julius Caesar to Gustavus III, from Messalina to Catherine of Russia.

Miss Muson said in London: "In domestic service there is an opening for educated women, and if carried out with no false sense of shame there will be no loss of social status." And she added, "Lady servants must be fully trained."

Berberohm Tree believes in censorship of plays and shudders at the thought of "unpleasant subjects" on the stage. It was W. S. Gilbert who characterized Sir Herbert's Hamlet as "funny without being vulgar."

James Kelley, Jr., of Elizabeth, N. J., 6 feet in height and 52 years old, complained in court of his father who is 82. "Your honor, papa slaps me all the time and it hurts too. I want you to send him to jail." It was at Minneapolis in 1905 that a vagrant 84 years old would not give his real name from fear of disgracing his father. The father entered the court room and led his wayward son home by the coat collar. And the ancients told of an old man met beating his father, and when bystanders complained he answered that it was the custom of his house that his father had so beaten the grandfather, and that his own son would beat him when he should arrive at a fine old age. "And the father, whom the son hated and dragged through thick and thin in the street commanded him to stay at a certain doore, for himself had dragged his father no further; which were the bounds of the hereditary and injurious demeanours the children of that family were wont to shew their fathers." The choir will now sing:

Blest be the tie that binds,
Which links us to our kind.

which 1012

TORONTO CHOIR

By PHILIP HALE,

The Mendelssohn choir of Toronto, A. S. Vogt, conductor, and the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago, Frederick Stock, conductor, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, sang the solo in the selection from Verdi's "Requiem." The hall was filled in every part and many stood. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Liebesfrühling," op. 28, F. Schumann; Lotti, Crucifixus, Gounod; Psalm 137; Berlioz, Judex Credens, from the "Te Deum"; Wagner-Thomas, Trauener: Wagner, Bacchanale, from "Tannhauser"; Bach, Sanctus, from the Mass in B minor; Grieg, Ave Maris Stella; Verdi, Libera Me, Domine, from the "Requiem"; two choruses for male voices, Storck's Night-Witchery and Bullard's Nottingham Hunt; Stock, Symphonie Waltz, op. 8; Bantock, arrangement of "Auld Lang Syne"; Brockway, Hey Nonino; Wagner, Choral and Choral Finale, from "Die Meistersinger."

This was the last appearance of the famous Choir of Toronto. It is not too much to say that its performance was a revelation to even those who have heard the celebrated choruses in this country and in European cities. Other choruses may show a high degree of technical perfection; they may be conspicuous for decisive attack, perfect intonation, unvarying precision, fleetness in rapid passages, the management of breath or distribution of singers that insures musical and rhetorical phrasing. The Mendelssohn Choir is thus conspicuous, but it has other qualities that are rare even in choirs of a small and carefully selected number.

This Choir of Toronto is remarkable for exquisite tonal quality. In piano passages the tone is as though it were disembodied. There is no thought of massed singers or of any individual singer. Hazlitt said of Mozart's music, it comes as in the air and it returns to it. This might be said of Lotti's "Crucifixus," Grieg's "Ave, Maris Stella," and the episode, "Requiem aeternam" in Verdi's "Libera," as they were sung last night.

Seldom are tones of such pure and ethereal quality heard from any church choir long celebrated in Berlin, Rome or Munich. And in this instance the singers were men and women, not boys, not male sopranos and contraltos. There were moments, as in the "Ave" of Grieg and in the "Libera," when the effects produced by the sopranos in the upper register were of unearthly beauty.

The vigor of these singers never approached coarseness, and in fortissimos that were "as the voice of many waters," there was always the suggestion of reserve force, so that there was beauty in strength. There were delicate nuances in the performance, sudden and surprising contrasts without dis-



By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Massenet's "Werther," lyric drama in four acts, libretto by Ed Blau, Paul Milliet and G. Hartman, performed in Boston for the first time. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Werther.....Mr. Clement
Albert.....Mr. Riddlez
Le Bal.....Mr. Rothler
Schmidt.....Mr. Leo
Johann.....Mr. Letoll
Brutalman.....Mr. Regnier
Charlotte.....Mme. Gay
Kastchen.....Miss De Courcy
Sophie.....Miss D'Ollige

"Werther" was produced at Vienna in 1892. "Manon" first saw the footlights in 1884 and was the fifth of Massenet's operas. After "Manon" came "Le Cid" (1885), "Esclarmonde" (1889), "Le Mage" (1891). Unlike some of Massenet's operas that preceded and followed, "Werther" was not written in great haste; it was not composed to fulfil a contract, or fitted, like a tailor-made gown, to a certain soprano, or conceived with the intention of winning immediately the applause of the crowd. It has never been so popular in Paris as other and inferior operas of this indefatigable composer. It has never had success in London or New York in spite of the fact that Jean de Reszke was the Werther, and when it was revived in New York in 1909 it excited little attention.

The story is necessarily a lachrymose one, and it is impossible to sympathize with the hero either of Goethe's romance or of the opera. There is little material for an opera in the sentimental romance that once was read throughout Europe and encouraged the melancholy to put an end to their woes, real or imaginary. The interest in the romance is only psychological; it lies in an analysis of Werther's character.

The librettists therefore were obliged to make changes in the story and introduce characters. Schmidt and Johann, who apparently have nothing to do but to sing and drink, are the creatures of the librettists, and Goethe's steward would never have associated with such idle toss-pots. The Charlotte of the librettists is a far more passionate woman than Goethe's "well conducted" and highly estimable maiden and wife. It is only in the opera that she rushes into the chamber where Werther lies dying and confesses her love for him. There is no indication in Goethe's romance of Albert's jealousy, nor in the romance is there sinister significance in his forcing Charlotte to hand over the pistols to Werther's servant, Sophie in the romance is a little girl. In the opera she is old enough to be amorously attached to the melancholy prig who, as she knows, is in love with her sister.

Thus the librettists did their best to lighten the gloomy tale and provide dramatic situations. For the purposes of opera, it matters not how closely a librettist adheres to a novel, play, or historical incident. After the libretto has been written, the original source should not exist as far as the spectator is concerned. He is in an operatic world for the time, and this world with its strange singing inhabitants is necessarily absurd viewed in the light of cool reason, whether it be created by Donizetti or Wagner, Gluck or Debussy. The important questions are these: Did the libretto stimulate the fine frenzy of the composer? Does it interest an audience?

The music of this opera is eminently sincere, simple in spirit, composed as a rule with a view to the dramatic requirements rather than to the vanity of a singer or the easily receptive ear of the hearer. The opera is a veritable music drama with symphonic treatment of the orchestra. There are a few instances

of insignificant airs, as those given to Sophie, and dreary drinking song; these are incongruous and disturb the prevailing mood of the respective scenes.

The second act is musically the weakest. There is little in it of importance until the air "Lorsque l'Enfant" and Werther's speech about love.

But the opening of the first act has charming simplicity. The entrance of Werther has character, and the announcement by the phrase given first to the solo cello, then to the solo violin, is one of the finest passages in the opera. There are many beautiful moments in this act, as the phrase "Chers Enfants," the suggestion of the dance music. The orchestral interlude that portrays the charm of the summer night, Charlotte's account of her mother's death.

The third act is dramatically the strongest, with the treatment of the suicide motive which appeared toward the close of the preceding act, the reading of the letters by Charlotte, the strophes of Ossian, and in the fourth act the contrast between the death scene and the children's voices without is poignant and not too theatrical.

The music of "Werther" is peculiarly intimate, not scenic, not decorative, as in some of Massenet's more celebrated works. It is music of moods and sentiments, and in the more passionate moments in the last two acts there is not the vulgarity or the deliberate hysteria that is too often characteristic of this composer. The various scenes have true atmosphere. The instrumentation is delightful in euphony obtained by artfully simple means, and at times it is exquisite in its blend of delicate timbres, in its suavity, its grace.

But it is easy to see why "Werther" has not had the success it musically deserves. The libretto is not interesting. No one is moved by Werther's sorrow, no one is fascinated by Charlotte. There is an absence of action. There is little diversity of sentiment. There is a luxury of woe. The long succession of slow movements in the music soon becomes monotonous to the average audience. The harmonic sweetness is cloying. There are not enough salient melodies for the opera-goer who prefers a tune to the elaboration of a mood.

The production was a sumptuous one. The first scene was pretty and restful. The second with its back drop representing a landscape was singularly beautiful. The interior in the third act was quaint in its German homeliness, its wall paper, its stove that did not remind one of the 15th century, the pictures hanging on the walls. The costumes were picturesque. And the management of groups in the first two acts gave life and reality to the scenes.



Edmond Clement, who sang Werther.

It would be fairer to speak of the singers when they are more accustomed to their parts. This does not apply to Mr. Clement, who has taken the role of Werther at the Opera Comique and in New York, "Werther" is in effect a tenor opera. The hero, melancholy as he is, and he drips melancholy as soon as he enters, bears the brunt. The most effective solo music is allotted to him. Mr. Clement's singing and acting deserve the warmest praise. He sang eloquently, with constant appreciation of the text and the situation. His impersonation was intelligently composed, and he looked the part. His Werther is to be ranked with his Des Grieux.

If anyone had said last week that Mme. Gay was not the woman to take the part of Charlotte, his statement would have seemed reasonable; but her performance surprised the doubters. Not that she was an ideal Charlotte as we all imagine her, for the nature of Mme. Gay is dramatic and she is at ease in parts that demand dramatic action, or reckless coquetry, or flaming passion. Yet she was reposeful in the opening scene, dignified and womanly in the second act, and she showed in the later scenes a fervor that Goethe's Charlotte never knew. If she had known it, Werther would not have borrowed the pistols and Albert would have been the woeful one. Mme. Gay's rich voice found full opportunity for display.

Mr. Riddlez gave individuality to Albert and acted better than he sang. Mr. Rothler made much of the small part of the Steward.

Mr. Caplet brought out clearly and poetically the many beauties of the score.

GEBHARD PLAYS LISZT CONCERTO

Is Soloist at the 17th Public Rehearsal of Symphony Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Heinrich Gebhard was the soloist. The program was

as follows:

Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms
Concerto in A major, No. 2.....Liszt
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

Von Bülow used to say that the program of a Symphony concert should include a work by one of the three "B's" and he meant by them, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Inasmuch as he was an admirer of Berlioz, and even enjoyed conducting the overture to "The Corsair," he might have spoken of four "B's." Then there is Bruckner. Bülow himself composed music to "Julius Caesar," symphonic poems, "The Singer's Curse" and "Nirwana," a "Funeral" which has been played here at a Symphony concert, and other pieces—labored and boring. He was not noted for his modesty, this strangely gifted and tortured man, but he did not include himself among the necessary "B's."

A conductor, at a loss in program making, might arrange a series of concerts with respect to the alphabet as far as possible. "A" would not present obstacles, and there are symphonies—one good one by Kalinnikoff—under "K." "T" and "X," "Y," "Z" might be less tractable.

Yesterday we heard the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Berlioz, three "B's" who are well contrasted. The overture of Berlioz might have been played with more elegance in the allegro passages, but the pace precluded it. It was a pleasure to hear the incidental oboe solo. The performance of the symphony was heartily applauded and that of the third movement, one of the happiest inspirations of Brahms, deserved this applause.

A Viennese musician once said that whenever he heard anyone of Brahms's four symphonies he was inclined to prefer it to the other three; but he was a passionate Brahmsite. The second has a freshness and a spontaneity that are perhaps not found in the others, though the third presses it hard in these respects; but there is a rugged grandeur in the first that puts it above the others.

And to think that when this second symphony was first played in Boston one of the leading critics then found the music perplexing and declared, when he was apparently sober and clothed in his right mind, that he could conceive

of Sterndale Bennett writing a better symphony! That was 33 years ago. In 1945 some student in the Brown Room at the Public Library will doubtless be amused by opinions expressed by us all of works first heard in 1912. Some of us will not then be disturbed by his laughter or by quotations ornamented with exclamation marks of contempt or wonder.

Mr. Gebhard gave a very musical performance of Liszt's second concerto, which, lacking the circus pomp and dash of the first, is not so greatly enjoyed by a miscellaneous audience; but it is the more poetic and the more sensuous work. Mr. Gebhard's performance was distinguished first of all by fine tonal gradations and by genuine tonal beauty. He has evidently labored hard to acquire a rich tone and variety in degrees of force and his labor has been fully rewarded. His performance was also distinguished by clarity in expression, a sense of proportion, and a realization of the spirit of the composition. The performance was eminently satisfactory and the pianist was deservedly recalled several times.

The program of the concerts of March 8th and 9th will be as follows: Weingartner, Symphony No. 3, E major, op. 49 (first time in Boston); Sibelius, concerto for violin, D minor, op. 47 (Maud Powell, violinist); and Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride."

March 3, 1912

BEACON SOCIETY HEARS ARGUMENTS FOR OPERA

Singers Add Pleasure to Cordial Speeches for Support.

It was opera night at the 20th meeting of the Beacon Society of Boston at the Algonquin Club last night. The musical program was arranged by Henry F. Hurlburt, president, and included some of the choicest voices of the Boston Opera Company.

Philip Hale, the musical critic of The Boston Herald, traced the history of the opera in Boston, telling of various past endeavors and of their final culmination in the work of Mr. Jordan. Henry Russell presented the civic argument for the opera, with an account of its varied appeal to community needs. Frederic S. Converse, the vice-president of the opera company, in Mr. Jordan's absence read a carefully prepared statement of the aims of the management and the respects in which it hoped for the fuller co-operation of the public. A. Shuman, who was the concluding speaker, responded in behalf of the public, voicing the thanks of the society to the speakers and the other entertainers of the evening, and pledging renewed interest in the great work which Mr. Jordan and his associates have undertaken.

may be reckoned truthful who only tells necessary lies. It was written for the New World Lanza, a sort of a play. It is an ugly tale and a coarse one, but to adopt the idiom of the play, "it tells the truth." The struggle between Laura's better and weaker self is a real struggle, dramatically exhibited her agony when she finds herself enmeshed in her own lies is really pitiful.

The Paul Mall Gazette characterized the drama as interesting. "Mr. Walker paints his picture with remarkable variety and truth."

The Daily Telegraph said: "The play leaves an impression of rough strength and realities. But it is enough in itself to make it well worth hearing. Every one except the haughty folk who can understand nothing when it is not ordinary will find much refreshment in the blizzard and hurricane style of 'The Eastland Way.' It is rather a crude world indeed, but for all that, it is a world real and alive."

And not one word of protest in any London journal, not one letter of remonstrance from a shocked theatrogoer? Are Bostonians really so much better than the dwellers in other towns and villages?

A Scot's Tribute to Boston

Some of my Scotch friends, formerly residents of "Auld Reekie," but now naturalized Bostonians, are growing impatient at the selfishness of New York in keeping for so long a time in that city the Scotch play, written by a Scotsman: "Bunt Pulls the String." For various reasons they can't go over to New York at present, and so they are anxious to have the play brought here. Notwithstanding their thirst for something Scotch, they are proud and fond of their adopted city, as witness the following lines slipped me by one of the clan the other evening, over a glass of toddy:

Dear is aul' Boston, O!
Dear is aul' Boston, O!
The dearest spot o' a', I trow,
Is Boston, by the braid sea, O!

She's a queen wi'out a stain,
The pride o' a' the Muses, O!
A' lo'e her as their vera ain,
While lo'e she ne'er refuses, O!

Dear, etc.

The sunlight glints on ev'ry ban,
An' on her gowd crown taries, O!
An' to a man, the Boston clan
Some sunnier sunshine carries, O!

There sae there's mony a bonnie spot
Mair fair—but I naan doubt it, O!
Where deft han's keep the parritch hot—
Wow! wha can live wi'out it, O?

Sweet is the parritch, O!
Sweet is the parritch, O!
I lo'e it best o' a', I trow,
Wi' heans, weel baked, in Boston, O!

When I had read this over, I exclaimed:
"Great Scott, where's your glossary?"
He replied: "Hoot mon!
Owhean' your Bobbie Burns."

Mon 4.19.12

The Ashantes are forbidden eggs by the fetish.

"Nothing will more affront a woman of Tessee than to offer her an egg. The custom is the more singular as the men eat eggs without scruple in the presence of their wives."

In the North of England the first time a child visits a neighbor or relation, it is regularly presented with salt, bread and an egg.

"Many will only eat the yolk, in a conceit to nourish more plentifully"—Dr. Muffett in 1655. Dr. Muffett adds: "Eggs potch into water or verjuice are fittest for hot complexions."

Diocorides, a wise man in his day, recommended eggs pounded with oil for affections of the eyes.

Rhases advised his patients to eat eggs in a soft state with pepper and marjoram.

Horace—Q. Horatius Flaccus, not Greeley—affirmed that eggs of an oblong shape are the best.

"How many means there be whereby eggs doe good as meat, there is not one but knoweth: for even in their going downe, they passe through any tumor or swelling of the throat, and with their kind heat foment those parts by the way. There is not any kind of vland in the world besides it, that nourisheth a sicke man, without any offence or burthen at all to the stomacke; and it may go well enough for meat and drinke both."

For 300 Years.

The ancients preserved their eggs in the flour of beans, chaff or bran.

But without any flour, without any deliberate attempt at cold storage, eggs have been kept for 300 years and then eaten. An old wall of a church vestry in a village near Lake Maggiore in Italy was taken down early in the 19th century. In the middle of the wall, which was two feet thick, were found three eggs. They were on a bed of stone and surrounded by the hardened mortar. There was no hole through which any hen could have entered. It was supposed that they were put there

by a workman building the wall and closed accidentally. The wall had not been disturbed for over 300 years.

Curiosity led those present to break one of the eggs. "This was done by a servant, who stood at some distance to avoid the danger that might have resulted from the infection of the egg." The yolk and white were found to be well formed, and the smell and taste showed that the egg was fresh. It was fit for eating and continued to be so after being exposed to the air for four days. The other two were opened eight days afterward at Milan. They were not so fresh as the first and had a somewhat salty taste. The shells had lost in whiteness.

Eggs in China.

As the World Wags:

I notice today that you refer to a luncheon in which an omelette of frozen Chinese eggs is mentioned. That reminded me that in one of our consular reports a consul located in western China stated that last June eggs were selling in the locality covered by him at the rate of nine eggs for 1 cent. As your omelette was made from frozen eggs, it seems as if the difference between price in China and here would admit of importation. The same consul stated also that it was untrue that the Chinese subsisted upon rice in the main, as wheat is also raised in western China in immense quantities. Conditions as to harvesting are also very much the same there as here, only there is great difference as to wages of harvesters. The consul states that at harvest time scores of thousands of laborers flock to the wheat fields there, as is done in our own western country. There is this difference, however, the Chinese harvesters only receive 10 cents per diem and not only board themselves, but find their own reaping instruments, while in our own country harvesters receive \$2 per diem, or more, as well as their board and the farmers also supply the reaping machinery. The same consul gives the price of wheat in China as 25 cents per bushel, as compared with about \$1 per bushel in our western country. The Chinese harvester's wages appear low in comparison with wages paid our own harvesters, but it is probable that in connection with improved machinery the apparent difference disappears. I remember hearing Sir Morton Peto, one of the largest of England's contractors, who had executed huge contracts in all parts of the world, state that "he had paid his English workmen \$2.50 per diem and Chinese workmen 10 cents, but the high priced workman was the cheapest in the end." J. W. AYRE.

West Somerville, Feb. 21.

Hartford Papers Please Copy.

As the World Wags:

Here are three verses of a poem found in an old scrap book. Can you tell me the town referred to? Was it Hartford, Ct., my birthplace? I hope not. J. D. K. Boston, March 2.

Under the gallows in Hartford town,
She stood and spake what she had to tell,
While jeer and clamor, and scowl and frown,

Saluted the words that, trembling, fell
From her poor pale lips that April day,
In seventeen hundred and fifty-three,
When the mob had gathered in fierce array,
To see her hanged on the gallows tree.

The Witch:

"I had wandered into the woods that day,
For herbs, as I oft had done before;
And Julius Perry soon came that way,
And he spake vile words till my soul grew sore;

I sought to leave, but he barred the path,
And struck me down with a brutal blow,
And then, in savage and ruthless wrath,
He charged his dog on me, faint and low."

The Accuser:

Said Julius Perry, a dark-browed man:
"I had started an old gray fox that day,
And swiftly over the field it ran,
To its den in the woods, two miles away;

And following fast, my dog and I,
Beside the den of the old gray fox,
And prone and panting, and like to die,
I found this witch-woman, Julia Cox."

CONCERT FOR SYMPHONY FUND

Orchestra Entertainment Is Assisted by Miss Elena Gerhardt.

Symphony Hall was well filled last night at the concert in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony orchestra. The orchestral selections of the evening were chosen from the works of Tschalkowsky and three of his best known compositions were given in the usual excellent manner of this famed band of musicians.

The opening number was the symphony in B minor, "Pathetic." The four movements were given with great power and spirit, the finale being notable for its melodic strength. Mr. Fiedler conducted with careful appreciation of nuances.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, who gave her

service with a soloist and sang in her ever delightful manner. Her first appearance was in three songs of Wagner, "Stille Still," "Traume" and "Schmerz," to the accompaniment of the full orchestra. She was in excellent voice and sang with wondrous sweetness and purity of tone. She was presented with a huge wreath of laurel, a yard in the diameter, by the orchestra in appreciation of her aid in their concert.

The second selection by the orchestra was the suite from the ballet "Nutcracker." Its peculiar, even fantastic, music was skillfully played and was one of the most delightful members of the program. The sudden and startling changes in the varieties of dance music were keenly appreciated by the audience, whose spontaneous applause carried a note of mirth with it. The players of the bells, flutes and harp were compelled to

rise as their turns came, in answer to the demand of their lectures.

Miss Gerhardt's second appearance was in a group of songs of Schumann, "Provencalisches Lied," "Mondnacht," "Die Soldatenträut," "Ich Grolle Nicht" and "Frühlingsnacht," with Miss Paula Hegner at the piano.

The concluding number was the overture "1812" by the orchestra with the organ, played with force and full martial effect.

DIVIDE HONORS AT OPERA HOUSE

Miss Fisher and Mr. Mardones Respond to Encores at Concert.

Miss Fisher and Mr. Mardones divided honors at the concert at the Boston Opera House last evening. Miss Fisher sang an aria from "Les Huguenots." She was in good voice and refreshingly dramatic and expressive in her singing. The "Ave Maria" she gave as an encore was a treat. Mr. Mardones's virile voice was heard to great advantage in an aria from "Robert Le Diable" and Tejada's romance, "Perjury," which followed it was admirably suited to him and given almost flawlessly. As an encore he sang "La Paloma" in a refreshingly individual way.

The favorable impression Miss Jeanette Barbara Werner created a few days ago was repeated by her work last evening. The young violinist played Beethoven's Romance in G and the finale of Saint-Saens's Concerto in B minor, Charles Strony being her accompanist. In both selections she showed a fine depth and virility of tone, and an occasional want of decision detracted little from her performance. Mr. Strony seemed too self-effacing in the Beethoven selection, but rose to the demands of the music in the Concerto most satisfactorily.

Mr. Barreau, first on the program, chose to begin with the Toreador's song from "Carmen," following with an aria from "L'Africaine," in which the lack of orchestral accompaniment was less noticeable.

Mme. De-Courcy gave a delightful taste of Massenet's "Werther," followed by Godard's "Vlens Avec Nons," sung in a thoroughly satisfying manner.

Mr. Olshansky gave an aria from "Life for the Czar" by Glinka, followed by Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," the "Marseillaise" ending of which he sang in an heroic manner which moved the audience to real and deserved enthusiasm.

An Aria from Lohengrin, sung by Miss Amsden, ended the first part of the program. The audience wanted more, but was forced to be satisfied with an exceedingly short encore.

Mr. Romito gave arias from "Mefistofele" and "Boheme," the latter, particularly being sung most sympathetically and with admirable control.

Mr. Gaudenzi closed the evening with an aria by Giordano and Quaranta's Galoppa, "Morello," both of which deserved more recognition than they received.

MR. HARRIS IN RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

George Harris, Jr., gave a song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by the young violinist Miss Irma Seydel. Mr. Ernest W. Harrison was the accompanist, but Mr. Harris played the accompaniments when he sang the songs of Schubert and Strauss. The program was as follows:

Verdi, La mia letizia infondere from "I Lombardi"; Beethoven, Das Buem-

chen Wunderkind; Brahms, An eine Aeolsharfe; Dvorak, Gipsy Songs Nos. 6 and 7; Bach (with violin), Mich kann kein Zweifel stoeren und Seht, was die Liebe tut; Schubert, Du bist die Ruh and Die Forelle; Strauss, Heimliche Auforderung; Gretry, Air from "Zemire" ("Du moment qu'on aime"); Berlioz, Absence; Marlon Bauer, Melancolie (MS.); Schindler, Chant de "Trocadero"; Lalo, Marine; violin pieces; transcription of Chopin's nocturne in E-flat major and Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dances, Nos. 7 and 8; Salter, The South Wind; Class, To you, Dear Heart; M. Bauer, The Dream Stream (MS.); Hammond, The Pipes of Gordon's Men.

Mr. Harris has sung here in concert and in oratorio. His fine taste and general musical intelligence are well known. The voice is a slight one, well suited to lyrics of a contemplative or tender nature, peculiarly adapted to the interpretation of the elegiac, for there is a touch of plaintiveness in the tones themselves.

As a singer his performance was distinguished yesterday by purity of intonation, a skillful management of breath as shown by an excellent legato and expressive phrasing, and simplicity rather than versatility in the interpretation. His voice and his style found a more congenial task in the song of Brahms, Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh," Berlioz's Absence, and the songs by Gretry, Bauer and Schindler than in the Gipsy songs, the song by Strauss or Lalo's "Marine." The technical skill of the singer was well displayed in the first of the songs by Bach. One of the features of the concert, however, was his rendering of Strauss's "Morgen," which he sang, recalled after the third group, and to his own accompaniment.

The program was not a conventional one. Perhaps Mr. Harris chose the Cavatina from "I Lombardi" to exhibit his legato, but what does he find in Beethoven's strophes? It was a pleasure to hear the beautiful song of Berlioz and Mr. Harris sang it with the utmost sympathy. It was also a pleasure to hear the air from Gretry's opera, "Gretry informs us in his curious memoirs that Clairval, who took the part of Azor, knew how to show all the sensitiveness of a timorous lover in the air sung yesterday. Azor in the opera is represented as a monster of ugliness with a charming nature. Now Clairval was renowned for his handsome face and well-turned figure. The women of Paris sighed for him and languished. Gretry slyly adds: 'I have always thought that the charming physique of this actor, appreciated in advance by the spectators, contributed to the illusion created by him in this role.'

Miss Seydel, the young daughter of Mr. T. Seydel, one of the double basses of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has also been heard here before. She is a little girl of uncommon talent which has been carefully and admirably trained. Her tone is full and pure; her technique is well developed so that she plays fluently, accurately and with a brilliancy surprising for one of her years; and her phrasing is that of a musician. In all that she did yesterday there was nothing to remind the hearer of that most unpleasant and irritating person, the infant phenomenon.

There was an appreciative and warmly responsive audience of fair size.

"ROSE MAID" IS

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Rose Maid," an operetta in two acts and four scenes, adapted by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith from the German of Felix Dornmann and A. Altmann, music by Bruno Granichsraedten. Produced by Werba & Luescher. Max Bendix, musical director.

The Duke of Boxchester, J. Humbird Duffey
Sir John Portman, R. E. Graham
Princess Hilda, Edith Decker
Dennis, Ed. Gallagher
Schmuke, Eugene Redding
Lairdan, Arthur Lacey
Daphne, Adrienne Auzaria
Capt. Bertie, Rob. M. Bottomley
Gwendolen Bruce, Dorothy Folli
Countess Bertrand, Juliette Dika
Blatz, Harry Lambert

This operetta, produced only a week or so ago, has not yet been shaken together. It is in need of revision and especially in need of condensation.

The story is a presentation of well known material. A spendthrift duke owes money to four lenders. His rich uncle pretends that he is married and has an heir, Daphne, the daughter of the duke's housekeeper, loves the duke. Countess Bertrand, to spite one of the money-lenders who has offended her, substitutes Daphne at Ostend for one of a group of American heiresses whom she is chaperoning, and the duke, who is now a "plant" and in the hands of the syndicate of money-lenders, falls in love with her and remains in love with her even after she reveals herself. Of course there is a happy ending.

This story, old as it is, might well serve operetta purposes, but it is told clumsily, at tedious length and with tiresome detail. The dialogue is lifeless and many of the company at present speak their lines without the significance that often gilds that which is commonplace.

The music is of a higher order, yet there are few arias that make an immediate impression. "Two Little Hearts," the "Stork" ensemble, the

...Money ... Bloom for ...
...vely Moon, met with the most favor-
it night. The instrumentation is dis-
ect, and an enlarged orchestra, led
mirably by Mr. Bendix, an excellent
usician, an experienced conductor and
violinist of deservedly high reputa-
on, gave full effect to the score.
The company includes men and women
who would shine more brilliantly, no
doubt, if they had been encouraged by
the librettists. Mr. Duffey, Duke Duffey,
has a pleasing voice and sings easily
and effectively, but as an actor he is
stiff and angular. Miss Augarde has a
charming personality. She acted grace-
fully an inherently colorless part. Miss
Dika was delightful as the Countess
with her sly malice, her incisive reading
of the lines. She almost saved the first
act. Messrs. Gallagher and Shean awak-
ened hearty laughter by a vaudeville
dialogue in the second scene of the se-
cond act. This dialogue was wholly in-
congruous, an interpolation that had
nothing to do with the course of the
action, but it tickled the large audience.
Others in the company labored faith-
fully, but their labor was too apparent.
The evolutions of the attractive chorus
were agreeable to the eye.
The production was sumptuous. Scen-
ery and costumes showed the liberality
of the managers.

Our valued correspondent "Balze" asked a few days ago: "When did the Spencer cease to be worn by man?" He also referred to the shawls worn by Bostonians.

A dictionary informs us that the Spencer is a man's or woman's short over-jacket which was invented by the Earl of Spencer, who died in 1845.

The Late Mr. Gibus.

And so a belated earl gave his name to a jacket as another, one Cardigan, to a knitted woolen over-waistcoat. They were more glorious than Charles Macintosh, who invented the cloth of the protective garment, but not the coat itself. None of these names, however, exerts the spell long exercised by Gibus, the creator of the collapsible, crush, accordion, opera hat. We are told that he was a hatter. We like to think of him as a spare, tall, sad-face person, rather elegant in his dress. How was he inspired to devise the thing that now is voted unfashionable in New York and Boston and is the "Complete Stilton" in London? Did he once sit on his own silk hat and thus provoke the laughter of the rude and the unfeeling, the titers of aristocratic dames? What was his first name? Was he fond of the opera or did he secretly prefer a cider cellar? We have before this quoted the remark of a sour Englishman, one E. Forbes, who in 1854 wrote: "No man in a gig ever commanded public awe or private respect." Did Mr. Gibus ever read or hear this withering remark? Did it rattle, or did he only count the sales and rub his hands and smile?

Sandwiches and Spencers.

The Spencer was invented after the Earl of Sandwich invented a form of nourishing food which could be eaten conveniently when he was at the gaming table. John Montagu, fourth earl of Sandwich, once spent 24 hours in a gambling pit and ate nothing but slices of cold beef placed between slices of toast. The word itself came into use about 1765. It was probably in 1792 that Lord Spencer made a wager with Sir Edward Chetwynd that he could set a fashion which would be the rage within six months, and the form of dress would be without meaning and unnecessary. He then and there called for shears, cut off the tails of his long coat, put on the garment as it was and walked the streets. It is said that he was a handsome, dashing blade. In two weeks all London was wearing the Spencer; in two months all England, and the garment quickly became popular in America. Gillray caricatured the earl in May, 1792, as wearing a blue Spencer, with the tails of a red and brass buttoned coat showing beneath. And a Londoner was moved to write these verses:

Two noble lords, whom if I quote
Some folks might call me slinger,
The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner,
The plan was good as some will say,
And fitted to console one,
Because in this poor starving day
Few can afford a whole one.

Fashion Notes of 1803.

The spencer was worn by women in America both for walking and carriage dress. Levantines, spotted silks and striped lutestrings were favorite materials. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle quotes from a fashion note of 1803: "The trimming is always satin. The Augusta spencer is one of the prettiest dress spencers. The waist is finished with tabs cut in the form of leaves. In velvet spencers, black, purple and bottle green are favorite colors. The velvet is cut byas. Perleale dresses are worn with these (December). Pellics, called carricks, are worn trimmed with ewan's down and steel."
Why "Carricks"? A carrick, or car-rack, was a large ship of burden, a galleon.
A Persian spencer was highly recom-mended because "it demands a correct neatness of the robe with which it is

...in ... an ...
...attention to the ... of the ...
...and leg." But what had a spencer ...
...short at the waist, to do with the dress ...
...of the leg?

Two Historic Shawls.

"Balze" thinks that men in Boston gave up wearing shawls about 39 years ago. We saw a man with a shawl instead of an overcoat about 10 years ago in a theatre of this town. He is still living, a well known citizen. He occasionally writes a sonnet. We have received the following letter:
As the World Wags:
Apropos of shawls Abraham Lincoln wore one and hung it on top of the door when he came in—one sees him scraping it off his tall form.
Amlet boasted an "old mountain shawl" and described it in a beautiful fragment in his "Journal Intime."
And one instinctively pictures a pub-licist in a shawl: gray, worn square, but not folded in the exact middle; a man who minds everybody's business but his own is bound to show ragged edges in his attire.
L. L.
Braintree, March 1.

Forgetful Mr. Moore.

Mr. Thomas Hardy and other English writers of distinction sent their greet-ings to Mr. Howells on his 50th birth-day. Mr. George Moore missed a fine opportunity to make amends for his re-marks about Howells's novels in the "Confessions of a Young Man": "Girls with white dresses and virginal looks, languid manners, mild witticisms, here, there, and everywhere; a couple of young men, one a little cynical, the other a little overshadowed by his love; a strong, bearded man of 50 in the back-ground; in a word a Tom Robertson comedy faintly spiced with American. Henry James went to France and read Turgenieff. W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James."

Safety in Beer.

Joy to the world! A prominent dis-sector in Boston declares that a drinker of beer, one that has regular beer hours, seldom, if ever, has hardening of the arteries.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Choco-late Soldier," an opera bouffe in three acts, book by Bernauer & Jacobson, based on George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man." English version by Stanislaus Stange. Music by Oscar Straus. The cast:

Nadina Popoff.....Alice Yorke
Aurelia Popoff.....Mildred Rogers
Mascha.....Janita Fletcher
Lieut. Bumerli.....Charles Purcell
Capt. Massakroff.....Francis J. Boyle
Col. Kasimir Popoff.....George O'Donnell
Maj. Alexius Spiridoff.....George Tallman
That best of all modern opera bouffe is "The Chocolate Soldier," now in the third year of its popularity. Every aspiring young soprano and ambitious young baritone and every nuisance of a piano and hurdy-gurdy have tried to kill "My Hero," but here it is again, getting almost as insistent applause as it compelled in the days of its novelty. And the "Letter Song," and "Falling in Love," and "Tirralala" and "Never Was There Such a Lover"—no matter how they are sung, they continue happily to appeal. The reason is simple enough; their music is the real thing.
Then there are the swaggering Spiridoff, the carefree Bumerli, the "old fool" Kasimir, the sprightly Mascha, the sentimental Aurelia and the comical Massakroff—all genuine personages, with enough of Bernard Shaw in them to make for clever humor and enough of Bernauer and Jacobson to cause an occasional guffaw. "The Chocolate Sol-dier" is thus a happy combination of delightful music, laughable story and ably drawn caricature.

With the return of the Whitney Opera Company come those prime favorites of last year, George Tallman as the hero, Mildred Rogers as the mother and Francis Boyle as Capt. Massakroff. Each has made his or her part a per-sonal possession. Tallman still sings effectively and plays his really difficult part with as much unction as ever. The Bulgarian captain of Francis Boyle as a piece of caricature is immense. Mildred Rogers's Aurelia is both sung and acted with intelligence, voice and skill generally. But where is Fairleigh—where is the droll, infectious Bumerli of yesteryear? The part belongs to no-body else, for he gave it a hundred and one deft touches that made it one of the pleasantest memories of "The Choco-late Soldier."

The sum and substance of the renewed impressions of this production are that though the music and the book are as good as ever, it is the right of Boston to expect a production thoroughly ade-quate in every respect.

WERTHER IS REPEATED

Caruso to Sing in "Girl of the Golden West" Tonight.
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second per-formance in Boston of Massenet's "Werther." Mr. Caplet conducted.
Werther.....Mr. Clement
Albert.....Mr. Riddex
Le Bailly.....Mr. Rothier
Schmidt.....Mr. Giaccone
Jehan.....Mr. Lefol
Rehmann.....Mr. Renner
Charlotte.....Mme. Gay
Sophie.....Miss D'Olliv
Knechten.....Miss DeConroy
Un Domestique.....Mr. Julien

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Clever Operetta Heads Bill—Many Boston Entertainers.

"California," Jesse L. Lasky's mam-moth production, never before presented in Boston, tops this week's B. F. Keith's bill. "California" is an operetta, the story of which deals with the mission of San Juan in the golden state and the American engineers who would put a railroad through the historic grounds. The production is notable alike for its large cast, its effective soloists and its impressive setting. The role of Califor-nia, the Spanish-Indian girl, is played by Miss Leallo Leigh, while Billy Tell-fair, the American engineer with whom she falls in love, is taken by Harry L. Griffith. Of the songs presented one of the best was the ensemble "Save the Mission," in which Miss Leigh was heard to excellent advantage.

Bert Fitzgibbon, who originally hailed from East Boston, made a big hit in his usual role of the crazy singer of crazy songs. It used to be the Fitzgibbon trio, but now Bert is working by him-self. That fact, however, didn't seem to disconcert him in the least. Fitz-gibbon has a lot of clever stuff that is original with him, but at other times there is very much of James J. Morton to his act.

Another of the hits of the bill was Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry in their sketch "Rube," one of Mr. Barry's own crea-tions. As Fitzgibbon is an East Boston boy, so Jimmy Barry used to play around the back lots of South Boston during his boyhood days, little dreaming then that fame and fortune awaited him upon the stage. Barry as Zeke Wilkins the "Pride of Hensfoot, N. Y.," has just the sort of a part that he likes best while Mrs. Barry plays Miss Dazle Daz-leman, the chorus girl, whom Zeke de-termines to meet at all hazards.

Minnie Allen, a clever young woman in Boston this week for the first time presented a unique planologue that was enthusiastically received as were How-ard and Howard in their favorite, "The Porter and the Travelling Man." Noth-ing better has ever been seen in the line of pirouetting than that of the Robert Trio, recently arrived from the Folies Bergere in Paris. Then there is the Joseph De Koe Troupe, sensational human jugglers.

A. G. Cutler, the well-known profes-sional billiard player, but booked on the circuit as just Bert Cutler, gave an exhibition of many difficult masses and time shots, the customary mirror being used to enable the audience to follow the course of the balls more closely. Cutler is just another Boston boy on this week's program, but has never before appeared locally in vaude-ville. Reba and Inez Kaufman, a nov-elty dancing and singing trio complete the card.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE

Enjoyable Revival of a Success of Former Days.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Private Secretary," a farce in three acts, by William Gillette. Performed by the Castle Square company.
The Rev. Robert Spaulding.....John Craig
Mr. Benson Cattermole.....Mr. Hassell
Mr. Douglass Cattermole.....Mr. Palmer
Mr. Harry Marsland.....Mr. Christie
Turpin Marsland, Esq.....Mr. Walker
Mr. James Gibson.....Mr. Meek
John.....Mr. Heley
Knox.....Mr. Blekford
Mrs. Stead.....Miss Montgomery
Miss Edith Marsland.....Miss Bladen
Miss Eva Webster.....Miss Lothrop
Miss Ashford.....Miss Colecord
Mrs. Spaulding.....Miss Richmond

CARUSO HERE

By PHILIP HALE
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Mor-anzoni conducted.

Minnie.....Mme. Carmen Melis
Dick Johnson.....Mr. Caruso
Jack Rance.....Mr. Polese
Nick.....Mr. Cilia
Ashby.....Mr. Lankow
Sonora.....Mr. Blanchart
Larkens.....Mr. Bonari
Billy.....Mr. Tavecchia
Wovle.....Miss Leveroni
Jake Wallace.....Mr. Mardones
Jose Castro.....Mr. Olshansky
Mr. Caruso sang here for the first time with the Boston Opera House Company and took the part of Mr. Johnson for the first time in this city.

There was a very large audience at this extra performance. Last week "Werther" was performed for the first time in Boston, and the audience was comparatively small, although Mme. Gay and Mr. Clement were in the cast. This is not surprising. It's the old story: A famous singer, not a new opera, not an excellent ensemble, draws the crowd. When Italian opera was given in 1847 at the Howard Athenaeum, seats were sold at a high premium for the nights when Fortunata Tedesco sang.

The Germans boast of their ensemble, yet whenever Mr. Caruso appears in one of their cities the prices are raised to an absurd height and the opera house is packed. Charles A. Ellis was wise in his generation. When "La Boheme" was performed in Boston for the first

time, he gave the part of Mimi to Mme. Melba. It was she that filled the Bos-ton Theatre, not the unfamiliar opera, which by many at the time was con-sidered a strange and untimely work, so that they wondered why Mme. Melba consented to sing in it.

The audience last night evidently en-joyed the performance, which was in-deed an excellent one. It is only just to say that equally good performances of this melodrama with music have been given by the local company last season and this season. Mr. Caruso is still a box office magnet of great power, and his voice and his good nature make him a favorite. The voice is still an unusual one, although in the course of years it has lost in a measure the golden quality and the clarion brilliance that set Mr. Caruso apart from other tenors. No one denies the beauty and strength of this voice, but as an interpreter of emotions and as an actor in either heroic or lyric parts he is not superior to other singers. Take the part of Johnson, for example: Mr. Zenatello's impersonation is more varied, more picturesque, more imagina-tive, both in song and in action.

It is also true that Mr. Caruso last night was more interested in his part, more expressive, less indifferent than he has been in other roles, when a visitor in Boston; but he is first of all a singer, and in operas like "The Girl of the Golden West," dramatic ability is also demanded.

The other singers were evidently actuated by a desire to show the visitor what they could do. Minnie is now Mme. Melis's best part. In this she is freer from mannerisms than in other roles. Mr. Polese was unusually fortu-nate in his impersonation of the sheriff. Mr. Blanchart was again a capital Sonora, alert and realistic. Mr. Lankow made much of the part of Ashby.

Mr. Cilia's Nick could not have been better. Why do we not hear him in other operas? Nor should the Castro of Mr. Olshansky, although the part is a small one, be overlooked. In a word the ensemble was one of which any opera house might well be proud. The manage-ment of the stage was of the best, nor should the stage manager be blamed for the sudden bisection of a tree in the third act. Mr. Moranzoni led with full appreciation of the dramatic and poetic features of the score.

VIOLIN SONATA RECITAL

Miss Durrell and Mr. Pattison Play in Steinert Hall.

Miss Josephine T. Durrell, violinist, and Lee Pattison, pianist, gave a con-cert last night in Steinert Hall. The program was made up of these sonatas for violin and piano: Purcell's in G minor, Corelli's in A major, Beethoven's in C minor, Malchevsky's op. 1.

Surely a great variety. Purcell's sona-ta, extremely rare nowadays, is unpre-tentious—almost childishly simple. Con-trapuntal throughout, it furnishes an interesting study from a historical stand-point. Corelli's sonata, if slightly more developed in character, is not much more difficult and certainly not more interesting than its predecessor. Taken together, however, they served as good examples of archaic musical form.

In Beethoven's sonata both the per-formers had much better opportunity, particularly in the finale.
Precision and notably good ensemble in the syncopated passage charac-terized this movement. Great development of the sonata-form: shows in this work which, indeed, is typical of the highest and best in all musical form.

In Malchevsky's sonata the com-poser has embodied much of the now familiar phraseology of so-called "modernism" in music. Characteristic, perhaps, of the unrest of present day music—seeking as it does the most novel and bizarre effects—is the radical de-parture from all sonata-form. An Adagio, and a theme with variations (seven in all) constitute all the form there is in this piece. But coming as a climax to the historical development of the program as a whole, it ably rep-resents its era.

One thought the performers had little real opportunity in this program to fully display their undoubted abilities. Mr. Pattison's playing was nearly enough faultless as to technique, and showed unquestioned interpretative ability. He has a fine sense of the proportion and equilibrium necessary to duo-playing, and unusual in one ac-customed to much solo work.

Miss Durrell shows great promise as an artist. Her playing last night throughout was characterized by clean technique, and many times by a warmth of tone-color.

A large audience greeted the pair and heartily applauded.

"C. W. E." writes to The Herald in answer to Mr. N. H. Dolc's question about visiting cards: "Venice state archives have a visiting card of 1500 used by a student at Padua. It is a bit of parchment. It was sent to Venice by" (here "C. W. E.'s" writing is il-legible—the name looks like "Contarini"), "who explains the custom of visiting cards. Although the subject is not Brit-

Carrick in Scotland

is a curious fact that the English Dictionary shows "carrick" as applied to the former, "barrow" to the latter. A large ship of burden, also fitted for warfare, a galleon. In Scotland the name of shintie or hockey is called carrick, and the name is given to the wooden ball driven by clubs or hockey sticks. We read of "pellises called carricks." Now, a pelisse was first of all a long mantle or cloak lined with fur, and later a long mantle of silk, velvet, cloth or other material worn by women. It reached to the ankles and had armholes or sleeves.

Spencers in Boston.

To the Editor of The Herald:
In answer to a question in Mr. Hale's "As the World Wags," "When did the name come to be worn by man?" may be found in a paper entitled "An Epitaph of Colonnade Row," read before the Bostonian and other societies a year ago. I stated that the late Mr. Frederick Spence, brother of Mr. James Bowdoin Spence, was the last Boston gentleman to wear a "spencer," the history of which has been given in your columns. The Messrs. Bradlee were well known in the house now occupied by Little, Brown & Co. Although I cannot give the date of their deaths, several of the children are still with us.

S. ARTHUR BENT.

Commonwealth Avenue, March 5.

Mackintosh and Variants.

As the World Wags.
For a number of weeks I have wished

to ask you for your authority regarding the correct spelling of the name of the inventor of cloth, but felt that it would be unfair to impose upon your time. After today's issue, however, I feel justified in asking, and there is the added desire to gratify that yearning of human nature on the part of those who do not know too much, to know an occasional gentle "nod" by one who has knowledge and wisdom they highly esteem. Some weeks ago I gave the London Chronicle version of the "lost macintosh" joke. After a remark about the Chronicle, I said, "And the Chronicle spells it without a 'k.' The variant 'macintosh' is allowed by dictionaries, but the inventor is slighted, for it was Charles Mackintosh who invented it, as stated in 1823 the waterproof material named after him." Today you said, "They were more glorious than Charles Macintosh, who invented the name of the protecting garment, but not the garment itself." Long ago I got the hint that the correct spelling was Macintosh, and my only encyclopedia (a somewhat unauthoritative one) gives that. Doubtless the "variant" of today's issue is due to the mechanical end of the paper, and therefore the "nod" is not a "nod," but I crave to know which spelling is really the correct one.

I incidentally wonder whether any American name has been misspelled more ways than has mine. Without counting the common, natural "variants," I have "Mackentoch," "Mackintosh," "Mackintosh," the latter on a letter otherwise perfect. Yesterday brought "Mackintosh." But of all ever received I think "Mackintosh" struck me as the oddest. And a curious fact is that I have never seen the word, when used as the name of a garment, spelled otherwise than "mackintosh," so that, in view of its present very common use, it seems strange that like spelling of my name is the exception instead of the rule. I would like to offer a prize for the person with true American name who can give the greatest number of genuine misspellings of name.

JOHN W. MACKINTOSH.

Sharon, March 5.

The new English Dictionary spells the name of the inventor "Charles Macintosh" without the "k," but the preferred spelling of the waterproof cloak is with a "k." Some other dictionaries spell the name of the inventor with a "k." All the dictionaries permit the "macintosh" for the garment.

MARY GARDEN SINGS THAIS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Massenet's "Thais." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Thais Miss Garden
Crobyle Miss Fisher
Myrtale Miss Swartz
Alphonse Mrs. Hensens
Charmeuse Mrs. Scottay
Alphonse Mr. Renaud
Nicias Mr. De Potter
Prieur Mr. Lankow
E. Serviteur Mr. Barreau
The appearance of Miss Mary Garden and Mr. Renaud in Massenet's opera drew a very large and brilliant audience.

As the music of "Werther" shows the better side of Massenet's nature, so

The opera house was filled with an audience of the highest quality. The music was superb, and the acting was of the highest order. The music was of the highest order, and the acting was of the highest order. The music was of the highest order, and the acting was of the highest order.

Attention is now called to the fact that the music was of the highest order, and the acting was of the highest order. The music was of the highest order, and the acting was of the highest order. The music was of the highest order, and the acting was of the highest order.

But Miss Garden and Mr. Renaud make the opera not only tolerable and to be endured, but also engrossing. Miss Garden never pretended to be a mistress of "bel canto." Mr. Renaud is a great artist with the remains of a voice. As far as singing in the good old fashioned meaning of the word is concerned, the honors were borne away last night by Miss Fisher, Miss Swartz and Mr. Lankow. The duet of Crobyle and Myrtale in the square in Alexandria was one of the features of the performance, and they sang delightfully in the conversational quartet before the house of Nicias. Mr. Lankow's rich and sonorous voice gave dignity to the music of Palemon.

And what should be said of Miss Garden's Thais at this late day? She disappointed many in the scene of the vision by not revealing in the amphitheatre the glory of her bodily perfection. Last evening there was really no reason why Athanael should have been disturbed in sleep or eager to save a perishing soul. The exhibition might have been given at a church fair in any town hall of New England. In truth, this scene was awkwardly managed, but for this Miss Garden was not responsible. Later in the opera she gave no cause for disappointment.

Her impersonation of the "grande amoureuse" was a striking one. She supplied by her dramatic art—and this art is peculiar to herself, for it defies canons and precedents—what the music lacks. Her sensuousness was never vulgar. It was the sensuousness that the philosophers in Alexandria approved. There was a glorification of the flesh, in the sense of Swinburne's line: "noble and nude and antique." She was the priestess of Aphrodite and Eros. She herself was one of the city's gracious deities. Had she thrown off the last remaining garment when she stood radiant on the steps of Nicias's dwelling, there would have been no shock to the sensibilities, no thought of shame.

Her superb entrance, her sudden start at the sight of the monk, her appeal to his senses, were only a prelude to the scene of temptation with the final cry, "I am thine," followed by revulsion and terror. And as the greater the sinner, the more humble and deep the repentance, so were the later scenes of equal and touching dramatic force.

It is not necessary to dwell upon her curious pronunciation of French, or the characteristics of her vocal art, or, if you prefer, the lack of art. The voice itself was fuller and freer than when she was last here, and she often colored tone with irresistible effect.

Mr. Renaud's Athanael is a remarkable impersonation. Nothing could be finer than the display of fanaticism in the opening scenes; the quiet, but compelling dignity in his conversation with Nicias's servant; the unexaggerated, but evident, struggle between the flesh and the spirit in the scenes with Thais; the exaltation when he had won her soul for heaven, and then the gradual awakening of the senses, the final despair, the horrid thought that she might have lived in sin and been his. This monk was raised by Mr. Renaud from a creature of the librettist to the tragic hero of M. Anatole France's ironical romance.

Mr. De Potter took the part of Mr. Clement, who was indisposed. The stage settings, the costumes, the animation of the crowd, the dance of Miss Galli, all contributed to the success of the performance.

This afternoon "Germania," by Franchetti, will be performed for the first time in Boston. The chief singers will be Mmes. Melis, Amsden and Fisher and Messrs. Zenatello, Amato, Blanchard and Mardones. Mr. Conti will conduct.

The opera tonight will be "Faust," with Mmes. Dereyne, Swartz, Leveroni and Messrs. Jadowsker, Rother, Olshansky and Barreau. Mr. Strony will conduct.

Weingartner's New Composition

By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Maud Powell was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 3 in E major.....Weingartner
Concerto in D minor for violin.....Sibelius
Overture to "The Sold Bride".....Smetana
Mr. Weingartner is a distinguished

musician and a man of magnificent presence and noble conversation. He has composed some of the most interesting and effective. He has written sensibly about the Symphony since Beethoven and shrewdly about the art of conducting. We have yet to hear any orchestral work or chamber music by him that shows conspicuous melodic invention or marked skill in thematic development and instrumental coloring.

A Symphony and a Symphonic poem have been played at these concerts. They were the respective fruit of honest labor. This new Symphony was produced in Vienna a year ago last November. It was played in New York by the Philharmonic Society at the end of December, 1911.

It might be described as a pretentious composition, pretentious in the true sense of the word, not as it is used, a synonym of "sumptuous," "gorgeous," in the vocabulary of the modern press agent. It is laid out at great length and consumes an hour of valuable time in the playing. It is scored for all sorts of instruments, though we miss the concertina which appeals to the ingenious Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, nor is the ocarina family represented. Nothing, however, is gained by the use of the extra instruments. The organ swells the volume of sound in the third movement, and, as is always the case when an audience hears an organ with an orchestra, applause yesterday followed the climax, although the movement was not at an end. With all this apparatus, Mr. Weingartner does not succeed in procuring new effects, nor are his combinations unusual in color. The instrumentation is conventional. At times, as in the variations of the finale, it seems experimental and is ineffective. There are times when it is paltry, feeble, as when the waltz movement is played by the flute with accompaniment of celesta and harp. There was a Frenchman by the name of Auber who with the ordinary orchestra of his time scored more brilliantly and with a finer sense of proportion and color in the overtures to his operas. There is a Frenchman named Saint-Saens, whose scores look thin to the eye and ravish the ear. It is not the number and variety of instruments employed that give a work distinction; it is the manner in which the ordinary orchestra is used. And it may here be said that in the majority of pages of this symphony the extra instruments could be dropped out without making any material difference.

There is a decided lack of melodic invention in this symphony. The influence of many composers is recognized. There are few musical thoughts worthy of attention. In the first movement the opening theme promises something, but the development of this motive and of the broad chromatic theme, and of fragments of the two, is laborious and wearisome. There is little variety in the successive treatments. There is endless repetition. The second movement, which may be called a scherzo, is cheaply constructed. Its chief theme is common, not piquant. The trio section is no better. The third movement, an Adagio, is the best of the four. There are moments of genuine beauty, of true nobility of thought, but they are few. I have already spoken of the variations in the finale. They are now halting, now pedantic. There are thundering hints at the waltz to come; for the conclusion is in waltz form, a form dear to the Viennese, and at that time Mr. Weingartner was director of the Vienna Court Opera and also of the Philharmonic concerts. The waltz finally comes. It recalls the apology of the old Grecian for having such an elaborate funeral when the dead child was so small. A waltz by any one of the leading Viennese operetta composers would be much more to the purpose.

It was the intention of Miss Powell to play Beethoven's violin concerto at this concert. Enthusiasts over the music of Sibelius wrote to her, urging her to play the concerto of the Finnish composer, which she introduced in Boston about five years ago, when she played with the Symphony orchestra. She heeded the request, although she, liking the concerto, must have known that she would have won more applause if her task had been more grateful.

It is true that the first two movements are unusual. They are in the nature of concert pieces for orchestra with violin. The first is rhapsodic, grimly emotional, elemental in its stubborn fierceness. It is granitic music, and what beauty there is in it is the beauty that may be associated with a desolate moor and a threatening sky, while the rebellious sun sinks slowly behind a bank of clouds. The second movement is of lofty, sustained and sombre eloquence. The finale, with the coda by Pietro Florida, is of less value, but its aggressive and defiant rhythm is more to the taste of the people than are the features of the preceding movements.

Miss Powell, as before, overcame the technical difficulties with consummate ease, and played with the conviction and the authority that have ranked her high in the list of violinists.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Strauss, Symphonie Domestica; Beethoven, Concerto in E flat major, No. 6, for piano and orchestra. Wilhelm Bachaus will be the pianist.

Not Dead in Boston.

The London Chronicle keeps in mind that the silk hat is dead in America. What does it mean by this? The "topper" was never worn by American business men as constantly as by City men in London. There was a time when lawyers thought it a necessary part of their uniform. But the "sicker" in America is seen at the opera, it is worn solemnly at weddings and funerals; it is sported on Sunday. Surely it is not dead in America. We do not wear it in America as was once the habit in England—in Cornwall until about 50 years ago. William III., like a good Dutchman, put it on during the sermon. The Chronicle reminds us that a year or two ago members of the municipal council of Courteuil, France, attempted to make the wearing of the plug hat illegal, on the ground that the sight humiliates those who cannot afford to have a chimney-pot; that the hat itself is not beautiful, not necessary; that it is worn chiefly by loathsome aristocrats who grind the face of the sweating poor. A fine of £5 was the proposed penalty, but the measure was rejected.

Two Distinguished Artists.

Two eminent artists have been talking about women's dress. M. Rodin, returning from Rome, mourns the fact that the Roman women, beautiful, well developed, with "harmonious gestures," wish to dress in the Paris fashions, which are made "only for the graceful and lively Parisian." The Roman girl is beautiful, and therefore has no need to be graceful. The other artist, Mr. Redfern, says that the hobble skirt, "a temporary aberration," is doomed. The coming fashion will "unite the spirit of Greek drapery with the elegance and distinction of the robes of the Second Empire." There will be no rigid lines; harsh materials will be replaced by soft, clinging stuffs. Speed the day!

The Red Planet Mars.

The laurels of Mr. Percival Lowell will not let M. Perrier sleep. M. Perrier is of the French Natural History Museum and talks about the inhabitants of Mars as though he made week end visits to the planet. He describes them as blue eyed, long nosed—it was Napier who said, "Give me a man with plenty of nose"—heavy eared, with huge heads and bulky chests, with spindle legs and

arms and an immaterial waist. They are kind hearted, and are acquainted "with the noblest delights of the intellect and the most suave emotions of the soul." But M. Perrier still leaves us athirst for information. Was there a canal ring in Mars, like the one exposed in New York by Mr. Tilden and his young men? What are the amusements in Mars? Do they have subsidized opera? And their "heavy cars"—are they fastened neatly to the head or are they of the wing-wang description?

News from Court.

Edward VII., a stern moralist, had a rooted objection to reversing in the waltz. Once, when a foreign attaché, not knowing the royal prejudice, reversed gaily with his partner at a state ball in Buckingham Palace, he was ordered not to repeat the act. George V. is more liberal and now reversing is coming into fashion. We are informed by persons who are well informed in all these matters—we decline to say whether they are members of legations, caterers or florists—that regulations as to dancing at the Berlin court balls are much more strict. Only the deux-temps waltz is permitted.

Miscellaneous Information.

The legal wage of the journeyman shaver and haircutter in Melbourne has been fixed at £3 a week from the beginning of this year. The wage before that was £2 5s. The proprietors of the shops proposed to raise the price of a haircut to a shilling and of a shave to a shilling.

It is said that the earliest use of the word "strike," in the sense of stopping work, occurs in the London Chronicle of September, 1765, in connection with a coal strike. The publication reports a great suspension of labor in the Northumberland coalfields, and the colliers are stated to have "struck out" for a higher bounty before entering into their usual yearly "bond."

At stated intervals descriptions of eccentric persons are published in the newspapers. These enliveners of the street are not confined to Paris and London. Years ago Cicero in his essay on old age, which "lacks banquets, and piled up boards, and fast coming gob-

Franchetti's "Germania" Is Performed First Time in Boston at Opera House

is, and is therefore free from drunkenness and indigestion and sleeplessness," recalled an old man he had known in his youth. "There was old Cato Duffies, son of Marcus, the first man that conquered the Carthaginians by sea. Many a time when I was a youngster I stood to look upon him as he was marching home after supper, with a torch to light him and a little playing before him. That was always his humor, and the great reputation of the man easily justified the story and the singularity of the practice, for it wanted a precedent."

March 10 1912

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Germania," lyric drama in four acts; libretto by Luigi Illica; music by Alberto Franchetti. Mr. Conti conducted.

Loewe.....Mr. Zenatello
Worms.....Mr. Amato
Crisogono.....Mr. Blanchard
Stappes.....Mr. Mardones
Palm.....Mr. Still
Lietzow.....Mr. Pulcinelli
Berger.....Mr. Cilla
Werner.....Mr. Diaz
Peterson.....Mr. Kaplick
Cap. Polizza.....Mr. Tavecchia
Palm.....Mr. Letol
Palm.....Mme. Melis
La Reine.....Miss Amadei
Jules.....Miss Fisher
Armath.....Miss Leveroni
Lietzow.....Miss D'Ollige
Berger.....Miss De-Courcy

The libretto up to the fourth act or epilogue is theatrically effective. The story is interesting and clearly told. There is plenty of varied action. The dominating theme is patriotism, a theme that should appeal to an audience in any land; and in the libretto the love of country and the desire to overcome the invader reconcile Loewe and Worms about to fight a duel to the death, and cause the spectator to forget the treachery of Worms, who had seduced Rieke, the betrothed of Loewe. Historical characters are introduced and they have an air of verisimilitude. The dramatist has skillfully contrived his curtains.

The first is particularly noteworthy. After the entrance of Loewe with new adherents to the cause; after the lusty chorus of "Lietzow's Wild Chase" to Worms' music, come the arrest of Palm, his farewell, touching in its simplicity, and the sight of the little Jane watching him as he is led away. The climax of the third act is impressive, with the Queen receiving the homage of the secret and sworn band; with Loewe and Worms, now friends in the death to come, exulting and the foremost. The fourth act is inconsequential and tiresome. Loewe is longer than King Charles the Second in dying. The only thing of interest in this act is the scene of the battlefield with corpses, and this is interesting chiefly through the management of lights.

As the opera was produced yesterday afternoon, "Germania" as a spectacle is most attractive. The stage settings compel and hold the attention; the old mill with the cottage opposite; the forester's hut in the Black Forest with the chorus of peasant girls and the thunder squall; the vaulted and spacious underground chamber with the masked patriots, and then the battlefield of Lepsic. The costumes are more than ordinarily picturesque—although Mme. Melis wears an incongruous costume in the second act. The dramatic business in the first and third acts is stirring by reasons of the management of groups and the varied expression of interests and sentiments. For three acts the interest was almost constantly maintained.

If only some other Italian had written the music!

Franchetti is sometimes reproached for his wealth. He is rich in this world's goods. He is poor in musical invention. Thus there is another instance of the divine average. Thus is there enforcement of the law of compensation.

What one of us a block away from the opera house yesterday afternoon remembered one melodic phrase, one harmonic progression, one combination of orchestral instruments, one salient or poignant musical effect? The story is fresh in the minds of us all. The scenes are even now before us. The chief actors are as real as the tenants in the flat below. Only the music made no impression. Stay! There was that appalling orchestral din in the prelude to the last act; a din that poor Franchetti fondly thought was a master stroke of realism.

No one doubts the sincerity of poor Franchetti, born in a family of bankers. He has studied seriously in serious Germany. He has composed a symphony, a rare thing for an Italian. He has written several operas. "Germania" shows labor. Franchetti is not afraid to work.

If a composer could only buy melodic invention, originality of thought, the expression of emotional intensity, the ability to depict character in tones, or to be dramatic in music for a voice or for a surging crowd, or for the orchestra. Seldom is heard in any opera of large pretensions such colorless, ineffective music. How refreshing yesterday was the sound of the old

also introduced: "Gaudeamus Igitur," "Lietzow's Wild Chase," etc.

The performance was in all important respects an excellent one. Franchetti would have had little cause to complain. Mr. Zenatello acted the part with fine discrimination, abstaining from sentimentalism in the early episodes, not giving way to exaggeration in the scene of abandonment and the heroic scenes that followed. And as he sang, the music had for the moment plausible warmth; it almost had a certain eloquence. Mr. Amato, admirable artist, gave a carefully composed impersonation of Worms and indicated subtly the complexity of his character. Would that there had been music worthy

of his beautiful voice and vocal art! One of the chief features of the performance was the excellent characterization of Crisogono by Mr. Blanchard. Here was portraiture in the Flemish manner.

What a wealth of detail and all of it natural, necessary, as though it had been expected! The success of the first act was largely due to his histrionic skill. Mr. Still will not soon be forgotten as Palm, nor Mr. Mardones as Stappes, the pastor. And in like manner those who took the lesser parts, as Mr. Tavecchia, for instance, gave true character to them and created an atmosphere and an illusion that were wholly and sadly missed in the music.

Mme. Melis was evidently an Italian, masquerading as a German girl. She has not yet grown into the part. Certain mannerisms, which of late have affected her art, were not so noticeable yesterday. She sang forcibly, at times shrilly, the characterless music. Miss Fisher distinguished herself again by a realistic performance of a little girl, realistic, yet with the requisite touch of poetry. Her parting with Palm could not be bettered. Miss Leveroni gave some importance to the part of Armute. All, in fact, contributed their share.

The audience warmly welcomed the new work. The applause was especially hearty after the third act. Was it for the play, the music, or the performance? Probably for the play and the performance. For in no instance does Franchetti emphasize or even strongly suggest emotion by any of his music for a solo voice, nor is he fortunate in writing for a chorus in action. In the latter respect Giordano is his superior—witness his treatment of the Convention scene in "Andrea Chenier."

GOUNOD'S "FAUST" GIVEN

Enjoyable Performance at the Boston Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Strony conducted.

Faust.....Mr. Jadlowker
Mephistopheles.....Mr. Rothier
Valentine.....Mr. Barreau
Wagner.....Mr. Olshansky
Marguerite.....Fely Dereyne
Siebel.....Mme. De Courcy
Martha.....Miss Leveroni

At the evening performance of "Faust," Mr. Jadlowker made his first appearance in Boston this season, while Miss Dereyne was seen for the first time as Marguerite. Mr. Jadlowker's Faust is a decidedly love-sick specimen with rather

more than necessary dependence upon his evil mentor. Especially was this noticeable in the garden scene. His voice is sweet and strong, but his high notes last night seemed forced.

Miss Dereyne was admirable in her acting, her scenes at the death of Valentine and in the prison carrying much of the dramatic. Her singing won applause. Mr. Rothier's Mephistopheles is perhaps his best role, and his acting and singing were of high order. He was stirring in his serenade in the third act.

Mr. Barreau's delightful voice shone to advantage in the role of Valentine, and his death scene won him deserved applause.

NINTH OPERA LECTURE

Prof. Marshall Talks of Works of Modern Italian Composers.

More than 400 enthusiastic students of the opera attended the ninth meeting of the Boston University opera course, in Jacob Sleeper Hall, yesterday afternoon. Prof. John P. Marshall of the musical department of the university lectured upon the modern Italian operas. He was assisted by members of the Boston Opera Company.

The program was as follows: Siciliano from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, Mr. Ramella; prologue to "Pagliacci," Leoneavallo, Mr. Polese; Ridi from "Pagliacci," Mr. Gaudenzi; aria from third act of "Manon Lescaut," Puccini, Mr. Gaudenzi; Vissi d'Arte from "Tosca," Puccini, Miss Scotney; Ludolph's narrative, Mimì's tale, duet from "La Bohème," Puccini, Miss Scotney, Mr. Ramella.

CONTRALTO IS SOLOIST WITH ZOELLNER QUARTET

Marion May Sings at Concert in Steinert Hall.

The Zoellner quartet, assisted by Marion May, contralto, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Fasch, sonata 44; Beethoven, "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc" (Miss May); Singing, Serenade op. 92; songs: Halle, Herbst; MacDowell, the Sea; Beethoven, "Tis Snowing"; Beethoven, quartet op. 74 No. 10.

The opening quartet styled "Sonata" is a good example of early contrapuntal style. While scarcely worth the distinguishing, per se, it became quite worth while by virtue of the interpretation by these artists. The three voice effect of the second movement and the delicate last movement were especially well played.

Miss May's singing of "Death, Let Me In" was dramatic. The song is well suited to her voice, particularly the lower register. Miss May was happy in her rendering of "Sea-Song" and "Tis Snowing."

The violin duet of Singling was easily the feature of the afternoon. Miss Antoinette and Mr. Anandus Zoellner played as though animated by a common impulse. Did they trill either in

unison or duet, they trilled with absolute surety in tone and tempo. Even in the vibrato the pulsations were identical. This "Serenade" was played in a frankly romantic style, with many high lights and deep shadows. The performance of the second movement (unaccompanied) was a revelation in two-part playing. The piano accompaniment, by M. Joseph Zoellner, Jr. (who is also the cellist of the quartet), was properly unobtrusive, yet afforded excellent support.

Beethoven's quartet abounded in antiphonal figures and delicate nuances in the development of which latter the Zoellners excel.

This remarkable quartet presents a strong ensemble and a unity of artistic purpose rarely found. It plays as though for the pure delight of playing—and it is this which makes their interpretations truly excellent. Incidentally this quartet is unique in this respect: it is composed of father, daughter and two sons. This was their second appearance in America. The first was in New York on March 6.

The Fall Mall Gazette began its review of Sir A. W. Pinero's new play, "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," produced in London, Feb. 17, as follows:

"The pleasant fact stands that, in spite of its treatment by a section of the audience at the Duke of York's Theatre on Saturday night, which distinguished itself by the most contemptible exhibition of ignorance and bad manners seen in a London theatre for some years, Sir Arthur Pinero has written a play in every respect worthy of his reputation. His touch has recovered its old decision. His constructive work is as fine as ever, but freer, for in the third act he gives us a scene which many critics will call an 'anti-climax' to one of vivid power that has preceded it, and this very 'anti-climax' humanizes and broadens the work. * * * His characterization is as sharp as ever, his dialogue as mordant, and here and there are glimpses of the kindlier side of human nature, which, after all, constitutes the vital breath of all art."

"The Mind-the-Paint-Girl"

This play, as readers of The Herald doubtless know, is a study of musical comedy actresses, their friends, admirers, lovers. The heroine is Lily Parradell of the Pandora Theatre, who has become famous by singing "Mind the Paint." Capt. Nicholas Jeyes has thrown over his profession to be near her. She declines his offer of an "establishment," and finally agrees to marry another adorer, Viscount Farncombe, heir to an earldom.

The final scene shows her on her mother's knee bemoaning the fact that the manager was losing all his best girls.

Lily: And poor Carleton, say, poor Carleton! Mrs. Upjohn: Poor Carleton! Lily: He's losing even one of his best girls, mother. Gwendolyn: Mother! Trival:—Eva Shafte—an "old" poor Carleton!

The great scene dramatically is that of the third act. In

The Right to Miss

The daily Chronicle of Feb. 20 published the editorial article entitled

The Daily Telegraph says that music lovers will be thankful for the tunes. "Also they will be grateful for the studied simplicity—which for once 'comes off'—of the whole work, for the quite admirable 'color,' or rather tints, of the orchestra, and no less for the extreme cunning of the musicianship, which is never obtrusive."

Our valued contributor, "An Old West Ender," fared badly in last Monday's Herald through an

fer to the greatest extent by any show of resentment against what is the author's fault, if blame there be at all. Then, again, those who give vent to their feelings are disturbing others. Let an audience by all means express its opinion of a play, but in justice to all let that be done at the end of the performance. English playgoers make, on the whole, model audiences. They have resisted the introduction of the continental "claque," and it is only in keeping with the general English spirit of fairness that actor and author should be allowed an uninterrupted opportunity. If a play is bad, the public can quickly and quietly kill it, but that the display of disapprobation should have been directed against a powerful work by such an established dramatist as Sir Arthur Pinero is unpardonable. It would be regrettable if there were witnessed a revival of stormy "first nights." We have been free from them for a long time now, and it will be well if the condemnation expressed of Saturday night's outburst has the result of persuading audiences, or sections of audiences, that it will be much better for all, and quite as effective, if they keep their protests till the curtain has fallen—or until they are in the streets."

The Pall Mall Gazette gives this explanation of the "looking out the window" theory:

Bel Ami Ferdinand Noziere's
on the adaptation of Maupas-
sant's "Bel Ami" has been

roduced at the Vaude-
c story has been trans-

Editor of The Herald:
An Over-looked Apropos of the grave
mistake in somebody's
article on Woodrow

ing Wilson of crediting
only" to "H. M. S. Blue-

A Long-
Drawn Out
Sneer

Mr. Walkley of the London Times wrote about the play in a sneeringly flippant

The Pall Mall Gazette correspondent says that the play is an adroit piece of stagecraft. "Nor had those who cried Sacrilege!" any warrant for their protests."

Telegraph's correspondent
Ziere has done his work

An' down to Dihah I did go,
 With pantaloons strapd down behin',
 Lak Dandy Jim of Caroline.
 For my ole Massa tole me so,
 I'm the bes' lookin' nigger in the County, O:
 I look'd in de glass, an' I found it so,
 I was de darrest nigger in de ole

ing his courtship and marriage proceeds:

An' chery little nig she had
Was de berry image of his dad;
Dar heels stuck out er foot behin',
Lak Dandy Jim of Caroline,
For my ole Massa tole me so, etc.

In the early days of

Gilbert & Sullivan Haywood place, on the opposite side of Washington street in one of those long, narrow rooms on the ground floor, with a flat rate of "ten cents, one dime," for admission, I heard some of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas there. It was very amusing, but what a change comes over the spirit of our dreams when we enter the present theatre! Vaudeville is certainly having its innings. I heard the first performance of "Pinafore" at the Boston Museum and the other operas succeeding, but the memory I most cherish is that of having seen Richard Mansfield in "The Mikado" at the Hollis Street Theatre. The old-timers early recognized his possibilities and confidently predicted his rise to fame. I also saw him at the Museum in "Prince Karl" with Mrs. Vincent in the cast. How she laughed her way along and made us all laugh with her! Gailt Burgess has rather saturnously said that "there are few artists left like Irving or like Mansfield; of whom they used to say that he (Mansfield) played every performance as if he were an amateur trying to make a hit on his opening night." Well, both these actors had the "passion for perfection" and it carried them far.

Moliere's day, Scara-

with modeste, the gifted successor of Arlequin, was noted for Feet being able to box his own ears with his feet, and he retained this unusual power over his legs until he was past 70. It is said that Mollere never missed an opportunity of going to see him. I suppose that every old-timer, who has the temerity to trot out his reminiscences for the critical to pick flaws in, would be benefited if he had Maramouche's admirable gift, and used it faithfully to chastise himself whenever he was caught in a blunder. But what a busy—and profane—time he would have of it!

OLD WEST ENDER.
The Herald has received

Music in the following letter from
Boston Mr. F. W. Woodell, con-
ductor of the People's
Choral Union:
The Herald has received the following
letter from Mr. F. W. Woodell, conductor
of the People's Choral Union.
To the Editor of The Herald:
I read with great interest and pleas-
ure your appreciative and discriminating
review of the performance of the Men-

A new sym-
phony, No. 7.

Stanford's *Idylls*, by
New Symphony Sir Charles
Stanford, was produced in London by

c Society Feb. 22. It is
ents. it lasts only about

5 minutes, there are no "extraneous" instruments. It is described as not deep but joyous, pellucidly clear and fluent. The first movement, an allegro, is somewhat in the manner of the opening movement of Mozart's G minor, with a flowing theme above an accompaniment of strings. The second is a combination of minuet and scherzo. The trio is built on a variation of the minuet theme. The last movement is a set of variations on a melody.

London Times: "While it is quite evident that Sir Charles Stanford has in his symphony set a conscious limit upon his means, the work cannot be passed by as an academic essay in an old style. He has said what he wanted to say and produced a beautiful result, and while there is nothing new in its technique there is nothing stale or second-hand in its feeling. It rings perfectly true."

te: "The quality of the
good deal behind the

technical excellence on the score of originality. Yet, though it may seem

Sir Arthur said to London reporters that the actors at

All Coolly night were conscious of a hostile spirit and were demoralized so that the performance was inadequate. "I must leave the play to speak for itself. I write objectively and my characters furnish every point of view. It appears incomprehensible that any accusation can be brought against me of a desire to attack the musical comedy stage on the whole, inasmuch as I have, in the character of Lily Parradell,

Certainly the singing of the choir aroused great enthusiasm in the audience which crowded Symphony Hall to hear them, and it would undoubtedly make for an increase in interest among concert-goers in Boston to have such an occasion repeated annually.

It takes enthusiasm to arouse enthusiasm, and while we have had for years in Boston choral performances which showed many, if not most, of the technical excellences which are demanded by cultivated listeners, there has often been a lack of communicative enthusiasm on the part of the performers. Refinement and polish were there, but the red blood of personal, enthusiastic enjoyment in choral singing did not manifest itself to any great degree; vitality, the "thrilling" outpouring of genuine interest and emotion, was not to any large extent in evidence. Chorus singers, to do the best type of interpretative singing, must be willing to subordinate self, to sink individually in the ensemble, and to rehearse, rehearse, rehearse. May I be permitted to say that the People's Choral Union, in its sight-singing classes for all, rich and poor, young and old, and in its performances of cantata and oratorio in Symphony Hall, in which red-hot enthusiasm is always present, if some other desirable qualities are more or less lacking, is trying to do just the sort of work which will help greatly in building up a love for choral singing on the part of singers and spread a knowledge of and liking for fine choral compositions on the part of a large public which might not otherwise come to such attainment. This movement has been carried on successfully for nearly 15 years. Those in charge of it as officers and instructors have given freely of their time and knowledge without compensation. Thousands, literally thousands, of persons have been instructed in sight-singing in its classes and given an opportunity to learn and sing the classics, such as "The Messiah," "Elijah," "Judas Maccabaeus," "Creation," as well as smaller works. This year the great chorus is preparing "Creation" and selections from the "Stabat Mater" of Dvorak for performance in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, April 8, under my direction. FREDERICK W. WODELL.

Mr. F. S. Kelly, who

Personal Nature was in the Oxford boat of 1903 and won the Diamond sculls in 1902, 1903 and 1905, about four years ago resolved to be a professional musician, and studied abroad. He gave a concert in London on Feb. 27, when he played his cycle of lyrics for the piano and other pieces and he announces an orchestral concert for March 19.

Armstrong in "The Ac-
tion," a practical treatise

for readers who have determined to go on the stage, corrects the illusion that the stage is an exceptionally well paid or lucrative profession. Compared with others and taking year in and year out, it is decidedly the reverse. He has this to say about self-advertisement. "What is the use of advertising the fact that you can play golf or cricket, or trim hats at a garden party, or some such tomfoolery, when your business is to act? * * * The finest advertisement with managers and public is a good piece of acting."

tonic Society of London
stock's latest composition

because the fees required by the composer, etc., amounted to a larger sum than the directors felt justified in expending.

Melis will take the part
production of "The Girl
Test" at the Park Opera

According to a musical directory of London there are 1700 professional singers in that city; 638 sopranos; the con-

numerous by half; the
number the tenors, 255,

only by a core or so. There are 6734 'professors' of the voice, piano, violin, etc.; 400 conductors; over 1000 solo violinists, and 153 flutists. In London and its outskirts the choral and musical societies number 72.

sang last month at the
House as Rigoletto and

made a sensation. The house was sold out. The critic, Dr. Max Steinitzer, wrote that "the great artist" was probably not in best voice, but the histrionic impersonation of Baklanoff was enthusiastically praised. "His art is the opposite of mere arrogance in vocal power." The Signale says apropos of Emil Paur as a conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera house: "Emil Paur is indisputably a conductor of the grand style, a temperamental musician and a leader rich in experience." The joy at welcoming him is tempered by the thought that art is directed at this opera house in a "court ureaucratic manner."

It is said that Mr. Kubelk has amassed a fortune of \$1,000,000. The Daily Tele-

As a little boy, he was destined to become an explorer. He will now be able to reach the north pole by comfortable stages and with a pleasant feeling of security, a habit being asked, on his arrival to give a concert.

Mr. Herbert Tree's production of "Macbeth" is to be "filmed" for the cinematograph, and the fee to be paid is \$100.

Mme. Marchesi, 92 years old, has left Paris and is now living in London with her daughter, Mme. Blanche Marchesi.

The Pall Mall Gazette, apropos of Mr. Philipps's dramatic version of his novel, "The Secret Woman," remarks that "granted the stage technic, the best adapter of every novel must be the novelist. How often have we seen a novel lose all its charm in the process of adaptation to the stage! Mr. Barrie, on the other hand, has dramatized one of his books perfectly; so also has Mr. George Moore; and, if all we hear of today's play be true, Mr. Eden Phillpotts has been no less faithful. At the same time, the two arts are very different, and it is not surprising that so few novelists attempt to turn their stories into plays." Yes, but how many novelists have the "stage technic"?

Richard Strauss's new opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos," will be produced at the end of October at Stuttgart. There will be a Strauss Festival with three performances of the opera. Mmes. Destinn and Hempel will take the chief parts for women. Max Reinhardt will stage the opera, which is described as a Divertissement als Nachspiel zu Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

Massenet's new opera "Roma," produced at Monte Carlo, is a dramatic tragedy taken from Parodi's "Rome Vaineue," produced at the Theatre Francaise in 1876.

Isidore de Lara's new opera, "Les Trois Masques," produced at Marseilles, Feb. 25, is a story of a Corsican vendetta, originally a one-act play by Charles Mere.

Mme. Melba is having a great time in Australia. The Sydney Morning Herald states that at her final reception in Sydney she was "called and recalled until the full width of the stage was covered with blossoms, while showers of buds and leaves were thrown upon her by the choristers from behind." In response to the applause that greeted her, Mme. Melba made a brief speech, in which she stated that "I can't absolutely promise to come back for another season, but I can and will promise to try." "The diva," says the journal mentioned, after securing one more bouquet from the gallery by hauling in several miles of "slack" before the basket came sliding down the string, sang "Home, Sweet Home," in the garb of Marguerite in prison.

Operatic Form Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was produced in dramatic form at Kelly's Theatre, Liverpool, by the Moody-Manners opera company, Feb. 21. Elijah sang his first recitative behind the scene. "The rain storm was well contrived. The last scene in the wilderness dragged terribly. The essential weakness of the air 'O! Rest in the Lord,' too popular to be omitted, was felt very strongly. The final tableau in which Elijah in the fiery chariot was seen in the transparency at the back after the chorus, turning to the audience, had described his translation to heaven, was a terrible anticlimax." The scene with the widow was one of the most effective, but the one with the priests of Baal, dramatic in spirit, was less successful when visualized on the stage, and left the impression of being stagey. There were additions from other sources, "not very material, but most of them quite uncalled for. The Andante from the Italian symphony was used as an intermezzo between the two last scenes and one of the songs without words was also used. Graham Marr took the part of Elijah. Miss Helen Calver's Jezebel was evidently modelled on Ortrud."

"Elijah" has been performed as an opera at New Haven, Ct., and also, I believe, in Germany.

Opera at Covent Garden The opera season at Covent Garden will begin on April 20 and last for 14 weeks. There will be 10 unfamiliar operas produced, "Conchita," by Zandonai, and Wolf-Ferrari's "Glojelli della Madonna." The other Italian operas will be Puccini's "Girl," "Madama Butterfly," "Manon Lescaut" and "Tosca"; Verdi's "Aida," "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata"; the "Barber," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Mefistofele," "Pagliacci," "Segreto di Susanna," "Faust" will be sung apparently both in French and Italian, and "Les Huguenots" will be sung in Italian. The list of French operas include "Louise," "Pelleas et Melisande," "Romeo et Juliette," "Samson et Dalila" and "Thais." There will be two complete cycles of

Der Ring des Nibelungen with Treiser and Toldi, conducted by Rottenberg of the Frankfurt opera.

The list of singers is as follows: Mme. Melba, Mme. Tetrazini (who will be unable, however, owing to other engagements, to sing until toward the end of the season), Mme. Destinn, Mme. Edvina, Mme. Saltzman-Stevens and Mme. Tarquinia Tarquini, an Italian newcomer to Covent Garden, who will create the leading part in "Conchita" and who will also appear as Carmen.

The contraltos include Mme. Edith Clegg, Mme. Delys-Jones and Mme. Kirkby Lunn. Tenors, Giuseppe Cellini, A. Gaudenzi, Andre Gilly, Ippolito Lazaro and Giovanni Martinelli. Among the tenors who have been heard at Covent Garden before will be Bertram Bygon and John McCormack. The baritones and basses include Marcoux, Sammarco and Van Rooy, as well as two newcomers, Franz Kronen and Virgilio Romano. A number of other engagements are pending. The conductors will be Campanini, Paul Drach (Stuttgart), Panizza, Percy Pitt (the musical director of Covent Garden), and Dr. Rottenberg (Frankfurt).

The Russian ballet has been engaged from the middle of June until the end of the season; and on some evenings the program will be devoted to ballet only, while on others ballet and opera will be given jointly. Matinees will also be given from time to time. The company will again be headed by Mr. Nijinsky and Mlle. Karsavina, with Miss Fokine as maitre de ballet. Many of last season's favorite ballets will be presented, including "Cleopatre" and "Scheherazade." Four novelties are also promised, these being "Le Dieu Bleu," a ballet in one act specially arranged for Covent Garden, "Narcisse," "L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Petrouschka."

Did He Think It Was Funny? Did the author of "Where Is William?" enjoy this criticism, published in the Pall Mall Gazette on Feb. 14?

A farce in three acts, called "Where Is William?" by an author who had adopted the sprightly pseudonym, "A. J. Nib," was acted at the Court Theatre yesterday afternoon. We understand that it is new only to the West End of London, and that it has amused audiences elsewhere. Audiences elsewhere must be like Mr. Peter Magnus's friends, rather easily amused. Speaking for ourselves, we can scarcely recall a less entertaining piece. It depended for its laughter on such expedients as: (i.) A master who allows his butler to look like himself; (ii.) a wife who does not know her husband when he wears his butler's brass-buttoned coat; (iii.) a girl who proposes to a young man and is bashfully accepted by him; (iv.) a father-in-law who suffers from lumbago, and is always imploring people to rub his back; (v.) the mistaking of a lay-figure under a tablecloth for the corpse of a murdered burglar; and (vi.) a reappearing wife from Australia with "a face like a fried egg." These and

other matters expounded in this sort of dialogue:

What is it you call a man who has married more than one wife?

A wrong-un?

No, no. Not that! There's another word.

A Nero?

No, no.

A bigamist?

That's it. I said "bigamist."

A Novelist in an Unfamiliar Field When music gets into fiction there are often strange doings. What novel-

reader, for instance, has not been struck at some time or another by the curious emotions aroused among the people described by a simple ballad or the strains of a piano heard in an ordinary drawing room? But now and again we meet with the professional musician in the pages of fiction, and then, indeed, do wonderful things happen. The opening scene, for example, of a recent publication of this kind is laid in the old St. James's Hall. A famous pianist, one Mme. Okraska—"who got a thousand pounds a night" and "played as no one in the world could play"—is giving a concert. As she stood before the audience to receive their welcome, "she was like a great white rose (she is 48, by the way) that, fading in the soft, thick, scented air of a hothouse, droops languidly with loosened petals." And when she starts to play, the effect upon her hearers is truly magical. "The tumult and insatiable outcry of the Appassionata spread like a river over her listeners. . . . They listened, and their hearts lapsed back from the hallucinated unity of enthusiasm each to its own identity, an identity isolated, intensified, tortured exquisitely by the expression of dim yearnings. . . . It seemed the quintessence of human experience, the ecstasy of perfect and enfranchising sorrow, distilled from the shackling, smirching, half-sorrows of actual life." Small wonder that after "a Brahms Rhapsodie Hongroise" (a description, by the way, we cannot recall in the whole catalogue of Brahms's piano music) "people rose to their feet, clapping, shouting, howling, screaming." So like a London concert audience. — London Daily Telegraph.

Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was produced at the Theatre des Arts, Paris, Feb. 15, in a French translation. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "I am not concerned here with Mr. Bernard Shaw, but with the effect Mr. Bernard Shaw produces upon French audiences. It is a strange and complex effect. To begin with, French audiences 'can't make Mr. Shaw out.' This seems a very simple thing to say, because for so long London audiences could not make him out; but the reasons are different. What shocks Paris in Mr. Shaw is his humor. After the performance every critic asked me, 'Where is the logic of this play?' I tried to explain that the beauty of Mr. Shaw precisely is his want of logic—for where there is humor, who wants logic—but no French mind could accept that.

"What spoils the play is an excessive mobility of thought, which at every moment seems to forsake its original meaning," says the critic of the Math. Precisely so. A French audience asks, clamors for, insists upon logic, and logic is what Mr. Shaw will not give his hearers. The same critic is almost fearful because, "unlike Ibsen, who at every moment studied his drama with earnest gravity, Mr. Shaw will always be amusing himself." So long as Mr. Shaw, amusing himself, does not amuse a Paris audience, his plays will not catch on in Paris. The only other one of his yet produced here was "Candida," at which the audience looked blankly. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was, perhaps, not a very good second choice. A Parisian audience is not easily shocked, but there is a bland downrightiness about that piece that undoubtedly did shock Paris. If an audience cannot understand Mr. Shaw's humor, which is all Mr. Shaw, it cannot understand Mr. Shaw at all.

"There is no reflection either upon the translators, my friends, M. and Mme. Augustin Hamon, whom Mr. Shaw has appointed French adaptors in ordinary to himself for all his works, and who have accomplished their difficult task exceedingly well, or upon the actors, for M. Janvier's Crofts and the Mrs. Warren and Vivie of Mmes. Renot and Carmen Deraisy are all good."

On the other hand, The Pall Mall Gazette's correspondent wrote: "This singular study of modern morals—not necessarily to be accounted immoral, but an unredeeming picture of the sewers—affected the audience—the critical audience—as a socialist satire on society, which had evidently lost from being given in another medium. There was no protest against the theories of the author; on the contrary, the majority seemed to approve the outspokenness of the play, even if they winced sometimes at what seemed to Gallic minds certain crudities due more to the translator than the author." The correspondent added: "Critical Paris has made up its mind that Shaw is not Moliere. He is accused in some quarters of sacrificing artistic coherence for the sake of making a point, and of amusing himself with the subject instead of studying it seriously and continuously, as Ibsen did."

We invite the attention of all interested in the theatre, managers, "producers," "presenters," ushers, press agents (passionate or shrinking), sellers of tickets, the general public, to the following letter. Perhaps Mr. Birdwhistle might be persuaded to deliver an address before the Drama League.

Mr. Birdwhistle Explains. As the World Wags:

An interview with a local theatrical manager recently published raises in my mind this question: Why do I not go to the theatre as much as formerly, and leads me to wonder why other people as well have wholly or partly abandoned the habit; for that they have done so is the inescapable deduction from the article that I have alluded to.

My personal reasons are various and need not be gone into in detail at present. If the matter seems to interest others, I shall be glad to join in any discussion that may arise. I have in mind just now to mention one only, and this chiefly because it offers a suggestion as to the way of reforming this matter.

Not a Quid Pro Quo.

The price at which theatrical entertainment has come to be offered is regrettably high and beyond the easy achievement of many people, but that possibly cannot be helped and is at least justifiable by the same reasons that are offered in explanation of the high cost of living in other directions. A par, to borrow the terminology of the stock market, of two dollars is not objectionable in itself provided the entertainment offered at this price be worth the money. It sometimes is so, and then, following

the law of supply and demand, the price goes up through the industry of speculators of various sorts and standing, but quite as often it is not a fair equivalent either in length or in quality for the price asked for it, but in that case the law that governs its rise fails to operate save to this extent, that seats which are still artificially maintained at a nominal par of two dollars get largely into the hands of certain favored persons at a considerable but quite unquoted reduction of price, to wit: nothing at all, to the great discontentment and discouragement of intending purchasers with real money.

A Theatrical Exchange. To remedy this unfortunate and unbusiness-like state of affairs I suggest the following plan: Let the par arbitrarily established by managers and

other promoters of theatrical entertainments be what it will, but let there be established a theatrical exchange where the various attractions are to be listed, as are stocks in the stock exchange, and where seats for them are to be had, not at arbitrarily maintained and largely fictitious values, but at real market values established by competition or the lack of it. This will dispose of the objectionable speculator, who will then become a broker in this board and be thus legitimized. It will also give to managers the proper reward for their acumen in picking winners in their field without recourse to hidden and unexplained processes of selling at an advance, and will put it out of the power of buyers to object to any premiums that may be thus brought about, since these will be the sole result of a fair competition with their peers. Should an entertainment fail to recommend itself under these conditions the price of tickets will inevitably fall. Where Miss A., the Caruso of the drama, may see her attraction listed and selling freely at no less than four times its par, Mr. X., who has misused for the nonce in his choice of a play, may be offered to small demand at 25¢/30. There will always be a market at the right price for everything that comes, and in lieu of shabby houses largely occupied by dead-heads, as happens in other cities than Boston when the attraction is unpopular, there will be experienced the solace of a full house containing real money, so far as it goes, and no "guests" to go away and knock the show, according to their cheerful custom.

G. F. BIRDWHISTLE.
Boston, March 9, 1912.

"Mac Intosh." We take great pleasure in publishing this courteous and amiable letter: As the World Wags:

If you would look to Gaelic authority for the word, I think you will find "Mac Intosh" is the only spelling. It is a mystery to me why a "dirty Sassenach" is supposed to know anything as to the Highland and Irish spelling of Clan names.

"The Scottish Clans" is certainly entitled to more consideration than a cockney Sassenach, may the "deil" fly away with them.

It is no more absurd to look to a Sassenach for authority on things Gaelic than it would be to look to a Chinaman on things English.

The points of view are irreconcilable.
ALBERT MAC LELLAN.
Neponset, March 8, 1912.
Hurroo!

"GYPSY LOVE"

By PHILIP HALE. TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Gypsy Love," a romantic opera in three acts, books and lyrics adapted by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, from the libretto of Willner and Bodansky. Music by Franz Lehar. Produced by A. H. Woods. Hans S. Linne was the musical director.

Zorika.....Marguerite Sylva
Niklas.....Charles P. Morrisson
Jozsi.....Arthur Albro
Fedor.....Carl Haysa
Lina.....Frances Demarest
Mikel.....George L. Rickel
Lila.....Dorothy Webb
Kaspar.....Robert G. Pickin
Sacha.....Lucile Mitchell
Magda.....Valleaux Elliott
Pancha.....Kittie Saville

The moral of this romantic opera is this: Never marry a gypsy, though he may fiddle wildly, talk passionately of freedom and love and freedom in love, and dance deliriously, marking time with emphatic top boots. Ah, if this opera had been written before the daughter of the westerner, the Belgian princess, had met the fascinating Rigo! Not long ago a woman of Baltimore, who had run away with a gypsy, died after a happy life; but he was of the type immortalized by George Borrow; he was not a Hungarian, and he did not ensnare her by his fiddle.

Zorika in this opera is the daughter of a foolish old nobleman. Betrothed to Fedor, she is infatuated with Jozsi, a gypsy fiddler, who has been the life of a restaurant in Budapest. She is about to elope with Jozsi when her nurse persuades her to drink from a magic spring which reveals the future.

The second act describes her dream. She has wandered with her gypsy lover and is in the Budapest restaurant.

the country with the gorgeous costumes of the men and women alike all bear that distinctive and genuine Mexican stamp. Mlle. Corrio and Mr. Melles were obliged to respond to several curtain calls.

Along somewhat different lines, yet equally excellent, is "Kris Kringle's Dream," which shows Kris Kringle's workshop replete with toys, the majority of which are, of course, of the living variety that come into being and hence and make motions, and even try to talk. A dozen pretty girls play no small part in the production, and one of their ballets, introducing a half-dozen real collie dogs, is a decided novelty and an instant hit. Then there is a white polar bear that crouches about the stage, the delight yet terror of every child in the audience and mighty life-like to many of the older ones as well.

The third in this week's congress of pantomime performers is Frank Silvers Oakley, better known perhaps as just plain "Silvers," his reputation being gained through his long years with the Barnum-Bailey circus as premier clown. Oakley appears in his own pantomime, "The Ball Game." He acts the game out to perfection, beginning with the grounds keeper who puts the bases in place, and ending when an officer is called to eject him from the grounds because of his objection to an umpire's decisions. It is no easy matter for one pantomimist single-handed to entertain an audience for 20 minutes, but Oakley does it and does it easily. They even applaud loudly for more as the officer escorts him from the stage.

Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge," is always good, and he has lost none of his humor during his recent world-wide tour, from which he has just returned. It wouldn't be Walter C. Kelly if he played anything else than the role of the Virginia judge dealing out plantation justice to the negroes of the neighborhood, and while Kelly's act is in itself old, his line of talk, the cases that come before his honor, etc., are all brand new, even to the sort of gin he tells about, "two drinks of which will make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face."

Weston, Fields and Carroll, never here before, made a pronounced hit as "snappy singers of snappy songs," as the program so well put it, while Mae Melville and Robert Higgins in "Just a Little Fun" were equally good. The Three DuBall Brothers in a dancing specialty, Belleclair and Hermann in physical development feats and the Takezawa Japanese troupe, with which an Al show ends, rounds out the bill.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Fifty Miles from Boston," a musical comedy in three acts, by George M. Cohan.

Timothy Harrigan.....	George Hessel
Dave Harrigan.....	Albert Hickey
Joe Westcott.....	Walter Walker
Mr. Westcott.....	Donald Meek
Joe Westcott.....	Carney Christie
Ed Woodis.....	Robert M. Middlemass
Meeky.....	Henrietta McDannel
Edie.....	A. B. Clark
Constable.....	Charles Bickford
Full Burns.....	Arthur Fox
Charley Hawkins.....	Mabel Montgomery
Mrs. Westcott.....	Mabel Colcord
Mrs. Tilford.....	Maude Richmond
Aunt Kate.....	Grace Lathrop
Nellie Harrigan.....	Grace Lathrop
Sadie Woodis.....	Mary Young

"It's all very well," Dr. Nitsch and his brethren will say, "it's all very well for you, gentlemen, that have no commenting to do, to understand your author; but, to expect us to understand him also, that have to write commentaries on him for two, four, and all the way up to 12 volumesavo, just serves to show how far the unreasonableness of human nature can go."

A Timely Music Drama.

As the World Wags:

The Herald says that Mr. Arnold Daly is to interpret an arrangement made by himself of "The Ballad of Reading Coal." May I ask if it is not based on the rumored strike among the operatives?

I question Mr. Daly's taste in making a song upon a serious subject. As one of the great public that has to dance every time the price goes up, I object to the setting of such problems to music, vocal or instrumental.

I myself, in an unthinking mood, collaborated with a musical friend, entirely self-taught, in writing a five-act tragic music-drama on the subject of the high cost of living. "Le Haut Frais de Vivre," we call the work; and, I do not think—I know that it is a top-notch. It is scored almost entirely above the staff, though the composer has accomplished sarcastic symphonic flings at the opulent box-holders by means of the horns, lower brass, and tympani. The plaintive wailing of the Pee-pul and the shivering, crystalline crashing of the windows of the Trust-barons, as bricks of dis-harmony are hurled through them, are beautifully and graphically rendered.

After reflection and several unsuccessful attempts to interest Mr. Henry Russell, we have cancelled all negotiations with the Boston Opera Company for its production. We believe that such themes are too painful. We commend our self-restrained course to Mr. Daly.

MARLOWE JONSON.

Boston, March 10, 1912.

Old Squire Hoggson.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, as it appears from his remarkable letter published in The Herald of last Monday, is a victim of green swizzle. But there is a swizzle that, taken in moderation, will do you no harm.

We are indebted to Mr. Daniel S. Knowlton for a reprint of a little book published at Sudbury in 1781 and printed by Roger Buck and sold at his shop in Cornhill. The title in full is as follows: "The Squire's Recipes in Which Are Described the Methods by Which Thomas Hoggson, Esquire, Compounded the Twelve Most Famous Toddies That Distinguished His Hospitality." There is this motto from Horace:

Spes donare novas largus amaraque,
Camarum eluere efflax.

Old Squire Hoggson's homestead, Fairfield Manor, was situated at the crossroads of Pleasant Valley. He liked to have his friends with him in indoor and outdoor games and recreations, and his toddies and other liquid refreshments were "potent factors in the course of entertainment." The receipts of the more famous beverages were published to remind some of passed delights; "to those who have yet to taste the pleasures of his hospitality, promises of delights yet to come." The reprint was made at the instance of Mr. Noble F. Hoggson, Yale, '88 (Shef.), known for his exquisite taste in interior decoration (his business), art, literature and "compounds," as Mr. Knowlton informs us, and made as a New Year's card for Mr. Hoggson's friends.

A golden book; yet S. Austin Allihone, in his Dictionary of Authors, ignores the Squire. "Hoggson" should come between "Hoggard, Miles. See Huggard"

and "Hoker, or Hooker, John. See Hooker."

A Pillow Cup.

Note the pleasant introduction to the recipe for the Manor Swizzle.

"In the town of Frederickton, in the Province of New Brunswick, there stands a white stone hostelry of such surpassing neatness and having such a choice larder and cellars as to commend itself to travellers from wheresoever they come. Here was it that the Squire in the days of his youth, spent his honeymoon with his sweet Mistress Barbara, his wife, and here, too, was it that he found the hot swizzle that he has since appropriated to his own use and shared so bountifully with his friends. For many years has the Squire guarded the secret of its composition in order that, so far as may be, he could reserve it for those occasions which would fittingly recall the auspicious time when first they quaffed it together.

One cup of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams.
Be wise and taste."

But Milton wrote "sip," not "cup."

The Manor Swizzle.

And here is the recipe for the swizzle: "To eight bottles of a light Rhenish wine, add two bottles of Arrac and enough white sugar to suit the taste. Add a few sticks of cinnamon, a few whole cloves, and mix the concoction well in a metal vessel.

"Then heat a mulling stick (preferably one made with canister shot fastened to the end of a bent iron rod) until it be red hot, and plunge it into the mixture. This will burn off some of the alcohol and at the same time heat the punch. Care must be taken to place the metal vessel where the flames will not set fire to anything. This swizzle should be served in goblets while it is still hot."

The Pirate Tipple.

There is another recipe of a singular appeal. Squire Hoggson, serving as mate in his youth on the clipper ship Spartan, sailing from Boston, touched an obscure port in Bermuda and stopping at the Black Swan Inn fell in with one Roger Lynch, a roystering fellow, from whom he secured directions for a hot Night Cap, "for which his inn was justly renowned."

"Take seven ponies of Jamaica rum and add thereto four spoonfuls (sic) of sugar, one handful of browned coffee, three sticks of cinnamon, a half dozen of cloves and six pimento berries. Also, there might be added a few pieces of fresh orange peel. Place all these ingredients together in a bowl and mix them well. Then set fire to the concoction and let it burn till it becomes hot, after which it should be served in rummers just before retiring for the night."

Pimento berries! Why is there not a grove of the tree Eugenia Pimenta in the Public Garden from which we all could pick? Rum in rummers! O noble thought! Brave days that are no more! And yet Chambers's Cyclopaedia (1728) informs us that there was once a Dutch man "who could break Rummer-Glasses with the Tone of his Voice."

GIVES PIANO RECITAL

Miss Ruby Winchenbach is Heard at Steinert Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Ruby Winchenbach gave a piano recital last night in Steinert Hall. There was a small audience. The program was as follows:

Grieg, sonata op. 7; Liszt, Liebestraum and Gnomengel; Chopin, etude in G flat major; Schumann, concerto in A minor (orchestral accompaniment played on a second piano by Mr. Stone).

This recital does not call for extended comment. Miss Winchenbach is a pupil who, although she showed musical instinct and a certain emotional quality in melodic passages, is not yet ready to play in public. An accident that prevented her appearing on the stage at the appointed time, no doubt made her nervous and was otherwise prejudicial, but it was evident that she still has much to learn in technique and in the art of interpretation before she can confidently invite critical attention.

March 14, 1912

"Il Trovatore" Delayed an Hour
When a Water Pipe
Bursts.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Manrico.....	Mr. Zenatello
Conte Di Luna.....	Mr. Blanchard
Ferrando.....	Miss
Ruiz.....	Mr. Giaccone
Leonora.....	Miss Ansien
Azucena.....	Mme. Gay
Isabella.....	Miss Morella

Ferrando was about to identify Azucena in the camp scene of the third act when the asbestos curtain slowly and relentlessly lowered itself and shut off the Gypsy, the Conte di Luna, Ferrando and the chorus from the sight of the audience. A break in the high-pressure water pipe controlling this curtain was the cause of the unexpected descent. As there was no smell of smoke or suspicion of fire, the audience sat quietly.

The accident caused a delay of nearly an hour. The orchestra played one or two selections and at last the curtain rose. A scene was used for the drop curtain. The identification of the gypsy did not take place, but Mr. Zenatello, omitting the suave air of the scene in the hall adjoining the chapel, sang "Di quella pira." This last act with the "Miserere" and the highly dramatic music in the dungeon followed in due course.

Good old "Trovatore"! It was a pleasure to hear it years ago when Max Maretzek would bring a scratch company with one or two distinguished singers, a handful of a chorus and a few fiddlers for one performance in New Haven.

Ferrando in those years wore a huge sombrero, not an ornate helmet, and was the more sinister. Leonora carried a lace handkerchief through the four acts. Adelaide Philipps thrilled the audience by her intensely dramatic performance of Azucena, the most dramatic I have ever seen. Or there would be an ordinary singer in her place, but the tenor would be an Italian who was here only for one season and knew only the music of this opera, a tenor with slushed hair and a trumpet voice—what was his name? Was it Abrugnedo?

The scenery was that of the local theatre or music hall in the early 70s, and shabby it was. The orchestra was made up of a concertmaster, two or three fiddlers from New York and local musicians of the city, among them a cornetist and a pianist. But Verdi's melodies made their way and they were sung as a rule in the grand style, a style unknown to many singers who are now applauded in the operas of Puccini, both in Europe and America.

The performance last evening gave pleasure to many. Mr. Zenatello in the first two acts was not wholly "in voice," but he sang "Di quella pira" with such effect that he was recalled again and again.

The music of Leonora is suited to Miss Amsden's voice. She hurried the beautiful entrance aria in the first act—one of the most beautiful airs of Verdi when it is sung with breadth and dignity so that the more dramatic section is in strong contrast.

With this expectation, her singing was highly creditable to her as far as appreciation of the character of the music was concerned. All in all, she made a favorable impression.

Mme. Gay was a picturesque Azucena, not the conventionally hideous hag. Her impersonation was effective.

Mr. Blanchard took the place of Mr. Polese on very short notice. It was evident at once that he was well versed in the traditions, and knew the formulas and felt the spirit of the grand style. And, of all operas, "Il Trovatore" should be sung and acted in this style.

It was a pity that the automatic asbestos curtain descended without just cause, for its descent was not due to any weariness induced by the performance.

Concerning the figures of the signs and the considerations and observations of the stars, the Indians have thought one thing, the Egyptians another, the Chaldeans another, the Hebrews another, and Arabians another. Timotheus is of one mind, Hipparchus of another, Ptolemy of another, and the later Authors of another. I omit their mad contentions which is the right, or which is the left side of Heaven; concerning which when Thales and Albertus the Teutonic endeavor to say something seriously, they are yet altogether unable to deliver anything of certainty. I omit also all their vain disputes about Eccentrics, Concentrics, Epicycles, Retrogradations, Trepidations, accesses, recesses, swift motions, and Circles of motion, as being the works neither of God nor Nature, but the Fiddle-faddles and Trifles of Mathematicians, taking their beginnings from corrupt philosophy and the fables of the Poets.

Mars from the Common.

As the World Wags:

What you say about M. Perrier of the French Natural History Museum, who talks of the Martians "as if he made week-end visits to the ruddy planet," brings to mind the story of the child who was showing somebody an illustrated Bible, and in coming to a certain page said: "That's a picture of the Lord, but it isn't good of him."

According to high authority, the question of the inhabitability of the planets is something a genuine scientist will never bother his head about.

I first noticed Mars in the old Tri-Mountain Baseball Club days, from the parade ground on the Common. The game would often continue until twilight, the score being 192 to 97, or thereabout, and Mars, one season, hung in the darkening sky out Longwood way, winking, as if amused at the muffs of the belated players. This was before we had heard of the canals and the fearfully and wonderfully made diggers thereof, including the Messenger who came from there and appeared at many of our theatres several years ago.

Moons and Canals.

It is true that Dawes, and other astronomers earlier than Schiaparelli, had had partial glimpses of "dark and narrow channels" in the supposed surface of the planet, but they knew nothing of inhabitants with "great chests, great heads and slender feet," who spend their time digging so-called canals, thousands of miles long, for theoretical water to run in and irrigate speculative vegetation.

In Gulliver's Travels, Dean Swift, who certainly had a great head and an exuberant fancy, whatever else he may have lacked, tells of strange beings who did remarkable stunts; but the singular thing is that he mentioned two Martian moons, long before astronomers knew of their existence, and described them with a fair degree of accuracy. So it may turn out that Mars is inhabited, and that M. Perrier really knows what he is talking about, or, more accurately speaking, has made a good guess, or had a dream which will come true. In the mean time we are watching for those "signals"; but the Martians may be busy fortifying the canals against a threatened invasion of an army from Jupiter. Who knows? O. C.

West Roxbury, March 11, 1912.
Capt. Gulliver gave a long account of the Laputians' great improvements in astronomy. He attributed their success

to the excellence of their telescopes, the largest of which did not exceed three feet.

A Byronic Centenary.

The English newspapers, recalling the fact that "Childe Harold" was published 100 years ago, are reviving anecdotes about Byron; how, like Zola, he fought against fatness, lived on rice with vinegar and water, or on a slice of bread for breakfast and a vegetable dinner, assuaging hunger by chewing mastic and tobacco. Did he curl his hair, or were the curls a natural development? The Pall Mall Gazette considers the question an important one. The Daily Chronicle describing Byron's diet mentions Roger Crab, the hermit and astrologer who avoided butter and cheese; went from roots to a diet of broth with bran, and a pudding of bran and turnip leaves; finally ate only dock leaves and grass. For nearly 40 years he lived on a cent and a half a week. And what was his reward? He died in his 60th year.

Does any one read "Childe Harold" today? "Beppo" and "Don Juan" are still good reading, so is "The Vision of Judgment." There are passages in "Parisina," as the opening, also the verses beginning "The Convent bells are ringing" that some of us old fogies are pleased to consider as poetry, and in a voice, perhaps a little cracked, we like to spout from the now neglected "Childe Harold":

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind.

The young lions of the press insist that Byron was not a poet. They refer smartly to Swinburne in corroboration. We hold the poet of "Atalanta in Claydon" and "Poems and Ballads" in high honor, but should he be taken as the final authority in criticism? Was not any Elizabethan goose to him a swan? Did he not describe Euripides as a "degenerate tragedian," a "mutilated monkey"? We prefer the wild westerner who was proud of his son because he had soaked with Socrates and ripped with Euripides. Then there is the treasure house of Byron's letters, thoroughly

Wizardry in Egypt.

Extract from the letter of a friend. Yesterday with R. I visited the Cairo Museum. We came across the mummy of Alphonse I. In the wall case near the Jewel Room. I turned to my companion and commented on the ugliness of the mummy's face. Immediately I was overcome with a feeling of suffocation. It was as though a cord were tightening around my neck. This feeling lasted for about a minute. I spoke of the experience to an old resident and he chided me for my comment and even for looking at the mummy and said that mummies retain the magical power they exercised when they were alive. Nor would he, as he valued his life, say one word about the ugliness or ruinous condition of the Sphinx while in its presence."

"CARMEN" AT OPERA

Mme. Calve, Clement and Riddez Again Appear in the Cast.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Blzet's "Carmen." Mr. Caplet conducted. Carmen Mme. Calve Micaela Miss Fisher Frasquita Miss Martini Mercedes Miss De Courcy Don Jose Mr. Clement Escamillo Mr. Riddez Zuniga Mr. Barreau El Dancalre Mr. Leo El Remendado Mr. Giaccone Morales Mr. Letol Liliag Pastia Mr. Julien "Carmen" was repeated at a special matinee yesterday afternoon. A large attendance in the upper tiers of the theatre was constantly and at times obtrusively appreciative of the excellent production.

There was evidence of the same keen discrimination in lyrical values that defined the merits of the past performances. Both Mme. Calve and Mr. Clement were in a happy vein and splendid voice. The realistic methods of the former are persuasive and tasteful; they are the results of a truly artistic conception. Vocally, the singer displayed secure intonation, decisive attack and richness of tone. Only seldom was there a lack of perfect flexibility in her phrasing. Mr. Clement defined clearly his characterization. His reading was thoroughly commendable. For the rest, liberal praise should be attributed to his clearness of enunciation. Such diction is a rare and valuable asset to the singer; it favors his characterization with an essence of reality.

Mr. Riddez has need to exercise more discretion. The timbre of his voice is not essentially pure. In consequence a too liberal tendency to force its tones often proves fatal. Historically, he was eminently competent. His creation is picturesque and suggestive. Miss Fisher is always pleasing.

Mr. Caplet was eloquent and judicious in his reading of the score.

March 15, 1912

The Herald has received the following letter which might serve as a text for a long sermon:

On a Remark of Thackeray.

As the World Wags: In your criticism of the opera of "Thais" last Saturday morning you brought in the remark made by Thackeray about a Frenchman saying: "There is nothing funnier than a Frenchman praying." As you quoted Thackeray, you certainly must think as he did, and you, of course, must have the same reasons that he had for making such a remark.

Many of us French people, both men and women, and I am among the number, do not know why a Frenchman praying is any funnier than an Englishman, an Italian, or even an American doing the same thing. There must be something very interesting about that distinction given to my nationality, and I beg you will be so kind as to give us the reasons for that particular distinction accorded my countrymen when "praying." Could it possibly be that they are the only men who still pray and therefore excite the risibility of others? I am sure you will enlighten us and we will be most grateful to you for the information. I felt the column you call "As the World Wags" would be quite appropriate for the explanation and therefore send this, my little communication, to you there.

EMELIE ALEXANDER-MARIUS.
393 Massachusetts avenue, March 12.

Religion and the French Stage.

Here is the sentence in full to which Mme. Alexander-Marius apparently objects:

"The celebrated 'Meditation' which is supposed to express the conversion of the courtesan reminds one of Thackeray's insular remark—there is nothing funnier than a Frenchman praying." It implies that the remark was narrow and prejudiced. Yet in the present instance, as applied to the 'meditation,' the remark is singularly appropriate.

Thackeray, in his "Paris Sketch Book," writing to plays seen by him in Paris in the late thirties, wrote in a bourgeois spirit of Dumas the elder and "Don Juan de Marana." The English reader, who has a

little knowledge of the French stage, is not a little surprised at the remark of Thackeray among our neighbors and the channel, and at the kind of consideration in which they hold their religion. Here is a man who seizes upon saints and angels, merely to put sentiments in their mouths which might suit a nymph of Drury Lane. He shows heaven, in order that he may carry debauch into it, and avails himself of the most sacred and sublime parts of our creed as a vehicle for a scene painter's skill, or an occasion for a handsome actress to wear a new dress."

M. Massenet's "Meditation."

Now the religious music of M. Massenet is amusing and this favorite "Meditation" is especially amusing. Even patriotic Frenchmen have found it so. Witness M. Etienne Destranges, who characterizes this "Religious Meditation," which is supposed to portray the struggle in the soul of the repenting courtesan, as "a melody of agreeable and lascivious inspiration and of a super-refined elegance." He adds that this tune, "which has nothing of the religious character," is well suited to the faith of noble dames and "demi-mondaines" who go to church as they would to the theatre or the races and attend mass at the Madeleine. It is "musique a l'eau de bidet," to quote a phrase of Huysmans. It would be easy to quote other French critics to the same effect; but any one of us hearing the pretty and sugary tune does not find in it the "struggle of a repenting soul" any more than we would find the expression of religious exaltation in "Ta-ra-ra-boum-de-ay."

To the Englishman, the German, the Russian, and to certain Italians, the great bulk of French religious music, either in the church or on the stage, seems theatrical, sentimental, saccharine. I do not say insincere, for a man can be sentimental, or theatrical and at the same time be honest in the expression of his feelings. Within the last century the French have known a composer who wrote religious music worthy of being ranked with that of Palestrina, Vittoria, and the greater Bach. His name was Cesar Franck, but he was by birth a Belgian, or rather a Walloon.

Mutual Appreciation.

Although Thackeray had lived in Paris, he viewed Frenchmen as Frenchmen of his period viewed Englishmen. Turn over the volumes of humorous periodicals. In Punch the Frenchman was gazing with wonder at a washstand with pitcher, soap and towels exhibited at the Crystal Palace, and exclaiming: "Mon Dieu, Alphonse! What is this strange machine?" In the Parisian caricatures the Englishman was still eating roast beef and selling his wife at Smithfield. "Godam" was constantly in his mouth. He always wore a suit of staring hideous checks. His wife was fat and vulgar. The "English miss" was tall, with a fine development of bone. The English lord in "Fra Diavolo" was the ideal aristocratic Englishman abroad. And how about impersonations of Frenchmen and Englishmen that are still seen on the American stage?

Why Thackeray Said It.

Thackeray, in spite of his life on the Continent, was an Englishman with all the conservatism of his race. Balzac and George Sand shocked his insular sensibilities, yet no one ever praised the style of the latter more eloquently. He pretended to prefer the novels of Charles de Bernard, and declared that Balzac was "not fit for the salon." He praised extravagantly "Jerome Paturot." Yet in his later years he wrote a delightful eulogy of the Elder Dumas, and if he introduced the fantastical Alceide de Mirobolant in "Pendennis," his Floras in "The Newcomes" is a generous and manly fellow.

Irritated by the religious outburst of George Sand, disliking the sensuality and the sensationalism associated in the current manifestations of pseudo-religious feeling, Thackeray made his famous remark, no doubt in haste, as another said that all men were liars.

Madame Alexander-Marius should not take Thackeray in this instance too seriously. Worse things have been said about her countrymen and countrywomen by Frenchmen dead and now living. The jibe of Helne should comfort her: The Lord takes more pleasure in a blaspheming Frenchman than in a praying Englishman. And even this saying is not necessarily true.

PIANO AND CELLO RECITAL

Miss Marlon Tufts and Miss Virginia Stickney the Artists.

Miss Marion Lina Tufts, pianist, and Miss Virginia Stickney, cellist, gave a recital last evening in Steiner Hall. The accompanist was Miss Pansy Andrus. There was a warmly appreciative audience of fair size.

The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Variations Concertantes, Op. 17; Brahms, Capriccio; Chopin, Etude in E major, Scherzo in B minor; Locatelli, sonata for cello; Wagner-Liszt, splin-

gle, "The Fly," Op. 10, No. 1; Liszt, Fantasia in E major, Servais, Fantasia, "Le Barlier de l'He," Op. 6.

Miss Tufts's technique is highly creditable and she plays with fleetness, accuracy, authority and brilliancy. Last evening she was especially fortunate in her execution of intricate passages and in her delicacy of phrasing.

Miss Stickney, too, has at her command an admirable technical equipment. Her tone is beautiful, full and mellow in quality and her use of color is both varied and emotional. Last evening she displayed security in intonation, excellent toning and musical interpretation.

March 16, 1912

Domestic Symphony Heard Again—Performance Is Impressive.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Wilhelm Bachhaus was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Der Freischuetz".....Weber
Symphonla Domestica.....Strauss
Concerto in E-flat major, No. 5.....Beethoven

There are some who characterize the Domestic Symphony as abominable, because, forsooth, it reveals the composer as a colossal egotist. And so there are also some who cry out against Walt Whitman because he began his "Leaves of Grass": "I celebrate myself," and cannot endure Montaigne on account of his "egotism." There are many who take this symphony too seriously. Among them is Mr. C. L. Graves of the Spectator, who really thinks that music died with the passing of Johannes Brahms. Mr. Graves is thought in England to have a pretty wit, and he himself would admit, if he were pressed, that he is a funny man, but he is never so amusing as when he berates the modern composers and all those who admire them. According to Mr. Graves, the composer of the "Domestic Symphony" is deliberately eccentric, a self-advertiser, one who turns his family into copy for the purpose of making the bourgeois sit up.

Grant that all said about Strauss is true; what, pray, has it to do with his music? This music is either good or bad. It is effective and engrossing, or it is dull. It is eloquent or it is prosy. Who cares whether the household in which this musical life passed was that of Strauss, or of a neighbor, or an imaginary household?

Then there is this question of an explanatory program. When Strauss was in New York in 1904 when the symphony was produced, he said that he wished the work to be taken as "music for what it is, and not as the elaboration of the specific details of a scheme of things." When the symphony was first played in Europe—at Frankfurt—he allowed the publication of only a few notes, which pointed out the themes typical of husband, wife and child and named the themes of the double fugue. But in 1905 when the symphony was performed in London, an elaborate analysis by Messrs. Kallsch and Pitt appeared and the hearer of the music was then able to identify the child in its bath and tell when the dispute arose between the parents concerning the future of the boy. Was Strauss consenting? Or did he with mistaken humor stuff his friends who were happy to extract sunbeams from cucumbers?

What matters it? There are beautiful and noble pages in this symphony, as in the "Love Scene," so called. The double fugue would be dramatic and exciting even if there were no thought of labels "Assertion" and "Contrary Assertion" attached to the two subjects. The child's theme, charming in its simplicity, may be taken as any motive for subsequent and elaborate treatment. This symphony holds the attention from the beginning to the end.

The pleasure of the hearer who seeks no "explanation" other than that given by the title is purer and keener than that of him who is endeavoring to follow a story. Here is an instance, one of many, where a program to be read while the music is playing is a hindrance and a nuisance. Let the hearer listen to the music as music. Let him dream the dreams suggested by it. They may be even more fantastical than the thoughts which, as some say, inspired the composer.

Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave an unusually impressive performance of this symphony, one that put the work in the most favorable light, so that even doubting Thomases were inclined to be enthusiastic.

What would conductors do without the three familiar overtures of Weber? They are to them in time of perplexity what "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" are to opera managers. And yet, in spite of countless performances, the overture to "Der Freischuetz" is not stale. The part song for the horns still charms the ear, although it is now associated with "When the sun glorious" and other "sacred" words for service in the meeting house. The Samiel motive

is still dramatically sinister and brings back memories of the red-cloaked fiend as we have seen him on the German stage. And the clarinet theme, typical of Max, is still worthy of the famous praise of Berlioz. When there is talk of this overture there is frequently a reference to an article about it written by Douglas Jerrold. Was this article ever republished in an edition of Jerrold's works? Has any one now living ever read it?

The spirited performance of the overture awoke unusually hearty and protracted applause.

Mr. Bachhaus, who is known to his family and Europeans as Backhaus, gave a recital here last January. The audience was a small one, and it is said that the pianist was then so chagrined and chilled that he could not do himself justice. His playing was then technically smooth and polished, but his interpretation was singularly lukewarm. Yesterday his performance of the concerto was thoughtful, well proportioned, free from affectation in the reading, without any attempt at self-glorification. The hearer sat in a respectful attitude. He was calm. And when it was all over he felt like asking: "Is that all?" He gladly acknowledged the clearness, fluency, and sanity of the performance, but he missed poetical and emotional expression. Take for instance the faint suggestions of the Rondo theme, a little passage that only the greater Beethoven could have conceived. Mr. Bachhaus made little of it. And even the Rondo did not have the defiant brilliance that some pianists of less mechanical proficiency are able to give to it. Mr. Bachhaus was warmly applauded.

There will be no Symphony concerts next week. The program for the concerts of March 29, 30 will be as follows: Rachmaninoff, Symphony in E minor, No. 2, op. 27; Mozart, concerto for violin and orchestra, D major, No. 4 (Mr. Sylvain Noack, violinist); Mendelssohn, overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"GERMANIA" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second performance of Franchetti's "Germania." Mr. Conti conducted.

Loewe.....Mr. Zenatello
Worms.....Mr. Polese
Crisogono.....Mr. Blanchard
Stapp.....Mr. Mardones
Palm.....Mr. Silli
Luetzow.....Mr. Fiedler
Koerner.....Mr. Cilla
Weber.....Mr. Diaz
Peters.....Mr. Kaplich
Capo di Pollzia.....Mr. Tavecchia
Polizotto.....Mr. Letol
Ricke.....Mme. Melis
La Regina.....Miss Amson
Jane.....Miss Fisher
Amuth.....Miss Leveroni
Jebbel.....Miss D'Olige
Hedwig.....Miss De Courcy

Mr. Polese took the place of Mr. Amato as Worms, otherwise the cast was that of last Saturday afternoon. The interest of the drama, the elaborate stage settings and the general excellence of the performance excited the audience to hearty applause after each act.

The libretto is effective for three acts. The patriotic note invoked is a universal one. There are moving episodes, as the arrest of Palm, the simple wedding in the forester's hut, the scene between Jane and Loewe. There is stir, there is animation in the first act, and the arrival of recruits to the German cause provides a noteworthy ensemble, for which Franchetti had the good sense to use Weber's famous song of "Luetzow's Wild Chase." The meeting of the secret society in the vaults in Koenigsberg is also dramatic. Meyerbeer would have delighted in it.

A second hearing of the music does not materially change the impression published in The Herald last Sunday. The music of the first act has the most life, variety and spontaneity. There is the heroic air for Loewe which Mr. Zenatello sang with force and fire, but there is other music that has character, music based as a rule on German airs of the period. Franchetti falls dismally in music of dramatic passion. The duet between Ricke and Worms, the love duet and the air of Ricke in the second

act, and nearly all of the music in the fourth act is inherently weak and pointless when it should be the strongest. The music for the peasant girls in the second act is pretty and there are pleasant strains until the wedding ceremony is over. The interest in the third act is derived almost wholly from the drama itself. The music adds little if anything to the general effect.

Franchetti was exceedingly unfortunate in his invention of music for Ricke. Jane and the men fare a little better. Nor does Mme. Melis make much of the part. She does not suggest a simple German girl; she is an Italian prima donna in distress. Her costumes are hardly appropriate. And, by the way, when little Jane in the rude forester's hut is frightened by the thunder storm, she dons a rather elaborate night dress and puts on high-heeled slippers.

Mr. Z. ... with the tonal wealth of the ... Mr. Polase gave ... performance. Worms and sang with effect ... at times used ... force. Mr. B. ... again gave ... only a ... portrait of ... The other parts were ... ably taken. Miss ... is as ... in this opera as she ... in 'Hansel and Gretel.' She has not ... a ... voice and vocal skill, ... is what is rarer among opera ... dramatic intelligence.

He would have eaten sausages for breakfast at Norwich, ass desh with the Persians, curry with the Asiatics, East Indians, mutton roasted with honey with the Turks. He would have tried all, tasted all, thrived upon all and lived contentedly and cheerfully upon either, but he would have liked best that which was best.

Advice to Mr. Johnson.

As the World Wags:

On Monday I read with a good deal of interest the declared intention of Mr. Herkimer Johnson to visit the island of Trinidad for the purpose of investigating the origin of green swizzle. Mr. Johnson could not do better, and I wish him well of his sojourn in the tropics, be it long or short. Let me counsel Mr. Johnson to devote the major part of his visit to the Port of Spain and while there not to overlook Nigger Bill's place. Cross the Queen's Domain to the South side and you're there. They brew green swizzle at Bill's, but it goes by the name of "voodoo" and the base is rum, distilled from honey—a liquor which, I can assure Mr. Johnson, is, unmixed and alone, a drink fit for the gods.

A Night's Lodging.

Should Mr. Johnson's leisure allow of an extended absence from Boston, it might be well for him to slip across to Mexico and make a scientific investigation of pulque, mescal and tequila. These last two liquors, while not altogether pleasant to the taste, are guaranteed to produce that sweet oblivion expressed in "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Ten days of looking on the mescal when it is white will find Mr. Johnson rambling the sunny streets of Vera Cruz, his only possessions a shirt, a pair of trousers and a hat. But he won't wish or need anything else, and he will be happy. A centavo buys one big drink, and 25 centavos buy a quart bottle of mescal, tequila or aguardiente. A lodging for the night may be had in a six-centavo sleeping-joint. Should Mr. Johnson elect to carry his research so far, he will each night purchase his quart of mescal and a package of 16 brown cigarettes; then crawl through a seemingly endless black tunnel into the bowels of one of the old Spanish houses to his sleeping place. Six centavos give the privilege of lying on the floor for 12 hours. One picks his place, tucks his hat inside his shirt, if he has shoes left ties the strings in a hard knot, takes a long pull at the bottle, lights a cigarette and dozes.

Mescal—Inspired.

Then the faces come. This is a curious and unique phenomenon observable, I believe, only in mescal drinking. Great faces, distorted in malevolent grins, float before one, merging, dissolving, and finally after a long time coming together in one huge mask, swaying, advancing and receding, the jaw muscles twitching, the eyes rolling, for all the world as a particularly ugly Japanese mask might look magnified a thousand times and living. The queer part of it is that one takes acute pleasure in watching the faces—a never-ending curiosity and interest in their contortions.

Following the faces come the "jumps" and the "nervosas," but these are easily cured by another trip to the bottle.

Human Flotsam.

The sleeping joint furnishes great variety of entertaining company: Young half-fledged mining engineers, who started on a little celebration a month before and never stopped; a remittance man or two; old well workers from the Isthmus; deserting sailors; a defaulter from the States; heath-combers of all sorts. In lucid intervals through the night long discussions and mild arguments go forward. One hears strange tales of strange doings by land and sea. There is talk of strange drinks—the relative merits of beno, saki, catalan, high wines of California, the Scotch of Toronto; talk of the size of the "rat" served along the Boston waterfront; of the nutritive qualities of alligator pears, tortillas and mundungo soup. So the night passes, drink, doze, smoke, talk, the faces. Somebody lights a match. You see the man next you picking at the green mescal scabs at elbow or wrist. A purple visage twists and stretches with a curious foreshortening behind the lighting cigarette, then blinks into darkness. After that the faces again. In the morning one counts the dead, usually from one to six, and shuffles out into the sun-bathed Zocalo.

If Mr. Johnson goes to Vera Cruz and takes up the study of mescal, I can heartily recommend the liquor at the "Isle de San Balandran." The name of the resort should furnish a food for reflection. What a mouth filled! It smacks of piracy—the Spanish main, Sir Henry Morgan and all the rest. There is a sleeping joint behind the San Balandran.

I am inclined to think, however, that Mr. Johnson will reconsider his determination to go South. His profound philosophy bears the earmarks of middle-age. And the lure of the Tropics is for youth. Quick loves, fierce hatred, sudden death, the soft seduction of blue velvet star-spangled nights—these are for the young. Believe me, neither Trinidad nor Vera Cruz is any place for a minister's son or for a middle-aged gentleman, of sedentary, but convivial habits. HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON. Boston, March 13, 1912.

The Human Face.

After Thomas De Quincey had seen the Malay "the tyranny of the human face" began to unfold itself in his dreams. "Now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. My agitation was infinite, my mind tossed and surged with the ocean."

Could Mr. Herkimer Johnson, greatly daring in Vera Cruz, escape this tyranny? But what will not a sociologist, brave in the discharge of his duty toward an expectant world, venture without regret?

Mich 17 1912

"THAIS" TWICE SUNG IN DAY

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Massenet's "Thais." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Thais Miss Garden
Croyble Miss Fisher
Myrtale Miss Swartz
Albine Miss Claessens
La Charmeuse Miss Scotney
Athanael Mr. Renaud
Niclas Mr. Clement
Palemon Mr. Lankow
Un Serviteur Mr. Barreau

The cast in the afternoon was the same as on the occasion of a performance of the opera some days ago. Vocationally, it is interesting; in matters of dramatic presentation it is remarkable. The talents of Miss Garden especially are well calculated to establish this difference. The timbre of her voice is not commendably pure and sympathetic and yesterday the intonation was not constantly secure. On the other hand, her characterization is seductive, convincing, compelling. The extent to which the singer fails in matters of vocalization is not sufficient to mar the excellence of her creation, so persuasive are its dramatic elements. She may not obtain lyrical purity, but her talents as a dramatic vocalist and impersonator compel admiration.

Mr. Renaud is the serious and convincing artist who combines successfully the qualities of an admirable singer and competent actor. To some this may mean a confusion of the arts. But the result is so artistic that the creation is most significant. A certain sense of security was noticeable in the presentation. It was justified in regard to the merits of the characterization, which was masterful, and in regard to the reading, which was characterized by breadth of tone and judiciousness in vocal emphasis.

Mr. Clement is incomparable. His resourcefulness is well-nigh inexhaustible. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Clement is required to sing so very frequently. Yesterday his voice appeared somewhat fatigued.

MME. MELIS'S "THAIS"

She Sings with Discrimination at Evening Performance.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Evening performance of Massenet's "Thais." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Thais Mme. Melis
Croyble Miss Fisher
Myrtale Miss Swartz
Albine Miss Claessens
La Charmeuse Miss Scotney
Athanael Mr. Renaud
Niclas Mr. Clement
Palemon Mr. Lankow
Un Serviteur Mr. Barreau

Mme. Carmen Melis took the part of Thais for the first time in Boston. Five or six years ago, before she joined Mr. Hammerstein's company, The Herald published a striking picture of her as the heroine of Massenet's opera. It was as Thais that she won her reputation in Italy. She made the opera popular, and pleased the composer, who wrote to her one of his characteristically gallant letters.

It is to be regretted that she did not appear here in this part before; for it is one of her best roles vocally and dramatically. Mme. Brozla was unfortunate in her choice of "Thais" as an

opera in which to make her first appearance. She was a much better Mimi and a much better Manon. And now late in the season Mme. Melis reveals one of the better phases of her art.

We all naturally expect a Thais of brilliant and seductive physique. It is not necessary for a woman taking the part to be reckless or shameless in exposure. It is enough if the audience sees why she was the idol of Alexandria. Mme. Melis satisfied reasonable curiosity. She was not too demonstrative in her temptation of the Monk, but she made the temptation real.

She sang with a discrimination that has not recently been characteristic of her in other roles. Except that of the Girl. She seldom forced tone in the hope of gaining dramatic effect, and she often sang with true and fitting expression. All in all it was an interesting performance, varied and intelligent. If at times it lacked authority that was the fault of the composer rather than of the singer, for the music of "Thais" is often insincere.

Mr. Riddez was an earnest monk with a now familiar and expected gesture. Miss Fisher and Miss Swartz again sang and acted with evident enjoyment. The sumptuousness of the production was again highly appreciated by a comparatively small audience which applauded heartily the chief singers.

Mr. George Edwardes, pleased with the success of "The Sunshine Girl," to which we refer below, has been talking about the Gaiety successes of years past.

"Take the old Gaiety burlesque," he said; "when I came to London first the great thing was to go to the Gaiety to see Nellie Farren in one of those wonderful short burlesques by Tom Byron."

"The girls in those days wore tight principally. People were interested in seeing girls dressed as boys, and in hearing them sing comic songs. Where one song would make a success of a play then, you have now to have a dozen."

"The artists who played in those burlesques are all gone. I do not think the present artists understand that class of entertainment; nor do I think the public would care for it."

The Beginning of the Change

"The change began to come when I first produced musical comedy: 'In Town' at the Prince of Wales's followed by 'The Gaiety Girl.' These plays seemed to knock out the old burlesques, and one of the reasons for the advance that has been made is that the public demand, and have been demanding year by year, more for their money."

"Personally, I would love to try again the old triple bill, with its little first piece, its farcical comedy and its burlesque from 9:15 to 11 o'clock, but outside London there is practically no property in such an entertainment today—that is to say, there is no tour for it."

"You must remember that there is hardly any money to be made in London nowadays by running a musical theatre. The money is made on tour in the provinces, in the colonies, in America, and possibly on the continent."

"The late King Edward always said to me: 'Why, Mr. Edwardes, will you make your plays so long?' My reply was: 'The public demand it.'"

"Then there is the fact to be taken into consideration that everything pertaining to the stage is considerably more expensive than it was."

"For the whole run of one of the longer burlesques that was played at pantomime time at the Gaiety the author in the old days got £40. Today he would be very much underpaid if he did not get that sum every week. The musical composer might have got £20, or for a single good song, two guineas."

How Salaries Have Gone up

"When I first produced 'The Geisha' the biggest salary was £10. Now that sum is one of the smallest. Nearly all big artists nowadays get at least £100 a week. Everything else—except the seats—has increased in proportion. In the old days it was sufficient if the orchestra numbered 20; now there are nearer 40 in it, and individual salaries are 50 per cent. higher."

"Therefore, in addition to the public demanding more you have to make a bigger property for the country and the rest of the world, and you must get the very best people in their different lines, not only artists, but also masters of dancing, singing and elocution, designers in dresses and so on."

"The advance is so rapid that in a few years even 'The Merry Widow' may seem old fashioned. Every production has to be beautifully dressed, and if a girl is not graceful and charming she has no chance. Not that there was no grace in the old days."

Two Noteworthy Artists

"Today we are not content with one or two notable artists. In my opinion I do not think we have today artists equal to Nellie Farren or Fred Leslie. Possibly they were not so great as I thought them, but Fred Leslie I have always regarded as the greatest genius I have met."

"We have some good artists now, but I do not think the actors work as much as they did in the old days."

"Artists who played eight or nine different parts in the course of a year would naturally, I think, make better actors than those who play in one run for a year and a half."

"On the other hand, the changed conditions have brought out many prominent artists; and there are pretty girls, without great talent, perhaps, but with an extraordinary amount of magnetic charm and personality, who have become stars at once."

"Miss Lily Elsie was a star from the moment she stepped out of small parts. But she, of course, had great talent as well, and she was one of the most graceful dancers we have ever had on the stage, while her voice, although not a great voice, had nevertheless a wonderful charm."

George Edwardes's Conclusions

The stage now, according to Mr. Edwardes, has become the most highly paid of the professions. "Greater brains every day are concentrating on the theatre. The best writers are beginning to understand that more money is to be made by writing a successful play than by anything else they can do."

"The same with the young man studying music. If he has genius there is more money in writing a successful musical play than in any profession he could possibly choose. Artists the same."

"But the curse of the profession is the syndicate running a theatre, and this is very marked in the provinces. The theatre must have a personality."

And now let us see what great brains achieved in "The Sunshine Girl."

An Example of English Humor

The London journals speak of the wit and humor in the dialogue of "The Sunshine Girl," produced at the Gaiety. There is mention of "breezy epigram and repartee." Here is a sample. Mr. Edmund Payne incites workmen to strike on the ground that work is unnatural, and unknown to animals in a wild state. "Did you ever see a rabbit work?" Then the Chronicle adds: "All who know the inimitable Mr. Payne will understand what point he can put into an argument like that." Miss Connie Ediss is "particularly triumphant in the new piece" and puts "irresistible dash and gusto" into a song about Brighton. "She drives gloriously home even such familiar allusions as:

"You never meet a name like Moses. But you should see the Scotchmen's noses! Oh, when the weather's fine. It's just like Palestine. Brighton is the place for me."

To the Editor of the Herald:

The South Cove Theatre

There are no doubt a few old playgoers who remember the Beach Street Museum, just below Lincoln street, on the northerly corner of the thoroughfare, from which it derived part of its name. There was no reason why it should have been called a museum, for it contained no notable curiosities or works of art, except that 60 years ago or thereabouts those pious people who could not be induced to visit a theatre, so called, would go to a museum without any qualms of conscience. The Boston Museum had some justification for its name, for it really exhibited stuffed birds and beasts, paintings of genuine artistic merit and real wax-works, to say nothing of the Pejee mermaid, though it had what

Barnum called a "lecture room," where profane plays were performed bearing the gilt of a moral lesson.

As I have indicated, its Beach street contemporary had none of these to speak of. It was simply and solely a theatre situated over a public market. Its location would be deemed an unsuitable one at the present time, but in 1849 or thereabouts it was in the centre of a reputable residential district. The Syrians, the Armenians and the Chinese had not then come in with their own customs and amusements. Beach, South, Lincoln, Edinboro, Oxford, Tyler and Hudson streets and Harrison avenue then contained the homes of those who were native and to the manner born, or very near it.

The Early Mestayers

The Beach Street Museum for a few years enjoyed some measure of success, especially when it produced the burlesque of "The Female Forty Thieves," with Mrs. Charles Mestayer as Hsaserac. This piece was full of local allusions and puns. One of the latter was of particular atrocity. It referred to Herr Driesbach, the lion tamer, who was then exhibiting in this city and ran after this fashion: "What Boston grammar makes this Driesbach her?"

Mrs. Mestayer was the wife of Charles Mestayer, one of the good-looking Mestayer family, so well known in American theatrical history, of which Louis Mestayer, Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, Sr., and Miss Emily Mestayer (Mrs. Haupt) were members. After the death of her first husband, who was lame and

married Barney Williams and with him travelled for years in places in which he appeared as the Yankee and as the Irish brother of a boy. Their performances bordered on caricature, but they took with the general public. The couple made a fortune, as well as fortune, and this inspired Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence to follow in their footsteps. Mrs. Florence was a sister of Mrs. Williams, and under the name of Miss Malvina began her life as a stage dancer. Both were daughters of a man named Pray, who lost his life by accident. If I remember correctly, at Niblo's Garden, where he was employed in a mechanical capacity. There was a great deal of rivalry between the Williamses and the Florences and they were not on friendly terms for a long time, but they were eventually reconciled and all went merrily as a marriage bell with them thereafter. "Billy" Florence developed into an excellent general comedian, and his performance of the Hon. Bardwell Slope in Benjamin E. Woolf's "The Mighty Dollar" is remembered as one of his greatest successes. Mrs. Florence was also exceedingly clever as Mrs. Gildory in the same comedy.

Plays in Old Beach Street To return to our muttons. "Big Dick, the King of the Beach Street Negroes," was a drama that met with some favor at the Beach Street Museum. It was by an actor named Ward, who impersonated the gigantic hero, a celebrity in Boston in the days of our great-grandfathers. His skeleton is still preserved in this city. A sensational scene in the play was the destruction of "nigger hell," which had become a notorious resort that was as obnoxious as was the lower part of Ann street, now North street, at a later date.

At this same house I saw "The Nalad Queen," one of the first of our Amazonian pieces, which had been a notable attraction at another house. There, too, I saw "Cinderella" acted by the American Children. This was an enterprise of the father of Adelaide Phillips. Her two brothers, Frederic and Adrian, were in the cast, and so was her foster-sister, Arvilla. They were all school children then, and the two boys were fellow pupils with me at the old Adams school on Mason street. The Phillipses then lived on Washington street, near La Grange street, or place, as it was then called. Afterward they removed to Neponset, where the father was noted as an amateur fisherman, and, subsequently, to Marshfield. Frederic became a doctor in the navy and Adrian went into the express business and married his foster-sister.

These lads used to dance between the pieces, after the old custom, at the Boston Museum, about the time their afterward famous sister was a member of the stock company at that house. She was originally an infant phenomenon, and in her early days was known as "The Child of Avon." There seems to have been something of the Crumles in the make-up of Papa Phillips. The existence of the Beach Street Museum was, as I have indicated, not a prolonged one, and the house eventually became a Catholic Sunday school and chapel until the first St. James Church was built on Albany street, the predecessor of the house of worship of the same name now on Harrison avenue. Churches and theatres seem to have some affinity. The old Tremont Theatre was transformed into a church. The Hollis Street Theatre and the Columbia Theatre were originally churches, and the first Howard Athenaeum was built for a Millerite tabernacle.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Hammerstein's Summer Season Oscar Hammerstein's summer season in London will begin April 22 and last until July 13. "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be produced in the opening week. "The Children of Don," music by Joseph Holbrooke, book by T. E. Ellis (Lord Howard de Walden), will be produced. In addition to these operas and to those already performed are the following: French, "Don Quichotte," "Werther," "La Navarraise," "Le Prophete," "Les Huguenots," "The Violin Maker of Cremona," "Robert le Diable," "La Reine Flametta," Italian, "Il Trovatore," "La Favorita," "Dolores," "Andrea Chenier," "Un Ballo in Maschera," English, "Fionn and Tera," "The Mastersingers."

Journalist as Play Hero The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote as follows about Leroux's play produced at the Ambigu. His article was published Feb. 14:

"The Ambigu, true to its reputation as the home of melodrama, has staged 'The Mystery of the Yellow Room,' Judging by the applause of the critics, it will be a golden room for the author and without any mystery.

"The genial giant (in French 'genial' suggests genius), who is Gaston Leroux, owes the press. The fact is sufficiently rare to be remarked. In France, as in most other countries, the literary clan affects a superior pose before the ready critics of the daily sheet. But M. Leroux acknowledges that he found his hero Rouletabille among them, and in

of that enterprising job. Rouletabille, which wears a red face, is in the lower end of the Boulevard and looks out at night with strong eyes.

"Rouletabille, reporter, has been famous in his pursuit of crime. He has a 'nose' for sensational happenings. It is his energy and dash which led to the unravelling of the mystery. He is the Sherlock Holmes of French detective literature. M. Leroux renders a charming homage to the zeal of the reporter to his tireless devotion and to his sharpened by daily contact with all sorts of problems. It is more difficult, he declares, to describe an amusing or terrible event in 20 lines than to compose a bad novel of 300 pages.

"M. Leroux began, in fact, his brilliant career of letters in the service of a daily newspaper. 'Reporting,' he says, 'is the most exciting of all occupations, and it may become the most noble. The reporter lives ten times over. He mingles with the most talked of people and follows the most tremendous happenings.

"None has his joy of life, since none experiences his sensations. Oh! to live, to live, to see, to know, how to see and to tell others see! The reporter is the eyes of the world. What is there better than to travel over the face of the earth and describe the actions of men? How I have loved you, oh, my 'metier'!" "M. Leroux is not the first journalist who has made a noble exit into literature. He thinks that the faculties of the newspaper man are specially sharpened in the exercise of his calling. The press saves many an innocent man from the mistakes of the official police. Laughingly, he declares that he has become almost a prophet by reason of journalism. He placed the two principal episodes of his novel, "Le Roi Mystere," in two cabarets in both of which murders afterward occurred. Evidently one has to beware the prophecies of the journalist turned litterateur!"

Notes on New Plays "A Member of Tatter-sails," a sporting comedy in four acts, by Capt. H. S. Browning, produced at the Whitney Theatre, London, Feb. 23, depicts the turf as the hunting ground of donkeys. "Everybody connected with it seems to be quite extraordinarily silly." The play is described as a little too severe a study of English character with amusing and exciting scenes. "At Bay," by H. Marriott Watson and W. Raper Bingham, was performed for the first time in London at the Court Theatre, Feb. 27. "Grant Corfield, an absconding financier, is at a Southampton hotel preparing to leave the country. You see him toying with a phial of poison. 'I wonder,' he muses, 'it would save a lot of trouble.' But the poison is restored to his pocket. Meanwhile the evening papers come down, the news of his flight is cried in the streets, his portrait is in the Pall Mall Gazette, and the waiter's suspicions of his guest are confirmed by the arrival of the financier's wife, who in his presence blurts out her husband's name. The wife's indiscretion in following her husband has also given the police their clue. A detective is hot on the financier's heels, but he behaves on his arrival at the hotel in a way that would not be approved by Scotland Yard. His moments of hesitation give Corfield the opportunity of drinking his poison. Before it takes effect there is a struggle between the detective and the wife over a revolver, the weapon goes off by accident, and the detective is killed. The curtain falls on the dying financier grasping the revolver that he has taken in his own hand in order to avert suspicion from his wife.

Played with intense dramatic power, "At Bay" would probably make a hit at some of the music halls.

There's a new Napoleon play, "The Real Napoleon," by Wilfred Coleby, and it was produced at the Palladium, London, Feb. 26. Yet this Napoleon is not a new one; he is "just the bombastic little man of war, tolling terribly and bullying everybody." One of the characters calls him "a bundle of attributes." Napoleon is represented as a young man; he has bidden to his quarters the wife of an officer, an older love interrupts, then the husband, who shoots at his general and misses. Wife and husband are sent away unharmed.

Strauss's "Elektra" Richard Strauss's "Elektra" was performed for the first time in English at Hull, England, on March 1. It was produced by Ernest Denhof, a nephew of Maurice Strakosch. The performance was said to be good although a provincial theatre presented difficulties. Thus, there was no orchestral pit, and the orchestra of 65 took up the two stage boxes and half the stalls. Florence Easton, once with Mr. Savage's English Grand Opera Company, and now of the Berlin Royal opera, took the part of Elektra. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph was not impressed by the diction of any of the artists: "It was by no means impeccable, which fact, by the way, rather goes against opera in English." There are three orchestral versions of this opera. In the orchestra at Hull there were six each of first, second and third violins, seven violas, six cellos, six trumpets. Violas

played a part which was certainly third or fourth and certainly third or fourth. Strauss, a Bavarian about 21, and a friend of Strauss, conducted the band.

Strauss's "Adriano and Naxos," of which The Herald recently spoke, is orchestrated for only 30 instruments, and each part is played by one instrument. There are three first violins, three second, two violas, two cellos, two double basses, three flutes, two oboes, two clarinets (B flat and A), two horns, trumpet, trombone, two harps, piano, harmonium, kettle drum. Mr. Cortolezzi describes the work as simple, immensely entertaining and quite unlike anything else. He also speaks of Strauss's new "Alpen Symphonie," as yet unfinished in which respect it resembles Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work.

Invitations to attend the performance of "Adriano" are to be sent out to the leading musical critics of all countries, some 200 in number. "This is an improvement on the methods of the Dresden Opera House, which charges foreign critics a guinea for attending Strauss premieres, and suspiciously insists on having the money before it parts with the tickets."

Of a Personal Nature Mme. Clara Butt is known in Budapest as Klary Bultove. Le Temps (Paris) says

of Massenet's new opera "Roma," produced at Monte Carlo. "It is evident that M. Massenet, in treating a subject essentially tragic, has sought to be solemn, impressive, and pathetic. To this end he has made a great effort, but I cannot say that the effort strikes me as having been always happy. The score is not lacking in gravity * * * but its defects lie chiefly in the fact that the composer's musical ideas are neither strong nor pathetic. In place of real strength we have noise, some of the ensemble and finales in 'Roma' being among the most deafening to be heard in opera house, and, as for pathos, it is replaced by melodious effusions merely facile and commonplace."

The singers who were chosen to take the parts of Radames and Aida in the performance of Verdi's opera, to be given at the foot of the pyramid of Cheops, object to being buried alive in a real tomb.

The Pall Mall Gazette of England was disappointed in Franz von Vecsey. "It is sad to think of the possibility of his artistic nature having been harmed by his career as a 'prodigy.'"

A concert of Alfred Hale's compositions was given in London Feb. 23. "A composer hitherto unknown to us, he has apparently written a good deal, an opera on 'The Tempest' is labelled op. 9, and some Shakespeare sonnets form op. 13. A sufficiently large selection from the former work was played last night to give a good idea of Mr. Hale's general powers of composition. They are decidedly small at present, and it was indeed difficult to trace evidences of very much latent talent of which with proper training something might be made. Beyond some touches of imagination, of attempted pictorial effects, one could detect but a small melodic or harmonic gift. In technique Mr. Hale has practically everything to learn, and it is a pity that he should try his hand at the very difficult form of continuous operatic writing; he can only make his music wander about in the most aimless and indefinite way, while in the actual setting of the words it was impossible to discover any logical or even faintly organized method. Stress would be laid on certain words with no reason therefor, or others of real importance would be hurriedly grouped in a bar or two to the bewilderment of the hearer. The result on the stage would be quite impossible. Mr. Hale must furthermore study writing for the voice; many of his vocal passages were ineffective by being badly placed, and, in addition, the heavy and thick orchestration lent a further obscurity."

The Daily Telegraph (Feb. 27) said of Mascagni conducting "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the Hippodrome, London: "Mascagni is an exception to the general rule that the composer should never be permitted to conduct his own music if everything that is possible is to be got out of it. From the moment that the storm of applause which heralded his appearance was hushed, and the overture was begun, till amid another great outburst of cheering, he laid his baton down at the end of the opera, he conducted the music as no one else has conducted it here before. The lurid glow of its elemental passions, its coarse brutality, so admirably in keeping with the spirit of many of the scenes, the rather crude but immensely effective exaltation of the Easter anthem, were brought out with splendid force, and

the fine orchestra, which has been specially engaged for these performances, responded freely to the composer's magnetism and played magnificently."

About Boogie Author—But suppose the audience simply hate the New Plays piece? Suppose the pities "boo" and the stalls walk out? Suppose they want to destroy me, and set fire to the house?

Lessee—That will not affect the "call."

Producer—In fact, the more the pities and galleries "boo," the more "curtains" we shall have.

Lessee—All "boogie" is organized. It is the work of a conspiracy. And we meet it with counter-organization.

Producer—First of all, we don't allow the orchestra to move from their places.

Lessee—Then we keep down the lights in the auditorium.

Producer—Then we arrange a series of groups on the stage, and the curtain has to rise on each group.

Lessee—Then, if the clamor, friendly or unfriendly, shows signs of dying away prematurely, we get a stagehand to shake the curtain. That suggests that actors and actresses are behind it, and the applause generally begins again.

Author—But suppose the play is a bad one—

Lessee—I never produce a bad play.

Author—I should say, suppose that the public, in their besotted ignorance, consider it a bad one, of what use will all this fictitious and manufactured enthusiasm be?

Lessee—Read your morning paper next day and you will see. Ha, ha!

Author—And do you expect me to play a part in the pantomime?

Lessee—My dear and honored sir, you can please yourself.

Author—I suppose you are aware that Macready declined to accept "calls" when he considered that his acting had not justified the audience's enthusiasm.

Lessee—I am perfectly aware of that. Macready also ignored the comments of the morning papers. In short, Macready today would be neither more nor less than a hopelessly out-of-date fossil. And—forgive my bluntness, dear and honored sir, in saying so—you yourself display a fossilized intelligence in deprecating the careful extraction of an audience's delight.

Author—I perceive. Thank you. Good night.

Lessee—Good night.

Producer—Good night.

Extract from morning paper: "The audience received Mr. Quille's play with vast enthusiasm, the curtain having to be raised no fewer than four times after the first act, eleven times after the second and seventeen times after the third."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A New "Esther" in Paris Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes from Paris: "The Bible Esther and the Esther of Racine are scarcely to be recognized in the sinuous and sensuous, scented and perverse creature, who appears in all the luxury and circumstance of Persian pride at the Odeon. There are the winged bulls and the bicephalic bulls mounted on columns in the palace of the king; there are the lions and archers appearing on the frieze—so that you are certain there has been much copying of antiquities at the Louvre—there is the 'va et vient' of officers, eunuchs, slaves and women of the harem. All this is no doubt historically accurate and the well-known Orientalist, Mme. Dieulafoy (permitted by the government to wear man's clothes) has superintended the details; but imagine what a shock the 'divine' Racine would receive and how Mme. de Malmonten would hurry away her pupils when Isis began to dance—to Russian music, by all that's strange! The 'colour' should not have stopped at the bulls and the curtains, but should have gone as far as the music.

"However, the Russian ballet has crept into 'Esther,' and, with our theories today of the merging of the milieu with the object, you can imagine the result. The olive-skinned, languorous Jewess, played bewitchingly by Mlle. Ventura, to a wonderful Ahasuerus by M. Joubé (surely the handsomest French actor), is a sort of Herodias, not an avenging priestess, inspired by a holy hatred of the persecutors of her people; and instead of the head upon the charger she demands Haman and his 10 sons and a slaughter of the Amalekites. The production is extraordinarily sumptuous, and the verses of the two poets, Andre Dumas and Sebastien Leconte, are not lacking in real dramatic quality; but the reconstitution will raise just those objections that were urged against 'Salome.' Here, I must admit, one does not hear that side of the question outside the strictest Catholic circles."

A Thing That Matters That Matter Mr. Filson Young is writing a series of articles entitled "The Things That Matter" for the Pall Mall Gazette. His article published on Feb. 23 was as follows:

"There is such a thing as nationality in art, but sometimes it is hard to trace.

"The other day I read this announcement in the columns of a well-informed newspaper: 'A new opera by the English composer, Mr. Isidore de Lara, entitled, 'Les Trois Masques,' a tale of a

English music has for some time suffered from a kind of shame of its own origin and a terribly snobbish affectation of foreign subjects and foreign languages, so that we are familiar with such titles as 'Chant d'Amour; morceau pour piano par John Smith.' The music is, of course, none the worse for masquerading under a foreign name, although one cannot help feeling that a robust national art would not tolerate such an affectation. But though the use of foreign terms and foreign material may not be a cause, it is probably a result of original weakness. Now, however, there are signs of a renaissance of musical art in England our composers would do well to remember that we have a language of our own, a poetry of our own, a history of our own."

Ch 18 1912

Have a good hat: the secret of your looks. Live with the beaver in Canadian brooks; Live may flourish in an old cravat. But man and nature scorn the shocking hat. Does beauty slight you from her gay abodes? Like bright Apollo, you must take to Rhoades. Mount the new castor—see itself will melt; Boots, gloves, may fall; the hat is always set.

The "High Henry."

As the World Wags:

Your recent reference to tall silk hats brings to my mind the fact that they were once more universally worn for all outdoor occasions than now. Morning, noon and night the "beaver," as we facetiously called it, was to be seen on the street. Even when Kosuth came here in 1852, or thereabouts, this fashion did not fall into disuse entirely, although headgear similar to that worn by the Hungarian patriot began to be widely adopted. Sometimes in imitation of our distinguished visitor, it was decorated with a feather, but our Puritanic taste did not favor this ornament to any great extent. It was not until the Derbys came in that restrictions were generally placed on the time for donning the "High Henry." The genuine beavers, those made out of the skin of the animals from which they derived their name, were not worn within my remembrance, although I have some faint recollection of having seen them in receptacles for discarded clothing.

Caps and Bonnets.

In my early boyhood in the Forties a glazed silk cap was much affected by young men for fine, as well as stormy, weather. And it had a decidedly jaunty appearance, especially when its top was pulled down on one side of a curly head. I have been told that during the trial in New York of young Robinson for the murder of Helen Jewett the court room was crowded with young men who carried glazed silk caps out of sympathy for the accused, who, when he was arrested, was a follower of the style they were illustrating. This probably had no influence on his acquittal which many people thought was not deserved.

An effort was made in Boston 60 years ago and more to introduce the Glangarry bonnet, but it did not receive much encouragement. Perhaps, because it was too picturesque for city use. Then the boys wore in cold weather a knitted arrangement which was pulled down over the head, ears and neck, and left an opening for the exposure of the face. When this device was discarded in the schoolroom it made each particular hair of its owner's head stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Curly Heads.

The curly head to which I have alluded was not an uncommon sight in the Forties and Fifties of the last century, and many who did not have it naturally and could not produce it by bear's grease and water went to the barber's curling tongs as an aid to masculine adornment. Most of the actors who played juvenile characters displayed hyperion curls, even if they came from the wigmakers. I have seen it recorded somewhere that Byron in his hobbleday days before he published "Hours of Idleness" was a rather commonplace looking lame youth with his hair plastered flat upon his forehead. This was when he was playing in amateur theatricals with some friend that he seemed to have forgotten after he woke up one morning and found himself famous. By the way, would he have been ravishly handsome in the close-cropped hair, and stiff shirt collar with the regulation narrow four-in-hand of our day?

BAIZE.

Dorchester, March 14, 1912.

Around a Hat.

According to the New England Dictionary the word Glangarry as applied

to a head covering did not find its way into print before 1853. It may be remembered that Margaret in Barrie's "Little Minister" made a Glangarry out of a piece of carpet.

There has been much said recently in London journals about the haberdasher John Hetherington who was the first to wear a plug publicly in London. He walked in the Strand on Jan. 15, 1897, with a tall hat having a shiny lustre "and calculated to frighten timid people." Women fainted at the unusual sight, children screamed, dogs yelped, "and a young son of Cordwainer Thomas, who was returning from a chandler's shop, was thrown down by the crowd which had collected, and had his right arm broken." Poor Hetherington was arraigned before the Lord Mayor and required to give bonds in the sum of £500. A London newspaper at the time said that this plug was an advance in dress reform, one bound to stamp its character upon the entire community.

But high, conically crowned hats, sugar loafs, were worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Silk hats were known in France with the coming in of the French revolution. The judges at the trial of the Girondists were shown in a print as wearing silk hats. And is there not a red top hat in Raphael's cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens? Reformed China is buying European hats now that the pigtail is abandoned. African chiefs delight in plug hats and thus crowned and without clothing think themselves fully dressed, so that they can look a missionary and his wife serenely in the face. Herman Melville's friend in "Moby Dick," the South sea harpooner, whom he met at the New Bedford inn, began dressing in the morning by clapping a silker on his head.

But what has become of the white plug? We were told as boys that when we saw a man wearing one enriched by a weed, he was beyond doubt and peradventure a gambler. We used to follow him in the village streets, King, Maine, Elm, Market, Bridge, South and Hawley, but we never surprised him with a pack of cards or a dice cup, although sometimes we snatched a fearful joy by sneaking with him into the billiard saloon, where drinks were served from two flasks carried in the proprietor's coat pockets.

March 19, 1912

"BOHEME" AT BOSTON OPERA

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Mimi.....Miss Zeppilli
Musetta.....Mme. Dereyne
Rodolfo.....Mr. Clement
Marcello.....Mr. Polese
Colline.....Mr. Mardones
Schaunard.....Mr. Fucini
Alcindoro and Benoit.....Mr. Tavecchia
Un Doganiere.....Mr. Oishansky
Parpignol.....Mr. Chila

Miss Alice Zeppilli first visited Boston as a member of Mr. Hammerstein's company and was heard as Olympia and Giuletta in "Contes d'Hoffmann," Irma in "Louise" and Nedda in "Pagliacci." This season she has been a member of the Chicago Opera Company. She sang at the Boston Opera House last night for the first time.

Since she was here in 1909 her voice has broadened, but it has not lost in quality. She sang last evening with taste, with sentiment that was appropriate to the text and situation, and, when the occasion demanded, with compelling pathos. Her manner of attack might be improved, and unless it be improved the voice will surely suffer; but as it is today her voice is agreeable and sympathetic.

It is seldom that this part is so well sung and acted here. We saw a girlish and pretty Mimi, a grisette of the period, not a sentimental coquette of the last decade. Miss Zeppilli acted with a charming naturalness, with a simplicity that is unfortunately rare. It was perhaps not a "great" performance; but Mimi is not a grand heroine who should wear the tragic mask. She is not even the "petite femme" so dear to Melhuch and his school. She is a grisette of Murger's time; the grisette sung by Dr. Holmes; the Fantine of the early scene in "Les Miserables," before her child came to her and she became a miserably tragic heroine of the pavement. Miss Zeppilli was especially fortunate in the third act, where she succeeded in giving emotional stress to the melodic lines of Puccini without distorting their lyric character.

Mr. Clement appeared here for the first time as Rodolfo. He took the part at the Opera Comique as far back as 1899, and it was only natural that he should wish last night to sing in French. It may seem surprising that this accomplished artist did not trust himself to sing in the native language of the opera when the other characters sang in Italian. Mr. Zenatello, an Italian, pays the French the compliment of singing in their language; Mme. Melis sang in French last Saturday night in "Thals," and it would be easy to cite other instances at the Boston Opera

House of a singer taking the trouble to sing in a foreign language.

Mr. Clement's impersonation was an effective one in spite of the Franco-Italian alliance. He looked the Bohemian poet, he acted with unforced lightness in the scenes of comedy; he was duly sentimental in the second act, and in the third he relieved Rodolfo from the charge of being a cad, a particularly shabby cad, willing to be separated from Mimi because she was a consumptive. He showed feeling akin to despair. Mr. Clement is singularly happy in developing the character he impersonates. His little touches in the management of detail contribute greatly to verisimilitude in portraiture. When the final curtain falls we feel that we know the man, whether it were Werther or Des Grieux, Don Jose or Rodolfo. And in the expression of emotion Mr. Clement does not rely on effects of "full voice." He has the art of being quietly eloquent, such is his mastery over phrasing and diction.

The word "educational" is often applied to opera, which even in its highest form is a complex entertainment appealing to the eye as well as the ear. It may be said, however, that it has been a liberal education to witness the performance and hear the singing of Mr. Clement. There have been times when his voice was evidently tired, when his singing, as pure singing, fell below his own high standard; but there has never been a performance when he did not often show himself an operatic artist of high rank, a singer and actor that respects his art.

Mme. Dereyne's vivacious impersonation is well known here and needs no special praise at this late day. Nor is there need of dwelling on the excellent achievements of Mr. Polese and his associates.

For some reason or other the opera house was kept unusually dark during the performance, without benefit to the scenes on the stage and to the detriment of the spectators. It is not often that we have cause to inquire into the reasonableness of the stage settings, but would the Cafe Momus have had an illuminated sign in 1830? When "Il Trovatore" was performed last week the gypsies, fine fellows in their way, were thoughtfully provided with steel claw-hammers for the anvil chorus.

The opera on Wednesday night will be "Germania," with Mmes. Melis, Fisher, Leveroni, Amsden, Messrs. Zenatello, Polese, Blanchard, Mardones, Silli and others. Mr. Conti will conduct.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"He Came from Milwaukee," a musical comedy. Book by Mark Swan. Music by Ben M. Jerome, Louis A. Hirsch and Melville Ellis. The cast:

Herman Von Schnellenslein.....Sam Bernard
Napoleon Ravachal.....John J. Cain
Duke of Zurich.....George Baldwin
Bruce Chetwynde.....Billy Gaston
Gen. Brokoski.....Henry Norman
Constance Harvey.....Louise Mink
Betty Winthrop.....Anna Wheaton
Mrs. Matthew Harvey.....Alice Gordon
Leska Czechenyi.....Nella Bergen

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Trilby," four acts, by Paul M. Potter, based on Du Maurier's novel.

Svengali.....John Craig
Talbot Wynne.....George Hassell
Alexander McAllister.....The Laird of Cockpen.....Walter Walker
William Bagot, "Little Blillee".....Carnoy Christie
Duc de la Rochemartel, "Zou Zou".....Albert Hickey
Gecko.....Leslie Palmer
Rev. Thomas Bagot.....Robert M. Middlemass
Theodore de la Farce.....Charles Bickford
Lorrimer.....Alfred Clark
Col. Kaw.....Al. Roberts
Phillippe.....Arthur Fox
Mrs. Bagot.....Mabel Montgomery
Madame Vinard.....Mabel Colcord
Angele.....Grace Lothrop
Honoria.....Sylvia Bieden
Musette.....Margaret Fay
Ebebe.....Louise Ray
Trilby O'Ferral.....Mary Young

HYPNOTIST AT B. F. KEITH'S

Pauline Performs Some Remarkable Feats—Other Good Items on Bill.

Pauline, whose hypnotic feats several years ago gave him the distinction of being one of the greatest in his line, is at B. F. Keith's this week along with some subjects who he freely admits are his own, while others respond to the volunteer call from the audience. And Pauline makes them one and all do just about what he wishes them to do, to the evident amusement as well as astonishment of the audience. Unlike many in his line, Pauline gives no extended discourse upon hypnotism and its wonders, but immediately begins the task of hypnotizing his subjects. One by one they yield to his stronger will power and are, for the moment, lost to the world and to reason, able only to do that which Pauline commands.

Two of the most striking of the experiments were performed with one of Pauline's own subjects, the hypnotist explaining that it was much easier to place such a person in a state of hypnotism than a stranger. "I can do with him in two minutes what I might not be able to do in a half hour with a stranger," Pauline asserted, as he made the young man's muscles completely rigid, while the subject was in a standing position. Then the subject was placed across two chairs and four men, whose combined weight was not much under 500 pounds, stood upon the arch his body formed between the two chairs. Another thing Pauline did was to drive not only the feeling, but all blood from the fingers, hand and arm of a subject, making them perfectly waxlike in color.

Pauline was good and his work was appreciated from whatever viewpoint but the real big and unqualified hit of this week's bill is being made—last night's audience is any criterion—by Jack Wilson, "the extemporaneous comedian," who is assisted by Franklin Batle and Ada Lane, in "A 1912 Review." Wilson makes up most of his "stuff" as he goes along, and at last night's performance more than half of what he said was inspired by scenes and incidents in the acts that had come before his own. Wilson, early in his sketch, appears in the garb of the regulation "Ye olden" minstrel, but later he appears in burlesques upon fashion's latest edicts, his costumes being screechingly funny.

Another act that was enthusiastically received was that of Miss May Tully and her company in "The Battle Cry of Freedom," a one-act comedy that deals with Reno, Nev., or, what amounts to the same thing, divorce. Miss Tully was formerly with Christy Mathewson in Matty's off-season sketch "Curves," and she brings into her own sketch—or else Bozeman Bulger the author did it—not a little of the slang of the diamond which was, of course, appreciated from pit to dome. Miss Tully was herself excellent as Mrs. Robert Smith, one of Smith's wives seeking release from further marital incubance, while Miss Frances Carson, playing Mrs. Gwendoline Smith, the other wife, was exactly as good.

Hanlon Brothers, whose names were linked for so many years with the "Superba" production, are at Keith's this week for the first time in a little pantomimic affair in which the Hanlons—Fred and William—although not as young as they used to be, dance, and otherwise perform with all the agility of 20 or 30 years ago. They have a good-sized company, and plenty of effective scenery and are altogether exceptionally good.

Others upon the program were Harry Ellis and Tom McKenna in an original singing act, entitled "Wanted a Tenor"; Fred Duprez, a monologue man; Glen White, Florrie DeMar & Co., in a farce entitled "Bill's Wife," Lavine and Bennett in catchy songs.

ARNOLD DALY AT PLYMOUTH

By PHILIP HALE.

Arnold Daly and others gave an "Entertainment Unique" yesterday afternoon at the Plymouth Theatre. While there may possibly have been a difference of opinion concerning the degree of entertainment, all the members of the small audience would have agreed that "unique" was the fitting, the inevitable word.

Charles De Harrack, announced as the "Servian Court Pianist"—he has been recently living in Ohio—played Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, but his reading was apparently more in the Servian than in the Hungarian manner. He took so many liberties with the text and in the interpretation that his performance was actually illicentious. Later in the afternoon he played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata.

Miss Lisa Gluck of the Metropolitan Opera House and Russian Imperial Ballet gave an interpretation of Moszkowski's Valse Plastique, Roberts Fantasia de Salon, and Rubinstein's Spanish Dance. Miss Gluck has a pretty face, but unfortunately her thighs wrinkled and bagged about her ankles, which seriously marred the illusion. Mr. De Harrack played for her, and in his hands the Valse Plastique was more than plastic; it was as loose as ashes.

Mr. Daly first appeared in Owen Johnson's "comedietta," in one act, "A Comedy for Wives." He was supported by Miss Bertha Mann and Alfred Hickman. The audience was without support. The comedy is of the flimsiest nature. A man mourns the absence of his wife, who has run away from him. A friend of his bachelor days attempts to comfort him. The bereaved husband is finally consoled, and there is talk of a trip to Morocco and shooting of big game, when the wife, who has been extravagant and domineering, enters, falls on her knees and says she returns to take care of her husband. There was another comedy, "Bryant 5800," an adaptation by Gaston Meyer of Tristan Ber-

the "Lionel Lincoln" is a piece has a telephone in it, and is mildly amusing.

Mr. Daly "Interpreted" Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray." In other words, he recited a large portion of the play, dressed in a convict suit with arrows, and he also wore knickerbockers. He recited the ballad in a loud but poorly furnished cell with the sunlight streaming through a grated window high in the wall. His recitation was not a forcible one, not to be commended as an achievement in elocution, not significant by reason of dramatic force or any originality of conception. He was, however, heartily applauded, and thus shared honors with the Serbian Court Pianist and the Imperial Russian Dancer.

It is not pleasant to think of Mr. Daly, actor of indisputable ability, going out with a show of this kind. It is not pleasant to think of him wasting his time and talent with the piffle of Mr. Johnson, or giving second-rate melodramatic readings. The performance yesterday was a melancholy one, especially to his admirers, who know what he can do.

Our valued contributor "Ealze" yesterday discussed Byron's curly hair and revived a story to the effect that the poet's curls were not natural. This important question was raised in London a fortnight ago. Evidence was brought forward showing that Byron's hair was naturally curly when he was at school. One of his friends—was it Scrope Davies?—told a story of surprising him in later years with the curling irons. It was Artemus Ward who, lecturing in London, informed his audience that some persons' hair will not curl under any circumstances. "My hair won't curl under two shillings," said Artemus.

A Curly Head of Hair.

In the pictures of Byron his hair is curly, and from the evidence it is fair to infer that in his youth his hair tubes or hair canals were more or less serpentine or spiral. There is a wealth of information about curly hair, curling irons, curl papers, etc., in Cooley's "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," a book that should be, not in every gentleman's or gentlewoman's library, but on the dressing table. Our own copy once belonged to Miss Maud Banks, the actress, who enriched it with notes of a personal nature that double the value of the volume. Cooley regards curling tongs and curling irons as objectionable things and he inveighs against the French permanent curling fluid "Secretage Liquid," compounded of quicksilver and aquafortis. Boudoin, fixateur and hard pomatum are mentioned. "Mild ale or porter has a similar effect." What a misuse of excellent beverages! Natural curliness is not unfavorably affected by brushing, but rather increased by it. "Nor does washing or wetting the hair destroy it. It is only necessary to place subsequently the locks loosely in a favorable position, with the fingers or comb, for them to resume either form immediately." Admirable Cooley!

The curls went well with Byron's make-up. Today it matters not whether a poet be bald or with the short, straight, well cared for hair of a business man. And poets today for the most part write like business men.

Intermezzo.

The choir will now sing the third verse of a charming poem by a Londoner, "A. K. H."

What of the Beer?
The beer was light, and sparkled bright,
To the joy of the Poor Bard's heart;
And he did cry, with a merry eye,
As he finished off the quart,
"Oh! let us bless the old goddess
Who taught us the brewing art!"
And he blessed the malt whence the good
beer came,
And the girl of the brewer brewing it,
And the Giant Thirst he'd quenched with it.

Hat Etiquette.

Is there any book on the etiquette of the hat? Walt Whitman chanted:
Whispering and truckling fold with
powders for invalids, conformity
goes to the fourth removed.
I cock my hat as I please, indoors or out.
So it stands in the first edition. In later editions "wear" was substituted for "cock" and the sentiment is less pleasingly defiant. There are clubs in which it is "the thing" to wear one's hat, especially if it be a silk hat. In other clubs the wearing would not be tolerated. The Daily Chronicle of London published not long ago entertaining notes on this subject: How the Hebrew

wears his hat in the synagogue as a token of respect, as the Piedmontese peasant wears his when he enters the house of his landlord to pay his rent. Lord George Sanger, the famous circus man who was murdered not long ago, always wore his silk hat indoors. Auber, the composer, did not like to go to any house where he could not wear his; he composed with his hat on, ate with it on. Sutherland Edwards wrote somewhere that in 1863 the Polish subjects of the Tsar were compelled to wear plumed hats. The Warsaw theatres had long been closed and for nearly two years everyone had worn mourning. The theatres were opened by superior authority, the wearing of mourning except for near relatives was made a punishable offence, and no sort of head-

gear was allowed except to plume hat. "The order of civilization" as Count Bismarck called it in his proclamation. Brian Young used to sit in a rocking chair in the parquette of the theatre and always with his hat on. Old prints show English cricketers as wearing tall hats. There are places in Europe where the silk hat is still the professional headgear of the chimney sweep. The correct gentleman who seated on a horse, recommends on the bill boards a brand of whiskey, wears a plug.

Here and There.

Mr. Horatio Parker, whose opera, "Mona," is described by the leading New York critics as neither dramatic nor operatic, lectured some time ago on his opera, and in the course of his remarks delivered himself, unless he was inaccurately reported, of this astounding statement: "I reject the quasi-Unitarian non credo of the modern musical Voltaires."

Mr. Frank Schloesser contributes a learned article on sardines to the Pall Mall Gazette. He begins: "What is a sardine anyway? A question more easily asked than answered. It is evidently 'Clupea'; but whether 'Pilchardus,' 'Sagat' or 'Sprattus' is a matter of chance—or trade convenience." "More easily asked than answered." And is Mr. Schloesser ignorant, then, of Artemus Ward's definition, which stands for all time? "Little fishes billed in lie." M. A. Callet, the chef at the Grand Hotel de Louvre in Marseilles, has written a book on sardines in which he describes 161 different methods of cooking the sardine.

Mr. Tully Marshall speaking of early circus days and nights said that he did everything—distributed handbills and "helped ballyho." The Providence Journal asks: "What was the procedure when he helped 'ballyho'?" Can any one of our readers shed light?

"Boston Kisses" are now sold in London. They are "creamy twists of fondant, mixed with chopped walnuts, cherries and peel."

CLEMENT SINGS

Edmond Clement gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Introductory remarks in French were made by Prof. C. P. Lebon reminiscent of the composers of the afternoon. The program was as follows: Berlioz, "La Belle Voyageuse," "Absence," "Le Matin"; Offenbach, "Chanson de Fortunio," "Lettre de La Perichole," "Rondeau-Rondelette"; Bizet, "Jaime L'Amour," "Chanson du Fou," "Pastorale." Walter Stramm was the accompanist.

It is seldom, as in the case of Mr. Clement, that a singer who shines in opera is conspicuously effective or even interesting in concert. Mr. Clement, a distinguished and admired interpreter of operatic roles, is equally at home on the concert stage. His bearing is always dignified and graceful, never theatrical, nor does he require the accessories of orchestra and stage settings, the consciousness of being a figure in a drama, to express himself with surpassing art.

Yesterday afternoon his singing was again distinguished by admirable management of breath with the resulting exquisiteness in phrasing, by purity of tonal expression and decisive attack, by accurate intonation and irreproachable diction.

There are famous tenors whose voices are often forced in the effort to win applause, whose passionate utterances are bawled or shouted, who are instances of voice—and nothing else. But Mr. Clement is unconscious of his audience; he has mastered the art of gaining effect by simple means, and in his powerful climaxes his voice lacks somewhat in resonance and volume, his dramatic declamation is the more authoritative by reason of the suggestive emotional reserve.

The songs by Berlioz, which are to be found in the "Collection de 32 Melodies," are characteristic of the composer's musical speech and widely differing in mood. Of the three, "Absence" has the most poetic beauty.

Mr. Clement sang the Chanson de Fortunio with his accustomed grace and lightness of vocalization. This charming romance was composed by Offenbach for "Le Chandelier," but it had to be discarded owing to Mr. De-launay's vocal limitations. Afterward Offenbach introduced the air into his opera "La Chanson de Fortunio."

Bizet's "Chanson du Fou" was a sombre contrast to the character of the other numbers on the program. Mr. Clement was repeatedly recalled, and he added generously to the program.

Before each group of songs Prof. Lebon made a few introductory remarks. He spoke delightfully and his address was in the nature of an impression, a silhouette, as it were, of the composers of the afternoon.

He referred to the tragedy of Berlioz's life, the lack of appreciation of his music during his lifetime, and the contrasting apotheosis of the composer after his death.

Offenbach was closely associated for

a time with Prof. Lebon, who spoke of the composer's untiring perseverance in work, in spite of racking physical distress, and his courage, after the failure of his enterprises at the Gaité, in rebuilding a future with "Mme. Favart" and "La Fille du Tambour Major."

Besides veneration and respect, the professor's relation to Bizet had been one of genuine comradeship. They were together as often as the distance between Tours and Paris would allow, and their acquaintance began at the time of

Bizet's winning the Prix du Rome. According to Mr. Lebon, Bizet was scornfully reproached for his names of Alexander, Leopold, Caesar, by one of his masters at the conservatory. "If you think I could write better music if my name were Georges, call me Georges," answered the youthful composer, hotly. And Georges it remained from that day.

FINAL KNEISEL CONCERT

Quartet Ends Season with Well Contrasted Program.

The Kneisel quartet gave its fourth and last concert of the season last evening in Steinert Hall. Miss Katharine Goodson was the assisting artist. The program was as follows: Schumann, Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3; Cesar Franck, Quintet in F minor; Haydn, Quartet in C major.

The program was interesting and well contrasted, and the playing of the quartet was marked by its usual high order of musicianship, beauty of tone, admirable execution, unity and precision of attack. The varying moods and musical expression of the composers on the program were excellently reflected. The Schumann Quartet was particularly effective, and Cesar Franck's beautiful quintet was played with breadth and depth of interpretation.

Miss Goodson's playing was efficient, thoughtful and painstaking. Often, however, her preoccupation for detail caused an apparent lack of continuity in her interpretation.

A large audience was repeatedly warm in its expressions of appreciation.

The quartet announces its regular series of concerts for the season of 1912-13, to be given on Tuesday evenings in Steinert Hall.

"GERMANIA" AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Franchetti's "Germania." Mr. Conti conducted.

Loewe Giovanni Zenatello
Worms Giovanni Polesi
Crisogono Ramon Blanchart
Stapp Jose Mardones
Palm A. Silli
Luetzow Attilio Pulcini
Peters Max Kapilek
Capo di Pollia Luigi Tavecchia
Ricke Carmen Melis
La Regina Elizabeth Amaden
Jane Bernice Fisher
Armuth Elvira Leveroni
Jedwig Madeleine D'Oille
Redwig Florence DeCourcy

We have spoken of the effective use of "Luetzow's Wild Chase" made by Franchetti in this opera. The finale of the first act, perhaps, the most dramatically musical portion of the opera, is based on this tune of Weber. Yet the use of it is anachronistic.

Koerner wrote his poem at Lelpsic April 11, 1813. He was a member of Luetzow's corps of volunteers and was killed in the fight at Gadebusch Aug. 26, 1813. The librettist introduces him in "Germania," and his song, "Luetzow's wilde Jagd," is sung by the patriots long before the battle of Lelpsic, which took place in October, 1813.

But Weber did not unite the tune used by Franchetti until Sept. 13, 1814. He set music on that day to Koerner's "Schwertlied" and later to other poems in Koerner's "Leyer und Schwert."

"Luetzow's wilde Jagd" was composed originally for four male voices. The refrain was introduced by Weber in his cantata "Kampf und Sieg," written in celebration of the victory at Waterloo. This quartet and the "Schwertlied" are still regarded by Germans as the full expression in music of German patriotism. At the time they were first sung their effect was irresistible. Weber wrote to his wife in 1820 that "Luetzow's wilde Jagd" was sung even in Canton.

This is not the only instance of an anachronistic employment of a tune in opera or in symphonic poems and overtures. But what matters it? The more important question is, How is the tune treated? Franchetti has made much out of Weber's.

The performance last evening was one of general excellence and the rapidly succeeding incidents of the opera were realistically depicted on the stage.

Mr. Zenatello again took the part of Loewe admirably. He sang with tonal beauty and, when occasion demanded, with manly vigor. Mr. Polesi acted gracefully and with dramatic distinction, while he sang with fervor and in such a manner as to reveal to its fullest extent the beautiful quality of his voice. Mme. Melis was vocally a charming Ricke, while Mr. Blanchart was picturesquely effective as Crisogono. Miss Amaden was

regally impressive as the Queen. Fleher was genuinely childlike and acted with attractive simplicity and others in the cast were in the line. A large audience was warmly appreciative of the performance.

With very few exceptions, the breakfasts of the world are about the same. The breakfast of the judges, politicians and other blood-suckers, liver-inflaming, brain-rotting top London newspaper men, forgetting the food strike and the menace of Germany, have been discussing a subject that appears in one way or another to the world at large. This subject is breakfast.

A Breakfast Party.

Last summer writing about breakfasts and Leigh Hunt's sketch of an ideal one "with something potted" we quoted Lady St. Julian's remark that men who breakfast out are generally liars. Lady Lislebrake gave the reason: "It shows a restless, revolutionary mind that can settle to nothing but must be running after gossip the moment they are awake." Meanwhile, however, and not agree with Disraeli, for he once wrote to Mrs. Stowe: "You invite a man to dinner because you must invite him; because you are acquainted with his grandfather, or it is proper you should; but you invite a man to breakfast because you want to see him. You may be sure if you are invited to breakfast there is something agreeable about you."

But a breakfast that would have delighted Macaulay is for spacious and inclement days. There is the pleasant walk with the whet of fresh air. Seated at table, there is no thought of a clock. A clock in any dining room is as incongruous as a hymn book in a billiard saloon. There is delicious dawdling. There should not be any reading of newspapers until after the breakfast, and then with the accompaniment of a pipe. This reminds us of four lines that should be added to the anthology of the pipe lover. They are by James Thomson, known to some only as the dreamer of that superbly pessimistic nightmare, "The City of Dreadful Night."

ON A BROKEN PIPE.

Neglected now it lies a cold clay form,
So late with living inspirations warm.
Tyrant of all other creatures formed of clay—
What more than it for Epitaph have they?

In Ten Minutes.

Breakfast, alas, is now to the complaining millions of men a hasty, unceremonious wolfish meal, too often accompanied by horrid domestic scenes, bitter reflections on the cook and the wife's unbecoming nagging of children and a departure in a whirlwind of pitiable rage. Happier are they, though they may be misguided, who look on breakfast as inconsequential, and are content with a crust, a raw apple and a glass or two of water. There are some who are constitutionally averse to breakfast. Charles Sala, for example, the brother of George Augustus, never ate breakfast; but "for the sake of appearances he got a friend, an artist in oils, to paint on a plate the likeness of

a round of toast, which was brought up to him every morning with his tea."

Heroic Breakfasts.

Early in the 16th century Lord and Lady Percy during Lent breakfasted on a loaf of bread in trepanners, two manchetts, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six bacconn'd herring, four white herring, or a dish of sprats, and outside Lent the two were served with a chine of mutton or boiled beef with the same amount of bread and drink as in Lent.

And think of the Scottish breakfast dishes praised by Miss Ferrier: Loch-fine herring, Finnan haddock, Tay salmon, kippered, "a kettle heavy," but that's easily counteracted by a teapointful of the "Achoole whiskey"; mutton made into hams, flour scones, oatcake, marmalade and jams of every description.

Even in these degenerate days there are families whose breakfast is thought meagre if it does not include fruit, oatmeal or some other pasty or fluffy "health food," a chop or two, eggs with bacon, hot rolls or gems, cakes, buckwheat, flour or rice according to the season, with a few little sausages on the same plate and maple syrup poured on the mess with a reckless hand, waffles, coffee and iced water are aids to deglutition.

The Old and the New.

Breakfast in Scotland was long reckoned an important meal. Boswell described it as the pleasantest, and Dr. Johnson agreed with him: "If an epicure could remove by a wish in quest of sensual gratification, wherever he had supped he would breakfast in Scotland. The test of a breakfast was whether it were worthy of the saying of grace before it. Johnson, though timorously pious, said, with regard to the breakfast grace: 'It is enough if we have stated seasons of prayer; no matter when. A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow (which Mr. Grant told us is done in the Highlands) as at meals; and custom is to be followed.'

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1919

CECILIA SOCIETY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Cecilia Society, Arthur Mees conductor, gave the second and last concert of the season last evening in Symphony Hall. The society sang Bach's motet "Praise the Lord, All Ye Heathen," Verdi's Hymn to the Virgin Mary, Cornelius's "Liebe dir ergeb ich mich," Loeffler's "For One Who Fell in Battle," Foote's "Tomorrow," Cui's "Spring Delight," Benedict's Hunting Song and a Netherland Folk Song arranged by Krumpholtz.

Mme. Alma Gluck sang the following songs: Rameau, Rossignole; Schindler, La Colomba; Mozart, Warnung; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Song of the Shepherd Lohr, and Chant Hindu; Paladilhe, Psyche, Thayer, Mr. Laddie.

Leo Slezak sang these songs: Hermann, Salomo; Wolf, Verschwiegen; Liehe, Liszt, Die Loreley; Woodman, Ashes of Roses; Rummel, Ecstasy and Assad's Narrative from Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba." Kurt Schindler of New York played the piano accompaniments for the two singers.

This concert might have been more justly announced as a concert given by Mme. Gluck and Mr. Slezak, assisted by the Cecilia Society; for the audience was so delighted with the singing of the visitors that it called them back several times and the singers had thoughtfully provided themselves with additional songs "in case of an emergency."

The features of the choral performance were Verdi's beautiful "Hymn to the Virgin Mary," Mr. Loeffler's elaborate and impressive music to Dr. Parsons's poem, which is far less poetical than the music, and Mr. Foote's "Tomorrow," a trio for female voices, which was performed for the first time. Bach's motet and the chorus by Cornelius were performed for the first time in Boston, according to the program. The pages of the former are not among the most inspired of Bach, and Cornelius does not rise to any height above the conventional until toward the end of Scheffer's poem. Mr. Foote's trio is simple and unpretending, but it is melodious, graceful, expressive of the text.

Mr. Loeffler's dirge was first heard here in 1906, when it was not fully appreciated. Last night its imaginative force, its beauty that has the desirable strangeness in its proportions, its wildness of grief, its nobility of sentiment, were more clearly revealed. It is to be regretted that compositions of this rank are heard only at long intervals of time. A repetition last night would have been more to the purpose than the insatiable desire of some in the audience to hear ballads from the solo singers. In spite of the difficulty of the task, the Cecilia sang Mr. Loeffler's Dirge effectively. He and Mr. Foote were obliged to rise and bow in acknowledgment of the hearty applause.

The performance of the other choral works might be described as generally and eminently respectable. It was not always characterized by the higher qualities that give life to mere technical proficiency. There were times, especially in Bach's motet, when it seemed as though a few in each part, who had been faithful in rehearsal and had the phrase of their convictions, carried along their associates, who were faltering, or had dropped for a moment by the wayside. Thus a phrase would be attacked sonorously, then grow thinner and thinner, but at the end recover fullness. On the other hand, there was more attention paid to the nuances of expression than in certain concerts of the last few years.

Mme. Gluck of the pure and lovely voice gave much pleasure. She sang with skill the delightfully old-fashioned air of Rameau. Mr. Schindler's "Colomba" with its tinge of tender melancholy was so much liked that the singer repeated it. The songs of Rimsky-Korsakoff had a peculiar charm, nor was this due solely to the voice and art of the singer. The "Chant Hindu" is beautiful in its exoticism. Paladilhe's "Psyche" has more character than the majority of his songs.

Mr. Slezak sang in his own manner, to which we all are now accustomed. It

is a pity that a singer of his prominence shows at the same time so many genuine virtues and so many grievous faults. As before, he sang now in Erles' vein, and then he would "roar" as gently as any sucking dove; he would sing fluently and frankly with fine tonal quality, and the next moment pinch tone until it resembled a bleat. Nevertheless there was more to praise than to condemn in his performance.

Mr. Schindler played sympathetic accompaniments.

Old Squire Hoggson, journeying from from Boston to Dartmouth College in the winter of 1774, stopped at The Tally-ho Inn and fell in with a gentleman of the Earl of Dartmouth's household. The two talked together before the hearth in the tap room, and as the squire's companion had just returned from Spain bringing with him an aromatic liqueur made by monks, their talk led to the concoction of "a pleasing quaff, but of such passing potency that all who partook were straightway much inspired."

The Dartmouth Drachm.

To one jigger of a sweet Italian Vermouth, add an equal quantity of sweet gin, preferably the old Tom gin. Next, flavor with a slight portion of a sweet liqueur which the monks call Benedictine, to the amount of a mere dash. Shake these ingredients well together with cracked ice, and pour into a small glass, into which should be first placed a Maraschino cherry. This drink is sufficient for one person, and should be served only before eating. Because of its potency, it should be repeated cautiously.

"Biled In Ile."

As the World Wags:

Haven't you got Willam Warren of the Boston Museum Company mixed up with Artemus Ward on the "little fishes biled in ile." Mr. Warren in his famous character of Jefferson Scattering Baskins, member from Cranberry Centre, used that expression.

Boston, March 20. Artemus Ward in "The Crisis," wrote as follows: "I was workt up to a high pitch, and I proceeded to a restorator and cooled off with some little fishes biled in ile—I b'leeve they call 'em sardens." "The Crisis" was the subject of an oration delivered by Mr. Ward at Baldinsville, Ind., before "a C of up-turned faces in the red school house." The article, describing this event, was first published in Vanity Fair (New York), Jan. 26, 1861.

"The Silver Spoon," by Dr. J. S. Jones, was produced at the Boston Museum, Feb. 16, 1852. Was the line about "little fishes" spoken in the early performances so that Artemus could have heard it before he went to Cleveland to live, or later on a trip from New York?

"Helping Ballyhoo."

As the World Wags:

I note in today's Herald your inquiry quoted from the Providence Journal as to what the procedure was when Mr. Tully Marshall "helped ballyhoo." The question if asked in good faith presupposes an unfamiliarity with the vernacular of the circus which is indeed deplorable. Mr. Marshall in "helping ballyhoo" probably went "out in front," "made an opening" and "spleed" to the "rubes" until he "had 'em coming." If his opening was "strong" enough and

his "shillabers" worked well he probably filled "the top." Otherwise he was "canned."

The "ballyhoo"—it should be spelled with two o's—is the artist with the husky but penetrating voice peculiar to his profession who stands in front of a side-show and dilates on the merits of the show "on the inside." His "spiel" is a "ballyhoo" and the process of delivery is "ballyhoofing."

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Marshall ever "scoffed" with the "rough necks" on a "mulligan" and "javy" and whether he ever "glommed" a "gumb" or "plucked a gooseberry."

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston, March 20.

Honey-Fugling.

"F. B." writes that he cannot find in any dictionary "honeyfugle," a word recently used by President Taft. But this word is in dictionaries of Americanisms and slang. To honeyfugle or honeyfogle is to cheat, swindle, humbug. Here is a quotation from the Missouri Republican of Jan. 26, 1883: "Just as the hilarity was at its best, an admirer of Judge Noonan, also somewhat under the domination of the rosy, caught sight of that eminent jurist, and coming to him wreathed himself lovingly about his honor. Noonan's companion objected to this public honey-fugling by knocking the demonstrative stranger down."

"Honey-fugle" is an Americanism, but the verb "fugle," to cheat, to trick, was known in English slang as far back as

1719 (D'Alembert's "Puis-je Puisse Met-anchole") and is still used in the dialect of Yorkshire. There is also a noun "fugle" in this dialect. "A verb to which an indefinite meaning is allotted, and which is applied under circumstances where manners or actions are in any way objectionable." Thus you will hear "I'll have my eye on that fugle." "A tramp catches sight of the constable, and it is remarked that the former has 'caught a glent o' t' fugle.'"

"Off of the Signor."

While we are talking about words and their uses, let us consider a singular misuse of the preposition "off." We are informed that girls who come from the Middle Western States to Boston for the purpose of studying music, are in the habit of saying that they are taking lessons "off" of or "off" this or that teacher. Thus when the late Augusto Rotoli was at the New England Conservatory of Music a girl would say, "I'm takin' singin' off the signor."

This use of "off" to indicate source is not uncommon in English dialect. "He took it off me," instead of "from me." "I bought this off the man at the corner." "He ordered a load of coal off the defendant." There are other illustrations in Dr. Wright's English Dialect Dictionary.

Is "off" thus used anywhere in New England by natives? Country born and country "raised," we have never heard it.

'HABANERA' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Laparra's "La Habanera." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Pilar.....	Mme. Gay
Une Petite Fille.....	Miss Fisher
Une Fiancee.....	Miss Martini
Une Fille.....	Miss D'Ollie
Un Petit Garcon.....	Miss D'Ollie
Premiere Femme.....	Mme. De Courcy
Deuxieme Femme.....	Mme. De Courcy
Ramon.....	Mr. Riddez
Pedro.....	Mr. De Potter
Le Vieux.....	Mr. Merdones
Premier Compere.....	Mr. Giaccone
Deuxieme Aveugle.....	Mr. Giaccone
Deuxieme Compere.....	Mr. Giaccone
Une Fiance Aragona.....	Mr. Cilla
Troisieme Compere.....	Mr. Barreau
Premier Aveugle.....	Mr. Barreau
Quatrieme Compere.....	Mr. Barreau
Troisieme Aveugle.....	Mr. Barreau

When "La Habanera" was produced at the Boston Opera House in December of 1910 the fantastically gloomy story did not appeal to the public, and there were only two performances that season. Those performances were distinguished chiefly by the strongly dramatic impersonation by Mr. Blancart of the haunted murderer Ramon.

Last night when Laparra's opera was performed for the first time this season Mr. Riddez took the part of Ramon; Mme. Gay, instead of Mme. Dreyne, impersonated Pilar, and Mr. De Potter took the part of Pedro, which was originally played here by Mr. Lassalle. This opera is a melodrama with music that for the most part merely accompanies the action. The play itself is brutal, and yet impressive. The music is correspondingly brutal, and often in a seemingly experimental way, as though the composer in the attempt to make your flesh creep put his trust in orchestral bolsterousness. Yet there are pages which are eminently successful in emphasizing the situations on the stage.

The festival music in the street, the introduction of the habanera, the contrast between the gayety without and the tragedy within, and the few last measures before the fall of the curtain have decided character. The opening music of the second act at once establishes a mood, and again there is the sharp contrast between the strumming of the stranger musicians and the joy of the dancers in the patio with the speech of Pedro's ghost to his brother.

There are a few fine musical moments in the third act: The song of Pilar over Pedro's grave, the two choruses with the skilful use of the habanera in its changed form.

The chief effect, however, is made by the play rather than by the music, and whenever the music should express the tragic emotions of the chief characters in song or declamation it is singularly ineffective; as, for example, the soliloquy of Ramon contemplating suicide and the love passages between Pilar and Pedro. The ghost is one of the most spectral beings in drama, opera or fiction. He is fresh from the sepulchre. The worm is his brother. The face has the pale light of corruption.

The ghost in M. Anatole France's "Histoire Comique," who appears to the actress at the most inopportune times, is grotesque in comparison. The ghost in "Hamlet" and the apparition in "The Corsican Brothers" are of a more heroic nature; they are splendid in the grave. Whatever they may say, they do not reek of the charnel house. But Laparra was unable to invent music worthy of his ghost.

Nor is there music that expresses adequately the remorse and terror of Ramon. When he exclaims in his fright, "C'est lui!" the accompanying music is disregarded. At the same time Laparra has succeeded in emphasizing the

floor that fills the patio scene as in emphasizing the street revelry in the preceding act.

Although there is too much music between the acts, some of it is well contrived to remind the spectator of what has already occurred and to prepare him for what is to come.

There is no denying the rough force of this melodrama. The dramatic strokes in music are also rough. It is as though the composer made his effect on the audience with a bludgeon. There is no delicacy, there is no finesse; there is seldom a fine melodic line; the music is generally the least impressive when any emotion should be expressed in song or in heightened recitative; the instrumentation is often crude, amateurish; yet when all this and more has been said, the fact remains that Laparra's music has individuality, and is not without imagination; it indisputably creates an impression of atmosphere and color; it is thoroughly honest, and there are times when it is naively so.

The drama was powerfully played. Mme. Gay breathed into the part of Pilar the breath of life. She gave fictitious character to the music allotted to her and acted with even more than her customary intensity and dramatic intelligence. Mr. Riddez was appropriately melodramatic in action. From the moment he was seen with the knife to the final exit, his performance was strongly characterized. When he sang he was less fortunate. Mr. De Potter made a blood-curdling ghost, but his singing created sympathy for Ramon. Mr. Merdones did much with a small part.

The production was strikingly picturesque. Scenery, costumes and the management of the stage made the performance conspicuous in the history of this opera house. Mme. Gay's costume in the first act was extraordinarily brilliant, and that in the acts that followed became her. The effects of light in the three scenes were admirably contrived. Mr. Caplet conducted in the appropriate spirit and did not attempt to sandpaper and polish Laparra's score.

An act of Delibes's ballet, "Coppelia," followed. Mr. Goodrich conducted and Miss Galli, Miss Parker and Messrs. Bottazzini and Pulcini took the chief parts.

When I speak of the laws of Nature, I mind not her excessive irregular appetites and inclinations, to which she hath bin subject since her corruption, for even Galen looked on those obliquities as diseases, but studied Nature herself, as their cure. We know by experience that too much of anything weakens, and destroys our Nature, but if we live temperately, and according to law, we are well, because our life accords with Nature. Hence diet is a prime rule in physio, far better indeed than the pharmacopoeia, for those slyish receipts do but oppress the stomach, being no fit fuel for a celestial fire. Believe it, then, these excessive bestial appetites proceeded from our Fall, for Nature of herself is no lavish insatiable glut, but a most nice delicate essence. This appears by those fits and pangs she is subject to whenever she is overcharged.

Mr. Johnson Honored.

As the World Wags:

Two days ago I received a compliment that I shall long treasure. Distillers of rum wrote to me. They had observed from sociological notes prepared by me and published in The Boston Herald that I have shown "a commendable interest in rum and more especially in that particular kind of rum made best in New England." They urge me to "Collate into a book all of the facts," and fancies as well, connected with this subject." Furthermore they sent me two bottles of rum that I might obtain "sufficient inspiration from their contents to write even more in praise of rum."

With the letter and the package came a little pamphlet: "Old Rum and Its Uses." I turned at once to the list of "Pleasant and Refreshing Rum Drinks." Yes, there stands the recipe for hot buttered rum, but the prescriber recommends only a "small lump of butter." These are degenerate days. Our forefathers put in a lump of butter that was at least the size of an egg. Our old friends are there, rum punch, milk punch, rum and ginger ale, rum and molasses, rum sour, rum smash, Tom and Jerry, but I cannot approve a rum highball or a rum cocktail.

Harrassing Domesticity.

I was pleased to learn from this pamphlet the opinion of Dr. Henry C. Chapman. "Brandy, whiskey and gin diminish the amount of carbon dioxide exhaled and so interfere with vital processes. Rum, however, increases the carbon dioxide exhaled, and, therefore, is less hurtful in its effects." I showed this paragraph to Mrs. Johnson, and at once took a grown man's dose in order to see the exhalation of carbon dioxide and make notes thereon. I regret to say that after reading Dr. Chapman's opinion, she said: "Rubbish!" nor did she smile when I filled his prescription. She has on more than one occasion wished that I had not devoted myself unremittently to sociological pursuits. And yet she should be accustomed to the sight and odor of strong waters, for her uncle, Old Chimes, with whom she lived as a maiden, was in the habit of pickling himself every afternoon at the Porphyry, where he sat and talked after the man-

A Editor of The Herald:

It is said that the grandfather of a certain famous Theatre nous dramatist used to say to the boy: "Go to the theatre, for there at least you will be out of mischief." In this way the dramatic faculty of the future playwright was first awakened.

It is my strong impression that in the Boston of the early thirties few parents, or grandparents, dreamed of sending boys to the theatre to keep them out of mischief. As a rule, if the boys went they "sneaked in unbeknownst." I recall, however, that my first visit to a place of amusement was with my father, who took me to a small menagerie somewhere on Hanover street. I was full of wonder and excitement, but was taken down on being tripped up by a baby lion, which rushed between my legs just as I entered the door. Everybody laughed, while I first turned pale with fright and then turned crimson with mortification.

My next venture was in New York a short time after, when, also in my father's company, I went to Barnum's. We first looked over the curiosities, stuffed and unstuffed, and then, without apparent design or forethought, drifted into the lecture hall, or theatrical annex. The curtain as I remember it, was covered with advertisements, the play being that thrilling and unsophisticated drama, "Oliver Twist." During its progress my tender feelings became so overwrought that I set up a howl, and was carried out with my face all a-pucker and the tears streaming down my cheeks. I must have been the murder of Nancy Sykes which overcame me; but I recovered after eating a hot supper, on the American plan, at the hotel where we were stopping. It was at this time and place that I first saw a really big military personage, who "blew in" from Dixie Land between darkies and dawn and was ever after connected in my mind with the show I saw at Barnum's and with Offenbach's

"Et pif pa pouf, tara pa poum!"

Je suis mal, le general (heavy on the bass drum and cymbals, please, Boum!)

lome's bazar as a place of amusement. It was located at the corner of Winter and Washington streets, upstairs over what was then, or afterwards, Tompkins's apothecary shop, where Flene's is now. Mr. Tompkins, the elder, was one of the proprietors of the Boston Theatre, his son, Eugene, a Chauncy Hall boy, becoming the sole proprietor in later years. Salome, who kept the bazar, had a wonderful collection of Noah's Arks and other toys for sale, and his name was a household word in Boston. Nearly opposite, on Washington street, where a part of Jordan Marsh Company's store now stands, was the court leading up to the Aquarial Gardens, afterwards the Theatre Comique. Here sported the white whale, already mentioned in these columns, in a large tank filled with salt water; but no reference has been made to the big fish being driven round and round at intervals by a nymph in a sort of Neptune's chariot. She was sometimes facetiously referred to as "the mermaid on the half shell." The whale was so cribbed, cabled and corffed that, unlike the Baffin's Bay variety, he could have given not even a ferry boat the slip; and when he tried to relieve himself of his chronic affliction of water on the brain the spectators were apt to get an involuntary shower-bath. There were also some performing seals, in a tank of their own with a platform attachment, and I clearly recall the peculiarly gentle and pathetic expression of their eyes. As "dancers" these seals were eminently fitted to give points to politicians, and their sides were voted by the onlookers to be as supple as well as slippery. However, the real fun at the bazar and festive resort began at the end of the Theatre Comique.

Larks! Conique was performed just outside its walls, at Billy Park's tavern next door, home of the broiled live lobster and its far-famed liquid accompaniment, which only to refer to makes one hungry, and oh! so thirsty. Certain parties, so the story goes, tried to corral a pantomimist while he was taking his ease at this inn; and he, being averse to the high-handed procedure, led his pursuers a merry dance over and under the tables, up and down stairs, out of doors, down the steps, through the alley, and back again, until all except himself were exhausted and gave up in despair. One is reminded of the celebrated chase that the elder Booth as Richard, gave Richmond one night when acting at the Howard Athenaeum. People prone to exaggerate say that Richmond sprinted up Somerset street into Beacon, and then round the Common, back to Howard street, with Richard in hot pursuit. What this theatre was the home of the "legitimate," the brother of a well known actor who was playing there was his business manager, and was standing on the steps outside the front entrance one morning when a dignified gentleman in black approached and passed by. Although he had not seen him since boyhood and knew nothing of his later history, he on close scrutiny recognized in him an old playmate who had been rusticated in youth for frivolous conduct. Hurrying after him, he slapped him on the back, crying: "Jiffo! C—, how the devil are you?" His mortification was deep on finding that his old playmate was a distinguished divine settled over a large parish in a neighboring state. In the days of Jefferson Scattering Batkins, a stranger from Homer Wilbur's parish aside, "The Biglow Papers," in wandering round Boston, strolled, by accident into the Howard, and was so overcome with surprise and curiosity that he could not heat a retreat. He probably possessed in some measure the pliability of our friend Dondidier, in "The Pin Lady," who, in the short space of half an hour, was changed from a respectable keeper of a curio shop in the Rue St. Honore to a "bounding bandit of the boulevards," and whose rollicking refrain at the Satyr's ball was "The Word of It Is, I Like It!" An obituary of Mr. Wilbur, of unusual interest to antiquarians, may be found in the Punkin Paper, "Weekly Parallel," Dec. 26, 1862, together with a brief biographical sketch of some 16 columns from the pen of a friend Jeduthun Hitchcock of Jaalam, half-brother of Preserved Thackeray. Fideli certa merces.

Boston Museum ing of Boston revisited, said that "to come up School street into Beacon was to approach the Athenaeum—exquisite institution, to fond memory, joy of the aspiring prime." Yet to come near it gave him a feeling which he describes as "the dreadful chill of change." This is the malady which causes all old-timers to shiver. It saddens those who are left of an earlier day to go through Tremont street to Scollay square, for a long æsthetic era closed with the disappearance of the Museum. "This had been the theatre of the 'great period'—so far as such a description may fit an establishment that never produced during that term a play either by a Bostonian or by any other American." Mr. James, from whom I quote, is, I think, in error here, for Dr. Jones's plays were performed at the Museum, and he lived in Boston, on Cambridge street, not far from Dr. Lowell's Church. It was Dr. Lowell who told his son, J. R. L., not to waste his time over poetry, but to occupy his mind with serious studies. In Mr. T. R. Sullivan's recent novel there is an amusing story of the hero who starts in life as an unsuccessful playwright, one of his plays being performed in a theatre evidently not many miles from the Museum. The author, from his hiding place in the gallery, sees the first act, and becoming discouraged goes down and crosses the street to the saloon opposite, where he calls for a stiff drink or "bracer." "How's the show?" the barkeeper asks two other customers on the same errand. "It ain't worth a damn," one of them replies; while the other, even more emphatically, confirms the derogatory criticism. Whether or no Mr. James is in error about the plays, he is surely right when he points out that the Boston Museum was a real theatre, with a repertory, and a family of congruous players. It had "a company and a cohesion;" and therefore he, as well as some of the rest of us, "spares a sigh to its memory." William Warren, on the occasion of his 50th anniversary as an actor, played the part of Sir Peter Teazle. At the close of the "screen scene" he was called before the curtain, and among other things said: "My hum-

the reminiscences of your correspondents, of Walter Montgomery, the English actor, who was so popular in this city for two or three seasons many years ago. He used to wear a pair of Hesslans on the street, and was otherwise a noticeable figure. I saw him play "John Kaspar Lavater," a monologue in one act, in which he was singularly effective. At Mrs. Booth's—the late Mrs. John D. Schofield—and he received an ovation in "The Lady of Lyons" at the Boston Theatre, and another memorable occasion was a performance of "Julius Caesar," at the same theatre, the principal male characters having been taken by a quartet of English actors, including Creswick, with Walter Montgomery as Mark Anthony. There was something about Richard Mansfield which always reminded me of Montgomery, but Mansfield came later. Charles Fechter and Charlotte Lo Cler were also great favorites in Boston. Fechter at one time having been the manager of the old Globe Theatre. He was particularly good in romantic drama—"The Corsican Brothers," "Monte Cristo," "Ruy Blas," etc. Some thought he "turned Hamlet into prose," while others highly praised his interpretation. By the way, why can't Forbes-Robertson let us see his "Hamlet" again, after he is through with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"? Art is long, and time, especially for the actor and his audience, is fleeting.

Mr. Sullivan, in his interesting book speaks of the old green wooden fences on the Common. Boston boys had reason to remember them, for they used to coast into them and come to grief, when the malls were icy. The fences long ago were taken away, and the West street gate has also disappeared. The Paddock elms on Tremont street, too, are gone together with Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf," who used to totter under them on his summer afternoons and mop his face while wistfully gazing through the iron railing in front of the old Granary burying ground, where

ever young and witty Autocrat himself. Park street, in the sixties, was one of the most beautiful streets in the world with the "perfectly felicitous" church queening it on the corner. This happy landmark is still there, "the comparatively thin echo of a far-away song" playing its part, however, for harmonious effect, as perfectly as possible. "It is admirably placed, and long may it continue to be "quite peculiarly preserved on the Boston scene!" J. W. Boston. March 20.

pretation of a pushful lady, who has secured a chance to display three new frocks in an amateur performance in which her only speeches were: "Here I am at last!" repeated in each act.

Anton Van Rooy gave a song recital in London, March 6. The Daily Telegram stated that time has not dealt "over gently" with his once velvety voice. "This fact, perhaps, would not have been worth alluding to had it not been that the 'wearing' of the voice has induced Mr. Van Rooy to exercise a restraint that is uncharacteristic, and to indulge in tricks of excessive portamento, and so on, that do not become so distinguished a pupil of Stockhausen. Moreover, it has affected his intonation to some extent. But, even so, there is much of the old distinction of style." And in spite of the remarks the Daily Telegram also said: "There he stands today—an artist still."

Mascardi's conducting of "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the Hippodrome, London, is described as of the "volcanic order." "Commencing comparatively calmly, he was very soon in what seemed a fever of energy. His long hair tumbled and shook over his eyes, his baton whirled back and forth describing huge arcs, and his whole body seemed to follow every bar of the music. A huge solitaire ring on his left hand, flashing to and fro, added considerably to the total effect." Another report is that four of his fingers carry heavy gold rings.

Ernest R. Kroeger of St. Louis will give a complimentary concert of pianoforte compositions to students of the New England Conservatory in Jordan Hall next Thursday afternoon. The program will comprise pieces from "American Character Sketches," "Oriental Sketches" and other musical series.

The history of the London Symphony Orchestra dates from 1894, when Robert Newman formed an orchestra under the leadership of Henry J. Wood whose object was to establish promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, London. In order to put the scheme upon a firm foundation the members of the orchestra were retained, as far as possible, from year to year. Thus an orchestra was built up of the finest material available, which continued operations until 1904 when about 50 members withdrew in order to establish the London Symphony Orchestra upon a co-operative basis. The first concert was given at Queen's Hall on June 9, under the direction of Hans Richter. From that time dates the birth of a new era in music in London which soon extended throughout the kingdom. No permanent director was elected. It being deemed best to invite conductors of repute to preside at the concerts. The second concert was led by Frederic Cowen and the third by Arthur Nikisch. Among others who appeared were Fritz Steinbach, Charles V. Stanford, Edouard Colonne, Edward Elgar, Georg Henchel, and later Peter Raabe, Wassili Safon-

Mr. Max Fiedler, Sergius Kussewitsky. An orchestra trained by these men would bear ripe fruit, while the effect of such experience upon the players are them a perception of detail and artistic insight otherwise impossible, and which contributed largely to the marvellous degree of responsiveness to the wishes of the conductor. In speaking of a certain performance, Mr. Nikisch remarked that the result had been achieved with but two rehearsals, whereas six would have been the minimum on the continent. "They are not only such fine players," said he, "and such splendid first-sight readers, but they are extraordinarily quick to catch my meaning. It is a joy to conduct such an orchestra." One of the features is the richness of tone emitted, especially that from the strings, due to the fact that the players possess remarkable executive ability and that their instruments are of superior quality. The library is very large and contains a large collection presented by musicians and admirers. The repertory is extensive and adequate. The visit to Paris in 1906, and to Antwerp in 1908, followed by a provincial tour under Mr. Nikisch, created unprecedented sensations and a series of unprecedented triumphs. The orchestra numbers 100 men, 96 of whom are native-born.

Some 18 or 20 members are musicians in Ordinary under Royal Warrant to the King," who constitute his private orchestra.

The important concerts of the present season are 13 symphony concerts in London, a provincial tour of 10 concerts and the tour of America embracing 21 days. Usually it is the custom to present some celebrated soloist; but on the American tour none will be invited, as it is the desire of all to confine the programs exclusively to orchestral music. This is a virtuoso orchestra with a virtuoso conductor, and soloists would be superfluous.

The music department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week

Faneull Hall, Tuesday, 8 P. M., orchestral concert, led by William Howard, Boieldieu, overture to "John C. Paris"; "Kol-Nidre," arranged by J. Benavente; Humperdinck, fantasia on "Hänsel and Gretel"; Massenet, "Arrogance" from "Le Cid"; Widor, "Dance Bretonne" from "La Kermadec." Miss Emilia Ippolito will sing an air from "Mefistofele" and Mascheroni's "For All Eternity." Frank H. Eaton will play Beethoven's variations on a Tyrolean air for flute. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Dorchester high school. Thursday, P. M. Chamber concert by Mrs. Olive Whiteley Hilton, soprano; Miss Ida M. Carthy, pianist; William Howard, violinist; Carl W. Dodge, cellist. Movements from trios by Gretchaninoff and Schuett, songs by Schumann, Lie, Lound, Rubinstein, Woodman. Schulz-Eyler's arrangement of "The beautiful Blue Danube" waltz for piano. Wienlawski's "Legende" for violin.

Concert hall, Friday, 8 P. M., orchestra
 forced, led by Mr. Howard. Wolf-Fer-
 rari, overture to "Susanna's Secret";
 Strube, Elegia and Canonetta from string
 quartet, Wolf-Ferrari, fantasia on "La
 Donna Curiose"; Wagner, Paraphrase
 of Walther's Prize Song; Tschakowsky
 waltz from "Dornroeschen." Miss Ber-
 lyn Blair will sing an aria from "Sam-
 son and Delilah" and Luckstone's "De-
 light." Mr. Howard, violinist, will play
 a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt.
 Louis C. Elson will lecture.

March 24 1912

In the Boston Theatre last evening was given the second annual concert under the auspices of the Central Jewish Organization for the benefit of its prisoners' aid fund. Miss Evelyn Scotney and Messrs. Romito, Bernardo Olshansky and Max Kaplick of the Boston Opera Company sang through the courtesy of Henry Russell. Miss Irma Seydel, the young violinist, was heard again, and the other artists were Mrs. Jessie Morse Eberenson and a quartet consisting of Charlotte Williams Hills, Edith Castle, George E. Hills and

A. F. Bentley, Frank Walter of the opera house and Mary Snow Swain were the accompanists.

Miss Scovney was in wonderfully good voice for her first number she gave two songs by London Ronald, "Down in the Forest" and "Love, I Have Won You," the latter, particularly, sung with charming effect. Her second number, an aria from Rigoletto, brought out the highest purity and delicate expressiveness of her voice. The audience was persistent, and she sang "Coming Thro' the Rye" and "Believe Me if All These Fading Young Charming" as encores.

Mr. Romito's full and rounded tenor was heard to good advantage in an aria from "Elisir D'Amore." Mr. Kaplick's delicate baritone found full expression in a "Faust" aria, and Mr. Olshansky's contribution was from Bizet's "La Jolie Fille de Perth." All three were enthusiastically received and gave encores.

The finish of Miss Seydel's technique as a violinist becomes more apparent each time she is heard. Though she lacks the depth of feeling that can come only with maturity, there is nothing in her playing to suggest the child prodigy. Rather she must be judged by the same standard as her elders. It is natural that she should appear to better advantage in the more brilliant numbers.

Mrs. Berenson sang an aria from "Madama Butterfly," and the quartet opened the program with two songs by Liza Lehmann and closed it with an effective rendering of "The" quartet from Rigoletto.

March 20, 1912

"Preserving Mr. Panmure" Given, with Miss Gertrude Elliott as Josepha.

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Preserving Mr. Panmure," a comedy in four acts, by Sir Arthur Pinero.

The Rt. Hon. Reginald Stukeler, M. P., Lord of the Manor, Woodhouse, M. P., Alexander Scott-Gatty, St. John Panmure, J. P., Ernest Stallard, Alfred Hebblethwaite, M. P., Frederick Powell, Hugh Loring, M. P., Ralph Nairn, Mrs. Panmure, Teresa Maxwell Conover, Myrtle, M. P., Mona Hungerford, Mrs. Hebblethwaite, Annie Esmond, Dulcie Arctice, Suzanne Perry, Miss Stukeler, Elizabeth Pagan, Josepha Quarrendon, Gertrude Elliott.

Sir Arthur has changed the last act of this comedy. When the play was first produced in London (Jan. 19, 1911), Josepha, the governess, married Stukeler, after the Panmure people had come in to say that the real culprit had confessed. In the present version the Panmure people do not appear after the third act, and inasmuch as Woodhouse had confessed that he was the kisser, as he also had saved Panmure from disgrace, lo, and behold, he is rewarded, but by lot, Josepha gives him her hand.

This fourth act is weak and inconsequential. The business of drawing lots from the vase with Woodhouse's hand refusing to come out is not worthy of Sir Arthur's invention, and throughout this act the fun is forced and the action drags.

Josepha the governess was kissed by Mr. Panmure in a burst of gratitude. Indignant, she states a hypothetical case to Mrs. Hebblethwaite and asks her advice. Should she leave the house? Mrs. Panmure is her old school friend. For her sake she exonerates Panmure. He is innocent. Who kissed her? There are four men who might have greatly dared: a husband, a betrothed, and two bachelors. Hence scenes of jealousy and the desire of two men to put the blame on the bachelors.

The plot is of the flimsiest. The motive is paltry; yet Sir Arthur has succeeded in developing from this scanty material an amusing comedy, with a dialogue that is witty and often cynical. The characters exist for complications and epigrams. Panmure, shuffling creature as he is, has life, but the others are stalking horses behind which the dramatist shoots barbed arrows.

What is to be said of Josepha, for example? Did she care for anybody except herself? Why should she make such a fuss over Panmure's kiss? She had provided him with a subject for his "sermonette" at family prayers that evening. She had saved him from a fiasco that would have injured him in the sight of his pious wife and their guests. Why in the name of St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna and Martyr, should he not have kissed her in his joy? He was old enough to be her father. And why should she indirectly state her own case and then lie like any serving maid accused of breakage or a young man in the kitchen? Simply to furnish a pretext for a comedy.

These characters are as real as any seen on the stage of the Palais Royal, and the third act might have been written by a pair of ingenious Frenchmen. Why quarrel with the flimsiness of it all, when for three acts you are constantly amused?

The satire is not so biting as it is in "Mid-Channel," for Panmure, Josepha, and the rest are not to be taken seriously. And why should Myrtle be a dread-

ful child with Johnsonian ways of speech, be lugged in? Merely by her gabble to convict Josepha of falsehood? There was no need of so much of her. She, too, is pardoned when we come to the third act, which is intensely amusing. Amusing as farce, but here is also a painting of character, and a shabby lot they all are. Josepha here, as elsewhere, is a mystery.

It may be said that the play as a whole is unworthy of Sir Arthur's reputation. But in this play the dramatist is determined simply to amuse. He might as well have ended the piece when Woodhouse makes his false confession, and to the strains of the organ the reconciled couples and the astonished bachelors go down to family prayers. But what then would have become of Josepha? And so the audience is obliged to wait until 11 o'clock to find out.

The comedy was capitally acted. Miss Elliott was delightful in her mischievousness. And no wonder the men swarmed about her at "The Clewlers" and the aunt and sister looked at her askant. Mr. Stallard gave an admirable impersonation of Panmure, the model English country gentleman. And praise might be justly distributed among all the members of the company. Sir Arthur is fortunate in this country. His comedy played in a different key and with less discretion might be offensively boring in spite of his witty lines. We can easily imagine what inferior comedians would do with the third act.

MANCHESTER PLAYERS

"Tragedy of Nan" Given at the Plymouth Theatre.
By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Tragedy of Nan," a play in three acts by John Masefield. First appearance in Boston of Miss Horniman's company from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng.

Jenny Pargetter, Mary Goulden, Kate Pargetter, Muriel Pratt, William Pargetter, Lewis Casson, Nan, Irene Rooke, Dick Gurvill, Milton Rosmer, Gaffer Pearce, Charles Bibby, Artie Pearce, J. V. Bryant, Two Girls, Doris Bateman, Hilda Davies, Tommy Arker, Ernest Haines, Rev. Drew, Cecil Brooking, Captain Dixon, Frank Darch, Constable, Bert Drummond.

Mr. Masefield's play is a singular blend of the realistic, the poetic and the fantastic. The men and women in the farmer's house and from the village remind us at times of Thomas Hardy's country folk, in their quaint talk, but Nan and Dick in their love scene indulge in lyric flights that recall the wonderful wooing in "The Playboy of the Western World." Nan is of the same family as Tess, but, unlike poor Tess, she has the gift of prophecy and on occasion can rise to heights of eloquence. The element of the fantastical or the poetically grotesque is supplied by the old fiddler, Gaffer Pearce, who anticipates the suicide of Nan and has

many creepy words to say about the Harvest Moon and the full tide.

Then there is the realism of certain scenes, the true realism that is not photographic, but is vitalized by touches of idealism. Nan, the daughter of a man who was hanged through the testimony of a false witness, lives in a most unpleasant household. The man is morose and hard; his wife is a diabolical shrew; the daughter is a snake. Nan characterizes this daughter at length and with a wealth of description in the scene where she forces her to eat a pie made from a sheep that died. This scene, if it had not been for the dramatic force and authority of Miss Rooke, would easily have excited laughter. Then not content with poisoning her stomach for the evening and seriously interfering with the pleasure of the guests, Nan draws a dismal picture of her rival's ending, from which it is fair to infer that the girl recovered from the effects of the pie, even without the aid of a stomach pump.

It's a curious play. It is in turn, grimly real, truly poetic, wildly grotesque. The dialect is fascinating in its homeliness, but it is not too perplexing, or irritating. There is nothing too palpably contrived for effect; the action moves steadily toward the murder of Dick, a most fickle lover, whose mouth, greedy for kisses, is chilled forever by Nan, who despises him when he comes whining back to her more than when he spurned her because she was the daughter of a gallows bird. There are powerful scenes: The wooing of Nan by Dick with its humorous prelude, humor of an unconventional type, is beautiful in its directness of passion, and the scene in which Nan talks with Dick for the last time, while Gaffer Pearce chatters, as the old man gabble outside the palace of Agamemnon in the play of Aeschylus, is strangely tragic.

Miss Rooke is no stranger in America. Yesterday she proved herself to be a well trained actress of marked native force. It would be easy to be extravagant, hysterical in the part, but Miss Rooke played with an emotional simplicity that was irresistible. Her rich, melodious voice gave additional eloquence to the more poetic lines. Mr. Rosmer gave an admirable impersonation of Dick Gurvill, the timid sensualist, the weather-cock, unstable as water, swayed by the matter of f50. Pargetter and his wife were disagreeable

enough, Kate wormed Nan's secret out of her in a natural way, and Mr. Bibby succeeded in not allowing Gaffer Pearce to be a bore. But with the exception of Miss Rooke and Mr. Rosmer the acting of the company, although it was a good example of stock-company ensemble, was not conspicuous.

The audience might be described as frenetically enthusiastic. Miss Horniman spoke a few words in good taste after the second act.

EVA TANGUAY HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Welcomed by Large Audience—Good Program All Around.

It has been an established fact for some time that capacity houses are Eva Tanguay's middle name and yesterday at B. F. Keith's proved no exception to the rule. Effervescent Eva radiated her much quoted "magnetic personality" into every nook and corner of the house and gave freely of her rollicking good spirits to the crowds that came to see and applaud her new vaudeville act. From the moment of her entrance until she was reluctantly permitted to retire this happy mixture of vivacity, audacity and originality was everybody's favorite.

But after all Miss Tanguay's act is not altogether new. In fact Eva Tanguay is ever the same, though her songs may be new. She favored the audience, last night, with a number of selections in return for which she received not only enthusiastic applause, but likewise an immense bunch of roses from some admirer and Miss Tanguay, coming back once again, added her little "God love you" to the audience and disappeared.

Miss Tanguay's songs are all distinctly Tanguay-esque. They have the same sort of swing and of action as her famous "I don't care" with which she scored last night as heavily as ever. And her costumes were as numerous as her songs, extending over a wide range from a ball room gown to a coat of mail made of brand new Lincoln pennies and weighing, so it is declared, no less than 60 pounds. But even that weight upon Eva's shoulders didn't make her a particle less active. It was while in that costume that she tossed pennies, real handfuls of them, to all parts of the house.

The rest of the program has not suffered a particle because Eva Tanguay headlines it. It is all good, from start to finish. Nor is there anything better than the baseball sketch presented by Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman, who not only can sing well but dance with equal effect. Another good sketch is Leroy, Harvey and Co. in "Rained In," in which Miss Eileen Harvey is easily the star. And when it comes to clever dancing, executed in perfect unison, few teams that have ever visited B. F. Keith's equal the Carbery Brothers.

The Berrens have an effective violin-and-piano sketch and everybody is surprised when the handsomely gowned "lady" of the combination, who has previously charmed with violin playing, pulls off a wealth of auburn puffs and a bandeau, revealing a crop of masculine hair. Jean Bedini and Roy Arthur as juggling comedians in an act in which plates are broken with the abandon of a hotel dish-washer; Gordon and Marx, two German comedians of the old school; the Zoyarras, equilibrists; and Zeno, Jordan and Zeno, as wizards of the air in flying trapeze work, round out just another of the Al bills that B. F. Keith's has presented this season.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Indiscretion of Truth," a comedy drama in four acts, by J. Hartley Nanners. Cast:

Donald Tweedie, Richard Purdon, Kate Stirling, Miss Irene Moore, Capt. William Greville, R. N. Henry Mortimer, Lady Stirling, Miss Kate Wingfield, Sir George Stirling, Frank Kemble Cooper, Bruce Colledge, Miss Anne Meredith, Mrs. Radnor, Miss Katherine Emmett, Judith Grainger, Miss Beverly Sturgeons, Henry Marston, Edwin Holland, Ben Knivett, Dan Collyer, Servant, Lem Leeming, Mrs. Darrell, Mrs. Thomas Whitton.

CASTLESQUARE THEATRE—"Blindfolded," a comedy in three acts by Maud Tarleton Winchester. The cast:

Robert Durham, John Craig, Floyd Wentworth, Walter Walker, Watkins, George Hassell, Barrows, Leslie Palmer, Mrs. Williams, Mabel Montgomery, Hannah Williams, Sylvia Bladen, Miss Simpson, Maude Richmond, Mrs. O'Keefe, Mabel Colcord, Millicent Wentworth, Mary Young.

The woman from Minnesota who wrote this pleasant comedy of present-day life may not have succeeded in producing a record-breaker, but she has given some of the more seasoned playwrights points on how to construct light work for the stage and how to bring her characters out of embarrassing situations by easy and natural, instead of forced methods.

Manager Craig may feel satisfied that his judgment and that of his literary advisers have been approved and that it was worth while to stage this play. And whether such experiments as the Castle Square Theatre is making is productive of long runs or short runs, the management can feel the assurance that the audiences are in an appreciative mood.

single day. The three acts took only a single setting—a room in the home of Robert Durham, a young millionaire bachelor in New York.

Durham is a temporary sufferer from trouble with his eyes and the period of the play keeps him nearly all the time with a bandaged forehead and dim vision. He is annoyed with matrimonial schemes and schemers, discharges a too-sollicitous and amative nurse and engages amanuensis, who is everything that the other is not. The development of a love element in this situation is easy and natural.

Each of the other characters is well-conceived and all fit easily into the general situation.

The first act is marked by the skill with which the people are brought on and carried off the stage—they move like living people with real purposes. Decidedly better than amateur work is here to be credited to the author.

Act two is good for its clever presentation of the meeting between the new secretary and a scheming mother-in-law who has an unwilling daughter primed and aimed at the blindfolded millionaire. Act three is not quite so convincing as the others in its reasonable appeal when the situation involves an innocent girl confronted by a detective with a charge of theft from her employer and in danger of being taken in custody.

But such scenes as this usually fail to reveal human beings acting as human beings commonly act.

In the matter of individual presentation of the author's ideas, there was hardly an exception from entire competency. Mr. Hassell as the butler nearly shared the male stellar honors with Mr. Craig as the persecuted millionaire. Miss Young was particularly pleasing in the scenes where she shrank before the test of revealing her personality to her employer. Miss Montgomery as the managing mother-in-law carried off her situation with remarkable spirit and force. The play and the acting would seem to call for more than a simple week's stay.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Les Freres Ennemis," by Erckmann and Chatrian.

Jean Rantzeau, Mr. Marcel Florance, Jacques Rantzeau, Mr. Dumestre, Georges Rantzeau, Mr. Menestier, Lebel, Mr. Gayot, Le Vieux, Mr. Alval, Dominique, Mr. Mourir, Le Garde, Mr. Cotah, Louise Rantzeau, Miss Gueyria, Marianne, Mme. Marcel, Nanette, Mme. Dhoray, Juliette, Miss De Reynes.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Second performance this season of Laparra's "La Habanera." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Pilar, Mme. Gay, Ramon, Mr. Ridde, Pedro, Mr. de Potter, Le Vieux, Mr. Mardones, Premier Compere, Mr. Giaccone, Deuxieme Aveugle, Mr. Giaccone, Deuxieme Compere, Mr. Cilla, Un Flanec Aragona, Mr. Cilla, Troisieme Compere, Mr. Barreau, Premier Aveugle, Mr. Barreau, Quatrieme Compere, Mr. Silli, Troisieme Aveugle, Mr. Silli.

GEHBARD CONCERT IN STEINERT HALL

Planist Assisted by the American String Quartet.

Heinrich Gebhard, assisted by the American String Quartet, played yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall.

The program was as follows:
Sonata for violin and piano, Faure; piano solos—(a) Cloches et trillers, fautes; De Bussy; (b) Andante, Faure; (c) Earentanz, Bela-Bartok; (d) Bourree Fantasque, Chabrier; quintet for piano and string, Dvorak.

In the Sonata, Miss Marshall made the most of the rather insignificant material in the violin part. Only in the third movement did she have much opportunity. The piece is distinctly pianistic in point of interest and difficulty.

Mr. Gebhard was best in the grotesque "Bear Dance" and the Bourree Fantasque, both of which elicited insistent recalls. In fine contrast to these was De Bussy's "Bells" as played by Mr. Gebhard this became fittingly descriptive and delicate.

Dvorak quintet was first played in Boston in 1891, by Howard Peirce and the Knelsels. It is not in the composer's best vein, having many dull moments and thinly covered structural deficiencies. The Finale becomes unduly pretentious and is overdeveloped to the close. Barring a few very noticeable irregularities as to tempo, the number was admirably well played.

Mr. Gebhard is essentially a solo pianist. His peculiar habit of rubato playing, causing him at times to anticipate or retard the accent slightly, is well enough when playing alone. But in concerted playing it renders absolute unity of tempo impossible.

The program seemed admirably selected with reference to the soloist's undoubted pianistic ability.

"G. W. D." writes to The Herald: "My friend R. remarked to me the other day that Mr. Herkimer Johnson's report on Trinidad swizzle was incomplete for he did not refer to the swizzle sticks."

How carelessly men read! Mr. Johnson said in his letter published in T

lost forked stick with a hole in the blind with a hollowed end in the sound." It should be remembered, however, that Mr. Johnson did not make a report of what he himself saw or drank on the island of Trinidad. He described the concoction of green swizzle by a friend who had recently returned from Trinidad to Boston.

Swizzle Sticks.

"R." said to "G. W. D." at least so the latter writes to us: "The true Trinidad Swizzle is mixed and blended with two pronged orange-wood sticks inserted in the glass, prongs downward. The ends of the sticks are held between the palms of the hands and the sticks are revolved in the mixture by rubbing the hands together, as an old man rubs his hands before the fire on a cold day. This process must be continued for 10 minutes in order to perfect the blending of the ingredients and to whet the appetite by anticipation and labor. The sticks and the rubbing, I take it, are the lowered lights and the slow music which prepare the audience for the dramatic climax of the composition. Perhaps Mr. Johnson inadvertently omitted reference to the orange sticks and may, if reminded of them, tell us of other orange sticks, such as the incantations of the magicians, and the black cats and crucibles and other paraphernalia of the astrologers, to say nothing of the stage settings of modern clairvoyants and palmists."

Why Orangewood?

We have seen the swizzle stick (not sticks) brought from Trinidad. It has four prongs, not two. It was obtained with the Falernum and the Wormwood bitters at the Ice House on that island. The method of using the fork is as described by "R."

There is probably no symbolism in the orange stick as far as the mind of the twirler intent on swizzle is concerned; but may not the practice be derived from the use among many nations of fire-sticks, the fire-drill, in other words? The ancient Hindus and the Greeks preferred that one of the two sticks should be made from a parasitic or creeping plant. The Greeks recommended a borer out of laurel and the board of ivy or another creeper; but the two were sometimes made of buckthorn, the evergreen oak, or the lime. We find nothing about the orange tree in books concerning the folk lore of plants, nor is it mentioned in the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Occultes," published as volumes of the Abbe Migne's "Encyclopedie Theologique." The Indian fire-sticks are made from the sacred fig and sandal wood. Why should orange-wood be used in the blending of fire waters?

Oxford Night-Caps.

And now there is room for a description of "rum-booze" to which Mr. Johnson alluded last Saturday. The term was given to the quaff by Oxford students in the first half of the 19th century: See "Oxford Night-Caps" (42 pp. royal 18mo); but to townsmen the drink was known as eggposset, or egg-flip.

"Beat up well the yolks of eight eggs with refined sugar pulverized, and a nutmeg grated. Then extract the juice from the rind of a lemon, by rubbing loaf sugar upon it, and put the sugar with a piece of cinnamon and a bottle of wine into a saucepan; place it on the fire and when it boils take it off; then add a single glass of cold white wine; put the liquor into a spouted jug, and pour it gradually among the yolks of eggs, etc. All must be kept well stirred with a spoon, while the liquor is pouring in. If it be not sweet enough, add loaf sugar; and lastly, pour the mixture as swiftly as possible from one vessel to another, until it yields a fine froth. Half a pint of rum is sometimes added, but it is then very intoxicating and consequently pernicious."

"Rum-fustian" was made in the same way, with the yolks of 12 eggs, a quart of strong home-brewed beer, a bottle of white wine, half a pint of gin, a grated nutmeg, the juice from the peel of a lemon, a small quantity of cinnamon, and sugar sufficient to sweeten it. But why "rum" in the name?

Artemus in Boston.

As the World Wags:

In the winter and spring of 1853, Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward) was setting type on the Carpet Bag and contributing sketches to its columns under the nom de plume of "Chubb." This semi-humorous weekly was discontinued, I think, in April of the same year on the completion of its second volume, so that Artemus probably saw "The Silver Spoon" before he left Boston for good. It seems to me that the phrase, "little fishes biled in ile," was always in the play, though Dr. J. S. Jones, its author, may have appropriated it. The piece was a purely local one, satirizing the country member of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, and it was, therefore, little known in New York. It was for a long time an annual offering at the Boston Museum, and William Warren was inimitable as Jefferson Battering Batkins.

Dr. Jones and Others.

"Solon Shingle," originally called "The People's Lawyer," was the only

piece by Dr. Jones that was successful throughout the United States, and it was due to the quaint performance of the title part by John E. Owens, though it was often said that he was more like a rustic Jerseyman than a bucolic Yankee.

"Old Job, and Jacob Gray" and "The Last Dollar in Four Quarters" were written for the Boston Museum by the same playwright, but his "Moll Pitcher, the Fortune Teller of Lynn," often played at the same house, was first produced, I believe, at the Old National Theatre.

Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) was the leading spirit of the Carpet Bag. For a short time Charles Graham Walpole, so well known during the civil war as "Private Miles O'Reilly," was associated with him as editor, and contributed some free translations of Horace that created considerable comment, favorable and otherwise. He came to this country with Jenny Lind as Phineas T. Barnum's press agent. He had a brilliant career as a journalist in New York on John Clancy's Leader and on his own paper, the Citizen, and was a power in municipal politics at the time of his sudden death. His patriotic services earned for him the title of general. J. T. Trowbridge, as "Paul Creighton," was one of the notable contributors to the Carpet Bag and among its poets was "Florence Percy" before she wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

Artemus was an "amoozin cuss," though, perhaps, like Shakespeare and Moliere, he took his own where he found it.

March 23.

"Moll Pitcher" was played several times at various intervals in New York. The part of Solon Shingle was created by Dr. Jones, but John E. Owens soon made the part his own.

Artemus Ward was not in the habit of plundering others. He was singularly original in his quips and fancies. In all probability "little fishes biled in ile" was a common expression in the Fifties, common perhaps through the coinage of Dr. Jones.

J. T. POWERS AT THE SHUBERT

"Two Little Brides" Given Its

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Two Little Brides," operetta in three acts. Book and lyrics based by Arthur Anderson and James T. Powers on a German libretto by Willner and Wilhelm. Music by Gustave Kerker. Production by the Shuberts. Max Hirschfeld conductor.

The King of Wurtemberg.....Arthur Clough
Count Boris Rimanow.....Walter Lawrence
Prince Petroff.....Geo. Pauncefort
Vodja.....Sherman Wade
Gen. Audrey.....Louis London
A Corsican.....George E. Mannor
Honorka.....S. E. Erick
Tatjana.....Frances Cameron
Princess Athanasia.....Christine Nielsen
Luella.....Helene Salinger
Polycarp Ivanovitch.....James T. Powers

The book is old fashioned and we find in it a theme and situations and bits of dialogue that delighted many lads who now are gray-haired men with dim eyesight and dull ears. Two men, Boris and Polycarp, are surprised in a girls' school in St. Petersburg. Boris is wooing Tatjana. She has a friend, Honorka, who is eager to be married. Boris, not wishing to be one of a trio, calls in Polycarp, who happens to be passing by on his way to wed a Corsican. There is a law that any man found in the school flirting with a pupil must marry her at once. The double marriage takes place and the husbands immediately forsake their wives.

A year has passed. Lo, we are in Wurtemberg, and find there the separated couples. Tatjana strikes the fancy of the King and Prince Petroff is attentive to Honorka. Scenes of jealousy follow. The brother of the slighted Corsican appears, first as Boris disguised, then as the genuine article. The husbands wish to win back their wives. Boris slaps the King's face and Polycarp challenges the prince. There is, of course, a happy ending.

This story is no more preposterous than many other stories of operettas, but it has the disadvantage of being inherently slow and too familiar. It is told rather clumsily. The dialogue except when Mr. Powers has the say is also old-fashioned and slow.

Mr. Kerker again shows his facility, his theatrical experience, his knack of instrumentation. There are a few melodies that probably will be whistled, but much of the music is of the routine order; or it reminds the hearers of warmed-over meats with a piquant sauce. Nevertheless, Mr. Kerker repeating himself or suggesting his earlier music and that of others is to be preferred to some of his younger colleagues who put their whole force into the invention of one waltz and then manufacture the rest of the music as if by convict labor.

Mr. Powers is the same "Jimmy"

Powers, but his excellent talent is not for many years. He is as voluble as ever and his tone production has not been changed. He has the same readiness in repartee. The looseness of his reasoning is delightful. His bravado and his cowardice appeal to all, for they are very human qualities. Then there is his unfailing cheerfulness. He is the Mark Tapley of comic opera.

His good nature is reassuring; it has persuaded many audiences that the play in which he was the chief figure was really entertaining. Mr. Lawrence has a good voice. He sang fluently and agreeably and acted with spirit. Mr. Pauncefort played a part that gave him little opportunity in a manner that made us wish the librettists had been kinder to him. Mr. Clough sang pleasantly.

Miss Cameron was vivacious as school-girl and deserted wife. Yet how the scene in the school dragged until Mr. Powers arrived! She is an attractive woman, who makes the most of her voice and dances neatly. Miss Nielsen has a light and pretty voice. Perhaps when she is better acquainted with her part she will show animation.

The chorus is well balanced and sonorous. The large orchestra was ably conducted by Mr. Hirschfeld, who as musical director at the Castle Square had hosts of friends. The operetta is handsomely staged.

A very large audience laughed continuously when Mr. Powers was in sight. He made an anecdotal speech. Airs and concerted pieces were repeated, and "The Waltz Without a Kiss" met with special favor.

COLONIAL THEATRE—Julia Sanderson and Donald Brian, in the first Boston performance of "The Siren," a musical play in three acts, by Leo Steln and A. M. Willner. Music by Leo Fall. Adapted into English by Harry B. Smith.

The cast:
Baron Bazilos.....Frank Moulton
Clariss.....Ethel Cadman
Gron.....Cyril Biddulph
Armand.....Donald Brian
Malpote.....Alau Mudie
Lelotte.....Julia Sanderson
Humbal Beckmesser.....Will West
Frau Eisnbehr.....Florence Morrison

SCHROEDER AND FISCHER ARE HEARD AT RECITAL

Steinert Hall Audience Enjoys Conventional Program.

A recital was given last evening in Steinert Hall by Alwin Schroeder, 'cellist, and Kurt Fischer, pianist. The program consisted of Beethoven's sonata for 'cello and piano, op. 69; Locatelli's sonata for 'cello, a Bach chaconne transcribed for piano by Busoni, these piano pieces: Brahms, Rhapsody in G minor, op. 79; Chopin, Scherzo in E major, op. 54, and these 'cello pieces: Dvorak, "Klid" adagio; Perrin, old French gavotte, and Klingel, Capriccio. Rudolph Nagle played the accompaniments.

The program was a conventional one, with pleasant features, and was keenly enjoyed by a fair-sized audience. Mr. Schroeder played with his accustomed artistry, and was recalled again and again. Mr. Fischer's choice of solo pieces, as well as his performance, gave manifest pleasure. The program was rather long, and it may be doubted whether the audience in general hailed the chaconne with unmixed delight. Mr. Fischer was warmly applauded, however, for his playing of it.

When our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Mr. Charles Lightbody Hyslip, was a boy, he was passionately fond of geography. He did not stand the book on end upon his desk and read time novels behind it; he studied its pages. He could draw maps on the blackboard. He knew that Montpelier on the Onion was the capital of Vermont; that the French were a polite people, manufacturers of silks and laces and fond of pleasure and light wines. He could tell interesting anecdotes about unexplored Africa. There were certain countries he was eager to visit, and his choice was determined chiefly by their color on his school atlas. Green and yellow countries especially attracted him; but he did not run away to sea or join a circus or a negro minstrel company, nor did he turn tramp. He has lived in Boston, been west as far as the Mississippi, eaten Mobjack oysters at Norfolk, Va., and made the conventional foreign tours. For the last 20 years, however, business has forced him to be a stay-at-home. Hyslipus domesticus!

Dolomitis.

And for several years Mr. Hyslip has suffered each spring from an attack of Dolomitis. Each spring he has talked about a trip to the Dolomites. He knows all about them, as though he had seen, measured, climbed them, summited and wintered with them. He has never confused them with the Dardanelles. He knows why the mountains are called Dolomites, and has informed himself thoroughly about the life and geologi-

cal history of M. Dolomieu, the man who gave the men at the Porphyry a name for what these mountains were called before 1794, when the Frenchman gave his name to the native double carbonate of lime and magnesia, occurring crystalline, and in granular masses, white or colored.

He bores the Porphyrites in other ways: by asking questions concerning preparations for the voyage and talking of various ocean routes, comparative merit of steamers, clothes to be worn, approximate cost. Will he need evening dress in the Dolomites? Is Baderker to be trusted as in 1890? "Do you think a passport is necessary?" "What are the probabilities of cholera in Italy this summer with the return of troops?" Each spring brings variants of his questions, but the more important queries are the same. His pockets are stuffed with lists of sailings and plans of cabins.

Veranda Travels.

Mr. Hyslip is growing old. His chin is crumbling; his neck and cheeks are stringy; his knees are stiff; if he drinks freely of malt liquors his feet become eczematous. He has a strange reluctance to leave his bed in the morning, although he has slept sufficiently. Will

he ever see the Dolomites? We doubt it. There was a Frenchman who for years looked forward to seeing Carcasonne and Nadaud wrote pretty verses about him. Will Mr. Hyslip find his poet? And what rhymes are there for Dolomites? "Eltes" suggests fleas and Dalmatia where the powder comes from. "Rites," "mites," "sites," "kites," etc. Let us not jest, for Mr. Hyslip is a serious person and his case is a grave one. There is a verb to dolomitize, to convert into dolomite. There should be another meaning, for Mr. Hyslip dolomitizes with every recurring spring.

And yet Mr. Hyslip is perhaps not greatly to be pitied. He is happier in anticipation than if he were already on his way. There are no mountains so beautiful as those in Mr. Hyslip's restless mind. If he should start tomorrow and at last put his feet on a Dolomite, what would there be for him to do next spring? On the veranda of his own shingled cottage he can look this summer at the shadows chasing one another over the salt marsh; he can look at the sea beyond. He can hear the crows, the Bob White, the song sparrow, the bluejay and the Whip-poorwill. At night he will know the full glory of the stars. Then at his leisure, he can comfortably plan for his trip to the Dolomites next spring.

A Note on Murders.

"G. U. C." calls our attention to the fact that in writing about sardines—his letter was published Monday morning—he wrote "You may label them sardines a hly, etc." not "Sardines a truly," as appeared in The Herald. "A hly" might easily be referred to "a l'huile." "A truly" is here without meaning. We regret the error.

Appropos of the attempt to assassinate King Victor. Some time ago M. Maurice Lauzel stated that Italy has an unfortunate pre-eminence in assassination as compared with other countries. Murders in Italy average 82 per every million inhabitants; in England they average only 3.1. M. Lauzel also pointed out that the greatest international assassins of our time have been men of Latin-Italian race. Santo killed Carnot; Golli murdered Canovas; Luccheni put an end to the Empress of Austria; Siploo shot at King Edward; Orsini threw a bomb against Napoleon III.; Bresci slew King Humbert. The French, however, have a fair record: Jacques Clement, Jean Chatelet, Francois Ravallae, Francois Damiens, Louis Pierre Louvel, Louis Bergeron, Alibaud, Meunier, Champion. Not to mention Darnes, Leonote, Henry, who from 1840 to 1846 sought the life of Louis Philippe. After the death of Gabriel Peignot, some Peignotville published his notes on the sovereigns, princes and princesses of Europe who perished by a violent death or were exposed to the attempts of assassins from 1437 to 1840. Only 125 copies were printed in 1866, but there are enough to furnish the living rulers with pleasant bed-candle reading.

MISS GARDEN IN "CARMEN"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Carmen." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Carmen.....Mary Garden
Micaela.....Bernice Fisher
Frasquita.....Evelyn Scotney
Mercedes.....Florence De-Courcy
Don Jose.....Charles Dalmores
Escamillo.....Hector Dufranne
Zuniga.....Gaston Barreau
El Dancaire.....D. Leo
El Remedado.....Ernesto Glaccone
Morales.....Pierro Letoi

Miss Mary Garden, probably the most original, intelligent and interesting of women of the operatic stage, gave a brilliant performance of Carmen last night. It was her first appearance in the part in this city. Mr. Dalmore and Mr. Dufranne also appeared here for the first time as Don Jose and Escamillo.

Miss Garden's performance was remarkable in many ways. It was original without being extravagant, thoughtfully conceived and yet apparently spontaneously; characterized by a wealth of ingenious detail that was not exuberant ornamentation, but as a constant and natural revelation of character. In her effort to present her own conception of Carmen, Miss Garden did not find it necessary to do violence to Bizet's music or to appear as a strange and unfamiliar figure.

We saw Carmen as we fancy her from reading the story and the libretto; not necessarily as other women of talent have portrayed her, for there may be reasonable differences of opinion concerning the precise manner in which Carmen should act in the scenes provided for her by the librettists. We saw a Carmen that was not modelled on that of another, and yet was the woman whose loves never lasted over six months—Escamillo thus flattered her, for six weeks or six days were enough for the satisfaction of her caprices.

This Carmen was sensual, stony-hearted, as one subject to the passion that "garden a' within, and petrifies the feeling." The ruin of this man and the death of that one were indifferent to her. A fatalist, she was not a coward. She knew her power over men. Officer, soldier, bull-fighter in turn pleased her vanity and satisfied her longing.

Miss Garden's Carmen was not a tough girl of the tobacco factory, not a gutter snipe, not a vulgar rowdy. The smugglers knew her shrewdness and her power and she quenched it over them. She could assume a baleful repose, and never was she so dangerous as when she was mute. She was not noisy, chattering, shrewish. When she gave way to her temper, she was ready to kill.

This character was brought before us in flesh and blood. Miss Garden accomplished this by the modulation and the coloring of the voice, by uncommonly effective facial expression and by significant gestures. All these worked together with the utmost naturalness and with irresistible effect. Miss Garden did not find it necessary to act like a spoiled child or to be aggressively vulgar. Even in her sensual appeal to Don Jose, there was the indefinable something that saved the scene from the grossness of ill-considered realism.

The waits were intolerably long and the performance was unnecessarily late in ending. It would be a pleasure to speak of the many admirable details of one of the most engrossing and artistic impersonations of Carmen that have been seen since Mme. Galli-Marie created the part; but time and space forbid this tribute. There were scenes that will not soon be forgotten: that with Don Jose in the second act; the card scene; her amorous emotion at the sound of Escamillo's voice; her wonderful repose in the last act which was far more effective than petulance in her answers to Don Jose's entreaties. No Carmen within my recollection has expressed so much by mere employment of facial play. It may also here be said that never has Miss Garden been in better voice in this city and never has she sung so well and so eloquently.

Mr. Dalmore acted and sang in the third and fourth acts with dramatic intensity. In the second he was vocally disappointing in quality of voice and impurity of intonation.

Mr. Dufranne was a virile Escamillo, but not the fatuous Apollo of the arena. He, fine singer and intelligent actor as he is, failed to appreciate the spirit of the Toreador song and ignored the nuances of the refrain.

Miss Fisher was, as ever, excellent as Micaela.

A large audience was enthusiastic.

Mr. Leonard Merrick is now being discovered. A few years ago Mr. W. D. Howells discovered him, described his characteristics as a novelist, warmly recommended him, and then Mr. Merrick, like one of those mysterious little islands in the South Sea, disappeared for a time, as far as American navigators were concerned. Now he has bobbed up again and Mr. James L. Ford of the New York Herald is patting him on the head and telling him he is a good boy. Mr. Ford also warmly recommends Mr. Merrick's novels. He has gone back as far as "The Actor Manager." But he apparently is unacquainted with "The Man Who Was Good," "The Quaint Companion," "When Love Flies Out of the Window," and others that make up a baker's dozen.

Mr. Merrick, who is now in his 40th year, has been writing for a long time. His novels were published as they came out in England in the Tauchnitz edition, but few Americans bought the volumes. Now that there is talk about Mr. Merrick, as about the South Pole, now that he has been discovered, American publishers are taking a little notice of this entertaining writer. In one novel, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," he is more than entertaining. Not that we recommend any one to read the book. There is nothing so boring, and often so dangerous, as a letter of recommendation.

A Prudent Woman.

Women are wiser than men in that they are slow to recommend anything or anybody, especially their intimate friends. Mrs. Golightly is fortunate. She has discovered a skilful dressmaker who keeps her engagements, is reasonable in her price, and has not yet been spoiled by prosperity. Mrs. Golightly has also discovered a seamstress who does not do in a day what has to be undone in two days. Do you think Mrs. Golightly would give the address of either dressmaker or seamstress to even her favorite partner at bridge? The law of self-preservation enters into the question. She knows that Mrs. Bolivar is extravagant and would turn the dressmaker's head by her lavish orders and her indifference in the matter of trimmings and extras. Furthermore, Mrs. Bolivar with her loose tongue would give the address to Jane, Mary and Harriet.

Ferguson's Trousers.

Never recommend a play, a book, a tailor, a cordwainer, an "individual" cocktail named after yourself, or some less famous person, a barber, or a physician. In nine cases out of ten, you will chill a friendship or make an enemy for life. Your tailor may fit you but the architecture of Ferguson is gothic and the trousers made by the respectable Smithkins hang about Ferguson's legs like a lazy flag at half mast. Ferguson meets you in the club. "You said Smithkins was a good tailor. Well, I went to him on your recommendation. Look at them!" You look. The trousers are a sight. They haunt you for weeks, by day and in the night watches. Ferguson is a good-natured fellow, but you know henceforth he will never be the same toward you.

The True Booklover.

One of your favorite books is Mortimer Collins's "A Fight With Fortune." You enjoy the comments on life, manners, and literature, the interpolated verses, the fantasticality of it all. You read over and over again the scene in which the Marquis asks Lycett, the famous Lycett of London, what sort of a dinner he would give young Cotton who has brought an unsophisticated appetite with him. And Lycett, thinking rump steak would be the best thing for Cotton, nevertheless rattles away as follows: "Half a dozen oysters, and Montrachet; clear twiddle and punch; red mullet stewed in port; champagne; fillet of beef; Chamberlain; grouse with yquem; gruyere; nectarines and figs; Chartreuse and Noyau." But what would Horacker say to you were you to press this romance upon him? "I tried to read that book you lent me, but I can't make anything out of it. There's no story and there is a lot of talk—twaddle I think. I like a book in which there's something doing. Have you got a good detective story?" A few days afterwards you learn that Horacker spoke of you as a high-brow. A true lover of books is loath to recommend them. He has the pendency of a youth concealing the name of his sweetheart. To him a library, however small, should be as a harem.

Wise in His Generation.

We asked a dramatic critic why he does not, in his reviews, advise the readers of the newspaper to see this or that play. "That is not my business," he answered; "all I have to do is to describe the play and the performance so that the readers may form their own conclusions. One may say 'I know Knockem and although he doesn't think much of Florrie Tossington, I'll go to her show. He's for Ibsen and those fellows. I remember he liked the Irish Players.' Another says to his Maria at breakfast: 'Have you anything to do tomorrow night? Let's go to the theatre. No, I don't want to see "Angelia's Problem." Knockem praises it to the skies. Let's go to "The Girl of Hoboken." Besserton told me today at the club that it's hot stuff."

"You see," said Knockem, "that the great majority of the plays today are musical comedies or farces with music, and there is a funny man. There's no use in recommending a comedian of this sort; there's no use in explaining to the public why he is not funny. There are men who laugh whenever the name

of Frank Daniels is mentioned. There are confirmed Hoppelites. There are still faithful Willsonites to be found. I have read Sully's book on laughter and Bergson's admirable treatise on the same subject, and for the life of me I cannot see why audiences laugh at certain jests and pranks. On the other hand a few witty or humorous comedies have been neglected by the Boston public during the last few years. What is the use of telling readers what they should or should not see? The public may be right, after all. If you do not think Mr. Daniels is irresistibly funny, the fault may be in you, or in your birth under an unfavorable planet. If Mr. Daniels, or another, were not amusing to thousands, the managers would not engage him."

W. D. Howells, 19.2

SONG RECITAL IN STEINERT HALL

Mrs. Laura Comstock Littlefield
Appears in Varied
Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Laura Comstock Littlefield gave a song recital last evening in Steinert Hall. Arthur Shepherd was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Brahms, Regenlied, Mein Lieber; Wolf, Auf ein altes Bild, Verborgene Welt, Mäuschen Sprüchlein, Pützner, Gretel, Debussy, C'est l'extase langoureuse, Il Pleure dans Mon Coeur; G. Faure, Les Roses d'Ispahan; Engel, Air Tendre; Wolf-Ferrari, Ein Vögelchen flüchtel, Quant' ti Vidi; Beach, Fare Away; Shepherd, Nature's Love, Day Is Gone; Engel, The Trou; Brahms, Just in the Bush Before the Dawn; Henschel, Morning Hymn.

Mrs. Littlefield sings well enough to sing still better. Her tones are too often breathy and not brought forward. Her attack is not always decisive. Either through nervousness or from insufficient control of breath, she occasionally marred her phrasing last evening by emphasis of unimportant words at regularly recurring intervals of time and thus did injury to the melodic line and to the rhythm. This was especially noticeable in the songs of Brahms.

As an interpreter she was more fortunate with the simpler songs in the latter half of the concert than with those of Debussy and Gabriel Faure. She sang, for example, the songs by Mrs. Beach and Miss Lang with appropriate sentiment, and so effectively that the audience redemanded "Day Is Gone." She also gave the heavier pleasure by her interpretation of Wolf-Ferrari's charming songs, which are as though an old Italian composer had come to life and expressed himself in modern form. Engel's "Air Tendre" has a fine flavor, true distinction.

Mrs. Littlefield was less successful when she was required to suggest or maintain a mood, or to sing with emotional fervor. The first phrase of "C'est l'extase langoureuse" is beautifully sensuous. We shall not soon forget what a world of meaning Miss Mary Garden put into it. Mrs. Littlefield read the phrase as though it were the announcement of a committee meeting. The subtlety of the French songs escaped her. Her interpretation of "Verborgene Welt" was without passion, at first smouldering, then blazing for a moment. She should cultivate assiduously differentiation in sentiment; she should not be afraid of self-abandonment in song. The "Ariettes oubliées" of Debussy and "Les Roses d'Ispahan" are more than amiable music.

The audience applauded heartily.

CONCERT OF SCOTTISH SONG IN THE TEMPLE

The concert of Scottish songs which was given in Tremont Temple last evening by Miss Evelyn Scotney and Edward Lankow, both of the Boston Opera Company, practically filled the large audience room and on the whole was well received. The program was widely representative, containing such favorites as "Ye Banks and Braes," "Callie Herrin," "Scots Wha Hae," "The March of the Cameron Men," "Better Bide a Wee," "Annie Laurie," "My Love She's but a Lassie Yet," etc.

To a critical ear the concert left much to be desired. It is a daring thing to offer a program of Scottish songs by artists who have acquired a knowledge of them and their dialect only by study. It is almost invariably doomed to failure. That this concert was not wholly so is due to the vocal culture of the artists, an uncritical audience, largely composed of people not of Scottish birth, and the introduction of operatic arias in which both artists were, of course, very much at home. Their pronunciation of Scottish dialect was noticeably faulty in several of the songs—amusingly so, and the songs themselves lacked verve and lyrical spontaneity. There were a few exceptions. Evelyn Scotney rendered "Annie Laurie" and "I Have Heard the Mavis Singing" with splendid effect, and the duet, "Oh Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast" was creditable. Many encores were given and bouquets of flowers were presented to Miss Scotney.

The Herald has received the following letter.

As the World Wags.

Appropos of your sardine story in this morning's Herald, I never heard of "a truly" but I have of "a feebly." A college girl who should be studying her grammar lesson (if they teach such a thing in college), was reading a novel and asks, "What is a feebly?" No one knows and asks how it is used. She tells them that in describing the hero the novelist says: "He had a feebly growing down on his chin."

This reminds me of a similar story where a girl dressed to go out appears in the midst of her classmates and asks if it is ever proper to say "girls is." Of course, they say "never" and she asks, "Girls, are my hat on straight?" Boston, March 27. T-N-E-

Mr. Witherspoon's Friend.

As the World Wags:

I have noted the discussion in your column of the origin and usage of the phrase "Little fishes bled in ile" and think perhaps the following incident may interest you.

In the early days of the Klondyke gold rush there was an old fellow known as "Roaring Mac" located on Forty Mile Creek. Mac was a typical rough, illiterate, old "sour-dough," and had been on the Forty Mile since the early Eighties, a time when there were not over 50 white men in the whole Yukon district. He was a prodigious liar and had his name from his habit of roaring whenever his wild statements of facts were questioned. Any old timer will remember his story of the bull moose.

Opening the Tin.

The winter of '96-'97—the famine winter—there were about a hundred men on the Forty Mile. Along toward the end everybody was going along on beans—just beans—absolutely nothing else, and some didn't have beans. There was a lot of scurvy and starvation, some insanity and a few suicides, and the death rate when the ice went out was about 40 per cent.

One of the Burks boys had a tin of sardines that he had nursed all winter. Sometime in March it was opened with great ceremony. There was about a fish and a half all round (for the invited guests). I remember old Roaring Mac gazing lovingly at the can as it was being opened and that he, with great feeling, spoke of the contents as "little fishes bled in ile."

I don't know Mac's antecedents—it was bad manners to inquire into the history of old-timers on the Dyke—but I am pretty positive that he never had seen the Boston Museum and I know he had never read Artemus Ward, because he couldn't.

Don't you believe that sardines suggest themselves to almost anybody as being just that—"little fishes bled in ile"—and that the description was probably generally used, and was without any definite origin?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, March 26.

Circus Slang.

Mr. Witherspoon wrote to The Herald in an entertaining manner about "bally-hoo" and "ballyhooing." In this letter he showed an enviable acquaintance with circus slang.

Slang dictionaries, from the few pages of Dekker to the seven volumes of "Slang and Its Analogues," have not welcomed the strange expressions of the tent and ring.

We are familiar with "main guy," "spieler," "butcher"—(a man who sells peanuts, pink lemonade, palm leaf fans and concert tickets)—"windjammers," "lazorback," "jump," "kinker" (an acrobat), "cush," "keester," also "Johnny Newcomer," although these words were not known to Leland, Farmer, or Henry. But if a trunk is a "keester," why should a valise be a "turkey?" A Risley is a man who lies on his back and juggles children with his feet.

Mr. Witherspoon spoke of the "bally-hoo" or "spieler," or "barker," filling the "top" if his "shillabers worked well." "Top" we know stands for tent and there are the big top, the animal top, the kid top (the tent in which the Circus Girl, the Bearded Lady, the Living Skeleton and other freaks are shown), the candy top and others.

But what are "Shillabers?" And will Mr. Witherspoon kindly put into conventional English the following sentence which the Herald published on March 22, "It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Marshall ever 'scoffed' with the 'rough necks' on a 'Mulligan' and 'javy' and whether he ever 'glemmed' a 'gumb.'" The Detroit Free Press some years ago published an article about circus slang, but the terms just cited were not explained or even included in the list.

Risley who threw his boy into the air and caught him on his feet after the boy had turned a somersault was here at the Old Tremont Theatre, in 1844. Risley was described as "Magnus Apollo in comeliness, a Hercules in strength and the son a Cupid in beauty." And now his name lives after him in slang.

MME. DESTINN IN "THE GIRL"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Moraboni conducted.

Minnie. Miss Destinn
Dick Johnson. Mr. Zenatello
Jack Rance. Mr. Amato
Nick. Mr. Colia
Ashby. Mr. Lankow
Smyrna. Mr. Blanchard
Larkens. Mr. Kaplick
Billy. Mr. Bourgeois
Boskie. Miss Leveroni
Jaka Wallace. Mr. Oshansky
Jose Castro. Mr. Oshansky

Miss Destinn took the part of Minnie and Mr. Amato that of Rance when this opera was produced for the first time on any stage in New York. They were seen last night in these parts for the first time in Boston. There were a few changes in the cast to which we are accustomed. Mr. Oshansky took the place of Mr. Mardones as Wallace, Mr. Bourgeois replaced Mr. Tavecchia as Billy, and Mr. Kaplick was substituted for Mr. Fornari.

The performance was an uncommonly interesting one. Mr. Zenatello ended brilliantly a series of impersonations in which he has displayed his pronounced ability as a heroic and lyric singer and a histrionic skill rarely associated with tenors of his country. His voice was never more beautiful and virile, and he gave a striking characterization of the road agent.

Miss Destinn sang the music of Minnie as it had not been sung here. Her glorious voice and her supreme vocal art gave eloquence to Puccini's music. Her impersonation was engrossing. This Minnie was not too conscious of her face and not a vain coquette. Primitive, a woman of instincts rather than acquisitions, she knew the roughness of the life and was without thought of her own superiority. She knew her Bible and had old-fashioned ideas concerning love and duty. And in her heart she was romantic. The Sheriff, picturesque figure that he was, would not have appealed to her even if he had not been married. Johnson was her man, and the moment he was in danger she forgot the other woman. A simple but an intense soul.

And in the portrayal of this woman Miss Destinn was not conventionally melodramatic in song and gesture. Her repose was more effective than the restlessness of others. How every gesture told! How expressive her face in every scene! The apparent simplicity of her art might well be studied by singers who insist on proving to an audience that they are acting.

It has been said that only an American woman is fitted by nature to take the part of Minnie. Mme. Nordica and Miss Farrar would agree to this and argue the point fluently and even warmly. But Johnson and Minnie and the Sheriff and the miners and the Indian couple and the others on the stage are only Italians masquerading as men and women of other nations and singing Italian music. Let us not take opera too seriously. Miss Destinn is by birth a Czech. It would not matter whether she were a Russian, a Spaniard, or born in Brattleboro or Terre Haute. On the stage she is Minnie.

It has been said that no actor ever failed as Hamlet except Mr. E. S. Willard. It might also be said that the part of the Sheriff is "actor tight"; that the costume and the mask carry the part. The Sheriff of the local company last season was singularly impressive. Mr. Polese gives an admirable impersonation of the part. Each in turn displayed individuality. Mr. Amato's sheriff is strongly characterized. This Rance had led a hard life. Whiskey and cards were written on his face. His passion was gambling; the office of sheriff was incidental, only a diversion. Rance as played by others excited a certain sympathy. Minnie did not play a square game. Seeing Mr. Amato, we know why Minnie gave him the cold shoulder.

Mr. Amato's sheriff is neither sinister nor spectral, but very human, a familiar bar-room figure raised to the nth power. The sullen jealousy, the tigerish hatred, the brutal longing for Minnie—these were made clear by voice and action. And when the game of games was proposed, with a man and a woman as the stakes, then the gambler rose superior to the sheriff. And with what perfect art Mr. Amato used his noble voice!

SYMPHONY BY RACHMANINOFF

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rachmaninoff, Symphony in E minor, No. 2; Bruch, concerto in G minor, No. 1, for violin and orchestra; Mendelssohn, overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

It had been assumed that Mr. Noack would play a violin concerto by Mozart; he fell and injured his wrist so that his appearance as a soloist was necessarily deferred. Miss Collier took his place at short notice. She expected to play later in the season. There were agreeable features in her performance of the first and second movements of Bruch's concerto; but however estimable her talent may be, she has not yet fully attained to the artistic stature which should entitle her to play at these concerts. Yesterday she was applauded liberally.

Mr. Fiedler was warmly greeted on his return from the last trip of the orchestra to New York and other cities, and his reading of the symphony evidently gave great pleasure to the audience, yet this symphony has been played here with more marked technical brilliance and with greater regard to nuances of expression. Yesterday the performance was steadily vigorous; one might even use the word muscular. Yet in its way this reading was effective by dint of sonority.

The symphony was played twice last season. It was immediately enjoyed by many; some praised it extravagantly, and one or two, I believe, described it as "epoch-making." The music does not wear well; its diffuseness is more and more apparent, and in a symphony that lasts nearly an hour, there is really little musical thought that is taken away by the hearer. The broad and sweeping themes are often Tschalkowskian in profile and in harmonic and orchestral dress, and there are instances of Tschalkowskian detail. It is natural that Rachmaninoff should be influenced in a measure by his predecessor, but it is also natural to expect from the composer of "The Island of the Dead" a stronger revelation of individuality.

It is easy to see why this work stirs an audience, especially when it is performed in a flamboyant manner: there are obvious melodies, and I am not denying the effectiveness of some of them; there is pomp and there is glitter; there are climaxes—too many of them; there is decorative music galore.

Would that Mendelssohn had written always in the spirit of the overture played yesterday and in that of "Fingal's Cave"! Would that he had not fallen into the evil ways of formalism and sentimentalism and wallowed there!

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven's overture "Leonora," No. 3; symphony in major, No. 7; symphony in C minor, No. 5.

The Herald is asked by G. A. R.: "What does the word 'spade' signify when used in connection with a King George gold coin such as The Herald stated Mr. John Mason spent as the first money at the Georgian? What is such a coin worth, date of 1792?"

The spade guinea, coined 1787-1800, was so called from the form of the escutcheon on the reverse. The guinea was first struck in 1663. It has not been coined since 1813. Its nominal value at first was 20 shillings, but from 1717 until its disappearance it circulated as legal tender at the rate of 21 shillings. The Royal Mint in 1663 was authorized to coin gold pieces of the value of 20 shillings "in the name and for the use of the Company of Royal Adventurers of England trading with Africa." These pieces were popularly known as guineas almost as soon as they were issued, "as being intended for use in the Guinea trade and made of gold from Guinea." It is often said that the importation of pepper from Guinea was the cause of the special coinage.

We do not know the worth of the coin you name in the coin-dealer's market.

"Rambooze" and "Rum-Booze."

As the World Wags:

In this morning's Herald you say, quoting from "Oxford Night-Caps," that the term "rum-booze" was given to a certain quaff "by Oxford students in the first half of the 19th century; but to townsmen the drink was known as eggosset, or 'egg-flip'; and you wind up with the question, 'But why 'rum' in the name?' When the Oxford students introduced the term 'rum-booze' for that particular drink, they undoubtedly made a mistake and confused two altogether different terms. In Blount's "Glossographia," first published in 1656, there appears the following: "Rambooze, a compound drink, at Cambridge, and is commonly made of eggs, ale, wine and sugar; but in summer, of milk, wine, sugar and rose water." This "learned academical word," as Nares called it in 1822, has apparently no connection with "rum-booze," and is not often met with except in dictionaries. Hence "rambooze" was originally a Cambridge drink, and when the Oxford students introduced the term they got it slightly twisted—and not unnaturally, for, as already said, "rambooze" is a rather unusual word, while "rum-booze" is a common one in English literature.

Compound Word and Drink.

Now the term "rum-booze" is a compound one, the first element being the

word "rum," meaning "good fine, excellent, great," and the second element being the cant word "booze" or "bouse," meaning drink, liquor. Hence "rum-booze" means "good liquor, wine." As early as 1567 Harman wrote "Rome boose, wyne," and again "This boose is as beshyp as rome boose." In his "Lantern and Candle-light," in 1609, Dekker gave this definition: "Rome-boose, wine." In Middleton's "Roaring Girl," 1611, appeared this song: "A gage of ben rom-boose In a bousing ken of Rom-vile Is benar than a caster, Jack, penman, lap, or popler, Which we mull in deuse a vlie.

So my bousy nab might skew rom-boose well."

In Brome's "Jovial Crew," acted in 1641 and published in 1652, are the lines:

"This Bouse is better then Rum-bowse, It sets the Gan a giggling."

In his "Vade Mecum for Malt-Worms," published about 1715, Ned Ward wrote:

"If you'd encourage such familiar Scabs, As sell rum Bouze to those that wear queer Nabs."

From Rumbullion.

It should perhaps be added that the word "rum," meaning the liquor, is a distinct word, having nothing to do either with "rambooze" or with "rum-booze." The liquor rum is first met with under that name in 1654, though it was mentioned as "kill-devil" and "rumbullion" about 1651, and as "rumbustion" in 1652. Hence it has been conjectured that the liquor rum is perhaps a clipped form of "rumbullion" or "rumbustion." It ought certainly to be pointed out that Mrs. Alice Morse Earle was entirely mistaken in stating that rum "went by the latter name (i. e. 'kill-devil') and rumbooze everywhere" ("Customs and Fashions in Old New England," 1893, pp. 174-5). The statement is correct so far as "kill-devil" is concerned, but it can unhesitatingly be asserted that rum nowhere, in the 17th and 18th centuries went by the name of "rumbooze." A. M.

March 26, 1912.

Some years ago Mr. C. W. Ernst of this city was interested as a reader for the New English Dictionary in the derivation and early uses of the word "rum." He then wrote to us an interesting note. "A. M." says that Mr. Ernst many years ago called attention in London "Notes and Queries" to the first known extract, dated 1654. It would seem that "rum-barge," "rumbouge" or "rumbooze" is a term now applied in certain English provinces to warm drink of any kind.

March 31 1912

SEASON CLOSES AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Matinee:

Extracts from the music written by Debussy for Gabriele d'Annunzio's mystery, "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien." Mmes. Scotney, Fisher, Swartz, d'Ollge, Martini, Leveroni, De Courcy, chorus and orchestra. Mr. Caplet conducted. Followed by "Haensel und Gretel," conducted by Mr. Goodrich.

Haensel. Miss Swartz
Gretel. Miss Fisher
Die Hexe. Mme. Claessens
Gertrude. Mme. Claessens
Sandaennchen. Mme. De Courcy
Tamaennchen. Miss D'Ollge
Peter. Mr. Goritz

The music by Debussy was performed for the first time in Boston. The program announced it as "Debussy's opera." This announcement was singularly misleading.

Claude Debussy wrote music for a "mystery" in five acts by d'Annunzio, as Meyerbeer wrote music for the drama "Struensee"; as Bizet wrote music for "L'Arlesienne." The drama was produced at the Chatelet, Paris, May 20, 1911, and Mr. Caplet then conducted the performance of the incidental music. This music was performed in concert form by the MacDowell chorus at Carnegie Hall, New York, Feb. 12, 1912, and Kurt Schindler conducted.

There was an attempt at stage effects yesterday afternoon and the audience was greatly perplexed thereby. There was not one word of explanation in the program book, and not even a list of the scenes. There was the vague suggestion of an altar on the stage. Then there was the sight of two contraltos, scantily dressed, each fastened to a cross. There were apparitions of angels provided with halos. Later a woman was seen crawling about a dimly lighted stage and finally endeavoring to give an impersonation of a life size letter "Y." Female chorists, thinking to encourage her in this painful attitude by singing, must have enlarged the martyrdom. I was informed by a trustworthy person that this martyr was Mme. Cevruti "miming Saint Sebastian." The scene unfortunately was grotesque and to the great majority incomprehensible. The saint pierced with arrows has inspired many painters. This saint flopping about the stage as if in search of a dropped coin ex-

ited laughter or amazement.

The idea of performing portions of Debussy's music in this manner was not a happy one. It would have been wiser to perform it frankly and simply as concert music, if it were thought necessary to produce it at all. Nor would it be fair to the composer to speak at length of this music separated from the play for which it was written. Late comers destroyed the effect of the prelude. The song of the twins had a simple charm, and it was well sung. The greater part of the music that followed seemed aimless and ineffective. The character of the performance no doubt had much to do with this impression. The hearer was often persuaded that the music had not been sufficiently rehearsed. The final chorus, the "Chorus Martyrum," was lame and impotent in spite of the angel in the centre far back with enormous wings. Next season let us hear this music as concert music and thoroughly prepared. "Haensel und Gretel" was greatly enjoyed. The cast was as before. Miss Fisher and Miss Swartz were delightful as boy and girl; Mr. Goritz was again amusing as Peter, and Mme. Claessens was a fearsome witch.

The opera for the evening and the end of the season was "Pelleas et Melisande," conducted by Mr. Caplet.

Melisande. Miss Garden
Genevieve. Mme. Gay
Le Petit Ynold. Miss Fisher
Pelleas. Mr. Rldzer
Golaud. Mr. Dufranne
Arkel. Mr. Lankow
Un Medicin. Mr. Barreau

It was eminently meet and proper that one of the three great operas of the last sixty years—"Pelleas et Melisande," "Otello," and in spite of certain dreary pages, "Tristan und Isolde" should be performed on the last night of the season.

It was also meet and proper that Miss Garden, who created the part of Debussy's heroine and will always be associated with the opera as the ideal impersonator of the mysterious woman, mysterious in her youth, her love, her death, should again reveal her art.

It is said that M. Maeterlinck, as a

gallant husband, prefers the Melisande of his wife. It is also said that M. Maeterlinck cares not for music.

Again we saw the Melisande whom Golaud met in the forest, for whom Pelleas tarried and met death, whom Arkel, the aged and the wise, alone understood. This Melisande is not a creature uneasily conscious of self, a Melisande of stained-glass attitudes. She is a dream woman, unhappy and unwillingly the cause of the unhappiness of others. Her innocence was a stumbling block to Golaud; it slew Pelleas; but Arkel knew her tranquil, timid, silent soul.

And the voice of Miss Garden in this dream within a dream is that of Melisande, which was to Pelleas in his ecstasy as though it had passed over the sea in the springtime.

But it is late in the day to weave phrases about Debussy's opera or Miss Garden. There are those that have ears and they do not hear.

It was a pleasure to see and hear Mr. Dufranne again as Golaud; to note his perfect diction; to admire his characterization.

The performance was of a nature to close fitly the season. One thing should be said, however; the semi-darkness of the stage was too often injurious to the actors. I refer to the intended obscurity in which they moved. No doubt, charming atmospheric effects were thus obtained, but the faces of Melisande and Pelleas and Golaud were not seen and their emotions were recognized only by the ear. Last Wednesday the stage was so darkened that the facial play of Carmen in the card scene was not to be seen. After all, the actor is of more importance than a scenic effect. When Pelleas exclaimed, "The night falls quickly," it had already been dark for several minutes.

It is true that there had been talk of a mist, but it was creeping over the sea, it had not shrouded the platform of the castle.

The third season of the Boston Opera House Company ended last night. The first performance was on Nov. 27, 1911, when "Samson et Dalila" was performed for the first time in Boston.

The repertoire as announced at the beginning of the season included 17 Italian operas, 10 French operas, 2 German operas and 1 opera in English, "The Sacrifice."

Of the 17 Italian operas, 14 were performed, "Il Segreto di Susanna" was not produced, to the regret of many who wish to be acquainted with Wolf-Ferrari's operatic works. "Mefistofele" and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" were not performed.

Nine of the French operas named were performed, "Samson et Dalila" and "Werther" were produced for the first time in Boston. "Pelleas et Melisande" and "Thais" were performed for the first time at this opera house. "Mignon," which was not announced, was also performed for the first time at this opera house. "La Forest Bleue," of which much was said in advance, was not produced, nor has it yet seen the footlights in any city. There is a story that the last act was unsatisfactory and would be rewritten.

"Tristan und Isolde" was performed for the first time at this opera house, and "Hänsel und Gretel" for the first time by the local company with Mr. Goritz and Mr. Hinshaw as guests in the part of Peter.

No opera in English was performed.

Italian

Operas

These Italian operas were performed: "Aida," six times; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," 4; "La Bohème," 4; "Cavalleria Rusticana," 2; "Germania," 3; "Girl of the Golden West," 1; "Lucia di Lammermoor," 3; "Madama Butterfly," 3; "Otello," 2; "Pagliacci," 1; "Rigoletto," 4; "Tosca," 5; "La Traviata," 2; "Il Trovatore," 1.

Of 14 operas with 41 performances, "Aida" led with six performances. Five operas by Verdi were performed in all 15 times. Four operas of Puccini were performed in all 16 times.

French

Operas

The French operas were as follows: "Carmen," 7; "L'Enfant Prodigue," 2; "Faust," 1; "La Habanera," 2; "Manon," 2; "Mignon," 2; "Pelleas et Melisande," 5; "Samson et Dalila," 6; "Thais," 5; "Werther," 2-10 operas in all, with 40 performances.

Massenet was represented by three operas with nine performances in all.

The ballet "Coppelia" was performed three as a whole, and the first act was given separately three times.

Mention should also be made of "Le Martyre de St. Sebastien," music to d'Annunzio's mystery play, which was performed on March 30.

Made

in

Germany

Two German operas were performed, "Haensel und Gretel" four times, and "Tristan und Isolde" four times; eight in all. "Haensel und Gretel" was performed for the first time by the local company, with the assistance of Mr. Goritz and Mr. Hinshaw as Peter. "Tristan und Isolde" was added to the repertoire of this company.

Additions

to the

Repertoire

"Germania" pleased many. The story is an interesting one. There is action, and the chief theme, patriotism that rises above love and death, appealed to the audience. As a spectacle, the opera entertained. It is needless to say that the production was sumptuous. The music at its best is respectable, sincere. There are a few engrossing pages, but when the music should be the strongest, it is the weakest.

"Werther" shows the better side of Massenet's musical character, but the gloomy story and the lack of action are not favorable to the success of the opera in this country. Nevertheless, the production was well worth making, and if the opera were heard frequently, its musical beauty might in the end outweigh the psychological monotony of the libretto.

The production of "Pelleas et Melisande" and "Tristan und Isolde" and the manner in which they were produced would alone make this season a memorable one in the history of opera in this city.

The addition to the repertoire of Humperdinck's opera was welcome. "Mignon" is hopelessly old-fashioned, intolerable to many even when a Mme. Tetrazzini takes the part of Filina.

These singers were heard in Boston for the first time:

Singers

New to

Boston

Elizabeth Amsden (first time in opera), Edith Barnes (first time in opera), Zina Brosia, Gaston Barreau, Florence De Courcy, Ester Ferrabini (first time in opera), William Hinshaw, Edward Lankow, Gerorgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, Lucille Marcel, Margarete Matzenauer, Vanni Marcoux, Marie Martin, Madeleine d'Olige, Bernard Olschansky, Fernand de Potter, Alfredo Ramella, Jean Riddez, Evelyn Scotney, A. Silli, Yvonne de Treville, Ursula, Herman Well.

Other singers new to Boston took minor parts.

How

Roles Were

Distributed

The record of the chief singers was as follows: Amato, Pasquale, as guest: Kurwenal, Feb. 12; Worms, March 9; Jack Rance, March 29. Amsden, Elizabeth: Aida, Jan. 20; Santuzza, Jan. 27; Minnie, Feb. 3; Marguerite, Feb. 10; Leonora, March 13; La Regina (Germania), March 9, 15, 20. Blanchard, Ramon: Sharpless, Jan. 6; Valentin, Jan. 5; Amonasro, Jan. 20; Germont, Feb. 17; Crisogono, March 9, 15, 20; Conte di Luna, March 13; Sonora, Jan. 17, Feb. 3, March 5, 23. Brozia, Zina as guest: Thais, Dec. 6, 16; Marguerite, Dec. 13, Jan. 8, 26; Mimmi, Jan. 7; Manon, Feb. 2, 5. Calve, Emma, as guest: Carmen, Feb. 24, March 2, 13.

Caruso, Enrico, as guest: John, March 5.

Clement, Edmond: Don Jose, Dec. 2, 11, Feb. 24, March 2, 13; Nicolas, Dec. 6, 16, March 16; Faust, Dec. 13, Feb. 28; Wilhelm Meister, Dec. 23, Feb. 9; Des Grieux, Feb. 2, 5; Werther, March 1, 4; Rodolfo, March 18.

Constantino, Florencio, Mario, Nov. 29, Dec. 18; Rodolfo, Dec. 8, Jan. 3, Feb. 10; Edgar, Dec. 20, 30, Jan. 12; Duke of Mantua, Jan. 13, 15, 24; Radames, Jan. 20; Almaliva, Jan. 29.

Dalmores, Charles, as guest: Don Jose, March 27.

Dereyne, Fely, as guest: Mignon, Dec. 23, Feb. 9; Musetta, Jan. 3, March 18; Nedda, March 6; Marguerite, March 9.

Destinn, Emmy, as guest: Aida, Dec. 1; Madama Butterfly, Dec. 4; Tosca, Jan. 6; Minnie, March 29.

Eames, Emma, as guest: Tosca, Dec. 18; Desdemona, Dec. 22.

Ferrabini, Ester, as guest: Mimmi, Dec. 8.

Fisher, Bernice: Micaela, Crobyle, Petiti Yniold, Gretel, Jane (Germania), etc.

Gadski, Johanna, as guest: Isolde, Feb. 12.

Garden, Mary, as guest: Marguerite, Feb. 26; Thais, March 8, 16; Carmen, March 27; Melisande, March 30.

Gaudenzi, Giuseppe: Turiddu, Dec. 30; Pinkerton, Jan. 6; Canio, Jan. 27; Mario, Feb. 3; Alfredo, Feb. 17.

Gay, Maria: Dalila, Nov. 27, Dec. 9, 15, Feb. 24; Amneris, Dec. 1, 29, Feb. 7, 20, March 2; Carmen, Dec. 2, 11, 27; Santuzza, Dec. 30; Genevieve, Jan. 10 (five performances in all); Maddalena, Jan. 15, 24; Suzuki, Jan. 31; Charlotte, March 1, 4; Lia, March 6, 11; Azucena, March 13; Pilar, March 22, 25.

Gerville-Reache, Jeanne, as guest: Brangaene, Feb. 17, 21; Dalila, Feb. 28, March 23.

Gilly, Dingh, as guest: Grand Pretre (Samson), Nov. 27; Scarpia, Jan. 6.

Goritz, Otto, as guest: Peter, Jan. 27, March 11, 30; Kurwenal, Feb. 17, 21.

Hinshaw, William, as guest: Peter, Feb. 22.

Homer, Louise, as guest: Brangaene, Feb. 12.

Jadlowker, Herman, as guest: Pinkerton, Dec. 4; Faust, March 9.

Lankow, Edward: Viellard Hebreu, Nov. 27 (six performances in all); Ramfis, Dec. 1; Palemon, Dec. 6 (five performances in all); Arkel, Jan. 10 (five performances in all); Ashby, Jan. 17 (four performances in all); Koenig Marke, Feb. 12 (four performances in all).

Leblanc-Maeterlinck, Gerorgette, as guest: Melisande, Jan. 10 (four performances in all). She also appeared as Melisande in the play and as Monna Vanna.

Leveroni, Elvira, added to her repertoire the part of Armuth in "Germania" March 9 and other performances.

Marcel, Lucille, as guest: Tosca, Feb. 14; Marguerite, Feb. 16; Aida, Feb. 20.

Marcoux, Vanni, as guest: Golaud, Jan. 10 (four performances in all); Mephistopheles, Jan. 26, Feb. 10, 16; Basilio, Jan. 29; Scarpia, Feb. 14.

Mardones, Jose: Mr. Mardones added to his repertoire Abimelech, Nov. 27; Stapps, March 9, and sang often parts he had sung here before.

Mattfeld, Marie, as guest: Die Hexe, Feb. 22.

Matzenauer, Margarete, as guest: Brangaene, Feb. 23.

Melis, Carmen: Tosca, Nov. 29, Feb. 3; Nedda, Dec. 26, Jan. 5; Desdemona, Jan. 1; Madama Butterfly, Jan. 6, 31; Minnie, Jan. 17, March 5; Aida, Feb. 7, March 2; Ricke, March 9, 15, 20; Thais, March 16.

Nordica, Lillian, as guest: Isolde, Feb. 17, 21, 23.

Olige, Madeleine d': Siebel, Dec. 13, Jan. 8, 26, Feb. 16, 26; Mimmi, Feb. 10; Sophie, March 1; Micaela, March 2.

Polese, Giovanni: Amonasro, Dec. 1, 29, Feb. 20; Sharpless, Dec. 4, Jan. 31; Marcello, Dec. 8, Jan. 3, March 18; Scarpia, Dec. 18; Ashton, Dec. 20, Jan. 12; Iago, Dec. 22, Jan. 1; Tonio, Dec. 26, Jan. 27; Alfio, Dec. 30; Rigoletto, Jan. 13, 15, March 23; Rance the Sheriff, Jan. 17, Feb. 3, March 5; Germont, Jan. 20; Worms, March 9, 15, 26.

Potter, Fernand de: Samson, Feb. 24; Asael, March 6, 11; Nicolas, March 8, 16; Pedro, March 22, 25.

Ramella, Alfredo: Turiddu, Jan. 27; The Duke of Mantua, March 23.

Renard, Maurice, as guest: Rigoletto, Jan. 24; Athanael, March 8, 16; Grand Pretre, March 23.

Riddez, Jean: Athanael, Dec. 6, 16, March 16; Grand Pretre, Dec. 9, 15, Feb. 24, 28; Escamillo, Dec. 11, March 2, 13; Valentin, Dec. 13, Jan. 26, Feb. 10, 16, 26; Pelleas, Jan. 19 and in four later performances; Lescaut, Feb. 2, 5; Scarpia, Feb. 3; Albert, March 1, 4; Simeon, March 6, 11; Ramon, March 22, 25.

Rothier, Leon, as guest: Mephistopheles, Dec. 13, Jan. 8, Feb. 26, March 9; Lothario, Dec. 23, Feb. 9; Escamillo, Feb. 24; Le Bailli, March 1, 4.

Scotney, Evelyn: Madre de Cio-Cio-San, Dec. 1; La Charmeuse, Dec. 6 (and four other performances); Frasquita, Dec. 11; Lucia, Dec. 30; Gilda, Jan. 13, 24, March 23; Violetta, Feb. 17.

Scotti, Antonio, as guest: Scarpia, Nov. 29; Tonio, Jan. 5, March 6; Amonasro, Feb. 7, March 2.

Silli, A.: Angelotti, Nov. 29 (and four other performances); Il Re, Dec. 1 (and five other performances); Raymond, Ferrando, Palm and other parts.

Swartz, Jeska: Suzuki, Dec. 4, Jan. 6; Myrtale, Dec. 6 (and four other performances); Frederic, Dec. 23, Feb. 9; Haensel (all the performances); Siebel, Feb. 10, March 9; Maddalena, March 23.

Ullrich, Ludas, as guest: Lucia, March 20, Feb. 12; Filina, Dec. 23, Feb. 9; Violetta, Jan. 20; Rosina, Jan. 29.

Treville, Yvonne de, as guest: Gilda, Jan. 17.

Ullrich, Jacques, as guest: Tristan, Feb. 12 (and three other performances).

Well, Hermann, as guest: Kurwenal, Feb. 23.

Wickham, Florence, as guest: Gertrude, Feb. 22.

Zenatello, Giovanni: Samson, Nov. 27, Dec. 9, Dec. 15, Feb. 28, March 23; Radames, Dec. 1, Dec. 29, Feb. 7, Feb. 20, March 2; Otello, Dec. 22, Jan. 1; Canio, Dec. 26, Jan. 5, March 6; Don Jose, Dec. 27; Mario, Jan. 6, Feb. 14; Faust, Jan. 8, 26, Feb. 10, 16; Johnson, Jan. 17, Feb. 3, March 29; Alfredo, Jan. 20; Pinkerton, Jan. 31; Loewe, March 9, 15, 20; Manrico, March 13.

Zeppilli, Alice, as guest: March 18.

Conductors

and Their

Operas

Six conductors were employed last season in public performances. Mr. Weingartner, a guest, conducted opera for the first time in this country when "Tristan und Isolde" was produced, Feb. 12. He conducted the remaining three performances of "Tristan," "Tosca," Feb. 14; "Faust," Feb. 16; "Aida," Feb. 20, and "Haensel und Gretel," Feb. 22.

The regular conductors, taking them in alphabetical order, conducted these operas:

Mr. Caplet: "Carmen," 7; "L'Enfant Prodigue," 2; "Faust," 4; "La Habanera," 2; "Manon," 2; "Pelleas et Melisande," 5; "Samson et Dalila," 6; "Thais," 5; "Werther," 2. Nine operas and 35 performances. He brought out "Pelleas et Melisande," "Samson et Dalila," "Thais" and "Werther." He also conducted the performance of Debussy's music to d'Annunzio's "Mystery."

Mr. Conti conducted these performances: "Aida," 4; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," 1; "Germania," 3; "Lucia," 1; "Otello," 2; "Rigoletto," 4; "La Traviata," 2. Seven operas and 17 performances. He brought out "Germania," "Haensel und Gretel," 3; "Mignon," 2, and "Coppelia," 6. Three operas and nine performances. He brought out "Mignon," and the first productions of "Haensel und Gretel" and "Coppelia" by the local company.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted "Aida," 1, "Cavalleria Rusticana," 2, "Girl of the Golden West," 4, "Lucia," 2, "Madama Butterfly," 3, "Pagliacci," 4, "Tosca," 4, "Trovatore," 1. Eight operas and 21 performances.

These conductors were also busied at the Sunday night concerts. Thus Mr. Conti conducted a performance of Verdi's Requiem March 24.

A Few

Notes

and Dates

There were few changes in the announced casts, and there was only one substitution of an opera for another after the program for the performance had been printed: that of "Samson" for "Lucia," Dec. 15, on account of the sickness of Mme. Tetrazzini.

The first performance in Boston of "Samson et Dalila" was on Nov. 27; that of "Werther" on March 1; that of "Germania" on March 9.

The first performance of "Mignon" at the Boston Opera House was on Dec. 23; of "Pelleas et Melisande" Jan. 10; of "Thais" December 6.

The first performance at this opera house of "Haensel und Gretel" by the local company was on Jan. 27; of "Coppelia" Dec. 26.

The dancer Dolores Gaili, made her first appearance in Boston in "Samson et Dalila" the opening night of the performance.

In spite of the utmost care errors may

creep into any column of statistics. No doubt there are mistakes in this article.

The productions of "Samson et Dalila," "Germania," "Werther," "Habanera" were remarkable, and would have excited admiration in Paris, Berlin or Vienna.

Mr. Russell has written to The Herald that he considers the mounting of "Pelleas," "Tristan" and "Haensel und Gretel" one of the most important accomplishments of the season.

"Without entering into the question of whether one may like or dislike the pictures," says Mr. Russell, "the scenery and lighting of these productions have a strongly individual note and are the first of the kind, I believe, ever produced in this country."

"I desire to impress upon the public the importance of encouraging first class scenery as a means to establishing a definite individuality for our institution. Great singers may come and go, but it is not on their names that an opera house can build up its reputation; whereas, scenery, lighting, stage management, orchestra, chorists, etc., do not and never will produce direct box office results, they form the only basis on which the class of an operative institution can be permanently defined. I should be glad if the evils accruing from constant change of repertoire could be pointed out, and I believe that an opera house should avoid getting into a rut by constantly re-engaging singers who have won local favor when

including the possibility of conducting new and interesting songs to the public when they are to be heard."

Quality of

the New

Singers

Let us consider for a moment the quality of the singers heard here this season for the first time at the Opera House.

Miss Amsden, born in or near Boston, has a voice of unquestionable beauty, a voice powerful enough for dramatic parts. As a rule she sang with much intelligence. Whether it is beneficial to a young singer to put her in such taxing parts as Aida, Santuzza, Marguerite, roles which are associated with actresses of the first rank, is a question for academic discussion. The answer is of course, there must be a first appearance for any singer in a part; how will she gain experience otherwise? Miss Amsden's Minnie was an interesting performance. She should study diligently the art of acting and pay particular attention to facial expression.

Mme. Brozia was unfortunate in her debut as Thais. Although she has a pretty face, she is not finely formed nor does she carry herself well. We all expect a revelation of beauty and grace when Thais comes upon the stage. She was more fortunate in her sympathetic impersonations of Mimmi and Manon, nor was her Marguerite so ineffective as some have said. Her voice was light and agreeable when it was not forced. As Mimmi she acted with taste and intelligence, and her Manon was charming and in the St. Sulpice scene it was passionate.

Mr. Barreau took minor parts as a rule, but he is a valuable member of the company. His voice is agreeable and well trained.

Mme. De Courcy did well what she was called to do.

Mr. Lankow, though the part was a small one on the opening night, at once made a most favorable impression. There are few voices like his; I know of no bass to be compared with him in this country; for the voice is a true bass of liberal compass, rich, expressive, sonorous. Here is a real bass, not a bass of baritone quality.

Mme. d'Olige, although she appeared in parts that gave her opportunity, did not show ample cause for her engagement.

Mr. de Potter is not yet ripe vocally for the stage. The organ is no doubt naturally a good one, but the singer has not yet learned to use it properly or effectively. As an actor he is inexperienced.

The case of Mr. Riddez is an unfortunate one. He has had experience and is dramatically intelligent. The composition of his parts commands respect. Nature was not kind to him, and his vocal art does not lead us to forget his handicap.

Mr. Silli is evidently a man of large routine experience, a useful member. His Angelotti is well conceived. In other parts he was the respectable bass who has faced many audiences.

Miss Scotney has a true coloratura voice, with high notes which she takes without effort and a middle register that at present is pale and in need of fattening. She is not yet ready to take such parts as Lucia, Gilda, Violetta on subscription nights, but she promises much. If she is willing to work, to gain fuller tones throughout and greater proficiency in technique, she will undoubtedly be a distinguished singer. As an actress she has much to learn, although she gained steadily in ease during the season.

Guests at

the Opera

House

Let us speak of certain guests.

Mr. Amato with his golden voice and indisputable art is always welcome. Mr. Caruso is hardly the Caruso of former years, but some detected more spirit and variety in his acting. Mme. Calve surprised even her friends; but she is no longer physically a brilliant apparition. Miss Destinn, as ever, charmed the ear and appealed to the hearer's intelligence. Mme. Dereyne gave one exceedingly good performance of Mignon. Mr. Dalmores was not in voice, and he and Mr. Dufanne showed the results of a hard season. Mme. Eames was obliged to cancel the extra performances announced, for there was no marked public interest in her reappearance. When she sang on subscription nights, her voice still had pleasing quality and her vocal art was fully displayed. Mme. Ferrabini gave a passionate impersonation of Mimmi, but her voice, alas, was not the one that thrilled when she first sang here in Leoncavallo's company. Mme. Gadski gave a wholly admirable performance of Isolde. Miss Garden was as ever, unique, incomparable. Mme. Gerville-Reache is in every way an ideal Dalila. The music of Brangaene does not favor her. Mr. Gilly made more of Scarpia than of the High Priest, but sang in both parts with fervor. Mme. Homer's beautiful organ was heard only in "Tristan." Mr. Jadlowker, they say, was not so effective as before. I did not hear him. Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck was, of course, an interesting apparition. Ifer Melisande was marred by self-consciousness and in certain ways suggested insincerity, but there were a few happy moments in her

marked the first time. Mr. Maerou was a deep impression in part that is on the whole ungrateful. Mr. Maerou was admirable in a that undertook. Mrs. Nordica struggled bravely with sickness. Mr. Renauds' strophic skill still arouses enthusiasm, but his voice now seldom gives pleasure. Mr. Rotlier was more effective as a Mephistopheles of the traditional type than in other parts. Mr. Scotti is still interesting, especially as Tonio. Mme. Tetravzin's fireworks were at first dampened by her sickness, but she gave a brilliant exhibition of skyrockets and pinwheels before her engagement closed. Mme. de Treville was unfortunate. She probably can sing better than she did as Gilda. Mr. Urtis is the best of the German tenors heard here for many years. Mme. Zeppilli gave a delightful performance of Mimi, one of the best that have been seen in Boston, since the opera was produced by Mr. Ellis.

Some of the Local Company

Mr. Clement may justly be ranked as a member of the local company and he and Messrs. Constantino and Zenatello were, then, the leading tenors. Mr. Zenatello developed greatly in the course of the season and shone in lyric and also heroic parts. He stands now in the very first rank as a dramatic singer. Mr. Clement's voice was not always in good condition: it sometimes sounded tired and it was not always under control, but the singer even then was interesting by reason of the polish of his diction and the finesse of his histrionic art. His Werther was one of the features of the season. Mr. Constantino is still a tenor of the old school. When he is in good humor, his voice and method give much pleasure, but he is restrained in action or in his eagerness to show the audience that he can act, his sweeping and perfunctory gestures are almost grotesque. Mr. Polese was often heard and he contributed largely to the success of the season. He added roles to his repertoire and thereby won distinction. At times he is inclined to "overblow," as they say of a wind instrument player, and his tones then spread and lose in force. Mr. Blanchard had occasion to show the authority that comes from native stage instinct and long experience in leading opera houses.

Mme. Mellis is an excellent Minnie, but in other parts she has grown self-conscious and her mannerisms which have hardened are often displeasing. Miss Fisher has gained steadily. She and Miss Swartz are among the most valuable members of the company, for what they do is done well. The two were seen in parts new to them to their advantage and to the joy of the public. Miss Leveroni has gained in ease and the ability to express a sentiment or give a clue to a character.

Mme. Gay has been indefatigable as a leading member of the company. She was miscast as Charlotte, a part not suited to her voice or temperament. On the other hand her Pilar gave fresh interest to Laparra's melodrama.

Other members of the company as Mme. Claessens, Mr. Glaccone, Mr. Fornari, not to mention other names, have been honest and zealous in service.

A Brilliant Season

The season on the whole has been a brilliant one. The coming of Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck, Mme. Marcel, Messrs. Marcoux, Urtis and Weingartner with the production of "Pelleas et Melisande" and "Tristan und Isolde" would alone give it distinction; but there have been noteworthy performances, and the standard has been higher than that of last season. There has been marked progress in the ballet; the orchestra is better balanced and more plastic; the chorus is well trained. In view of the general character of the performances and the evident appreciation by the audiences, the slowness in raising the guarantee fund is surprising.

This opera house is already an institution in which Boston may well take pride. Mr. Russell's plans for the future are of a nature to maintain its position and spread its fame. Attention will be paid to the production of German operas on the same scale and after the manner of the two productions of this season.

To the Editor of The Herald:

That Famous Stage Fight

The celebrated chase recalled by your correspondent, J. W., in his entertaining reminiscences did not take place from the Howard Athenaeum but from the old Tremont Theatre on the site of the present Tremont Temple. The story, however, has been presented in so many forms that I am not surprised that the scene has been changed in this instance. The tale as it was told to me, when I was a boy, was to the effect that in the combat between Richard III and Richmond, the elder Junius Brutus Booth drove W. H. Smith, afterwards the manager of the Boston Museum, who was playing the invincible art into the orchestra and from there into Tremont street, and no farther, though I believe even this account was a little exaggerated. Booth was noted for the fierceness of his stage fighting as was his youngest son, John Wilkes, long afterwards. I do not recall any engagement of the "old" Booth at the Howard Athenaeum, but I remember he used to put up at the Pemberton House on the corner of Court and Howard streets. I saw him at the Boston Museum in 1819, or thereabouts, when his son, Edwin, played Pressel to his Richard on at least one occasion.

Change of Repertoire

Mr. Russell in his report to the directors discussed a subject that should be of interest to the general public:

"One of the most costly and serious evils in the American Opera House is the constant demand for change of repertoire. If we announce the same opera twice in the space of one or even two weeks a hue and cry is raised by the unthinking public and the unreasonable critics. Even if the opera be repeated with a different cast complaints still pour in. In order to satisfy the public's morbid appetite for variety we are obliged to produce in an 18 weeks' season as many operas as would constitute the repertoire of a European Opera House for at least 18 months. The public demands modern repertoire. Well and good! To cite an example: We prepare an expensive and complicated production like "Pelleas et Melisande." It demands endless rehearsals, the painting of 13 scenes and the engagement of special interpreters. What occurs? If, as we shall be obliged to do, we announce four performances of "Pelleas" within, say three weeks, we are told that we cannot expect the public to attend because we repeat the same opera too often. On the other hand, we have engaged special singers for a limited number of performances to be given in a limited period, and they must be employed during the time agreed on, or they will cost more. Constant change of repertoire is equally disastrous to the financial and artistic interests of the opera house. Extra labor, which is paid at union rates, has to be employed for the carting of scenery, overtime has to be paid for the extra rehearsals involved, etc., etc. Artistically speaking, it must be obvious, even to the uninitiated, that if a given number of rehearsals are necessary to present an opera properly, if this opera be laid aside, as is at present the custom, for a couple of weeks, when it is presented again it will either have lost the benefit of rehearsals or it will require new rehearsals which cost money. At the Opera Comique in Paris all new operas and all revivals are given six times in succession to the subscribers without any sort of remonstrance on their part. Time and space render it impossible for me to deal exhaustively with the evils accruing from frequent change of repertoire; but the mere fact of having to build an expensive production which, according to American custom can only be presented once on each subscription performance, i. e., four times in one season, will appeal to any business man as a ruinous and absurd proceeding."

The Old Tremont Theatre

My memory of the old Tremont Theatre is very vague, though as a small child I was taken there to attend the farewell appearance of Fanny Elssler. Of this visit nothing remains in my mind but the vision of a beautiful creature who came before the curtain and kissed her hands several times and said "Adieu, adieu, adieu!"

Then there comes to me a picture of an old man sharpening a knife upon his shoe. This must have been Shylock, but who enacted the character I do not know now. This was my second visit to the Tremont Theatre. The third one is more distinct, for I went to see a man who made a pet of me in my young boyhood. This was "Tom" Williamson, and I know that I was pleased to see him come out in man-of-war sailor costume and sing:

"A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally-hi-ho,
You know."

Poor Williamson; he retired from the stage shortly after, and ran a light express wagon on which I was privileged to ride when I pleased. I do not know whether he was a good actor or a good singer, but I know he was a good man to me.

It is a little singular that I went to school in this same old theatre building after it had been converted into a temple, much to the satisfaction of our Baptist brethren. The old Adams schoolhouse on Mason street was torn down to make room for a more up-to-date one and while the new structure was in process of erection the people of the school were transferred to two large halls in the lower part of the Tremont Temple where Sam Barrett, the reading master, and Sam Bates, the writing master, imparted knowledge with noticeably deficient accommodations. There have been other Tremont Temples on this same site, but this was

the original profane playhouse washed clean.
JOHN W. RYAN.

Who was the Shylock that Mr. Ryan saw at the Tremont? Fanny Elssler made her last appearance on Nov. 17, 1841. She sailed from Boston on the Caledonia July 16, 1842. Was the Shylock that of Samuel Butler or did Vandenhoff take the part?

About Mark Salom

The letter in your last Sunday's issue signed "J. W." is of interest as recalling two familiar personalities of 50 years ago. One, Orlando Tompkins; the other, Mark Salom. Your correspondent is in error, however, in thinking they were successively on the same corner. Tompkins was on the corner of Winter and Washington streets. Salom was on the corner of West and Washington, where Bigelow & Kennard now are. His name was Salom and not "Salome." He was a short, stocky, active, bustling, little fellow, with mutton-chop whiskers, a closely shaved upper lip and chin. On the latter was a deep, conspicuous scar. I have always supposed that he was of Jewish origin and that his real name was Salomon, or something of the sort. He had apparently been on the stage at one time and once greatly interested the schoolboys of the neighborhood by getting somewhere between one and two hundred of ambrotypes taken at the gallery which was then in the upper story of the building directly over his shop—James, I think the name was—showing his face in every conceivable variety of grimace. Two large cases of these hung for a long time near the door of his shop. He began, and I think ended, by keeping a "one cent store," where the variety of articles to be had for that modest price was something amazing. He ended about 1866 with an auction sale, at which he from time to time replaced the rather inefficient auctioneer, with brilliant success—another evidence of histrionic associations.

Orlando Tompkins has not been gone so long as to be forgotten. To a boy of 10 years old he was a vast and impressive personality—very tall, very stout, very august and very amiable and kindly to us small folks, to whom it seemed almost irreverent to ask so magnificent a being for a glass of soda water. It was he who bought the Boston Theatre from the original stockholders, and unfortunately, as it turned out, had it redecorated in the prevailing style of the day. The result was awful. It was done over again by his son, Eugene, 10 or 15 years ago, and is now handsome, as we all know, but it has never had the extreme distinction of the first decoration.

CHAUNCY HALL.

Boston, March 25.

Mr. Payson's Recollections

I was interested in your article today in The Herald. Your reference to your first appearance in a theatre carried me back to my first night (or afternoon it was) in the 50's or before, I believe, when I went to the Museum and saw the play of "Valentine & Orson," which I have never seen referred to in the brief accounts of the Museum's history. What pleasure I had afterwards in my attendance there! I remember the first presentation of "Our American Cousin" with Warren as Asa and the then unknown Southern in his subordinate part. George Pauncefort I think played Abel Murcott. Your reference to Walter Montgomery brought to mind my short personal acquaintance with this talented, genial souled man. Cut off in the prime of a career that promised much—a tragedy it was. He was greatly in favor in Boston, and told me how kindly his reception was then, and the favors showered upon him. I noticed that some time ago you referred to the production of one of Offenbach's operas in Europe. What a run these operas had in New York. As you are aware, their production was to fill in the off nights of Ristori's engagement. I think she appeared only three nights and a matinee each week, and I can remember (being a rather regular attendant at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in New York) Bateman's anxiety for the success of his venture. I think I can see him now "counting the house." He was a shrewd manager and I believe the French opera paid as well as Ristori. Fostee, Leduc, Lagriffoul and Duchesne were paying cards, the first comparing well with Schneider of Paris fame. Why do not some of our managers reproduce "Les Brigands," "La Belle Helene," "Barbe Bleue," "Les Georgiennes," etc.

WILLIAM E. PAYSON.

Boston, March 24.

The reminiscences to which Mr. Payson refers were those of our correspondent, "J. W."

The opera bouffe company brought by H. L. Bateman opened its engagement at the Theatre Francaise (afterward the Fourteenth Street Theatre) on Oct. 24, 1867, with "La Grande Duchesse." The operetta was played on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and at matinees on Wednesdays during Ristori's season. Mme. Desclausas, who was at this theatre in Jacob Grau's company in

1868, was a great favorite. At one performance of "La Grande Duchesse" (April 7, 1869), there was an extraordinary cast and she took the part of Gen. Boremi! She died only a few weeks ago at Nogent-sur-Marne, where she was living in retirement. Her real name was Armand and she was born in 1840. She was the first to take the part of Mme. Lange in Paris. She was not of the saving kind, and in spite of her profitable engagements, her friends were obliged to organize a subscription for her that she might be comfortable.

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His exotic vocabulary was the fruit of the widest research. He ransacked the ancient plays for long forgotten words. He cared not where he picked up his neologisms, so they were dazzling and bizarre. Greece, his own Carthage, the gutters of Rome, contribute to the wealth of his diction, for he knew naught of that pedantry which would cramp expression for authority's sake. The literary use of slang was almost his own invention. He would twist the vulgar words of every day into quaint, unheard-of meanings, nor did he ever deny shelter to those loafers and footpads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror.

Two Sociologists.

What Mr. Charles Whibley wrote of Lucius Apuleius, we might write of Mr. Halliday Witherspoon. We knew he would not fall us; that we would not appeal to him in vain. Some have written to us asking if he were not Mr. Herkimer Johnson discoursing with an assumed name. This shows that they read carelessly, without reflection. Mr. Johnson, we happen to know, preserves Mr. Witherspoon's contributions to The Herald; purposes to include them in his colossal work (elephant folio) and give the author the credit that is due him. But no thoughtful person could mistake the style of one for that of the other. They are brother sociologists. A meeting of the two would be a subject for our old friend the Historical Painter. This meeting, we are informed, will in all probability take place next month, and Mr. Johnson intimates that, as it will undoubtedly be a wet evening he will arrive from Clamport in a mackintosh and rubbers.

Circus Slang.

As the World Wags:

Meeting your request for an elucidation of the circus slang used in my last letter I offer the following definitions:

Shillaber: A "capper"—one in the employ of the show who mixes with the crowd and at the psychological moment buys a ticket and goes in. He breaks the hesitancy of the crowd and is like a bell-wether leading a flock of sheep. One "shills" into a show when he goes in without paying, with the consent of the "ballyhoo" and the person on the door. However, "shilling in" is very different from "flashing a broad."

Scoff: to eat.

Rough Neck: stake driver and canvass spreader; the same as "razorback."

Mulligan: any kind of stew. In the western mining camps a "Hassayampa Mulligan" is a stew with a can of tomatoes added.

Javvy: coffee.

Glom: to steal.

Gump: a chicken, duck, or any domestic fowl suitable for a mulligan.

An Upward Flight.

Mulligan, javvy, glom and Gump are essentially tramp lingo, or were originally. In the days of the one-ring circus it was only a step in either direction from the show to the road.

Much of the current slang of today has come from the theatre through vaudeville up from the circus. The circus has drawn a large part of its vernacular from the hobo underworld, which is, I imagine, as it should be.

Praise of the Hobo.

Slang is language in the making. The hobo is primordial. He has reduced life to its simplest terms. He is a philosopher. He is efficient, resourceful. He gets results. His language must of necessity "come thro'" simple and direct. We are too apt to judge the hobo by what we see of him—the whining mendicant of the city streets—the "panhandler" "mooching" the "stem." On the road he is something very different. The king hobo, the "comet," "rail-roading" in the West is about the last remaining type of primitive man. He is keen eyed, iron muscled—his nerves are steady—his courage indomitable. The world owes him a living and he turns the resources of civilization to his own needs in his own way. What a pity we know so little of him!

In Arcadia.

My own days of riding the "gunnels" and the "rods" are long since past, but I would willingly exchange the vague satisfaction of respectability and good citizenship for the tingling steel nerve that would enable me again to "swing under" a thro' flier and "hold her down" for a hundred miles.

All of which is a digression and irrelevant to circus slang of which my own stock is limited. I acquired it by six weeks' "rough-necking" with a one-ring

W—a painful episode in an otherwise pleasant summer's jaunt along the New York Central.

Discreetly yours,
HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Larchmont, March 29, 1912.

And what, pray, is the genteel English for "dashing a broad" and "mooring the stem"? "Mooring" in old English sang is a variant of "mucking" or "miching," prowling, pilfering, and as an adjective, skulking, lurking, mean. Witness the quotation from "Hamlet": "Marry, this is mitching made ho; it means mischief." "Stem" in old English slang meant in the plural legs. None of these terms are found in "The Rogue's Lexicon," edited by G. W. Matsell (N. Y., 1839). The only definition of "flash" given there is "knowing, understand another's meaning; to patter flash," to speak knowingly. And "Lords" in New York slang of that day meant cards. Will not Mr. Witherspoon shed more light?

CONCERT BY M'CORMACK

The concert at Symphony Hall last night by John McCormack and Marie Narelle was in the nature of a "little green isle" celebration, as the program was composed almost entirely of Irish songs and ballads. That the choice was popular was evidenced by the hearty applause given the singers and that even standing room was at a premium.

Both soloists were generous in granting encores and the added songs were the most delightful of the evening. Mr. McCormack's first selection was the aria Luisa Miller. The Irish tenor was in excellent voice and his notes were even clearer and more cleanly cut than during his performances here in the past. His first encore was "Drink to me only with thine eyes," which was given in excellent manner.

Particularly worthy of commendation was his singing during the evening of Colleen Bawn, Foggy Dew, I hear you calling me and Blumenthal's Evening Song. His voice has gained in purity of tone and his phrasing is decidedly improved. The old Irish songs seemed to furnish him with as much delight as it did his listeners, and he sang with spirit and pleasing effect.

Marie Narelle, appropriately gowned in green, was a treat to the eye, and in the Irish ballads, Shule Agra, Dear Little Shamrock and O'Donnell Aboo, was pleasing. In her more ambitious songs she failed to achieve pronounced effect, her interpretation of Chaminade's L'Ete leaving much to be desired. Spencer Clay was the accompanist.

April 2, 1912

AS THE WORLD WAGS.

By PHILIP HALE.

Among all the pleasures which creep from the body to the soul, they are accounted most life which are accomplished by feeding, as much as these senses are common to us in beasts, and crook down the reasonable creature; also loathsomeness is next neighbor to fulness, diseases follow, and death hastens to the mansion of gluttons. Feasts are a pompous frenzy, they call together a great many rich folks, who had better have been empty; if thou please one man, thou shalt be sure to displease the many. A multitude assembled will ever disagree; this dish had an ill taste, that an ill smell; the other should have been set down first; this comes cold to the table, that was out of season; that meat was raw, the other parched up; this waiter was too slow, that too quick; that fellow there is deaf, how stupid the other. The wine, say others, was small, not genuine. To what end such a parade of banquets, but to create discontent; to what purpose thy trumpets and thy shalms sounding together to proclaim thy pomp and thy pride.

One Jeroboam.

As the World Wags:

I was invited to a dinner the other night. A friend, forgetting certain remarks in the Book of Job and verses in Ecclesiastes, celebrated his birthday. The dinner, served at a club, was like unto that ordered in London by the agreeable gentleman at Artemus Ward's expense: "We had soup and fish, and a hot jint, and growls, and wines of rare and costly vintage. We had lees, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountains and Inly's coral strands." At last a jeroboam of champagne was brought in, and some of us were really persuaded that the birth of our host had been of advantage to the world.

And now, sir, why is a jeroboam thus named? A dispute arose over this subject, which marred the enjoyment of the peaceably disposed, and in one or two instances impaired the digestive process. Milton, March 30. GEO. P. BOLIVAR.

From the Scriptures.

The name Jeroboam is given to a large bowl or goblet; also to a very

large wine bottle. The name is taken from Jeroboam, the highly sinful of whom who spoke Israel to sin. (See 1 Kings xi, 28, and xiv, 16). Sir Walter Scott in "The Black Dwarf" (1816) speaks of a "brandy Jeroboam in a frosty morning."

There are various statements concerning the size of the Jeroboam bottle. Some say it should contain 10 or even 12 ordinary bottles. Others describe it as a fourfold measure of wine; a double magnum. Now a magnum is a double quart. A Rehoboam is a quadruple magnum, a double Jeroboam.

Magnum as sometimes loosely used, as when "a magnum of extra strength" was ordered for Mr. Samuel Weller; that is, an extra large and strong glass of brandy and water.

And does "Jorum," a large drinking bowl or vessel, also the contents of it, and especially a bowl of punch, come from Joram, who "brought with him vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and vessels of brass (II. Sam. vii, 10)? Anthony Trollope speaks of "a jorum of scalding tea."

If "Jorum" comes from Joram, it should be remembered that Joram only brought vessels; he did not fill and empty them. And when Jonathan Wild invited the Ordinary in Newgate to take a bottle of wine that worthy man replied: "Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch—liquor I do rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in scriptures, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted."

Beginning with a "Z."

The Daily Chronicle speaks of a competition among men for the last place in the dictionary, the final and uncontested Z. "They lay down their names as men lay down their cards at poker. 'One Z,' says Mr. Zangwill. And you ask him for his next card. It is an A."

There is a lot of the alphabet behind that," and the Chronicle gives the name of a commercial traveller, Wilhelm Zwiff. "Who's Who in America" (1908-1909) gives 33 names beginning with "Z" and some of them are well known—John Augustine Zahm, E. L. G. Zalinski, A. L. W. Ziegler, the artist; Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Eugene Zimmerman, the railroad president, and Eugene Zimmerman, the caricaturist; R. F. Zogbaum, the artist; Charles Zueblin, sociologist.

Mr. Zenatello, the tenor, makes Boston his home from November to April. And in the Boston directory there are four and a half pages of names beginning with Z—from "Zaberski" to "Zybora." And "Zybora" knocks Zwiff from its proud eminence.

The Houn' Dawg.

Some insist that the song with the refrain "You got a-quit kokin' my dawg around" originated in Iowa, not Missouri. The Sabula Gazette names David E. Ailyn of Grinnell, Iowa, as the author of four verses composed with threes and contortions in December 1889. We are indebted to the Rev. I. S. B. Taylor of Adams for a newspaper clipping from the Observer, Muncie, Ind., which tells the following story: About 15 years ago a Muncie lawyer taught school in Royerton. One of the boys, Zeb Harris, owned a hound and the other boys abused the dog. Kicks and tin cans were his daily food. Zeb, sensitive and grieved, sought the Muse for comfort. She fashioned the immortal song which he recited on Visitors' day, and the boys were so moved, especially by the peroration that the houn' was thereafter admitted as a play-mate and petted to his injury. Our own belief is that the song is of folk origin. We are surprised that there is no allusion to it in the works of Frazer or Gubernatis. There may be an allusion to Hercules and Cerberus. The legend may have been originally a sun myth.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Prince and the Pauper," a play in four acts, by Abby Sage Richardson.

Edward, Prince of Wales, and Tom Canty, Henrietta McDannell, John Craig, Miles Hendon, George Hassell, Earl of Hertford, Leslie Palmer, Lord Seymour, Walter Walker, John Canty, Carney Christie, Hugh Gallard, Donald Meek, Anthony Corse, Alfred Hickey, A Guard, Alfred Clark, Mrs. Canty, Mabel Colcord, Nan Canty, Grace Lottrop, Princess Elizabeth, Mabel Montgomery

PROBLEM PLAY AT B. F. KEITH'S

There's a little of everything on B. F. Keith's bill this week—and it is all good. Mary Elizabeth, the dainty comedienne, who has been so vigorously exploited in New York; the Wille brothers, about the best equilibristic and head-balancing combination ever visiting Boston; Arthur Deagon, who's at nothing between grand ope'

Matrilage, Mr. Pugh brothers, as German comedians with a tendency to acrobatics—all these are but a few of the features having places upon the program.

Head-line positions upon the bill are shared between Miss Elizabeth and Jesse L. Lasky's problem play of the future, entitled "In 1999," in which Florence Nash, Joseph Jefferson and Minnette Barrett are co-stars. Mary Elizabeth made a tremendous hit in her dainty little act of song and story. She sings several songs and then tells a number of good stories with refreshing enthusiasm and zest.

At last night's performance Mary Elizabeth was called back several times and when she stepped out to make her final bow of acknowledgment there was passed over the footlights to her a mammoth basket of Easter lilies, causing the applause to break out anew. But Mary Elizabeth only smiled once more, buried her face amid the lilies and skipped from the stage.

"In 1999" is portrayed the century-end husband busy at home nights sewing for the child, while his wife, after commenting upon "how rotten business had been" that day, leaves for an evening at the club to find Florence a mutual friend making violent love to her husband upon her return. Florence Nash, as the wife, hurls husband to the floor and orders him from the house. Rollo, the husband, dutifully obeys and is accompanied into the outer world by his devoted Florence. Miss Nash shared the honors with Mr. Jefferson and Miss Barrett.

A western incident, entitled "A Texas Wooling," is strongly portrayed by Middleton and Spellmyer, the other member of the little cast of three being Wounded Buffalo, a full-blooded Indian. Charles B. Lawlor, with his two daughters, Miss Mabel and Alice, present a novelty in character studies, in which the two young women appear in a number of fetching costumes. All have good voices and are generous in their use. Arthur Deagon, who has, first and last, helped to make many a show famous, sings several songs, tells a few stories, does some handspins and winds up in a turkey-trot dance with a dummy partner, which is, Deagon confides to the audience, "the only woman with whom his wife permits him to work."

The other acts, in addition to the clever head-balancing of the three Wille brothers, include Billy K. Wells, Hebrew orator, with a tangle-foot tongue, and the three Weston sisters, dainty musical malds.

April 3, 1912

HAROLD BAUER'S PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Harold Bauer gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. It was his last recital this season. The program was as follows:

Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in E minor, op. 35; Bach, English suite in G minor; Schumann, sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11; Cesar Franck, Pastorale; Ravel, "Ondine"; Debussy, Children's Corner; Chopin, Polonaise in E flat minor, Barcarolle.

Mr. Bauer is in the habit of making interesting programs. It is seldom that he tries men's souls by a recital intending "to show close musical relationship between the composers represented." Mr. Bauer reminded us yesterday that Mendelssohn wrote other piano pieces than the "Songs Without Words"; that it is not necessary, if a pianist wishes to play music by Bach, for him to choose any one of the thunderous arrangements of the preludes and fugues for organ. There was a transcription on the program. Mr. Bauer's transcription of Cesar Franck's Pastorale, the fourth of the Six Pieces for organ composed about 1860, but this Pastorale is well suited to the piano, although the music is more effective through variety of tonal color when it is played on the instrument for which it was written.

Ravel's "Ondine" is not familiar here to concertgoers. It is a charming bit of aqueous impressionism. The writer of the program notes, Mr. Alfred Kallsch, had much to say about the "poetic basis" being a passage from Brugnol's "Deux Genies." It would have been more to the purpose if he had quoted from Louis Bertrand's "Gaspard de la Nuit," the collection of strange prose poems which inspired Baudelaire to write in similar vein. Mr. Kallsch also speaks of the resemblance between the theme of Mendelssohn's Prelude and that of a chorus in "Antigone"; but there is a marked resemblance between this prelude theme and a phrase for the chorus in "St. Paul."

Mr. Bauer played delightfully. He was not tempted by the size of the hall to force tone or give such compositions as the movements by Bach or the little pieces by Debussy undue importance. Perhaps the performance of the English suite, Schumann's sonata and "Ondine," was especially noteworthy, but Mr. Bauer's playing throughout was of a high order, most musical. Seldom has so beautiful a reading of the Aria in the sonata been heard here; but Mr. Bauer is always fortunate with Schumann. The audience was enthusiastic and the long program was lengthened by Mr. Bauer responding to the applause at the end.

"A. P. Rillfirst" writes from Portsmouth, N. H.: "We notice today you speak of the Historical Painter, and we think at once of other friends, old friends. We want to inquire of the Earnest Student of Sociology and the Charming Miss Eustacia. We believe they must be still doing some good work in their several ways."

The Earnest Student of Sociology, now known to the leading scientific societies of North and South America, Europe, Arope, Irope and Orope as Mr. Herkimer Johnson, married Miss Eustacia shortly after the death of her uncle, Old Chimes, in April, 1903. Mr. Johnson contributes occasionally to The Herald. We hear that a Nobel prize will undoubtedly be awarded him. This will insure the publication of his colossal work (Elephant folio, sold only by subscription), a publication feverishly anticipated by the learned and the general public.

An Anxious Inquirer.

As the World Wags:

Why was the "mustache cup" and where has it gone? I recall that my grandfather on each side of the family had one. Thinking to tease a young friend of mine, I have tried to find such a cup here in town, but have failed. Again I ask why was such a cup and where has it gone? J. C. C.
Boston, March 30, 1912.

"For Husband."

We well remember these cups. They were used in the late sixties and perhaps in the early seventies. Sometimes they bore an inscription: "Father," "Husband," "Darling." The object of course was to protect the mustache from coffee or any other discoloring fluid. The more heroic souls condemned these cups as effeminate. They thought perhaps of Ouida's guardsmen who were always wringing the sparkling Moselle from their amber mustaches. And so there are brave and mustached men today who eat boldly of black bean soup and do not shave at the beginning of the corn season, but play on the buttered and salted ear with the confidence of a flute virtuoso.

Gone but Not Forgotten.

The protecting cup suddenly disappeared. Do you ask where it is today? Where is the embroidered napkin band that Uncle Amos, the heavy feeder of the unsteady hand, passed around his neck? Where are the hair watchchains, bracelets, brooches made by Aunt Abby from locks of relatives? Where are the photograph albums of leather, cloth or plush that entertained visitors or were forced upon any young man paying attentions to Maud, the eldest daughter? Where are the old wall pictures, "The Voyage of Life," "The Deathbed of Webster," "The Court of Death"—the last often seen in the physician's study? Where are the books that used to adorn the centre table—"The Keepsake," "The Token," "Women of the Bible," "Poems of N. P. Willis" with illustrations? Where are the sets of elaborately carved chessmen brought from the East by sea-

farers who could have told strange tales? These chessmen stood ready for action on the board and on a table in a corner of the parlor. They gave forth an intoxicating odor that fired the fancy of the young, and on the mantelpiece were sea shells and a shepherd and shepherdess of Dresden china.

Retentive Mustachios.

Theoretically the mustache cup was an admirable contrivance, whether father's mustache were short and bristly so that soup or coffee clung to it like dew on a shrub—the comparison is taken from Charles Reade's "Box Tunnel"—or like unto the mustachios or whiskers sported by Robinson Crusoe: "I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as, in England, would have passed for frightful." The mustache was not only discolored at breakfast; it retained for a long time the odor of coffee, bacon, eggs, butter. Montaigne, examining himself, exclaimed: "He that complains against nature, that she hath not created man with a fit instrument to carry sweet smells fast-tied to his nose, is much to blame; for, they carry themselves. As for me in particular, my mustachoes, which are verie thick, serve me for that purpose. Let me but approach my gloves or my handkercher to them, their smells will stick upon them a whole day. They manifest the place I come from. The close-smacking, sweetness-moving, love-alluring, and greed-smirking kisses of youth, were heretofore wont to stick on them many hours after."

There was once a fair youth at the Porphyry who, drinking a cocktail, would always raise his mustache with his left hand. He once ingeniously remarked that his "young lady" objected to the odor of strong drink. After his marriage he drank his cocktail as though he were any grown person.

On the Stage.

When M. Massenet's new opera, "Roma," was produced at Monte Carlo, he

made it a condition that the opera should be clean-shaven, "after the fashion of the ancients." When "Roma" was put in rehearsal at the Paris Opera House, chorus men declared their unwillingness to sacrifice mustaches and beards, any form of whiskerage, to make a Roman holiday for M. Massenet. The last report was that the obstinate would impersonate barbarians and the acquiescent the Romans.

We are told that it is now the fashion in certain European Opera Houses for Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Tristan and other heroes to appear clean shaven. We deplore the innovation. At the Boston Opera House the sagacious Arkel would wear a long, flowing, white venerable beard. In "Aida" the high priest and the priests should wear black and bushy beards. Shaven as they now are, they are not impressive; they do not strike you as the real thing. Is it possible that Wotan, Hunding, Mime, Alberich and the other entertaining members of the "Ring" menagerie will soon be presented as persons diligent with the razor and soap, either in sticks or cakes? Perish the thought!

April 4 1912

How carelessly we all read printed matter! There are some who pride themselves on their ability to read between the lines. "I read between the lines and so I knew you didn't think much of the show." You had thoroughly enjoyed it and written about it with honest enthusiasm, but you couldn't fool Perkins, the gifted being who always reads between the lines.

Mr. Kallsch's Break.

There are some who read diligently as though with a magnifying glass, and immediately misquote. Take the sad case of Mr. Alfred Kallsch, who wrote the program notes for Mr. Harold Bauer's concert of last Tuesday. Mr. Bauer played Ravel's "Ondine." Mr. Kallsch was anxious that the public should not think "Ondine," the name of a hand fire engine or the title of a comedy opera, so he said that the "poetic basis" came from Charles Brugnol's "Les Deux Genies," and he quoted the prose poem in full. Alas! alack-a-day! This prose poem was written by Louis Bertrand and is found in excellent French in his "Gaspard de la Nuit," as is clearly indicated on Ravel's title page. But Bertrand, who took to himself the name Aolusius, also took four lines as a motto to "Ondine" from Brugnol's poem. Mr. Kallsch evidently thought that Brugnol was the man of "Ondine." "Gaspard," published posthumously in 1842, has been reprinted by the Mercure de France. Sainte-Beuve found room for Bertrand in his gallery of literary portraits, and Anatole France evidently has a weakness for the unfortunate who went from Dijon to Paris.

Mr. Witherspoon Explains.

As the World Wags:

In today's Herald you quote "The Rogue's Lexicon," edited by G. W. Matsell (N. Y. 1889). I am not familiar with slang dictionaries. Is it possible that there is no authoritative collection of thieves' patter published at a later date? It is hardly to be wondered at that "mooch," "stem," "flash" and "broad" were not in common use 50 years ago.

A "broad" is a pass commonly issued by the management of country fairs, exhibitions, etc., admitting performers and employees to the grounds. A person flashes his broad to the gate keeper, i. e., shows it for an instant, as he passes thro'. Roughly speaking, any pass is a "broad." I should suppose that a dramatic critic would "flash a broad" a good many times in a season.

The "stem," as used by hoboos, is a stunt, most often used in referring to the "main stem."

To "mooch" is to skulk or prowl with the added meaning "to beg." Thus when a "gay-cat" or "bindle stiff." "Mooches the stem," he prowls along with an eye out for any opportunity to steal or beg.

Sociologists Together.

I am looking forward with eager anticipation to a meeting with Mr. Herkimer Johnson, altho' I am inclined to think the month of April an unfortunate time for such a foregathering. As old man Holbrook used to say:

These are the melancholy days,
The saddest of the year;
When it's too hot for buttered rum,
Too cold for lager beer.

If it were any other season I should advise the eminent sociologist to make the pilgrimage from Clamport, equipped with gum boots, oilskins and a sou'-wester; or I could place at his disposal a pair of "muclucs" purchased "on the Labrador."

I have been an admirer of Mr. Johnson for many years. His courage and persistency in collecting data for his colossal work are, indeed, rare. I must say, however, without presuming to criticize, I have long felt that so distinguished a scholar should broaden his field of observation.

Mr. Johnson in Mexico.

I am myself planning a trip to Mexico, starting within a few weeks, probably within a few days. Perhaps Mr. Johnson could be persuaded to accompany me. Opportunity will offer to view violent death in many forms. It is an education to see a Mexican stand up before a firing squad. If Mr. Johnson has not had the experience, no doubt he could find occasion in Mexico to kill his man, or a dozen, if he chose. I feel that no

author, however, will be able to complete a satisfactory volume on "Murder and Murderers" without having first found a victim or two for himself. Then, too, there is the mesal question still awaiting investigation.

I can promise several weeks of quick action and interesting observation. Mr. Johnson's views on the proposition will be interesting if he cares to give them.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, April 1, 1912.

The Schollast Says:

Yes, Mr. Witherspoon, there are dictionaries of slang, but not exclusively of thieves' patter since 1859. The second edition of John Camden Holt's "Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant and Vulgar Words" was published in 1860. Then there is the slang dictionary edited by Leland and Barrere. Then there is "Slang and Its Analogues," edited by Farmer and Henley, in seven volumes (1890-1904).

But Matsell's "Vocabulum; or the Rogue's Lexicon," is the more interesting from the fact that the compiler was a special justice, chief of police, and one of the proprietors of the National Police Gazette. He had studied the peculiar language of thieves and other rogues. The book has a peculiar value, as has the much larger volume "Les Voleurs, Physiologie de leurs Moeurs et de leur Langage," by E. F. Vidocq, who had been chief of police in Paris. The second edition of his work in two volumes was published in 1837.

But the more modern slang dictionaries do not define "red kettle" (gold watch), or "dooley" (dynamite), nor could a bright eyed boy find out from them the precise meaning of "a peter with Keister double in and out."

As we have already said "mooching" synonymous with "miking" and "miching," prowling, pilfering, is very old. "Miche" is in Chaucer.

The quatrain of your friend Holbrook is a variant. Did not the original run like this?

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest in the year.
'Tis still too warm for whiskey hot
And now too cold for beer."

The elegiac lines refer to early autumnal days.

We have forwarded your invitation to Mr. Johnson. The trip would undoubtedly do him good, and benefit the world, if he should return without physical injury and mental twist or loss.

April 5 1912

The blab of the pavo, the tires of carts and snuff of boot soles and talk of the promenaders.
The impassive stones that receive and return so many echoes;
What living and buried speech is always vibrating here, what howls restrained by decorum.

Poor Henrietta.

As the World Wags:

"Who kissed Henrietta?" was a question frequently asked when I was a little lad. I have no clear remembrance as to its significance, but I think that it referred to a fresh young man who kissed his landlady's daughter and then added to the enormity of his offence by going to the pantry and helping himself unbidden to a wedge of apple pie. There were legal complications, I believe, following these high-handed proceedings; but the conclusions have escaped me with the flight of time. Perhaps some of the readers of this department have longer memories.

I was reminded of this old-time local saying by "Preserving Mr. Panmure," now playing in this city. Mr. Plnero, the author of this comedy, I'm sure, never heard of Henrietta and her misfortune, but his amusing dramatic story revolves around a kiss, surprising and unsought. Somehow or other, his piece also suggested to me "The Serious Family," with Lady Sowerby Creamly to the fore, now almost forgotten. But history repeats itself upon the stage, as Dion Boucicault might tell us if he revisited the glimpses of the footlights.

BAIZE.

Dorchester, April 2, 1912.

The Always Ready.

There are men who are always ready with an explanation of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. They can name the Man in the Iron Mask, they know who struck Billy Patterson, they could have outstripped Oedipus in his answer to the Sphinx, they will tell you the origin of "23," they have solved the case of "Aelius Lania" and now smile at De Quincey's answer to the enigma, they have talked with the murderer of old Mr. Nathan in Twenty-third street, New York, they have heard from the Archduke disguised as John Orth—entertaining persons when they are not bore-some. And among them there is at least one who can answer the question of "Baize."

Foolish Phrases.

Or was "Who Kissed Henrietta?" only one of many queer street cries that are spoken and heard for a season? Who first shouted, "Ah, there!" expectant of the answer, "Stay there!" In London the foolish cry, "How's your poor feet?" was long in fashion. It was first heard, they say, about 1862. When Henry Irving revived "The Dead Heart," in 1890, someone wrote: "When the play was brought out originally, where one of the characters says, 'My

heart is dead and dead!' a voice from the gallery next broke up the drama with 'How are your poor feet?' The phrase lived." Now "The Dead Heart" was first produced at the Adelphi, London, in 1859, so the phrase must have been heard before 1862 if this story be true. Precision in such cases is suspicious. When a man tells you he will repay a slight loan next Wednesday in front of the Park Street Church at 11:30 A. M.—"I may be a few minutes late"—you know full well that you will see his face no more. Others say "How's your poor feet?" dates from the Exhibition of 1851.

Or take the Parisian cry, "Oha Lambert! As-tu vu Lambert?" The wise men will tell you that on Aug. 15, 1864, a woman from the country arriving for the Napoleon festival lost her husband Lambert at the railway station and went about Paris bawling for him. Is the story credible?

When we were young, boys were

soundly thrashed at home for saying apropos of nothing "Widow who?" which was followed by "under what bridge?" An annotated catalogue of the street phrases of nations would be entertaining and *educative*.

Stranded in the Bar.

As the World Wags.

Renewing my acquaintance with Dickens, as I do from time to time by dipping in here and there, I read the following:

"Capt. Cuttle proffered a glass of rum, which the Chicken, throwing back his head, emptied into himself as into a cask, after proposing the brief sentiment, 'Towards us.'"

It is interesting to look back, as well as forward and sideways, at our bar-room acquaintances, and listen, with our mind's ear and our physical ear, or ears, if we are fortunate enough to have two which are working to the "brief sentiments" which have been, are, and may be uttered.

"Here's looking at yer" (never pronounced "U") is a familiar sentiment. "Here's how!" brief and to the point, is another. "Here's a go!" suffices for the ceremony equally well without unduly delaying the downing of the drink. "Here's to crime!" is sometimes heard, but this is really flippant and casts an uncalled for reflection on the fluid which, like fire, is a good servant, but a tyrannical master.

"Cheero!" was the pleasant greeting which a good friend of mine, an Englishman, always uttered when the glasses were lifted.

"Here's happy days!" "Here's my regards!" The precise man who is fussy about his English simply omits "Here's." I am quite sure no one ever lifted his glass and said "Here are" anything at all. In most cases the sibilant sound after "here" seems to be necessary to make the liquor find its proper level.

Real friends in these days of haste and lack of reverence for God, man and tradition, usually reduce the formality to a skilful wave of the glass which does not go far enough to endanger the contents, and a polite bow. I desire to record, however, the custom of an acquaintance whose method of absorbing was that depicted for so many years by Otis Harlan:

"Here's down the sink"—and down it went.

To sum up, it may, or may not, be unfortunate that we are chasing the heels of rapidity and treading on ceremony.

If tradition may be believed, old Rip Van Winkle always had time before quaffing his dram to say, if I remember rightly: "Here's to your very good health, and your family. May they all live long and prosper!"

H. J. L.
Medford, April 2.

A Pious Survival.

This wishing of health when there is a deliberate undermining of health is no doubt a survival of old customs, as when wine was poured on the ground or floor to propitiate a deity. There are many forms, from the stately, "Sir, a glass of wine with you" to "Here's another nail in your coffin." Some time ago a man died and newspapers mourned him as the originator of the phrase "Happy days!" He probably did not deserve the honor. We have a fondness for the odd "I looks toward you," and the courteous answer, "And I likewise bows." When Rawdon Crawley was detained in Mr. Moss's spunging house we are told that "asked whether he would 'stand' a bottle of champagne for the company, he consented, and the ladies drank to his 'health, and Mr. Moss, in the most polite manner, 'looked towards him.'" But this subject will be discussed at length in the chapter "Bar-room Etiquette," for which Mr. Herkimer Johnson has taken innumerable notes at some expense to himself and a far greater expense to others.

April 6 1912

Twenty-First of Season Given—

Program Exclusively from

Beethoven.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Without any

obviously inspiring cause the program included only compositions by Beethoven.

The overture "Leonora," No. 3, the overture that is much more dramatic than the opera for which it was written, was followed by two symphonies, Nos. 7 and 5. These three compositions are undoubtedly among the greatest works ever written for the orchestra. The symphonies are so great that they should not be heard one after the other. Either one would have stood out more boldly and inspired the more awe, if the other compositions had been in sharp contrast and of a lighter nature. Nor is it well to be over familiar with gigantic works.

The performance of a colossal symphony should be anticipated long before. The greatest pains should be taken in the preparation. The performance should be an event to be remembered with gratitude. There is plenty of every-day music, excellent of its kind, that gives reasonable entertainment, delights the ear, awakens pleasant thoughts, consoles one for the fret and routine of prosaic life and invokes visions of grace and beauty. It is not good for man to live in close companionship with a genius or to dwell on a mountain peak.

The rhapsodists have had their say; the commentators have pried and conjectured; these three compositions are still sublime in their grandeur. They well high express the inexpressible.

Nor have the legends, fondly believed for years, done injury to the music. It matters not whether the characterization of the first theme of the Fifth symphony—"So knocks Fate on the door!" attributed to Beethoven—was invented by Ries, or the rhythms of the theme were suggested by the note of oriole or goldfinch heard by the composer while he walked abroad. It matters not whether the Seventh symphony be a description of Germany exulting in its deliverance from the French yoke, or the apotheosis of the dance; whether the allegretto picture a procession in the catacombs or be the love dream of an odalisque. Whenever the music is played; whenever it comes into the mind, it awakens new thoughts and each one dreams his own dreams.

M. Vincent d'Indy in his life of Beethoven, a book of only 150 pages but a golden book, finds that the Seventh is in reality a pastoral symphony. To him the rhythm of the first theme is not that of a dance tune but one that might have come from a bird; the trio of the scherzo is a pilgrim's song and the finale has the reckless gaiety and the

tumult of a village festival. And so each one in turn publishes in print or by word of mouth his little explanation, but Beethoven broods, mysterious, gigantic, above the commentators, above even conductors when they misunderstand him, or plume themselves upon a new and striking interpretation, or in their endeavor to grasp and convey to others the essential greatness of the composer put their trust in din and speed.

The audience yesterday enjoyed the program and the performance; it applauded conductor and orchestra most heartily. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will be on a special western trip. The program for the concerts of April 19 and 20 will be announced later. Mr. Noack, violinist, will be the soloist.

"So sang Euripides," she said, "so sang The meteoric poet of air and sea, Planets and the pale populace of heaven, The mind of man, and all that's made to soar."

An Abused Man.

Much has been said, and deservedly, in praise of the distinguished visitor, Prof. Gilbert Murray, but to some his crowning glory is that he has revealed to English-speaking people the greatness of Euripides, the dramatist.

This same Euripides has long been shabbily treated. From our school encyclopaedias we learned that he was unfortunate in marriage and, therefore, took a low view of women; that Socrates assisted him in writing tragedies; that leaving his own country he sought protection in Macedonia, where dogs fell upon him and tore him to pieces. We were also told that his style was commonplace and he reduced gods, goddesses and heroes to the level of everyday creatures seen in the streets and fields. Euripides was also unfortunate in this: Robert Potter translated him, and the choruses were as pedestrian prose and the dialogue—verbal battle-dore and shuttlecock—was intolerably boring.

In Praise and Blame.

Later we were not encouraged to further acquaintance by the lines of Mrs. Browning:

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres.

The word "droppings" stuck in our

The Funambulatory Mood

Was it because it recalled the very rainy day and a contentment were alike? Or was there something in the line in the gospel hymn "Let some droppings fall on me"? No, "droppings" is not a poetical word and the wings of the Muse dropped. Then came Robert Browning who turned the track of Euripides into Browningsque verse.

And what was to be said of Swinburne who assailed Euripides as violently as he praised the most insignificant of the Elizabethans extravagantly: "the vulgar theatricalities of Euripides"; "no poet so noble in the moral sense than Euripides"; and writing nobly of John Webster, master of woe and terror, did not Swinburne say, as one leaping into the air and shaking fists: "While as a dramatic artist—an artist in character, action and emotion—the degenerate tragedian of Athens, compared to the second tragic dramatist of England, is as a mutilated monkey to a well-made man?"

The Poet's Friends.

De Quincey said of Euripides that he was able to sweep all the chords of the passioned spirit. He called for a reversal of the old rulings made in the courts, but as a clerk in a book shop and recently and with ill-dis-

guised contempt to a customer: "We are all out of De Quincey. You know no one reads him today." Nor did Swinburne have in mind the saying that Lander, whom he worshipped, put into the mouth of Milton conversing with Andrew Marvel: "Euripides was not less wise than Socrates, nor less tender than Sappho." Lander, talking with Deillie, admitted that the dogmas of Euripides even when new were "inherently flat and idle," his dialogue was sometimes "dull and heavy." "The demon of Socrates," he added, "not always unimportant, followed Euripides from the school to the theatre. The deceptions of the boudoir were unknown to him, he would have shocked your chambermaids. Talthybius calls Polyxena a calf; her mother had done the same; and Hercules, in 'Alceste,' is drunk," but Lander also said that the poet, "where he is irregular, is great; and he presents more shades and peculiarities of character than all other poets of antiquity put together."

Nor should we forget the tribute paid by Milton to Euripides:

And the repeated air
Of Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.
And we know how Athenians captive in the hideous quarry at Syracuse were treated kindly and in some instances freed, if they could speak a chorus of Euripides to the end, roll out a rhesis, "or thrust and parry in bright monostich."

A Dramatist of Today.

The great majority of college men years after graduation know little Latin and less Greek. The "enteuthen" of Xenophon and the "poluphloisbos thalassa" of Homer may stick to the memory, but what one of us can read even haltingly the easiest dialogue of Lucian in Felton's Greek Reader, which we used to con at Exeter? Some afterward tolled at "Oedipus Rex," but the tragedies of Euripides were unknown to most of us, and the "Phedre" of Racine was more familiar than the "Hippolytus" of the Athenians.

Prof. Murray has revealed to us the Euripides who might be a dramatist of today, the dramatist who in his own period knew best the secrets of the heart. The women of Euripides are singularly modern in their opinions, whims, caprices, protestations, sentiments, passions. In his own time he was reckoned a contemner of the gods, but in his treatment of religious subjects he is again a man of this century, in his doubts, his choice of the spirit rather than the letter of the law, his honest confession of ignorance, his belief in the efficacy of morality uninfluenced by hope of future happiness or dread of punishment beyond the tomb. And Prof. Murray by his own gift of felicitous expression has revealed to us the tenderness, the plainness, the grandeur of the old poet "soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him."

April 7, 1912

"Sumurun" will be produced next Tuesday evening for the first time in this city. When this wordless play was produced in London the Times (Feb. 20, 1911) published a remarkable article, written probably by Mr. A. B. Walkley, an article that is so vivid and picturesque that it would be worth reading, even if the play were not to be produced here.

and of great silver had died in some country house, where he had lived a hermit through the evening of his days. A wealthy and scholarly hermit is romantic enough in these days; but for a crowning touch of romance it appeared that this gentleman had been an amateur of the tight rope and enjoyed the friendship of the great Blondin. Thus are the claims of fantasy triumphantly vindicated in the face of a matter-of-fact world. The truth is, we all have deep down in our hearts some strings of this funambulatory passion, as Sir Thomas Browne would have called it (and, oh, how Sir Thomas would have loved the eremitical gentleman!); and it is because the music bells do especially minister to it that they are strung, as you may see at the Coliseum, with happy, fascinated crowds.

"There are many forms of the funambulatory mood. You have the type-form in the distinguished head of the royal Japanese Banzai family, who walks the tight rope with prehensile toes. You have a humorous variant in Moran and Wiser (the names of music hall combinations quaintly suggest something in the City), who are comedy hat and boomerang jugglers. A comedy hat, it should perhaps be explained, is not exactly a runcible hat, for that is worn on the head, as the line shows:

"He weareth a runcible hat,"

whereas this is used as a missile. And you have another variant of funambulatory mood, a variant of exquisite beauty, in the German wordless "Sumurun," adapted from the Arabian Nights' entertainments by Herr Friedrich Freska, set to music by Herr Victor Hollaender, skillfully mimed by Herr Lotz and Herr Spontell, Fraulein Von Deip and Fraulein Konstantin, and 'produced' by one of the greatest metteurs-en-scene of our time, Prof. Max Reinhardt of the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin. The like of this marvel has surely never been seen in London before! It presents harmonies of colors that are now suave and tender and now all ablaze and dazzling—the quiet hues of an old Persian rug and the glitter of gems; it has purity of outline and grace of movement. Then it tells a dramatic story of love and jealousy, revenge and death, with most eloquent silence. And here and there it has the salt of the grotesque."

The Spell of the East

"It is not enough to say that 'Sumurun' gives pleasure; it casts a spell. "It casts a spell from the moment that a young man in turban and flowing robe dreamily advances along the befloored gangway leading from the back of the hall to the stage, squats cross-legged before the curtain and tells you (with an almost imperceptible German accent) that he is Nur-al-Din, the cloth merchant, in love with Sumurun, the favorite of the Sheik. From that moment you forget the Coliseum and are back with Shibli Bagarag, seeking with the waters of Paravid and the strength of Garraeven and the Lily of the Enchanted Sea to shear the Identical from the topknot of Shagpat, the son of Shimpoor. For Shagpat, as you know, was a clothier, so that he and Nur-al-Din were two of a trade. Was it in the city of Shagpat or in the city of Oolb that Shibli Bagarag fell in with Nur-al-Din, and became aware of his love for Sumurun, the favorite of the sheik? Wherever it was, there was Nur-al-Din sitting cross-legged, dreaming of his love in the very thick of the bazaar, and paying no heed to the hunchback showman, who was twanging a dismal strain and trying to get the crowd to enter his booth. As Nur-al-Din dreamed, Sumurun passed that way, and by Allah (whose name be forever praised!) her eyes twinkled like stars through the faint mist of her veil. When they fell upon Nur-al-Din, they grew soft, and she paused, straight and slender, like a palm tree against the moon. Then of a sudden she fled like an antelope, avoiding the sheik, her master, who stalked fiercely through the bazaar, with bent brows and his head in his breast and two scimitars jutting from his girdle. And behind him danced epileptically the janitor of the bazaar, followed by attendants, who distributed general thwackings. But Nur-al-Din, dreaming of Sumurun, heeded naught of it.

A Collector of New Moons

"By this time the Hunchback had filled his booth and begun his celebrated performance with a marionette, while the star of his company, a damsel from the land of the Great Mogul, red as a fox and as white as a panther and as cruel, flitted in the corner with a young friend, of the Sheik. Which perceiving, the Hunchback gave a scene, not down in his bill, but in real earnest, from 'Pasiacci,' and fell into a stupor of jealousy and despair. Then he clung to the dancer's bawled ankles, but she spurned him, so that, for very desperation, he sold her to the Sheik, who was what the Franks

call a cloth merchant and much given to collecting new moons to be added to the full moons of his harem. Repenting a moment later, but too late, the Hunchback tried to poison himself with bang, but the bang stuck in his throat and he only fell insensible. To the dancer, however, he seemed as dead as the doornail in the great door of the Palace of Akhis, and so she huddled the body into a sack, and the sack was found by the two servants of Nur-al-Din, who straightway carried it into their master's shop. These two servants were a great joy to the seeing eye and also to them, that like to rock and to roll with earthquakes of irresistible laughter as the birds laughed in the aviary of Goorkha. The tall servant, a negro, wore a garment of a wonderful color that was not mauve, as the ignorant ones of the Bazaar might call it, nor yet crushed strawberry, neither was it *bois de rose*, but something of all three, with a slight blend of that color which they know in the street that the Franks name the Street of Peace as *couleur d'une puce qui carresse sa fille*. Truly, in the name of Allah (praise it!) here was a color of colors. The second servant, a little one, with trousers even more baggy than the skin under the eyes of the old Serpent of the Lake, and a cheerful wielder of the broom, was the first to open the sack, and, seeing a corpse, was bothered, as Boole the miser was bothered when invited to improvise verses to Bhanavar the Beautiful.

The Hunchback in the Harem

"But the servants had to hide the sack as best they could, for customers were entering the shop, and among them Sumurun, with her friends of the harem and her very impudent maid. And, lo!

Nur-al-Din spread rich stuffs, the very cream of his wares, before Sumurun, who marked them not, but stretched out her hand to Nur-al-Din, leaning her body sideways toward him, while, pretending to smooth the stuff, hestretched his hand toward hers. Then he swooned with love at her feet, till the other moons of the harem, laughing merrily, buried him in a heap of his own silks of China and of Samarcand, so that these were only fit to be cheap remnants in his next end of the season sale. But Sumurun, ere she left, threw him a red rose, of the color worn on guest nights by members (only) of the Omar Khayyam Club. And by and by her maid, bethinking her of a cunning device, persuaded Nur-al-Din to hide himself in the box, so that the porters might carry it into the Sheik's harem. Now in that very box there was already hidden—how Allah (praise him always!) only knows—the body of the hunchback. And so it befell that both Nur-al-Din and the hunchback (now recovered from his dose of bang) found themselves in the harem of the Sheik among the full moons. They had, in fact, been solemnly carried thither in a procession headed by the Sheik and his guards, followed by the red dancer in a sedan chair, by Sumurun and her maid, and the other moons, and by the janitor of the bazaar always epileptic, and his attendants, always distributing thwackings. And Nur-al-Din's little servant with the baggy trousers brought up the rear. They passed, silhouetted against a low white wall, over which you could just see minarets brilliantly lit, in sharp perspective, by moonlight. And so grateful to the eye was this motley procession that you wished they might never reach the Sheik's palace, but keep moving under the moon all night long like the tipsy dons of London in the old unregenerate days who kept groping their way all night long round and round the Radcliffe Library.

Ecstasy in the Embrace

In the harem the full moons were throwing oranges at one another, like undergraduates at a college "wine." They wore full skirts of some golden gauzy stuff over black leggings, a very short zouave, and—an alluring smile. But their collective smile failed to allure the Sheik, who rejected their advances, and stalked off with the red dancer. Then the box was opened, and out popped Nur-al-Din and the Hunchback, the full moons taking the adventure as an excellent joke, clapping their hands with joy and swaying themselves as the willows sway under the breezes of Shiraz. Disregarding these womanish prettinesses, Nur-al-Din had eyes only for Sumurun, who for the first time threw off her veil and discovered long black hair, all loose, and the face and slender form of a young girl. And she sank forward to Nur-al-Din, and then broke away, so that he was giddy with pursuing her, and his eyes swam with love till they were full as the two pools that are before the gate of the palace of Shahpesh the Persian. And the full moons, the golden-skirted ones, danced round the pair of lovers, and garlanded them with roses, as sign of betrothal; and leaning to one another in beautiful curves, with outstretched petti-cornary arms, sidling closer and closer still. Nur-al-Din and Sumurun were at last locked heart to heart. And the full moons sank drowsily down in a ring

around them, content for that night to be in love with love.

The Crookback's Vengeance

"Then suddenly there arose a hubbub, like the hubbub in the tribe of Beni Assar when the followers of Bark ambushed them in the mountains. The Hunchback came tumbling, leading downstairs, and roused the sleeping harem with a gong. There had been terrific dolings upstairs. Know that, when the Sheik retired with the red dancer, he had been secretly followed by the dancer's lover—the Sheik's young friend, him of the flirtings that were spoken of—as well as by the Hunchback. And while the Sheik slept, the dancer beguiled his young friend, puckering her mouth womanishly, and luring him on to kill the old man. Whereupon the Hunchback interfered, and the noise awoke the Sheik, who flung out of bed with a scimitar between his teeth. In a trice the scimitar was at the throat of the young friend, while the Hunchback strangled the dancer. And clattering downstairs came the Sheik, 'seeing red' and brandishing his scimitar, while the full moons huddled together, and the blood went from Sumurun and her tongue, was dry as the well in a forgotten city. As for Nur-al-Din, he would have been a lost man, for what protection is a common coffee-salver of the harem against a scimitar!—had not the Hunchback in the nick of time phased his dagger between the Sheik's shoulder-blades. And then the janitor of the Bazaar bobbed in and signified epileptically that the dread Sheik was well and truly dead, and the full moons clapped their hands, and Nur-al-Din and Sumurun were together again, never to be parted more. The blessing of Allah be upon them all!

A Dream of the Arabian Nights

Here we have a strange mixture of episodes described in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" as though some one had dreamed after reading the history of Nur-al-Din Ali and also the story of the hunchback, to whom the tailor's wife gave a great fid of fish which he bolted so that a stiff bone stuck in his gullet and he died, and wild were the adventures that followed and strange and loose the stories told until the barber, the silent man, with a pair of iron tweezers, drew out the fid of fish with its bone, and the hunchback, sneezing, jumped up and cried: "I testify there is no god, but the God, and I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of God." And the dream was a jumble of that which the dreamer had read.

A Lawyer in a Sack

When Mr. George R. Sims saw "Sumurun," the dead body in a sack set him a-thinking, and he remembered the adventures of a corpse in Glasgow. And thus he told the story in the Referee—told it with delightful simplicity.

"A Glasgow man of bad reputation named Sawney Cunningham, had married a very beautiful girl. One Hamilton, a Glasgow lawyer, fell in love with Mrs. Cunningham, and she, yielding to a suggestion of her wicked and unscrupulous partner, gave out that her husband had gone on a journey, and made an assignation with Hamilton, at her house. When Hamilton came Sawney Cunningham was concealed in the room. He sprang upon the unsuspecting lover, robbed him, and murdered him. Having accomplished the deed, Sawney put the body in a sack, hoisted it on his shoulder, and carried the body to Mr. Hamilton's house in the dead of night. Opening the door with the tools of his trade—he was a burglar among other things—he shook the body out of the sack and sat it bolt upright in a chair in one of the rooms.

"In the early morning, before it was light, a gentleman living in the same house as Hamilton rose and went down to the room for something. Seeing Hamilton sitting there, he thought he was asleep and shook him violently. To his horror, the lawyer fell forward and lay on the floor. Then the terrified man discovered that his friend was dead, and saw that he had been murdered.

"Fearing that he might be suspected, and remembering that Hamilton had told him on the previous night that he had an assignation with Mrs. Cunningham at her house, the friend took up the body on his shoulder, carried it to Sawney's house, and set it down in a sitting posture on the doorstep. Mrs. Cunningham, hearing a noise, went down to see who was at the door. She opened it, and, to her horror, the body of the murdered man tumbled into the passage. Mrs. Cunningham rushed to her husband and exclaimed that the dead man had come back. 'I'll warrant he'll come back no more,' said Sawney. He got up, and, putting the body once more on his shoulder, started out with the intention of carrying it to the river but in the street, seeing some men coming along, he stepped aside.

Sawney went and then deposit their sack in an empty sack, and then go and knock up the landlord of the tavern, who let them in. As soon as they were inside, Sawney came from his hiding place, carried the dead lawyer into the shed and laid him down. Then, taking out the talcums, he put the body into the sack, and, carrying the 'savage' he had so unexpectedly secured away with him, left the dead lawyer in its place."

An Inquisitive Head "The men had agreed with the tavern-keeper to sell him their goods. They went to the shed and brought the sack into the tavern. Though they had left two large slices of bacon and other things in the sack, they thought it was heavy, but never suspecting the trick that had been played upon them, carried it into the tavern. On opening the sack they were astounded to see a dead man's head peep out. The tavern-keeper recognized the features of the corpse. 'You scoundrels,' he cried, 'this is the body of Mr. Hamilton, the lawyer, and you have murdered him!' The thieves were arrested and brought to trial, and in spite of their protestations of innocence they were found guilty and executed."

"Sawney, Cunningham lived a variegated life after this, and eventually he came to grief. He murdered his uncle, a well-to-do old gentleman named Bean, and at the same time killed the maid-servant and then set fire to the house to conceal his crime. Soon afterwards he was given away by a gang of thieves with whom he had worked. He was arrested, tried and condemned, and hanged at Leith on April 12, 1835."

The composer of the music to "Sumurun," for Hollaender, a brother of Gustav Hollaender, the violinist, was born at Neoschütz in Silesia, April 23, 1856. He studied with Kullak and has composed the operas "San Lin" and "Trilby," a singspiel, and piano pieces. He conducted at the Metropol Theatre and in 1908 went as conductor to the New Operetta Theatre.

Humperdinck's Music to "Koenigskinder" The Metropolitan Opera House Company will produce Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder" on Tuesday night, April 16, for the first time in Boston.

Humperdinck in 1895 and 1896 wrote music for a play, "Koenigskinder," a German fairy tale in three acts by "Ernst Rosmer," whose real name was Elsa Bernstein. She was the daughter of Heinrich Porges (1837-1900), conductor, composer, pianist, pamphleteer and a zealous admirer of Berlioz, Liszt, Cornelius, Wagner, Bruckner, whose works as well as those of Bach and Palestrina he performed at concerts of the society founded by him at Munich in 1856. This play, which at the time was said to have a deep symbolical meaning, was produced at Munich Jan. 23, 1897. Elsa Bruenner and one Redmond were the chief actors.

The musical introduction to Act II, and the introduction to Act III, were played in several German cities before the drama was produced, and Emil Paur brought them out at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Dec. 26, 1896, about a month before the first performance of the drama.

The play was produced in German with Agnes Sorma and Rudolf Christians as the two royal children at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, April 29, 1898. An English version was produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, Nov. 3, 1902, when N. de Silva (Mrs. Harvey) and Martin Harvey were the chief actors.

Changed to an Opera In 1908 Humperdinck conceived the idea of turning this play into an opera, and this opera was produced for the first time on any stage at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Dec. 28, 1910, when Miss Farrar took the part of the Goose Girl, Mr. Adlowker that of the King's Son, Otto Horitz that of the Fiddler, and Mme. Homer that of the Witch. Next week Mr. Jörn will replace Mr. Adlowker, and Miss Wickham will be substituted for Mme. Homer.

It has been said that the libretto is not easily understood even when it is read. "There is much that is fantastic and even more that is human, while the fairy element is less dominant than in 'Hänsel und Gretel.' When the drama was first produced Friedrich Roesch made an amusingly violent attack on it and declared that the text was fundamentally un-Germanic, in the construction of the language, in its tendency, and in 'its incredible pornography.' Just what Roesch meant by describing the text as pornographic is not easy to see. Other critics objected to music accompanying the dialogue. This objection fell away of course as soon as the play with music was transformed into an opera.

The Story of the Opera

The plot is as follows: The son of a king goes in quest of adventures. He finds in the Hella forest, in the hut of a very wise witch, a goose-girl, who is an enchanted princess. He falls in love with her and offers her his golden crown, and they would fain run away, but the witch prevents her, and the prince departs in anger. The citizens of Hellabrun send out a fiddler, a wood-chopper, and a broom-maker to ask the witch where they may find a king. Only the fiddler understands her answer. He recognizes in the goose-girl the daughter of a king, and takes her, released by prayer from the spell of Hellabrun.

Act II.—The people of Hellabrun await, putting confidence in the witch's speech, a king or a queen on the 12th stroke of noon. Now the king's son is living among them as a despised beggar, who serves as a swineherd. Only the child of the broom-maker knows he is a prince. The bells peal, the city door is thrown wide open, and sunbeams break through the clouds. The goose-girl enters, accompanied by the fiddler. The people stare in dumb surprise. But the king's son rushes wildly toward her and hails her his queen. There is derisive laughter, and prince and princess are driven out of the city with clubs and stones.

Act III. There is discord in Hellabrun, but the fiddler and a crowd of children, among them the broom-maker's daughter, search the forest for the banished pair. The prince, famished, carrying the goose-girl in his arms, reaches the hut where the witch once lived, and gives to the wood-chopper, who happens to be there, his crown for a loaf of bread. This loaf is a

poisoned one left by the witch. When the fiddler arrives with the children, he finds prince and goose-girl enarmed and dead. They kneel and the fiddler speaks:

"Your fathers treated them shamefully; it is for you to bury them so that they may at last have a royal bed,—a royal grave high over vale and stream, on the mountain side under the winter dome. There shall I sing to them my last song and play my last tune, and then break my fiddle in two and throw in into the grave with the prince and princess. And you will be my organ of flesh and blood, singing and saying: the song that the old fiddler gave them, from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth! So seeing them, a poor blind man feels them arising from the dead and going radiant into our hearts,—the royal children!"

To the Editor of The Herald:

A Note I think that Mr. Payson is mistaken in thinking that he saw on an Old Play Warren, Sothorn and

Pouncefort together in the first presentation of "Our American Cousin." The play was first presented at the Boston Museum on Monday evening, Feb. 28, 1859. Warren played Asa Trenchard, J. A. Smith ("Smithy") Lord Dundreary and Lawrence Barrett Abel Murcott. It was reported at the time that the Museum management sent a stenographer to New York, where the play was then running at Laura Keane's Theatre, and had a shorthand copy of the text made and that certain members of the company were sent over to study the business, etc. The Dundreary of Mr. Smith was a close and excellent imitation of Mr. Sothorn, who was then playing the character at Laura Keane's, where it will be remembered he made his first great success in the part. Lawrence Barrett, afterward the eminent tragedian, was then in his first season at the Museum. W. H. L.

Boston, April 3, 1912.

Of a Personal Nature Sergel Rachmaninoff has been appointed first conductor of the Imperial Court Opera at St. Petersburg.

Theodor Litoff, the head of the well known publishing house in Brunswick, died recently at the age of 73. He was a stepson of Henry Litoff, the pianist and composer.

The Gustav Mahler endowment fund now amounts to 60,000 crowns. Mrs. Mahler Ferruccio Busoni and Richard Strauss have charge of it.

William Archer, the dramatic critic, after a visit to this country may go to Japan. His book on the "Art of the Playwright" is in press.

Rutland Boughton, whose composition for the last Birmingham Festival was described as a socialistic tract in disguise, has written a "Song of Liberty" and some "Songs of Womanhood" which are dedicated to the "Awakening Womanhood of Britain."

Sir Edward Elgar's music for the masque, "The Crown of India," is described as marked by rhythmic variety. "Melodically there are few numbers which possess the swing and distinctiveness associated with his lighter compositions."

Sir A. C. Mackenzie's new work, an "Invocation" for orchestra (London, March 21), was disappointing. "The music took the form of a lengthy un-

rolling melody, with a few brilliant passages, but with a monotony in the various climaxes which was a little to give point as regards construction and balance, while the whole seemed to be wanting in inspiration."

Sterling Mackinlay lately sang in London in six languages, adding Spanish and Norwegian to the customary four. And yet there was a sameness in the tone quality.

Emil Sauer played the piano in London last month. "Time may not have left the pianist untouched to outer view—it certainly has not—but at present there is no sign whatever of failing in respect of the amazing finger dexterity of the player." The Times complained of forced climaxes and was reminded that Mr. Sauer "belongs to the school of pianists who impress their audiences with the fact that they are exerting themselves to the utmost instead of following the higher ideal which would persuade the audience that everything is achieved without the least physical exertion."

Two plays of Anton Tchekhof, "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Sea Gull" have been published by Grant Richards, London.

Pablo Casals, cellist, has received the Beethoven medal of the London Philharmonic Society.

W. R. Titterton pays this tribute to Harry Lauder in the Pall Mall Gazette. "Others occupied the stage, but he possesses it. One is overwhelmed by the largeness of the man, by the force and lightness of his good humor. He gives you a glimpse of a world where gaiety is not reared in a hothouse, but flourishes bravely in the open air. His free gesture, his cunning peasant simplicity, his royal exuberant laughter, are not inventions, they are natural products of this happy world. As for the artist in the man, note how perfectly he draws his types! Note how exactly every gesture, every nuance of expression, every step of his splendid lightfoot dancing goes with the tune. His new songs are above the average, but they are not as good as his best, and they are too nearly breaches of the patent of that great

song, 'I Love a Lassie.' Yet he made me feel very happy."

"Aida" at the Pyramids March 4:

"Last night an attempt—the first of its kind—was made under the auspices of the Association pour Favoriser le Tourisme en Egypte to present grand opera with the Pyramids as a background. This performance by an Italian company of excerpts from 'Aida' had aroused considerable interest among the European community in Cairo and some resentment among a section of the native population, who wished to see in the representation at this moment of the opera by Italians beneath one of Egypt's oldest monuments an insult to the Egyptian people. The two performances—one at sunset and the other by moonlight—passed off happily without any kind of disturbance, and at both several thousands of spectators were present."

"From Cheops to Verdi is a far cry, but modern Egypt is the home of incongruities. The spirit of the builder of the Great Pyramid looks down daily upon so many strange spectacles that last night's performance at the base of his tomb seemed to him, perhaps, no more unexpected than any other of the incongruous sights revealed by a full moon during the winter months in the neighborhood of the Sphinx. The idea of utilizing the Pyramids as a setting for an operatic performance was ambitious in conception; and, it must be admitted, the difficulties in its execution were only partially overcome. The action of 'Aida' takes place, it is true, at the city of Memphis, of which the Pyramids are the principal monuments extant, and the personages are ancient Egyptians. But the Memphis of 'Aida' is conceived in the spirit of the seventies; and, save for an approximation in similarity of outward appearance, Rhadames bears probably as much resemblance to an Egyptian general as Pooh Bah does to a genuine Japanese."

"Of a reconstitution of ancient Egypt there could be no question, while so far as the opera is concerned its artificial atmosphere requires a less austere background than the moonlit stone face of the Pyramid towering up majestically white into the pale blue sky. Amid such surroundings success can only hope to be achieved by the massing of color and the presence on the stage of well-drilled crowds. For this the triumphant return of the victorious Rhadames gave ample scope. In this scene a striking effect of moving masses of color was indeed obtained by the hundreds of warriors in many-colored garb, the strings of camels, and the troops of horses emerging from the moonlit desert, which served as the wings, into the brighter illumination of the scene; while, for once, with only

the sky for a background, the effect in the famous mask, seemed almost too low. But in a setting of such immense proportions scenes in which but one or two actors were engaged lost all significance, notwithstanding the praise-worthy manner in which that difficult task was performed by the singers, whose voices, reverberating from the wall of rock behind, carried far into the still night. Some mistakes might doubtless have been avoided had longer time been given to its preparation, but on the whole the performance was probably as successful as any such performance can ever be."

The correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote much more enthusiastically.

The Whole On April 23 and again on May 7, the entire text of "Hamlet" will

"Hamlet" be given at the Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon. For these performances the curtain will rise at 6 P. M. The whole tragedy was acted by Mr. Benson and his company at the Lyceum Theatre, London, March 9, 1900. The curtain then rose at 3:30 P. M. and fell a little before 11. There was an hour for dinner after the third act. Mr. Richard Dickens then wrote of the performance:

"There was no entr'acte music, and I confess I went to the theatre expecting to hail the final descent of the curtain with a feeling of thankfulness. My experience resulted in a complete surprise. I did not endure a moment's weariness, and the tragedy gained immensely by being presented as Shakespeare wrote it. Everything was clearer and stronger, and, although the character of Hamlet gained, those of the King and Queen and the other subordinate parts did so to an even greater extent. Such a representation would, of course, only be possible under exceptional circumstances, and no sane manager would dream of offering the play-going public a tragedy playing for some five and a half hours. But artistically, and from the student's point of view, the experiment was a huge success. Benson's Hamlet was thoughtful and almost always interesting; but it varied, as his performances so often do, from the extremely good to the positively bad. He was at his best in the seldom-acted parting from the King and Queen on his departure from England, at his worst in the scene with Ophelia—and he introduced the grotesque in the shape of a large fisherman's net which he carried about during the last act, apparently to remind everybody that he had been to sea, and with which, like a Roman gladiator, he enmeshed Claudius in the last scene. I have to thank Mr. Benson for many things, but for none more earnestly than for this representation of 'Hamlet' in the form designed by Shakespeare."

Eleven of Shakespeare's plays will be performed at the coming festival. The contemporary drama will be represented by Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande." There will be two performances of "She Stoops to Conquer." The festival will begin on April 22 and continue till May 11.

Notes "Hester," by Bertram Forsyth, produced in London March 22, is a gloomy play.

Plays "The only cheerful person in it was one Bertram Tennent, a dramatist living in Bloomsbury lodgings, and he had reason to be cheerful, for he was always saying, 'I have had another play accepted.' But everybody else was a sort of harmony in lamp-black. Hester herself was the widow of a weak criminal, the mother of a semi-idiot boy, the daughter-in-law of a blind and vicious old woman, and is now the long suffering mistress of a drunken ruffian. At last the idiot son murders the drunken ruffian and leaves the mother free to nestle in the arms of the successful dramatist and be happy ever after."

The Pall Mall Gazette of March 29 published an amusing account of the staging of "Iphigenia in Tauris":

"There were signs in the revival of the 'Iphigenia Among the Tauri' of Euripides at the Kingsway Theatre yesterday afternoon that Herr Reinhardt has not visited this city in vain. His conceptions of Greek drama have apparently impressed Mr. Granville Barker, yesterday's stage manager, rather considerably. It is true Mr. Barker spared us the four lmelights which chased Mr. Martin Harvey about the floor of Covent Garden Theatre so assiduously in 'Oedipus the King,' and gave us in their stead two large hidden lamps, which did all that was necessary in the way of illumination and nothing in the way of tiresome distraction. But he made the Tauric herdsman run on the stage from somewhere at the back of the pit, and gabble his speech till it became hardly recognizable; he made Orestes and Pylades rush round the stalls to the same giddy eminence, and he made his majesty, King Thoas, come sprinting into the auditorium through the stalls entrance from Great Queen street. He also introduced a little crowd of gabbling Tauric inhabitants who are not in the play at all, and when all was over he caused

Music "We have all read much about Charles Dickens of late, of his genius, his tastes, personal traits, and so forth. But it has been left, unless we are mistaken, to a writer in *The Cholo*, Mr. James T. Lightwood, to unearth material for an article on Dickens and music. Nobody—not even the great novelist's warmest admirers—will assert that he could lay claim to any pretensions to being really musical in any strict sense of the word. But in this, of course, lay no demerit, and a lack of genuine musical understanding, if a weakness it be, was one that he shared, at any rate, with a great many distinguished men of letters. Has not Charles Lamb told us that he could never learn to hum or whistle even the national anthem correctly, and have we not Macaulay's authority for the statement that old Johnson just knew the bell of St. Clement's Church from the organ? Dickens's case, most assuredly, was not as hopeless as that, and a recent perusal of his novels has revealed to the writer of the article mentioned the fact that in nearly all of them he introduced musical characters, or incidents with music as the background.

"Concerning the flute, Dickens waxed playful on more than one occasion. Mr. Richard Swiveller, it will be recalled, came to the conclusion that flute-playing was 'a good, sound, dismal occupation' (Aristotle, you may remember, considered it—strangely enough—'bad and exciting'), while Mr. Mell's performances on that mellifluous instrument were painfully depressing. But, according to the article in *The Choral*, Dickens had more to say about the violoncello than any other instrument. The great humorist called it the 'melo-fluous grumbler,' and, among other of his characters, Harold Skimpson, Mr. Morfin and Mr. Charles Tensole were more or less expert performers on it. The unamiable Carker wished that poor Morfin would 'make a bonfire of his violoncello, and burn his music books with it.' Yet Mr. Morfin continued to solace himself by evoking 'the most dismal and forlorn sounds out of his violoncello before going to bed'—a proceeding which produced in his deaf landlady an unpleasant sensation as of 'something rumbling in her bones.' Many of Dickens's characters could sing, while

The musical talent of not a few others lay in the direction of humming (a horrible habit). Pecksniff, for instance, 'hums melodiously.' Others, again, were addicted to whistling and a dire offender in this respect was Mr. George, in 'Bleak House,' on the occasion when he whistled the Dead March in 'Saul' (a very difficult feat, as any one will find who may care to attempt it), and accompanied it on the table with his empty pipe."

"The Death of Tintagiles" Maeterlinck's "La Mort de Tintagiles," translated into English by Alfred Sutro, was performed in London by the Drama Society March 4. The Pall Mall Gazette, which never has been able to find anything interesting in "Pelleas et Melisande," made remarks about "The Death of Tintagiles" that will surely wound the more sensitive Maeterlinckians. As life should be a constant endeavor to please, The Herald reprints the review:

"We wonder how many present realized that they were listening to a piece of any importance whatsoever, save as a very earnest effort to attain the creepy-crawly. Speaking for ourselves, it reminded us of a character in one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, wishing to strike terror into a certain person's heart, said, 'Suppose I were to go into a corner, and there made horrible grimaces at him! How would that do?' 'It would be merely rude,' was the answer. M. Maeterlinck in 'Le Mort de Tintagiles,' adopts much the same method for making us shiver, and, behold, he succeeds in very little more than mildly amusing us. A more 'Castle-of-Otranto' and 'Mysterious Mother' piece of shivery-shakily surely never masqueraded as literature. The awful Queen in her remote tower, the imprisoned Princesses, the noiseless murderers, the iron gates, the bleeding hands of the girl who tries to beat them down, and the dying little boy who is the centre of all the pother—what are all these things but the rank-est old stage properties of Fee-Faw-Fum drama and literature as far back as we can remember? And not all Miss Edyth Olive's earnestness in the part of the Princess Ygraine could help us for

moment to feel that we were looking at a work of any beauty, or inevitability or constructive wit of any importance whatsoever. As though to bring its crudity into still greater relief, it had been preceded by Ernest Dowson's exquisitely little fantasy 'The Pleasure of the Minute,' which gave honest and very genuine entertainment."

Mrs. Anthony, coming from the West, where the sun goes down and other phenomena occur, astonished the extravagant men and women of the Great White Way by wearing shoes and slippers in the heels of which diamonds had been inserted. It is true that Mr. Anthony, far away in Muncie, Ind., smiled when he read in the newspapers the story of her triumphs, and said in a clear, bell-like voice: "You can buy that kind of diamonds for \$5 a quart." Mrs. Anthony was not disturbed; she knew that her husband has a rough and unglad sense of humor; she also knew that the diamonds were real sparklers; that is, she told the reporters they were.

Mrs. Anthony's Predecessors.

But if Mrs. Anthony were acquainted with the history of manners and costumes she would not laugh so lightly, nor would she pride herself on her originality.

The boots of Roman Emperors were enriched with pearls and diamonds, and the wealthier Romans sported the like decorations. There were Roman women who ornamented their low shoes with pearls and embroideries, gold and amber. There were many whose boot soles were of massive gold.

Pliny, speaking of his own time, says: "Our ladies are not content to adorn their walking shoes alone with precious stones and jewels, but even the slippers which they wear in their private apartments are decorated; precious stones do not suffice; they must, to be in the fashion, tread on pearls, and crowd their feet with ornaments like kings," Julius Caesar wore high boots worked in gold and ornamented with pearls.

Helioagalabus, who never wore a pair of boots more than once, as he never wore the same ring twice, had precious stones set in them, and even cameos, which excited the laughter of the populace, because no one could see distinctly the cunning work of famous artists. But his mother, who presided over a senate of women, forbade women to wear shoes adorned with precious stones, as she proscribed the dresses that should be worn; yet she was a woman of wildly free life, in comparison with whom the Empress Messalina was a timid prude.

Alas, What Boots!

Alcibiades invented a boot that was named after him and became a great favorite, but we are not told whether it was luxuriously foppish. (And so boots were named after Bluecher and Wellington, and there have been Americans who believed that congressmen wore Congress gaiters and preferred Congress water as a tipple). What were the Sicyonian shoes that Cicero refused to wear, thinking them effeminate, although he admitted they were comfortable? Anglo-Saxon princes and dignitaries of the church wore shoes set off with gold; Charlemagne on state occasions donned shoes adorned with gems; the shoes of Henry VI. of Sicily and his Queen Constance were of cloth of gold and bejewelled, while the soles of cork were covered with cloth of

gold. Philip Stubbes in 1588 inveighed against the "corked shoes, pumets, pantoffles and slippers, some of them of black velvet, some of white, some of green and some of yellow; some of Spanish leather and some of English, stitched with silk and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot with gewgaws innumerable."

No. Mrs. Anthony would not have cut a splendid figure at the court of Heliogabalus, nor would Cicero have turned to look at her, even if Mr. Anthony accompanying her had produced a jeweller's affidavit that the diamonds were genuine.

Misplaced Mustache Cups.

As the World Wags:
The anxious inquiry of "J. C. C." as to the why of "mustache cups" and your recondite answer thereto call to mind an incident that happened 25 or more years ago. An elderly widow, long a resident on "The Hill," strolled into one of our well known auction rooms one day just as the auctioneer was putting up what he described as "Lot 381, two dozen fine china cups and saucers, some coffee, some tea, et cetera, all of the same beautiful pattern." He held up a sample, and the design being attractive and the "wldder's" stock of cups and saucers having been sadly depleted by a recent accident to the dumb-waiter—you recall how the ropes of these machines were always breaking—she was moved to bid on the lot, which was knocked down to her. Expecting a number of ladies to tea with her that afternoon, she sent her "Inside man" for her new china, and imagine her emotion when, on unpack-

... she found that what the wary
old man described as "et cetera" con-
sisted of one and a half dozen mus-
tache cups! C. H. C.

If "J. C. C." will send us his address, we will tell him where he can buy a "mustache cup."

Another Variant,

As the World Wags:
This is the way I heard the quatrain
of which you have already given two
versions:

The melancholy days have come.
The saddest of the year:
A little too hot for whiskey punch,
And a little too cold for beer.
Boston, April 4, 1912. J. D. C.

"I Looks Towards."

As the World Wags:
I may be in error, but I think the toast: "I looks towards you and likewise bows," was spoken by the Putney Pet in "Verdant Green," when he was anxious to do the correct thing in the presence of the students who were loading him up preparatory to fighting the townies.

April 5, 1912. C. A. N.

If we are not mistaken several characters in "Verdant Green" proposed this toast or spoke this courteous prolegomenon. But we have not read Cuthbert Bede's book for many years. Some day—ah, some day—we shall read it again and also other delights of our boyhood, as "Mad Mike, the Death Shot," "Snaky Snodgrass," and "Silverheels, the Delaware Chief."

MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL"
SUNG IN SYMPHONY HALL

Handel-Haydn Society, Mollenhauer
Conductor, Gives Oratorio.

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was given in Symphony Hall last evening by the Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. The soloists were Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson, alto; Franklin Riker, tenor, and Earl Cartwright, bass. H. G. Tucker was the organist and the usual orchestra assisted.

As it is over a dozen years since this oratorio has been heard here the performance had some of the elements of novelty. The choruses are strongly dramatic, the few arias truly Mendelssohnian in their delicacy and sweetness and the recitatives mostly uninteresting.

Mr. Molinbaur put a spirit and dash into the chorus work that carried the listener along even when the music was less effective. The opening chorus, the brief, "Stone Him to Death" and "Rise Up, Arise and Shine," were sung with full dramatic power and musical expression. The choral, "Sleepers Wake," quieter in character, was beyond criticism. Most effective of all, both in itself and in the rendering, was the finale of part one, the stirring melody of which roused both singers and audience to enthusiasm.

The soloists had less opportunity than the chorus. Mr. Riker scarcely had a chance until his final air, "Be Thou Faithful unto Death," when his melodious voice was heard to good advantage. Miss Johnson sang her only air with feeling and put a restrained expression into her recitatives. Mrs. Williams's voice was peculiarly well fitted for the music she had to sing, and Mr. Cartwright made the most of the dramatic possibilities of his part.

Mr. Mollenhauer not only got out the best in his chorus, but handled his orchestra with due regard to balance and emphasis.

April 9, 1912

**PART IS SUITED
TO BILLIE BURK**

Restless Ways of Heroine
"The Runaway" Portrayed
at the Hollis.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE — "The Runaway," a play in four acts, adapted by Michael Morton from "La Gamine," a comedy by Pierre Veber and Henry de Gorsse. Produced by Charles Frohman. First performance here.

Maurice Delonay.....	C. Aubrey Smith
Simoneau.....	George Howell
Vicente Beron.....	William Raymond
Vien.....	Morton Seltzer
Monsieur Plingo.....	H. A. Cripps
Alexide Plingo.....	Edwin Nizander
The Cure.....	Harry Earlfoot
Agnes Irondelle.....	Emily Wakeman
Hortense Irondelle.....	Isabel West
Nancy Vaillier.....	Jane Evans
.....	Alice Gale
Mademoiselle Suberville.....	Josephine Morse
Mademoiselle Lyse.....	Hazel Leslie
Julia.....	Jeanne Schuler
Madame Pinchu.....	Isabel Garrison
Madame Plingo.....	Letitia Ford
Colette.....	Billie Burke

"La Gamline" was produced at the Renaissance, Paris, March 24, 1911, when

One part of Colette was taken by M. Lantelme, the charming actress who was drowned last summer to the grief of Paris. The little comedy gave pleasure by its simplicity, its naturalness and its sentiment, which occasionally is sentimentalism. No one cried out against the slowness of the plot. All were interested in the portrayal of character.

One important change has been made, possibly to suit "American taste." In the original comedy Colette does not marry the 60-year-old painter. He withstands all her entreaties, and when she is the more persistent she rushes toward Serrin (Berton in the adaptation) and tells him that her love is spurned, that she will die of a broken heart. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. Then the naive Colette turns to the painter and says: "It was all a mistake; this is the man I love."

In the adaptation the girl marries the painter. For this purpose his age is lessened by 10 years.

With this exception the changes are comparatively unimportant and the translator has had the good sense to keep the action of the comedy in France and Monte Carlo, and not to transfer it to New York and a summer resort. The plot can be told in a few lines. An artist goes into the country and meets a headstrong, impulsive girl in the house of two stiff and pious aunts. She shocks them and they see salvation for her only in marriage, but she loathes the hobbledohoy they propose to her and runs away to Paris, where she seeks refuge with the painter. He hides her in his studio, where the bearish sculptor Simoneau and the tender-hearted Vignaux, inspector of police, spoil her in every way. She is jealous of an actress whom Delonay (Delannoy in the original) is painting. She behaves like a spoiled child who begins to feel the passion of a woman. Finally the painter asks her to marry him so as to keep her from the sour-visaged aunts. In the original version one of the aunts is represented as more sympathetic toward the girl.

It is a pretty little play that is interesting chiefly by reason of the characters introduced. If one reads the French original these characters seem more sharply defined than they are in the English version when seen in flesh and blood upon the stage and yet the company at the Hollis as a whole is excellent.

The character of Colette is not unlike that of Miss Burke in that she is wild and untamed, restless and artless. Miss Burke has what is known in the vocabulary of the press agent as "personality." There are slight evidences in her acting of any training. She has no technique worthy of consideration. She is as effervescent as a bottle of ginger pop, ebullient; often palpably insincere in her portrayal of emotion; with a voice that is too often affected and a delivery that irritates by its falsetto. But many like her kittenish, petulant, irresponsible ways and cry out in ecstasy: "Isn't she cute?" Fortunately for her the part of Colette is suited to her in certain ways and her mannerisms, affectations and high-pressure action are less injurious to the truthfulness and force of her impersonation than in other parts that have pleased her sworn admirers.

Aubrey Smith displayed his polished technic, which is often cool and hard, but generally effective. His indisputable art and authority were in strong contrast with the "personality" of Miss Burke. It is easy to imagine the part of the painter played otherwise, in a more unctuous manner, for Delonay was a man with a past, but Mr. Smith's impersonation was interesting and intelligent and in these days it is a pleasure to see a well-graced actor. Mr. Selten gave life to the sensitive Vignaux and Mr. Nicander, although he at times did not refrain from exaggeration. was an amusing Alcide, both as the leader of the catechism class and as the sport. The two aunts and the village gossip were played in a conventional manner, and they might have lived in any New England village. And as a matter of fact, with the exception of Mr. Selten, there was little attempt at reproducing the French spirit of the piece. Mr. Smith might have been any Englishman, and his friend the sculptor was far from France. The young woman that took the part of the Italian model was uncommonly beautiful.

A large audience was highly pleased. There were many curtain calls and Miss Burke made a little speech into which she introduced the customary and expected remark about having looked forward to playing in Boston.

The program stated that the play was by Michael Morton. Nothing was said about French authorship.

Frances Starr will come to the Hollis Street Theatre on Monday, April 22, in a new play, "The Case of Becky," in which she takes a role of dual personality.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE--Offenbach's
"Tales of Hoffman," by the Aborn
Opera Company.

Hoffman.	Mr. Samoloff
Nicklausse.	Miss Le Baron
Luther.	Mr. O'Neil
Nathaniel.	Miss Conchlan
Hermann.	Mr. Drumhellar
Antonla.	Miss Helena
Olympa.	Miss Mason
Crespel and Spalenzauf.	Mr. Florin
Dr. Miracle.	Mr. Krofner
Schlemil.	Mr. Green
Franz and Cochenille.	Mr. Fein

WOMEN ONLY IN B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Entertainment This Week Great-
ly Appreciated by Patrons
of the House.

It devolves upon woman, fair woman, to provide the entire bill at B. F. Keith's this week. And it was the consensus of opinion of all who attended yesterday's performances that woman had once again risen equal to the occasion. There are 11 acts upon this week's program and from the time the curtain goes up upon the "Melody Lane Girls" until it falls upon the Fadette lady orchestra not a man is to be seen upon the stage.

There is no avowed suffragette upon the bill, although the variety of attractions is large. Lady cyclists and lady acrobats as well as other ladies who provide less strenuous forms of amusement make up the program. The Fadettes, as ever when they come to Boston, are the feature. The orchestra is composed of 24 young women, many of whom have been with the organization for several years in its travels and its triumphs upon both sides of the Atlantic. In fact the Fadettes have but recently returned from a winter in California and the Golden Slope where all sorts of honors were theirs.

Another big hit on the bill is the Kaufman troupe of six pretty cycle girls. They are very shapely, to be sure, but they depend upon their riding and their cleverness rather than their figures to earn the applause that was so liberally passed out to them last night. Two of the Kaufmans are especially proficient in difficult trick and fancy work, essaying without the slightest slip-up many feats that a male rider would hardly dare attempt in public. It is the best cycle act, excepting none, that has been seen at B. F. Keith's in years.

Rowena Stewart and Gladys Alexandria come to Boston this week in their catchy sketch, "Broadway Love." It has been a huge success elsewhere and it "went big" at Keith's last night. The story is of two chorus girls who room together. One is in love, the other has been. And of course it develops that the suitor of the one girl is the same chap who had previously married the other, leaving her to pay even the honeymoon hotel bills, as she tells it.

Willa Holt Wakefield, in her piano-logue which ever bears the stamp of absolute originality, was recalled time after time, and finally consented to sing one of her greatest hits entitled "For He's My Pal." Then the audience unwillingly permitted her to retire. Annie Kent in character songs and dances was the recipient of two elegant floral baskets that were passed across the footlights to her after singing one of her favorites, "My Father Was a Fighting Man."

Then there were Catherine Hayes and Sabel Johnson, just as massive as ever, in their oddity, "A Dream of Baby Days," a sketch that has successfully withstood several seasons of wear and looks good for several years of additional service. Hilda Hawthorne, the lady ventriloquist, assisted by her irrepressible "Johnnie," was as good as ever. The four Onetti Sisters in daring aerial and acrobatic feats and the four Melody Lane Girls, who sing the popular songs of the day, complete the bill.

LOEW'S SOUTH END THEATRE

"Oliver Twist," which always seems to have a fascination for the man or woman of romance and sentiment, was performed last evening at Loew's South End Theatre by the new stock company. The liberal applause bestowed by the audience certainly indicated an unabated human sympathy with the quaking English youth who immortalized porridge by his plaint for "more"; and it is suggested also that the Dickens idea was considered to be well interpreted. And, indeed, as to the company as a whole, this favorable verdict may be affirmed. It was a well balanced production. Miss Ethel Valentine as Oliver portrayed the character with a nice appreciation of its needs and difficulties. Perhaps the delineation was if anything too delicate, but Oliver was not a robust child; that sort is not common, even in the modern British workhouse. The picturesque, if detestable, character of Fagin was well impersonated by Richard Thornton; and Miss Isabelle Evesson made an admirable Nancy. Douglas Graves, as Sikes, was brutally villainous. Particularly good work was done by Leighton Meehan as Mr. Brownlow. Mr. Bumble, the parish headle (the programs would have it beetle), supplied the lighter touches, assisted by Percy Kibridge, as the Artful Dodger.

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—
Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."
Escalus.....Robert Graves, Jr.
Paris.....Carney Chris le
Romeo.....John Craig
Mercutio.....George Hassel
Benvolio.....Robert M. Middlemass
Montague.....A. B. Clark
Capulet.....Leslie Palmer
Peter.....Donald Meek
Tybal.....Albert Hickey
Friar Lawrence.....Walter Walker
Friar John.....Robert Graves, Jr.
An Apothecary.....A. B. Clark
Balthazar.....Grace Lothrop
Puke.....Margaret Fay
Lady Capulet.....Maude Richmond
Lady Montague.....Maude Richmond
Nurse.....Mabel Colcord
Juliet.....Mary Young

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," a play in four acts by Paul Armstrong, founded on O. Henry's short story, "A Retrieved Reformation." Chief characters:

Handler.....Charles Rice
Bickendolffebach.....London McCormick
Bill Avery.....William H. Turner
Doyle.....Frank Monroe
Mrs. Webster.....Maude Turner Gordon
Mrs. Moore.....Celene Kirk
Robert Fay.....Frank Kingdon
Rose Lane.....Phyllis Sherwood
"Blinky" Davis.....Edward Hayes
"Dick, the Rat".....Charles E. Graham
Lee Randall, known in Sing Sing prison
as Jimmy Valentine.....H. B. Warner
William Lane.....Frank Kingdon
Red Jocelyn.....Frank Allworthy
Bobby.....James McCarthey
Kitty.....Ethel Downie

DOCKSTADER

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lew Dockstader and his minstrels opened a two weeks' engagement.

In spite of innumerable amateur performances the black face and flexible mouth never seem to lose their fascination. Lew Dockstader's familiar attitude and his stories, reasonably new in material even if old in manner, were received with the same old shouts of laughter that seem to have become as much a part of the conventional minstrel show as the circle and olio. Dockstader and his first assistant, Nell O'Brien, have the happy faculty of winning a laugh whether what they say is really funny or not, and last night they usually had something funny to say. As a result, the audience laughed until laughing became an effort.

The show opened with the usual circle, but the familiar bones and tambos were missing and what is a minstrel show without bones and tambos! The end men came in one by one and when they had said their say departed. One missed the rollicking swing which a swaying grinning quartet or sextet could give the choruses. The end men sprung their jokes, the interlocutor was insulted and became duly indignant, there were the proper number of solos, sentimental or humorous, and as a finale for the first part there was necessarily a march song with evolutions. Certainly the chorus sang well in the minstrel style and the leader of the orchestra, E. V. Cuperio, was a sufficiently impressive figure.

In the second part the usual "specialties" were introduced, including a much too brief taste of the buck and wing dancing that used to be such a feature of the old-time minstrels. Lew Dockstader made a political speech that was a scream, judging from its reception by the audience, and Nell O'Brien ended the evening with a skit that was the height, or the depth of absurdity.

"Happy" Naulty put a lot of life and verve into "Ma Honey Man," and his wide mouth and stentorian tenor had the true minstrel touch. Frank Farron showed in a really remarkable falsetto, and William H. Thompson sang a sentimental song with feeling and effect.

I could truly have enlarged this discourse with a choicer variety of phrase, and made it overflow the field of the reader's understanding, with an inundation of greater eloquence; and that one way, tropologically, by metonymical, ironical, metaphorical and cynecdocheal instruments of elocution, in all their several kinds, artificially affected, according to the nature of the subject, with emphatical expressions in things of great concernment, with catachrestical in matters of lesser moment; appended on each side respectively with an epilectic and exetetic modification; with hyperbolical, either epitatic or hypocoristic, as the purpose required to be elated or extenuated, with qualifying metaphors, and accompanied by apostrophes; and lastly with allegories of all sorts, whether apologetical, parabolary, aenigmatical or paraemial.

Toasts in Dickens's Novels.
As the World Wags:

Since you have mentioned in your notes upon drinking toasts a solitary example of Dickens's humor—the "Towards Us" of The Chicken, I am moved to call attention to the many like instances of unique expressions in Dickens's novels. "Pickwick" abounds in examples, not the worst of which is the toast of the one-eyed bagman, who afforded Sam Weller exquisite enjoyment by executing a wink with his solitary eye. He gave "Our noble selves, gents!" Do

you and the other Weller's hostation. "Let's give ourselves a bump, Sammy!" And what could be more expressive than the wordless ceremony of drinking the toast performed by the assembled coachmen on the occasion of their having been called in by Mr. Weller to act as an advisory board upon his affairs? Sam Weller, when visited in the Fleet by Mrs. Weller and the shepherd, invites the latter to "have a go of wanity warm."

Sairey Gamp's toast to Betsy Prig is affecting in its studied tenderness.

The most stilted of all occurs in "Great Expectation," where the Sergeant toasts Mr. Pumblechook: "Your health—hob and nob—the top of yours to the foot of mine—the foot of mine to the top of yours—ring once—ring twice—the best tune on the musical glasses. May you live a thousand years and never be a worse judge of the right sort than you are at the present moment of your life!"

And then the sweetest, simplest of all, Tiny Tim's "God bless us, every one!"

DICKENSIAN.

Boston, April 6, 1912.

"Damp" and "Go."

The term "damp" was common in Dickens' time, though it was generally extended to "something damp." It was synonymous with "go," which in 1690 appeared as "go down" and it meant specifically a quarter of gin. In a slang dictionary of 1811, "Lexicon Balantronicum," we find this definition of "go-shop": "The Queen's Head in Duke's Court, Bow street, Covent Garden, frequented by the under players, where gin and water was sold in three-halfpenny bowls, called goes; the gin was called Arrack." Why should the term "Arrack," the liquor distilled from fermented sap of cocoa palm, or from rice and sugar fermented with the coconut juice, have been applied to gin? Arrack punch was only too well known to Englishmen of the 17th century and earlier it was thought that a sort of jaundice was contracted by the frequent drinking of arrack. The Arabian word "arak" means sweat juice.

There are many synonyms of "go" and "damp": Bender, caulker, coffin nail, common sewer, cooler, crack, cry, dandy, dash, dewhawk, dewdrop, dodger, drain, dram, facer, fash, gargle, gasp, hair of the dog, johnny, lip, liver, lotion, lounce, modest quencher, muzzler, nip, nobbler, old crow, a one, a two, or a three, out, peg, pony, revolver, rince, settler, shift, slug, small cheque, smile, snifer, something short, swig, thimbleful, tidly, top up, tot, warmer, waxer, wet, whitewash, yard. These are from a long list, but we miss "febrifuge," nor do we find "vanity" in any dictionary.

We envy "Dickensian" his intimate acquaintance with the novels and also his memory. No doubt he could answer correctly and quickly the Pickwick examination paper prepared by C. S. Calverley.

Mr. Francis Wilson as Caddy in "Erminie" proposed many grotesque toasts when he was disguised as the Baron fresh from the East.

"Stage Alley."

As the World Wags:
Permit an old Bostonian to suggest that the name of Van Rensselaer place be changed to Stage alley or Stage terrace. Why? Well, I'm quite sure that no other city in the world has three stage entrances to three first-class theatres—Colonial, Majestic, Plymouth—on one street, certainly not on so short a street. Visitors tell us that Boston is more like London than any other city in America and the change of name would make us a little more like "dear ole Lunnon."

Again, I would suggest that the place receive more attention from the paving and street cleaning divisions, as some of the best people on earth, in education, refinement and dress have occasion to use it day and night. The best is none too good for them and we want all thespians to think well of "dear ole Boston."
J. J. L.

South Boston, April 5, 1912.

The Smoke Nuisance.

The Impudent use of soft coal in Boston is increasing, and the air is now almost as dirty as the streets, the filthiness of which excites the surprise of strangers. Mr. John Evelyn wrote a tract which was addressed to Charles II. and published by his command, and this was the title:

"Fumifugium; or, the Inconveniences of the Aer and Smoke of London dissipated; an Account of the hellish and dismal Cloud of Sea Coale which makes London unhealthy, and even injures Vine yards in France, with Suggestions for Expelling noxious Trades and planting Sweet Flowers in the Suburbs." And the King at breakfast in 1661 with Evelyn graciously talked about the tract and commanded him to prepare a bill "against the next session of Parliament, being, as he said, resolved to have something done about it." How familiar this phrase sounds to Bostonians! Many say "something should be done" about the smoke nuisance; but "there's nothing doing."

April 10 1912
"Dus... So you look it, and I want the heart to beat. Dear old woman, with such a half too—What a become of all the gold. Used to hang on brush, their bones? I'd be chilly and grown old.

Backward, Turn Backward.

A man nearing the sixties finds pleasure in reminding the younger of what they have necessarily missed. They never saw George L. Fox as Hamlet, Fechter as Monte Cristo, Ruy Blas and Oberon, Lydia Thompson in "Ixion", Tostec in "La Grande Duchesse", Salvini or Rossi; E. L. Davenport as Sir Giles Overreach or Brutus; Barry Sullivan making hideous faces as Richard III.; Ned Harrigan in the early Mulligan plays; Dan Bryant, Boly Birel, Charley Backus, Cool Burgess as Nicodemus Johnson—and they never saw Emily Soldene as Drogan or Chippie. This man of reminiscences is regarded at the Porphyry or any other club as a bore, the rival of the shipworm. Many avoid him as though he were a pariah, a leper, or one who has purchased his first automobile. He is blissfully unconscious. Only two or three days ago we heard him begin, after he had taken a long pull at ale in its native power. "Dear, dear, I see poor Ned Terry is dead. I remember seeing him with Miss Farnen, Royce, Connie Gilchrist and Kate Vaughan at the Gaiety in London—let me see, it was in 1878. It was a stupid piece, full of puns and idiotic wincezes, but Terry was amusing, Connie was young and pretty, and Miss Vaughan, though her face looked caldamed, was fair to the eye in demurely provocative dance and song. Yes, that summer I saw Irving doing Alfred Jingle and the Polish Jew in the same bill." And the old-timer, the back number the moss-back, does not notice the gradual withdrawal of members of the group. Perhaps he is glad to be alone with his ale.

Emily Soldene.

And now he can chatter and mumble about Emily Soldene for she, too, has joined the majority.

The Herald received a letter from her five years ago. She was pleased with an article about her "Theatrical and Musical Recollections" that was published in this journal. In her letter, written from London, she said: "My recollections of Boston are all pleasurable and my regret immeasurable that 'Time, the great interpreter and demolisher,' denies me the happiness of repeating them. Many years—many changes, and I suppose, in these days of Magic Hair Restorers, the 'Bald-Headed Brigade of Boston' is only a legend."

She was a jovous, wholesome creature, no ordinary singer, no ordinary woman. Her book, written by herself, unlike the memoirs of many actresses, is refreshingly frank, audaciously entertaining. What a sense of humor she had!

When she first came to this country her company was described as magnetic and massive, for in those years the English liked to see plump women on the stage. Talking shortly before her benefit in London—it was on Nov. 13, 1906—she said, and she was always a close observer of the male's peculiarities, "Now they like them slender and petite and mincing and chirpy." Her mouth was of unusually generous size and many jests were cracked about it. One of the most decent was that there were three mouths in North America: Those of the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Mississimysoldene.

Her Amiable Malice.

As singer, manager, newspaper woman in Australia, she had known many men and women of high and low degree. She wrote about them with delightful malice. There was Tom Hohner, a Byronic tenor, who married the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle. "I am afraid I used to admire him a little; I think I should have admired him more if he had not been a trifle knock-kneed." Mme. Artot, Tschalkowsky's first love, had the longest finger nails

she had ever seen "except on the finger of a Chinese bank teller in the Shanghai Bank, San Francisco, or an American millionaire of the first generation." Sir Richard F. Burton admired Emily. "He was tall, dark, bronzed, masterful and much addicted to long conversations with the ladies of the ballet and the pages. I could not get away from the fact that he was artistically made up; the cheeks rouged a little and the eyes Indian-inked a lot, just as if he were going on the stage."

Aynesly Cook was "always grumbling except when engaged with the chorus or seeing if the skirts of the ballet hung quite right. There is no doubt that the young ladies had a most ameliorating effect on a somewhat erratic temperament that was never so perfectly under control as when in the presence of Mrs. Aynesly Cook." The book is full of pen portraits; those of H. B. Farnie, the librettist, and of Dr. Cornelius Hertz of Panama fame are masterpieces.

Seen by Her.

She said she noticed a great deal of change in the American woman of 1874. The woman of 1896. The former was a creature with tiny hands carried out in front of her. . . tiny feet, . . . no luster. She was made to an alarming extent. Not only her . . . but her . . . The ladies of New York were aristocratic in features, delicate and refined, with beautiful hair, fine teeth (when not out of use). They wore diamonds at the breakfast table and cut through the most solid of the hotel dining room with . . . nasal, metallic voices that made one's skin creep. They lived in a once underdone "porterhouse" steaks, . . . beef rare, ice creams, iced water, . . . cakes and molasses. . . They used to call us beefy Brits. . . the American woman of 1896 was a . . . "plump, athletic, . . . swimming, boating, bathing, tailor clad, . . . cultivated, cultured."

Past and Present.

World Emily with all her liveliness, . . . irrepressible high spirits, . . . and womanliness have pleased the audience of today. She had grave doubts when she talked about musical comedies a few years ago. "There's a little too much boudoir and palm tree about them." She flourished in the years when girls stuffed their "shapeless" trunks with the Daily Telegraph. "I believe," she said, "that the public now would be quite shocked to see a girl in tights. You never see one in musical comedy. In fact, take figures all round and I don't think you see the figures you used to."

And so, one by one, they go into the next room. Emily has joined Mico Oates, Tostee, Almee, Judie, Lydia Thompson, Eliza Weathersby—and there are women of their period who, gross and slovenly, living from hand to mouth do not doubt envy those at rest.

NIKISCH IS HERE AFTER 19 YEARS

By PHILIP HALE.

The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Nikisch, made its first appearance in Boston last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture "Leonora," No. 3; Brahms, Symphony in C minor, No. 1; Tschalkowsky, "Francesca da Rimini"; Wagner, overture to "Tannhauser."

The praise of this orchestra has been trumpeted with no uncertain blasts. We have all been told that it is "the finest orchestra in the world." And thus the zeal of the advance agent, but not according to knowledge, kindled unreasonable expectation in the breasts of the unwary.

The strings are numerically and technically strong and brilliant, but the brilliance is that of hard polish. In cantabile passages the violins, violas and cellos are without sensuousness. The wood-wind section is of inferior quality. The first oboe bites as aqua fortis. The flute tone is peculiar and neither mellow nor of sparkling clearness. The clarinets are perhaps a little better. The brass is in no way remarkable; on the contrary the horns were uncertain last night, and trumpets and trombones were often coarse and blatant.

On the other hand, the orchestra as a whole is singularly plastic, and Mr. Nikisch played upon it as upon a single instrument. It followed, it seemed to anticipate, his wishes. It breathed with him. Its performance was spontaneous and vivid. Its sonorosity was at times overwhelming. But in homogeneity and euphony this orchestra is surpassed by orchestras that do not make so great pretensions. It is not necessary to refer to the Boston Symphony orchestra, nor would it be in good taste to draw an elaborate comparison between the local and the visiting orchestras. It is enough to say that the London Symphony orchestra, in spite of its evidently great routine experience and highly respectable proficiency in matters of technique, is inferior to the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago, nor is it superior, if equal, to the Philharmonic Society of New York in its best estate.

It was in April, 1893, that Mr. Nikisch, conducted in Boston for the last time before leaving this city to go to Budapest. During the 19 years of his absence he has gained a great reputation as a virtuoso conductor. As leader of the Boston Symphony, he was often poetic and always dramatic. His previous experience had been chiefly in the opera house, and it was natural that he should constantly strive after effect. Imaginative by nature, he at times made the mistake of wishing to give fictitious importance to music that was of slight proportions or inherently commonplace. His errors and extravagances were those of unbridled enthusiasm. There were times when music of any period and of any character seemed to him a Hungarian Rhapsody. He now returns to this country with more poise, with a more sober judgment, with a finer sense of values, but he has not lost his remarkable magnetic

quality. He is still a poet, but not one of the contemplative or a respective hood. He is still intensely dramatic, but he is no longer deliberately sensational. The years have added to his weight; his face is thoughtful; he has the calmness, not the apathy, of the mature, completely rounded man. While his individuality is as pronounced as ever, it does not stand between the composer and the hearer; it is illuminating and glorifying.

As in the years gone by he has the great gift of presenting a melodic instrumental thought as though it were a song sung by a master of bel canto. He himself is a master of phrasing. He still delights in sudden and marked contrasts, but he preserves the continuity of thought; episodes do not become mosaic work; the structure is always visible, and not merely as though it were drawn in black and white. He is a supreme colorist, and he delights in purple patches.

Yet his reading of Brahms's Symphony, which is for the most part austere, granitic music, or music in a dull gray, was as effective as when with Tschalkowsky he saw the lost souls in the whirlwind of the Inferno. We have heard nothing nobler and at the same time more dramatic than his reading of the introduction to the last movement of Brahms's Symphony. He is no longer a poet of wild irregularities; he is a master of poetically dramatic expression.

Warmly welcomed, he was enthusiastically applauded by an audience that filled the balconies and not half of the floor.

He will give a second and last concert on Saturday afternoon, April 27, when the program will include Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and excerpts from Wagner's operas.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Max Reinhardt's production of "Sumurun," a wordless play in nine scenes. Plot by Friedrich Freska. Incidental music by Victor Hollaender. Orchestra conducted by Erich Hollaender. First time here.

The Sheik. Mr. Conradt
The Young Sheik. Mr. Felix
Sumurun. Miss Elbenschütz
Sumurun's maid. Miss Herzog
Nur-ad-din. Mr. Feyer
The Tumbler. Mr. Orloff
The slave. Miss Konstantin
An old woman. Mme. Marie Von Bulow
The janitor. Mr. Hoetzler
Slave dealer. Mr. Dvorsky
Chief eunuch. Mr. Katschov
Attendant. Mr. Matray
First lady. Miss Bendoff
Second lady. Miss Reimer
A negro. Mr. Nicol

Pie. Also pyc, py, paye, occurs in Latin context, in 1303; evidently a well known popular word in 1362. No related word known outside English (except Gaelic "bighe" from English or Lowland Scottish. A dish composed of meat, fowl, fish, fruit or vegetables, etc., enclosed in or covered with a layer of paste and baked. The pie appears to have been at first of meat or fish; doubtful or undefined uses appear in 16th century; fruit pies (also called especially in the north of England and Ireland, in Scotland, and often in the United States, tarts) appear before 1600, the earliest being apple pie.

Chaucer:
He koude rooste and sethe and boille and frye,
Make mortren and wel bake a pie,
A witch of Auerne was burnt alive, for kiling
young infants, and salting their flesh and
putting them into pyes, and bakynge them for
pynlike sale. (Deywood, "Gynnik" ix.444.)
But I shrik from the Arde!
Thou eat'st eelpie. (Calverley, 1872.)
"Pray, what is pie for?"—R. W. Emerson at
the breakfast table.

And a Sausage.

As the World Wags:

One night last week I dined at a down town restaurant—a place locally famous, or at least well known, for the quality of its pastry. For dessert I ordered apple pie. When it was delivered in due time I found reposing beside the succulent wedge a sausage—a pork sausage cold, pallid. Rigor mortis had apparently set in some hours before. It looked like a perfectly good sausage and I ate it. I have been accustomed to look for cheese with apple pie. Do you know whether or not cold pork sausage is a conventional or customary concomitant of hot apple pie? One looks for jelly with venison, apple sauce with roast pork, peas with salmon.

Speaking of apple pie, does the pork apple pie of 40 years ago still flourish in the country districts of New England and does anyone still remember the joys of fried apples with salt pork?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, April 7, 1912.

Pork and Tansy.

We have consulted the wisdom of the ancients and the knowledge of contemporaries. W. D. W., who has travelled in far countries and seen strange sights says that in Yorkshire, England, apples are put in pork pies and there are sliced apples and onions in a true Yorkshire pie. E. N. V., an intrepid explorer of restaurants and drinkeries, exclaimed "Impossible! Absurd!" and told with emotion the story of an onion pie prepared by a German harkeeper on the East side of New York and sold at 10 cents a wedge to intimate customers. There was cheese in this pie. And then E. W. V. chanted the praise of tansy pudding, not stating, however, that the word "tansy" comes from the old French "tanasia," which in turn is derived from "athanasia,"

MR. JORDAN'S LETTER.

Mr. Jordan's letter, published in The Herald today, is a plain and forcible statement. Only the sum of \$50,000 is now needed to make the Boston Opera House independent of pecuniary difficulties. There is no question concerning the character of the performances. Every one admits that the establishment of an opera house has been of benefit to the city. No one denies the general interest in the institution, an interest that is not confined within the city or its suburbs.

Why then are citizens so slow in responding to the call? Boston has always been most liberally disposed toward other cities suffering from flood or fire. Its acknowledged wealth is well distributed and not merely in the hands of a few. Why are there not a greater number of subscriptions to the guaranty fund?

During the last three years the public has had the opportunity of hearing opera given with an attention to detail and an artistic intelligence unsurpassed in the great opera houses of Europe. The sumptuousness of the productions has been appreciated by every one, native or foreigner. Opera is no longer a hasty visitor; it dwells here; it has its habitation. It does not seem possible that the people of this city will grudge it support, or that they will be willing to confess to the world that motives of thrift or constitutional indifference allowed the institution to perish.

To dwellers in New York or Chicago the sum to be raised would seem a small one. In view of the advantages to be gained this sum is insignificant.

meaning immortality, an ironical derivation in the eyes of those mourning victims of this pudding. And yet tansy puddings and tansy cakes have been known in England since 1420, and were thought peculiarly appropriate for Easter, and eaten in memory of the bitter herbs of the Passover. This recipe was given in 1450: "Take fair tansy and grind it in a mortar; and take eggs, yolks and white, and draw them through a strainer and strain also the juice of the tansy and mingle the eggs and the juice together, etc." Mr. Pepys spent an hour or two "with pleasure with her" and ate a tansy. Horace Walpole compared certain high hills to a tansy pudding. Wild tansy laid to soak in buttermilk for nine days, makes the complexion very fair. But we wonder, which, according to the old part song, is the miller's joy. Yet stay! in Cumberland county, England, tansy nights were presided over by the ladies, who provided tansy puddings and rich rum sauce. O blessed thought!

The Real Thing.

The definition of apple pie given by Dr. Murray is sublime in its simplicity: "A pie made with apples," and the first quotation is from Greene's "Arcadia" (1590): "Thy breath is like the steam of apple pies."

The true apple pie, the one by which men should live and for which they should be willing to die, is the deep apple pie, without a bottom crust, with an inverted tea cup set toward the bottom. It should always be baked in a nappy and eaten with cream, real cream. Nor do we despise pandowdy, although Charles Godfrey Leland, eating it as a boy in New England, described it as a kind of coarse and broken-up apple pie. It was really a sort of apple pudding, variously seasoned, but usually with molasses, and baked in a deep dish, with or without a crust. The word itself is noble, and, like many noble men and things, is of obscure origin. Accented forcibly the second syllable. A panjandrum should eat pandowdy at least once a week. Noblesse oblige!

Turning to George Augustus Sala's "Thorough Good Book" we find no mention of apple pie, Apple biscuit, apple charlotte, apple pudding, compote of stuffed apples—but no apple pie. For once this versatile and omniscient man has disappointed us.

Yes, yes, Mr. Witherspoon, we well remember the joy of salt pork fried in a cream sauce and eaten with a fried apple, not the apples of these degenerate days, which are as apples of Sodom, Dead Sea fruit.

But why should a cold sausage be eaten with a wedge of pie?

The powers above made mock yesterday of our amiable remarks.

Chaucer wrote "Mortreux" not "Mortreu." This mortreux, or mortress, was a kind of soup or pottage, made either of bread and milk or of various kinds of meat. Bacon referred to one made with the brawn of capons.

"But we wonder which, according to the old part song, is the miller's joy." No, no. The miller's joy was to wander, though some might say that to wander and to wander were often the same. And why should the miller wish to wander? Why should he not stick to his mill and grind—even the face of the poor? Stevenson's man of the mill did not wish to leave it—but he was not constitutionally a restless person.

"George Augustus Sala's 'Thorough Good Book'." It is a good book, but the title is "Thorough Good Cook." "Salt pork fried in cream sauce and eaten with a fried apple." What is one fried apple to considerable pork, or a mess of pork? "Fried apples"—that is more to the point of fork—or knife.

We met yesterday a distinguished Bostonian who admitted that he often ate at home a cold pork sausage with apple pie. "Admitted?" He gloried in it. And he said he knew others who relished the mixture.

Another Disappearance.

As the World Wags:

Gone with the mustache cup must be the Jew's harp, a familiar article in toy and novelty stores a few years ago.

I have tried several times to find one, and an amusing incident shows how unknown it is to the present young generation.

I approached from behind a floor-walker in a Tremont street 10 cent store and asked her if they had Jew's harps. As she turned to reply I saw she was an attractive young Jewess, and that she had fire in her eye. Attempting to look right through me she said most sarcastically: "Did you ever see such a thing?" She maintained her dignity, but I am not sure that my explanation convinced her that I was not joking.

Portland, Me., April 9. J. A. P.

Why Jew's harp?

Whenever we hear the word Jew's harp, we remember the syllogism of John Phoenix. "David was a Jew—hence, 'the Harp of David' was a Jew's harp. Question: How the deuce did he sing his Psalms and play on it at the same time?"

Now Jew's harp is a variant of Jew's trumpet. The instrument has been known since the 16th century, and even long before; but the attribution of the instrument to the Jews occurs, so far as it is known, only in English. The French first called the instrument "trompe," but now the more common name is "guzbardo." There is no evidence as to the origin of the English name. Some think the instrument was made, sold or sent to England by Jews; or "that it was attributed to them, as a good commercial name, suggesting the trumps and harps mentioned in the Bible. As the instrument was neither a trumpet nor a harp,

the ingenuity which conferred upon it these names may well have distinguished it as the trumpet or harp of the Jews."

In Sir Walter Raleigh's time beheaded heathen would exchange two hens for a Jew's harp, and traders whose names are preserved in Hakluyt's "Voyages" took with them hatchets, knives and Jew's harps for barter. Bacon considered the instrument philosophically. Fielding and Byron did not disdain to mention it.

In our boyhood Jew's harps were sold at a village shop with watches, jewelry, toys, marbles, spectacles, and in their season, fireworks, but we never could play on the Jew's harp and no one in Northampton had such pronounced technique that he could have been justly hailed as a virtuoso.

One Eulenstein.

There was a great virtuoso on the Jew's harp and his name was Charles Eulenstein. The son of a respectable tradesman at Hellbroun, he had a passion for the instrument and appeared as a performer in 1827 in London where he produced beautiful effects by using 16 instruments. He was patronized by the nobility after early years of singular privation. About 1828 his teeth were so affected that he could not play without

dentist contrived to get a
for his teeth and aenstein
Jewish harp rellike. At B
taught German, the altar and the
certina. He died in Styria in 1890 at the
age of 88. His biography is a most
theistic story. William Lithgow's account
of his own sufferings on the rack at
Malaga and subsequently is not more
"overpoweringly affecting," to quote De
Quincey's phrase.

"Here's to You, Balbus!"

J. A. M. asks whether the ancients
proposed toasts. Indeed, they did. In
the ancient pictures of Egyptians at
table, we see them rising from their
chairs with friendly challenges to drink,
with toasts or healths to those soon or
later to be embalmed for gapers in mu-
seums, to make long-winded speeches, or
even, who knows? to read an original
poem that they happened to have with
them. The ancient Roman swallowed to
the health of his mistress as many cups
as there were letters in her name. See
the epigram of Martial (I. LXXII.), be-
ginning "Naevia sex cyathis; septem
Justina bibatur." The man who pre-
scribed the quantity of wine to be drunk
and looked after the toasts in order was
called the "modimperator." The Greeks
were always drinking toasts, and as
Homer brings in Hebe ministering to
the gods at a feast, the little cup out of
which healths were drunk was called
"ephebos." They threw lots who should
be Basileus, or King of the feast, to
have the whole command of all for mat-
ter of drinking ceremonies, without any
restraint. The first toast was probably
to Zeus, the Saviour, although Sophocles
mentions this toast as the one for the
third round. One friend drank to an-
other, "the cup of good friendship"; the
host often gave a favorite whom he
pledged the cup to keep; but if he drank
to a youth whom he loved, he drank
part himself, and bestowed the rest upon
the ground.

April 13 1912

For, I must confess, I think that talking
about poetry bears a close resemblance to
the festive amusements of the vulgar and
uneducated. For these people, being too
ignorant to converse together over their cups,
through the medium of their own voices, and
words, keep up the prices of flute players,
by hiring, for large sums, the foreign aid of
their flutes, and entertaining each other
through their voices. But in the banquets
of gentlemen and scholars, you will see
neither dancing girls nor women that play
on the flute or the lyre; but you will find the
guests themselves equal to the task of con-
versing, without these puerile toys, by their
own voices; both speaking and listening in
turn, with decency and order, even though
they have drunk a great quantity of wine.

"Trait" and Other Words.

When Prof. Rose was lecturing in
Boston about Napoleon it was observed
that he pronounced the word "trait" as
though it were spelled "tray." Some-
one at the Porphyry, curious and some-
what wise in these matters, said that
all educated Englishmen thus pro-
nounced the word. We are inclined to
think he exaggerated. Even John Walker
in his "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary"
(1791), while he gives the priority to
"tra," allows "trate." In the intro-
duction he states that "t" is silent at
the end of several words from the
French, as trait, gont, eclat. "In the
first of these words the 't' begins to
be pronounced; in the last, it has been
sometimes heard; but in the second,
never."

Walker's Dictionary is still good read-
ing, more entertaining than at the time
it appeared. He throws the accent of
the second syllable in "balcony," as
did Lady Robert Seymour, according
to Mr. G. W. E. Russell. She "car-
ried down to the time of the Crimean
war the habits and phraseology of
Queen Charlotte's early court." Walker
and all the Englishmen we have
known pronounce "schedule" "sedule."
Sir Algernon West says that in his
young days the older folk of good ed-
ucation pronounced gold as "goold,"
china as "chaney," yellow as "yaller,"
and lilac as "laylock." Walker dis-
approves "laylock," "goold," and prefers
yellow rhyming with mellow, though
Sheridan, Narcs and others made it
rhyme with tallow. He gives "tshane"
as the pronunciation of china, but says
in a note "what could induce us to so
irregular a pronunciation is scarcely to
be conceived." He notes that the com-
mon pronunciation of asparagus was
"sparrow grass," so general that "as-
paragus" has an air of stiffness and
pedantry. So there are physicians to-
day who accent "paresis" on the sec-
ond syllable, lest they be thought ig-
norant by their patients.

"Balcony" was accented on the second
syllable till about 1825 and Samuel Rog-
ers said that the accent on the first
made him sick.

Sir Algernon West also notes that
fashion has changed the pronunciation
of proper names. James used to be
Jeames; Lady Jersey, Lady Jarsay;
Byron, Blr-on.

And in the old days men instead of
sleeping at a place "lay" there. Horace
Walpole, finding that his friends were
beginning to "sleep" at an inn won-
dered "whether for any obscure reason
they thought the new word more deli-
cate." There are genteel persons who
never "go to bed." They "retire."

As Good as Apple Pie the World Was Apropos of pie

able old New England classic, with
the late Edward Everett would oft re-
peat with gusto? I think it must have
been composed in Lonsburg days; or it
may have been at the siege of Boston.

Ned Clapp and I were on the guard;
Out sprang a rat;
I fired my gun,
I killed the rat,
'Twas royal fun
I skinned the rat
And thought no sin
To eat the victuals was within
It tasted as good as an apple pie,
I felt though if I could but die.

One understands the singer's feeling.
There are those who substitute the
words nuttion pie for apple pie, but
that is evidently a base feminine per-
version.

Why is it, sir, that when women, if
asked what they prefer for desert, will
squirm and say a Pêche Melba or a
Baked Alaska? Men, on the other hand,
will always reply in (as you, sir, have
so well said) clear, bell-like tones: "Ap-
ple pie!"

Rats, Sir, Rats.

Rat, however, is not to be sneezed at
as a food. I, "moi qui vous parle," have
eaten sewer rat, crossed, to be sure,
with rabbit. It was at one of the homes
of the rich and great in the dear Paris.
It was served as civet de lapin, but
after we had well eaten, we were told
its hideous origin. I felt a little like one
of the guests of Atræus who had the
dolorous idea of serving thyestes and
no doubt others at the banquet. Thyes-
tes's own two sons, even more sodden
than in life.

It seems that the Parisians, rat-eaters
perforce during the siege, found the
product of the sewers not so bad; cross-
ing it with rabbit caused the scent of
the roses, as it were, slowly and sadly
to fade away. Doubtless, also, one has
eaten rat at the Cafe des Arts, of which
the poet sang:

Bob veal was the "Dish of the Day";
A prime mess was "Civet de Rat";
But the combine was Vache Enragée,
Specialite du Cafe des Arts.

To revert for a moment to pie. If
Evelyn Nesbit Thaw had done nothing
else for poor, suffering humanity, she
would still deserve our gratitude for in-
venting the term, "pie-faced mutt," or
at least making it familiar. It is flaw-
less. There it stands—like Massachu-
setts, it needs no defence or encomium.
Can you not see the pie-faced mutt?
Pasty-faced, a mere gash for the mouth,
a doughy dab to serve as nose and wa-
tery holes for eyes, with the cranberry
oozing out at the corners? Enough.

SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.
Dedham, April 11, 1912.

All but Familiar.

There is a dining society in Paris that
prides itself on eating strange food, and
a distinguished Frenchman has written
a cook book in which are recipes for
queer dishes made from insects, birds,
fish and beasts that are not generally
considered palatable. One of the soups,
highly recommended, is made with cock-
roaches. And this Frenchman is a very
serious person and has been decorated.
Twenty-five or thirty years ago, one of
the most distinguished citizens of Al-
bany, N. Y., gave a rat supper. The
rats had been fattened carefully in a
malthouse, and were said to be delicious
eating. By the way, it is a curious thing
that rat and cat are not mentioned in
the Bible, while mice are pronounced
unclean.

April 14 1912

Some undoubtedly will be disappointed
in "Sumurun," for in pantomime they
expect to see a clown with a hot poker
and a string of sausages, surprising
tricks of Harlequin worked by the magic
of his lath, and a gorgeous transforma-
tion scene revealing the Abode of Bliss,
with the lovers free at last from the
pursuing Pantaloon and the malicious
Clown, with beautiful young women in
ballet, costume standing seductively,
emerging from huge flowers, rising
through traps, or high in air suspended
by invisible wires.

When "L'Enfant Prodigue" was
played at the Boston Museum the great
public did not understand or care for
the art of Mme. Pilar-Morin and the
wonderful impersonation of the Father
by Courtes. A few years ago Severin,
a most accomplished pantomimist,
a master of laughter and tears, was not
appreciated by the many.

An Arabian Night Tale

"Sumurun" should
crowd the Shubert Thea-
tre while the players are
in town, if only for the
unusual character of the spectacle, the
remarkably effective acting of Mr. Or-
loff as the Hunchback, the superb nat-
uralism of Miss Konstantin, and the
taste displayed in the gorgeous color-
ing. Two scenes are especially note-
worthy: "On the Way to the Sheikh's
Palace" and "In the Harem."

It is true that some cannot see any-
thing in "The Thousand Nights and a
Night," whether they read the bald, flat

translation of it, or the
version with all the in-
teresting details. Bishop Atterbury in a letter
to Pope confessed that he could not read
the tales in his old age. When Hazlitt
and Coleridge that he did not like the
tales and marvelous stories, that they
were to him "monstrous and abortive
fictions, like disjointed dreams, dictated
by a preternatural dread of arbitrary
and despotic power." Coleridge answered
that if Hazlitt did not like them it was
because he did not dream, and Hazlitt
confessed that he had nearly all the
world against him. The bitter essayist
revelled in the comic parts and found
nothing superior in the way of "mis-
chievous adventure and a wanton ex-
hibition of ludicrous weakness in char-
acter." Hazlitt marvelled at the heroic
contempt for the untoward accidents and
petty vexations of human life. "It is
the gateway of despair, the mirth and
laughter of a respite during pleasure
from death."

Henley's Gorgeous Rhapsody

Any one wishing to
enjoy thoroughly this
wordless play to which
is given, might do well to read Henley's
essay "Arabian Nights Entertainments"
before he goes into the theatre.

"The amorous instinct and the instinct
of enjoyment, not tempered but height-
ened greatly by the strict ordinances of
dogma, have leave to riot uncontrolled.
It is the old immortal story of Youth
and Beauty and their coming together,
but it is colored with the hard and bril-
liant hues of an imagination as sen-
suous in type and as gorgeous in ambi-
tion as humanity has known."

"It is a voluptuous farce, a masque
and anti-masque of wantonness and
stratagem of wine cups and jewels and
fine raiment, of careless husbands and
adventurous wives, of innocent fathers
and rebel daughters and lovers happy
or befooled. And high over all, his heart
contracted with the spleen of the East,
the tedium of supremacy, towers the
great Calif Haroun, the buxom and
bloody tyrant, a Muslim Lord of Mis-
rule. * * * The night is musical with
happy laughter and the sound of lutes
and voices, it is seductive with the clink
of goblets and the odor of perfumes;
not a shadow but has its secret, or jovial
or amorous or terrible. Here falls a
head and there you may note the con-
traptional effect of the bastinado. But
the blood is quickly hidden with flowers,
the bruises are tired over with cloth-of-
gold, and the jolly pageant sweeps on.
Truly the comic essence is imperishable.
What was fun to them in Baghdad is
fun to us in London after a thousand
years."

And Henley might have written this
after witnessing a performance of
"Sumurun."

Or anyone going to "Sumurun" might
also read Henley's poem of the same
title with the motto from Gautier's
"Fantasia": "O, my dear Thousand
and One Nights!" and the fantastical
conclusion:

Samarcand!
That name of names! That star-varied
bevelled
Built against the Chambers of the South!
That outpost on the infinite!
And behold!
Questing therefrom, you knew not what
wild tide
Might overtake you; for one fringe,
One suburb, is established on firm earth;
but one
Floats founded vague
In lubberlands delectable—ises of palm
And lotus, fortunate mains, far-shimmer-
ing seas,
The promise of wistful hills—
The shining, shifting Sovereignities of Dream.

For the

Imaginative extravagantly comic
and the grotesquely tragic. There is
also the frank and primitive sensuous-
ness of the East, which to some, alas,
is disconcerting. Burton in the preface
to his translation of "The Book of the
Thousand Nights and a Night" asserted
that there was more real "vice" in
many a short French romance and in
not a few English novels of the day
(1835) than in the 1000 pages of the Arab.
"Here we have nothing of that most im-
modest modern modesty which sees covert
implication where nothing is implied,
and 'improper' allusion where propriety
is not outraged; nor do we meet with
the 19th century refinement; innocence
of the word not of the thought; moral-
ity of the tongue not of the heart, and
the sincere homage paid to virtue in
guise of perfect hypocrisy."

As shown on the stage this sensuous-
ness is not a forced note; it is simple
and natural, beautiful in its frank ex-
pression. Nor is the characteristic
cruelty of the East draped or disguised.
Witness the treatment of the Hunch-
back's body immediately after he has
taken the blang and is counted mori-
bund or dead. In spite of the extraor-
dinary realistic acting of Mr. Orloff,
the callousness of this cruelty does not
come home to us, for in the realism
there is the saving imaginative, ideal-
istic touch. Or these men and women
are as creatures of another planet.

I heard a man say: "I have been in
Algiers and I have been in Cairo and
I never saw anything that resembled
these scenes in 'Sumurun.' I don't see
the realism of it all." How many

"tribes" have the opportunity of
knowing what goes on in the houses
of the east? But the remark proved at
once that "Sumurun" is not for him.
The course of his travels he did not
see the sun obscured by the flight of
the roc; he heard no afloat imprisoned
to the waist on a towering pillar calling
on Solomon for mercy; the fair woman
that showed her face to him in the
street was not the daughter of a Jinnee
—she came from Marseilles to sing in
the cafe-concert; he was not entertain-
ed by a Barmecide; he found no magic
lamp in the bazaar; neither Shabaz nor
a one-eyed Kalandar told him a wild
tale as they feasted and sighed that
life is fleeting. What is "Sumurun" to
him? Give him a play of Broadway
life, or something "gripping and of
human interest!"

Fanny Elssler's

In The Herald of March
31, I stated that Fanny
Elssler danced for the

Farewell the last time in Boston
at the Tremont Theatre on Nov. 17, 1841.

Some one who does not sign his name
has written to The Herald: "My play-
bill reads thusly: Fanny Elssler's last
appearance, Thursday, Nov. 11, 1841."

The Boston Evening Transcript of
Nov. 18, 1841, said: "Fanny Elssler's
engagement at the Tremont was as bril-
liant in its close last night as it was
in its opening."

And the advertisement published in
the Transcript of Wednesday evening,
Nov. 19, reads: "Positively the last
night but one of the re-engagement of
Fanny Elssler. This evening the (sl)
"La Gipsy."

Mr. Ryan spoke in the same issue of
The Herald about seeing some one as
Shylock at the Tremont a little later.
Our anonymous correspondent writes:
"Shylock" was given Wednesday, Oct.
26, 1842, Mr. C. H. Eaton taking the
part."

Col. Clapp in his "Record of the Bos-
ton Stage" says nothing about this en-
gagement of Mr. Eaton, but earlier in
the book Col. Clapp gave a long sketch
of this actor, who was born in Por-
tland, Boston, in 1813, and fell down a
staircase from an attack of vertigo in a
Pittsburgh hotel, so that he died after
five days. He died in 1843. He made his
first appearance in public at the Warren
Theatre when he was 20 years old. Was
this the Charles Eaton who acted in
New York at the Park Theatre in 1842?
Col. Clapp says C. H. Eaton made his
first theatrical tour in 1835; but this
entertaining writer was not always ac-
curate in his statements.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Good Natured Anecdotalists

Schopenhauer, in
his amusing "Psy-
chological Observa-
tions," says that
people who do not go to the theatre
are like those who make their toilet
without a looking-glass. He also says
that the doctor sees mankind in all its
weakness; the lawyer in all its wicked-
ness; the theologian in all its stupidity;
but he neglects to say what the actor,
looking at the public from behind the
footlights, sees. Very likely next to
nothing. The cynics—not Schopenhauer
—say that the manager, nowadays, sees
only the "house," or what there is in
it; that those who make up the audi-
ence see chiefly the low comedian; but
what there is to see in him, at least
for an old-timer to see, is sometimes a
condurum. This may seem a trifle
acidulous, yet I suppose it is natural
for age to become more or less tart. In
reading over the reminiscences, how-
ever, which have been printed in these
columns, I have been impressed with
the uniform good nature pervading
them. If it weren't for the expert diag-
nosis of Mr. Bernard Shaw some of us
might actually believe that in many
ways matters were improving.

From Cardiff to Borneo

I don't exactly know
why, but this reminds
me of the Cardiff giant
and the wild men of
Borneo. The first-named gentleman was
on exhibition in Boston many years ago,
soon after he was dug up, and I remem-
ber what an exciting time everybody
had trying to decide whether he was
genuine or spurious. Mark Twain, I be-
lieve, tackled the question with his usual
profundity, but I can't recall his de-
cision, although it is my impression
that he sat on the fence. I have un-
derstood that Dr. Holmes, after quizzing
the giant's keepers, thought him the real
thing with an ancestry running back
to the Stone Age; but this may have
been one of his little jokes. It is now
alleged in the papers that the Giant is
still on the earth, and that somebody
is suing somebody else for his board
and lodging for a long term of years.
As I remember him, he must have been
an ideal boarder, for he kept regular
hours, was a light eater and a sound
sleeper, and, so far as I know, he never
drank; at any rate, not with me. I
can't recall whether Prof. Agassiz saw
him or not. His keen eye would have
fathomed him as easily as it did the
wonderful insect brought to him for
inspection, on a certain April 1, by a
humorous and ingenious student of
natural history, who had laboriously

...the ... from ...
...dis ... The profes-
...a single busy ... and in-
...the thing as a
...to the ... of the
...and I ... mentioned. As far
...Will Men of ... who were on
...on Hanover street in my boy-
...days, I think they must have been
...fakes, too. I only know that
...were strong men in every sense
...the term

Airs and Floating Echoes

I notice that Mr. Payson, in his recent com-
munication, says that the
first play he ever saw
was "Valentine and Orson," at the Bos-
ton Museum, in the fifties, or before.
According to the "Life and Memoirs of
William Warren," this play was per-
formed during the season of 1855-56, with
Warren as Ilugo. It ran seven weeks.
Mr. Warren played Asa Trenchard in
"Our American Cousin," for the first
time during the season of 1858-59. Mr.
Payson says he saw Sothern at this
time in this play, but I first had the
pleasure of seeing him later on at the
Boston Theatre. After he became fa-
mous with his lip and drawl and Dun-
dery whiskers, together with the little
"thump of the thill," which he carried
for quick inspection in his vest pocket.
G. P. Huntley had a somewhat similar
character in Kitty Grey, when he was
here with Julia Sanderson, who is
darning as ever. How many "airs and
floating echoes" come to an old man's
ears over the stretch of half a century!
It was only yesterday, in turning over
the leaves of an old scrapbook, that I
came across a Selwyn's Theatre play-
bill headed: "Benefit of Miss Mary Cary,
Thursday evening, April 21, 1870." The
play was Boucicault's comedy, "The
Prima Donna," the parts being taken by
Frederic Robinson, A. M. Rankin, who
married Kitty Blanchard, G. H. Grif-
fiths, Mrs. Thomas Barry and Miss
Mary Cary. Mr. Thomas Barry, one
of the real old-timers in 1870, was stage
manager. Charles Koppitz was the lead-
er of the orchestra, and on this occa-
sion the orchestra performed, for the
first time, a fantasia of his own, dedi-
cated to "Lamp," my reminiscence dad,
who was an old schoolmate of E. L.
Davenport. Some of the West End
Mayhew School boys, in the twenties,
had a dramatic company, and went
"barn-storming." Was not John Gil-
bert, by the way, a Mayhew School boy?
The curtain at Selwyn's was a beauty,
made of Cheney silk, Mr. Arthur Che-
nev being one of the proprietors of the
theatre. How many are left who can
recall "Dolly" Farnsworth, the treasur-
er? He always reminded me of a
Raphael cherub, although he had no
wings, and often wore a plug hat on
the street. Can anybody remember what
boy's part it was he took at one or more
of his benefits? Was it the "fat boy"
in Pickwick? I think not; "a very hard
nut," as Dondidier would say. Was it
something adapted from a French farce?
John H. Selwyn, the manager, was, I
believe, a half brother of Dr. Lorimer,
who preached at Tremont Temple, and
of Harry Josephs, too. Harry J. was
good in female parts, and said the most
sarcastic things "so politely, it was
music to the ear."

In a Dungeon Cell

Mr. Ryan's recent refer-
ence to the old Tremont
Theatre reminded me of a
certain member of one of
the companies there who is said to
have been unsurpassed as a chained
prisoner in a dungeon cell. Donnyard
was not in it with him. They tell a
story about Snelling Powell, at one time
manager of the Federal Street Theatre,
who in the course of his management
gave a Shakespearian play, the letters
"S. P. Q. A." being emblazoned on one
of the banners carried in procession.
An inquisitive person in the audience
asked an acquaintance who sat beside
him what the letters signified. "Snell-
ing Powell, Quarterly Actor," was the
ready reply. The joke, of course, was
perpetrated at a time when Mr. Powell
seldom appeared on the stage owing
to the pressure of his other duties. The
joke, however, must have been
"S. P. Q. R."—not "A"—and really
meaning "Salaries Paid Quite Regu-
larly."

Salom and Stevenson

Now that "Chauncy
Hall" has referred
to them, I can indis-
tinctly recall the
numerous pictures of Mark Salom's
mobile countenance that were displayed
at one time around the entrance to his
store. I had a box of tin soldiers which
came from there, besides other mementos
long since forgotten. This reminds
me that Robert Louis Stevenson was
deeply interested in mimic warfare, and
had a large collection of miniature sol-
diers etc., which he used to marshal
in battle array and engage in sham
fight. Even Gen. Sherman pricked up
his ears and became deeply interested
when he found, in the course of a con-
versation with him in New York, that
Stevenson knew a thing or two about
the Union general's campaigns, and
could talk of them intelligently.

Booth at the Howard Richmond, and which

occurred, Mr. Ryan thinks, at the Tre-
mont Theatre, instead of at the How-
ard, where I have always heard it
placed. I would like to call attention to
the following passage from the Life of
Edwin Booth, by his sister, Mrs. Ann
Booth Clarke, to show how easily mis-
takes are made, and also, later on,
to prove that the elder Booth played at the
Howard and performed "Richard the
Third" there. The passage is this: "Ed-
win began to travel with his father
... and relates, as among the earliest
of his theatrical reminiscences, the
first appearance in Boston of the
now famous William Warren. Mr.
Booth, after his performance of Shy-
lock at the Howard Athenaeum, seated
himself with Edwin among the audience
to witness Mr. Warren's acting of Jacques
Strop in the play of 'Robert Macaire.'
It was an exceptional thing for him to
make one of the audience, but the
dubitant was a favorite of his." ...
Now, according to the actual record,
Mr. Warren did not enact Jacques Strop
on his first appearance at the Howard,
neither was the elder Booth acting in
this city at the time. Warren's first
appearance was on Oct. 5, 1846, as Sir
Lucius O'Trigger in "The Rivals," with
W. H. Chippendale—old Chip—as Sir
Anthony Absolute, and W. H. Crisp—
father of W. H. Crisp who was later
on at the Museum, and also of Speaker
Crisp (?—as the Bob Acres. The elder
Booth really began an engagement at
the Howard on Nov. 23, appearing in his
stock opening piece "Richard the
Third." On the 27th Booth appeared
as Shylock, and the afterpiece was
"Robert Macaire"; and it was probably
at this performance that Booth and his
son Edwin saw Warren play Jacques
Strop.

Solidly True and Trustworthy too

Apropos of Walter
Montgomery, who
was, during his all
brief engage-
ments, persona grata in Boston, the
Lotos Club of New York has a
splendid set of Knight's Shakespeare,
a gift from Montgomery, with his
name written across the fly leaf;
and it is said that "never does a
Lotos man lay his eyes upon the gilded
volumes but he sighs and laments the
generous heart that gave them." In a
little speech made before the club by
Henry Irving, in 1893, the actor said: "A
friend of mine, who is an enthusiastic
traveller, once showed me a map of the
United States, across which he had
written one word in red ink—that word
was 'Hospitality.'" Mr. E. S. Willard,
who has many friends here, spoke on
this same occasion, saying, that once,
as he was leaving England for this
country, Irving said to him: "If you
find when you get on the other side
that your plays don't carry, or that the
American public doesn't take well to
them, just cable me one word. Here is
my new play at the Lyceum, a beautiful
success, and you can have it, words,
music and all, as soon as the boats can
get it to you." It is not to be won-
dered at that Parke Godwin often stated
that among all the friends he had made,
many to be admired for their genius, to
be loved for their friendly qualities, he
had never found any who were more
solidly true and reliable in their friend-
ships than the members of the theatrical
profession.

Let us all "tak' a right guid willie-
waught for auld lang syne." And, hav-
ing begun with Schopenhauer, why not
end with Goethe?

"What we possess we see afar off
lying;
What we have lost is real and
undying."
Boston, April 3, 1912. J. W.
Our correspondent also writes (April
4): "I notice that the Linotype prefers
"Charlotta" to "Carlotta," and "Mark
Anthony" to "Mark Antony." God bless
him!"

Parisian Plays of Horror and Comedy

The recent dra-
mas at the Grand
Guignol deserve a
passing notice.
"L'Obsede" ends in suicide. A young
man imagines he is mad because his
father died insane. The mother to calm
him informs him that he is not the son
of the reputed father, but he comes
from sound stock. The son does not be-
lieve his mother's confession, and ob-
ssessed by the thought of insanity, blows
out his brains.
Fifteen hundred Uhlans in "Le Beau
Regiment" become infected with hydro-
phobia and are about to devastate a
town. They must be wiped out and the
colonel, giving the order to fire, is the
first to fall. Now the criminal is a
Pole. Dislike and badly treated by his
comrades he took revenge by mixing
tubes of cocaine and virus "taken from
the physiological laboratory, which a
careless administration (but a careful
dramatist) had planted in the infir-
mary." The Pole is caught and smothered
under a mattress.
In another play two lovers are caught
by burglars, moral burglars, who,
shocked, bind the pair and leave a
placard expressing their indignation.
The injured husband comes in. The wife
praises the heroism of her companion.
He saved her from Apaches. The hus-

band attempts to borrow from the burg-
lar the sum taken by the burglars.
This is too much for the husband to
endure; he orders the young man to
leave the house.

Notes on the Drama

Mr. George Calderon
makes this illuminative
statement in the Intro-
duction to the published
translation of Tchekof's plays: "That
the interest of them is, so to speak, cen-
trifugal instead of self-centred; that they
seek, not so much to draw our minds
inwards to the consideration of the
events they represent, as to cast them
outwards to the larger process of the
world which those events illuminate;
that the sentiments to be aroused by the
doings and sufferings of the personages
on his stage are not so much hope and
fear for their individual fortunes as
pity and amusement at the importance
which they set on them, and consolation
for their particular tragedies in the
spectacle of the general comedy of Life
in which they are all merged."

The playing public of Paris liked
"Mrs. Warren's Profession," although
the critics were "superior or professed
to be mystified."

Mr. Dawbarn writes as follows in his
entertaining letters to the Pall Mall
Gazette:
"Do theatres begin too late in Paris?
This question is asked in one of the
newspapers and answered in the affir-
mative. The writer offers the strange
suggestion of a 6 o'clock performance
instead of 9. It was promptly pointed
out that such an alteration would de-
prive a large section of the public of the
pleasures of the theatre. The clerk-
class, for instance, would have to go
theatreless to bed, and the last state of
theatrical finances would be worse than
the first. Nevertheless, there was a
time, 50 or 60 years ago, when Parisians
went regularly to the play at that hour.
But they were enthusiasts in those days,
and sacrificed dinner to the Muses. The
queue formed up as early as 3 o'clock
in the afternoon, and bought oranges
and other light refreshments from the

itinerant merchant. The 'Boulevard du
Crime,' as it was called, was then in ex-
istence, and the theatres of this quarter
(swept away by the Haussmann im-
provements) lived and thrived on melo-
drama. A taste for milder theatrical
fare is accompanied by a less heroic
method of theatre attendance."

"Percival" writes from Paris to the
Referee:
"The unpretentious little revue, which
is called 'Le Grand Cafe,' is quite
amusing. If you know any French it
will shock you, and therefore it is sure
of a long run. And there is one im-
mensely clever notion in it. We are in
times of strike."

"All the waiters at the Grand Cafe
have struck, and their places are taken
by municipal guards. Because, when
any class of society wants more wages
or dislikes the colour of the Prime Min-
ister's tie and refuses to do any work
until these things are changed, the
soldiers in France have to supply the
deficiency. I understand that this is
what is known as the liberty of labour.
Well, the municipal guards become
waiters. But you can't have a revue
without a ballet, and the ballet has
struck, too. So each waiter carries on
four cardboard ballet girls fixed on a
lath, and the effect is so ludicrously
like the real thing that the audience
laughs tears. The lady sitting next to
me enjoyed the joke so much (she was
a concierge and the mother of three
ballet girls herself, she told me) that
she choked over her fourth banana and
insisted on presenting me with the sec-
ond half of it. You must not refuse
a kind offer like that at the Gaité
Rochechouart, because they call you
proud if you do. And, Refereaders, if
you have never tried to dissimulate the
second half of a banana which you do
not want to eat, you do not know what
real difficulty is. One thing which
struck me at the Gaité Rochechouart
was the excellence of the dancing.
Frenchmen and Frenchwomen on the
Paris stage danced very poorly until re-
cently. Mais nous avons change tout
cela."

In M. Capus's "En Garde" at the
Renaissance, a young woman is thought
to be witty when she says "An unmar-
ried girl never thinks any unmarried
man altogether an idiot," and again: "I
hate a man in shirt sleeves. It's either
too much or too little."

"Troilus and Cressida"

How many read-
ers of The Herald
have ever seen a
performance of
Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida"
on an American stage? M. Antoine has
brought out the tragedy at the Odeon.
There are 18 scenes. The centre of the
stage changes, and while this is doing,
the action continues in front of the eur-
tain. M. Vedel's translation is praised
by Mr. Charles Dawbarn as being "ad-
mirable, sober and faithful to the
spirit." In the performance there were
some cuts, and the scene where Hector
is killed was missed. Mr. Dawbarn
writes: "Whilst the young actors of
this nursery for the Comedie do their
work uncommonly well they do not, I
think, always understand the divine
bard. The play, no doubt, is a parody
of the Iliad, a fresco of classic person-
ages half-heroic and half-buffoon. But
one must know exactly where the line is

between the two. I have seen a
competent actor in the part of Troilus
making power and winning in the
finished scenes, a disconcerting sud-
denness in the others, as if Shakespeare
had felt the immaturity of the Trojan
cavalry, and had been unwilling to com-
plete his corner of the picture. This
curious play alternates, indeed, between
poetry and lyrical beauty and the broad-
est farce. At the Odeon it seemed that
only the comic aspect was presented."
Mr. Dawbarn makes one mistake, and
a grave one. Shakespeare owed little
to Homer; much more to the old legends
of Troy and to Chaucer's poem. The
tragedy is a masterpiece of irony.

"Shakespeare," as Mr. Whibley has well
said, "did but take a story, which lay
near to his hand, and make it the vehi-
cle of his wisdom and dramatic sense."

Taken at Random

An interesting review
known as "Les Mar-
ques" discusses whet-
er the stage is the en-
emy of literature. I suppose that most
people would agree that it is; but if the
passion of today is for the objective,
rather than the subjective, it is per-
fectly comprehensible. The really great
book is rare, whilst the generality of
writers are content to give us a rehash
of the old ideas. The play, at least, is
less boring than the plain tale told badly
in a book, and is helped out by the
ceteras of scenery and costumes. But
when the new Balzac arises he will still
find that there is room at the top-
heights unaffected by the most alluring
theatrical success.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Titterton had a fine time at the
Pavilion, London. He saw Humpst
Bumpst and Miss Temple. "Humpst
is an acrobat and Bumpst plays the
fool. How finely he plays it! With
what ludicrous awkwardness he limps
over and under and again half over
a table-top—he pauses upside down,
with one hand pawing for safety, wrig-
gles half over, hesitates reflectively—
when what you were hoping would hap-
pen happens, the table topples grace-
fully, falls sideways, and buries our
hero in a flood of furniture. How you
stagger, stagger backwards, and almost
fall into the orchestra (do indeed finally
disappear into it), how you assault the
auditorium with a wriggle of the body
and a shy pat of the hand, how you
get both feet into one leg of your
baggy trousers, and wonder naively at
your mystical amputation, how you are
childish and merry and idiotic and clum-
sy, how you tumble from catastrophe
to catastrophe, and emerge from them
with a smile on your queer pig snout,
and how you keep us all the time on
the edge of expectation—how can one
describe in cold black and white, oh
peerless Bumpst? Miss Madge Tem-
ple is noteworthy for her prim, trim
"tailor-made" blossoming with perfect
self-composure into a white eager face
set with large roguish eyes and full,
curved thirsty lips."

"Milestones," the play by Messrs. Ben-
nett and Knoblauch that delighted Lon-
don, has been published by Methuen &
Co., and it reads as well as it acts,
they say.

When Mascagni said goodbye at the
Hippodrome, March 24, "there was a
scene of extraordinary enthusiasm, many
ladies present leaving out of their boxes
or standing up in their stalls to wave
their handkerchiefs at the composer, as
he ran up the gangway, like a man
fleeing for shelter from the elements
and disappeared into darkness." He
came to the footlights a dozen times,
with "less and less control over the
muscles of his face, until at last he
came on with a squared mouth and eyes
overflowing with tears." This the Lon-
don Chronicle. Later his voice "broke
and wobbled" when he was talking to
the reporter.

Our professional sympathy is attract-
ed by the news that the editor of the
Tokyo Shimbun is proceeding against
the Imperial Theatre for libel in pro-
ducing a translation of Ibsen's "Sun-
rise." He complains that the villain is
a caricature of himself and a libel on
journalists in general. We are quite
sure that Ibsen was not thinking of the
Tokyo Shimbun, though we cannot tell
what trimmings the translator may
have introduced. But the corporate side
of the editor's action sets us imagining
the British Medical Association proceed-
ing against "The Doctor's Dilemma";
the clergy against farces innumerable;
the order of baronets against many a
melodrama. At this moment monks,
musical comedy beauties, drapers' as-
sistants, Quakers and Scottish elders
might all be worrying our courts. It is
much pleasanter to assume that the dra-
matist meant "the other fellow," as Mr.
Pott or Mr. Sturk would have done.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A potted version of "The Middleman"
has been produced by Seymour Hicks
at the Coliseum. A critic said of Mr.
Hicks who took the part of Cyrus
Elenkarn, that if he was at times "as
sloppy old man, it was surely the
author's fault as well as his."

Beethoven's "Iena" Symphony was
played in London for the first time on
March 30 and all the critics agree that
the music is trivial and conventional.
The Times and the Daily Mail think the
music might have been written by
Beethoven. Most of the others do not.
The Daily News said: "Poor music of a
style not to be distinguished from the
music of every composer at the en-

The Times recently published this paragraph on its front page.

WANTED—A LITTLE LESS NON-SENSE! Both spoken and written. M. P. Here are two from London journals that have more than local interest:

CITIZENS. Pray to Almighty God that those men govern this country who acknowledge the Lord Jesus Christ as Supreme Governor. Will it not be better to allow each of the Two Great Parties to govern for alternate fixed periods (not being subject to dismissal during such periods)? Also that no measure affecting the Institutions of the Country shall be enacted until passed by 2-3 majority of each Party; and that Votes in all cases shall be given by Ballot.

WANTED, a COUP D'ETAT. "The Hour is come—but not the Man." C. S.

EDDIE LEONARD IS STAR AT KEITH'S

Edward Abeles and Company Supplement Bill in "Waiting at the Church."

Eddie Leonard, long famed in minstrelsy before attaining his present distinction in vaudeville, is the star in this week's Keith bill. Leonard appears in the blackface of his minstrel days and then proceeds to sing, in a style that is all his own, some of the old songs.

Edward Abeles & Co. present a comedy, "Waiting at the Church." Lydia Barry, who proudly claims "bow-legged Billy Barry" as her father, appears in a series of "Song Studies" that was most favorably received. Other acts are the Aitken Whitman trio, in acrobatic stuff; Kimberly & Hodgkins, just another pair of song fiends; Mme. Francesca and La Claque Petite which, being translated, means three trained ponies and a half-dozen dogs; Klass and Bernie, really Al in their "Fiddle up Boys"; Walsh Lynch & Co. in "Huck-n's Run," and the Strength Brothers as equilibrists.

SOUTH END THEATRE

The South End Theatre stock company appeared in the first performance of the "Blue Mouse" yesterday afternoon to the great enjoyment of a large audience. Isabel Evesson, as the Blue Mouse, succeeded in amusing and winning the hearts of the audience as well as of Lewellyn by her good nature and temperament. Richard Thornton, Rollett, showed his great versatility, because no part could be more different than the parts of Rollett and of Pagin which he played last week. John M. Byrnes, as Lewellyn, also won applause and laughter for his impersonation. Miss Valentine, who made such a favorable impression as Oliver Twist, was cast for Mrs. Rollett, and her portrayal of the part deserved the applause she received. Douglas Graves, in the part of Wallus, must not be overlooked. Leighton Meehan also made good in his part, which is not quite so "fat" as some of the others. Mary Leonard, Marie Loring, George Hudson, William Weston and others of the cast held their end up so as to make the performance smooth and enjoyable. The production as a whole was of a high standard, and it may be said now that Boston has another first-class stock company.

'KOENIGSKINDER' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.—"Koenigskinder," a fairy opera in three acts: text by Ernst Rosmer, music by Engelbert Humperdinck, performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Alfred Hertz conductor. First time in Boston. The King's Son..... Mr. Joern The Goose Girl..... Miss Farrar The Fiddler..... Mr. Goritz The Witch..... Mme. Wickham The Woodcutter..... Mr. Didur The Broom-Maker..... Mr. Reiss A Child..... Miss Gascoigne The Senior Councillor..... Mr. Reiner The Inn-Keeper..... Mr. Pini-Corsi The Inn-Keeper's Daughter..... Mme. Fornia The Tailor..... Mr. Bayer The Stable-Maid..... Miss Matfield The Gate-Keeper..... Mr. Rudell Humperdinck's opera was beautifully mounted last night. The scene in the wood gave an idea of space and distance and there was a romantic atmosphere. The scene where the city gate was opened and the Goose Girl stood stretching far behind her was singularly effective. The geese—for Humperdinck, like his master, is not averse to operatic animals—gave realism and watching them the hearer was enabled to ignore the music that was playing, the continual orchestral clatter and chatter. The management of the crowd in the second act was skilful, and again there was much more for the eye than for the ear.

Miss Farrar was a charming Goose Girl, charming in her personality, her song and her actions. Her performance

was not marred by the first act. Her beauty of her middle and lower tones, and the extreme upper tones were better placed and more secure than when she last sang here in opera. She acted with girlish unconsciousness, and her first scene with the king's son was delightful in its innocence and frankness. Although the impersonation had been carefully studied, although it abounded in significant and dramatic details, there was apparent artlessness, an utter effacement of self that was refreshing when so many leading singers of her sex never weary of reminding an audience that they are Mme. X, Miss Y and Mme. Z.

Mr. Joern acted the part of the King's Son better than he sang his music. In his style are flagrant Germanisms, as sliding from one tone to another, emphasizing unimportant words, so that phrasing becomes merely a see-saw. Little Miss Gascoigne was—mirabile dictu!—a child without silly affectations and disconcerting self-assurance. She well deserved the spontaneous applause that followed her little scene. Mr. Goritz was a capital Fiddler; Mr. Reiss was an amusing Broom-maker and Miss Wickham was sufficiently hideous as the Witch. Why do witches in opera have such stupid music? The less important parts were well taken, and the orchestra was well balanced and euphonious, whenever Mr. Hertz, as violent a man as ever sat in a conductor's chair, allowed it to be.

"Koenigskinder," then, presented some beautiful or stirring stage pictures, and allowed us to see Miss Farrar. Little can be justly said in praise of Humperdinck's music.

The text, though the story is slight, is not so bad as some of the German critics would have it. There has been much talk about disturbing symbolism, but why seek out and pry into this symbolism? The story is sufficient without it. The professedly comic incidents in the second act are heavy, and to represent a man as endeavoring to drink at the same time from jug and mug is no longer considered amusing by the majority in a theatre audience. M. Bergson does not cite this instance as irresistible in his little treatise on "Laughter." But the story will serve, and the poisoned pie need not annoy anyone. Its introduction undoubtedly pleased Humperdinck, who in his first opera built his reputation on a foundation of gingerbread.

In "Hansel und Gretel" the composer set pompous, bombastic music to a simple fairy tale. Making his little fishes talk like whales, he might have been accused of burlesquing Wagner's style with malicious intent. In "Koenigskinder" he writes in the same manner, but his melodic vein is thinner and the music whether it be inappropriately complex and boisterous or affectedly simple has little distinction and still less dramatic force. No one of the persons is characterized by the music given to this one or that one, so that we can associate it with the Goose Girl, the Witch or the Fiddler. How mannered the music is that accompanies the first meeting of the youth and the maiden! Take almost any scene, and the music fails to express its prevailing sentiment.

There is no doubt an attempt to imitate the continuous melody of Wagner in the orchestra, but the melodic thought is paltry; its emotional quality is lukewarm. Where there is clarity in Wagner's scoring, there is muddiness in Humperdinck's. This Humperdinck is a patient, industrious man of a certain musical ability who puts an act together as a persevering youngster finally triumphs with a dissected map and proudly shows you his North America. You watch him with the same degree of interest that is excited by the earnest laborer in the musical vineyard.

PARK THEATRE.—Hattie Williams in the farce with music, "The Girl from Montmartre." By Georges Feydeau and Rudolph Schanzer. Music by Henry Berens. American version by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith.

Dr. Petypon..... Herbert Corthell Gabrielle..... Emma Janvier Dr. Brumage..... William Danforth General Petypon..... William Pruetie Clementine..... Edna Hunter Lieutenant Corignon..... Arthur Stanford Duchess de Valmonte..... Bertha Holly Loulou..... Lennox Pawle Abbe..... Percy F. Leach Mme. Sauverel..... Maud Allan Etienne..... Arthur Lipson Praline..... Hattie Williams

It was announced as the first metropolitan production of "The Girl from Montmartre," and this, and the fact that

"A. B." writes to The Herald: "Referring to your comment on 'Jews' harp,' I have always understood that the name came from the French 'jeu harpe'—a toy harp."

The new English dictionary under "Jews' trump"—the earlier name for Jews' harp, says: "The first clement was certainly 'Jews' from the first; conjectures that this was an alteration of 'jaws' or of French 'jeu' are baseless and inept." Nor was the instrument ever known in France as a "jeu harpe." It was first called "trompe" and afterward "kulmarde."

Signs and Wonders.

"F. E. C." writes: "And now arrives another firm most suggestively com-

pounded in the arch-chestnut case. The poetic combination of Ollivar and Colliyer, who miraculously thrive in Bolivar, Missouri, is still what my clerk calls 'vaseline princeps,' but Berry and Bugg (the name of a wholesale hardwood lumber company in Paducah, Ky.), assembled by a kind of natural gravitation, make a modest bid for popular wonder."

"Baize" on His Travels.

As the World Wags:

At a hotel, the other day, I heard a neighbor order a port wine sangaree. This West Indian drink had passed out of my recollection until then, but afterward I recalled that it used to be a favorite tippie in those bright days when I was sweet one and twenty and knew more about life, I thought, than I know today. Well, this drink, composed of wine, brandy and lime juice, spiced and sweetened, was not unpleasant to take; quite as agreeable to the taste as the planter's punch they serve in Jamaica, of which the rum of the country is the swelling spirit.

But to return to port wine. Some 35 years ago, after a pleasant sail up the St. John river, I found myself at Fredericton, N. B., and the morning after my arrival, feeling in need of a stimulant which I thought the coffee of the locality could not afford, I sought the "wine clerk" of the hotel and asked him if he could make an American cocktail. He smiled knowingly and answered "Yes," and then proceeded to compound my medicine in a supremely confident fashion. I watched him closely, having some doubt of his ability as a cosmopolitan mixer, and noticed that he put port wine into the preparation. I gently remonstrated, saying that I had never seen a cocktail come to port in that way. "Well," he replied in an offended manner, "I got the recipe out of Jerry Thomas's book." I could say no more. Once I had been in Jerry's place in New York, and had seen the remarkable pictures that adorned his walls and had tested one of his seductive beverages. Therefore I could not doubt Jerry's infallibility. I wonder if the gentlemen behind the bars still consult Jerry, or is he no longer among the best sellers?

But this passing visit is rendered memorable by what followed on the same evening. I was in the company of a friend who was taking me up town to dine with him at a private house where his wife and himself were the only boarders. His host, I found, was Ben Baker, the author of the popular dramatic sketches in which Mose, the old-time New York fireman, figured. Mr. Baker was a quiet, dignified gentleman in evening dress and had all the evidences of prosperity which the dweller in a brownstone mansion could exhibit. This was in the early seventies and his plays had even then been shelved, though they were quite as popular 20 years before as the Harrigan dramas relating to New York were later on. Mr. Baker had been in Boston at the Howard Athenaeum some time before our meeting, and was a member, I think, of the old Suffolk Club; at any rate, he recalled some of its members.

No fireman now says, "Sykesy, take de butt; if you don't take the butt I'll lam you," but this was a familiar saying in my boyhood.

BAIZE.

Dorchester, April 15, 1912.

Notes and Comments.

"Sangaree" comes from the Spanish "Sangria," which literally means bleeding, blood-letting, and the drink is defined by Spanish dictionaries as composed of lemon water and red wine diluted and spiced, used chiefly in tropical countries. Let the learned answer whether it be preferable to the Moorish hacaraz, or the michi michi sold in the streets of Madrid. The Gentleman's Magazine of 1736 stated that Mr. Gordon in the Strand "had devised a new punch made of strong Madeira wine and called sangre." In certain disreputable places in London rack punch was known as sangaree. In Surinam in 1796 sangaree was compounded of water, Madeira, nutmeg and sugar. "Indian Domestic Economy" (1865) advises the mixture of three bottles of red wine with three half-pints of water.

The dwellers in the provinces have queer tastes. We have seen men in Halifax, clothed and apparently in their right mind, guzzling with evident enjoyment a mixture of port and gin.

Benjamin A. Baker, prompter and actor, died at New York in 1896. His new local sketch, "A Glance at New York," was produced on Feb. 15, 1848, at Mitchell's Olympic, where he rang up the curtain for 11 years. The performance was for his benefit and Frank Chanfrau took the part of Mose. Chanfrau had been a Bowery boy. When he appeared as Mose in his red shirt, with his fire coat thrown over his arm, his plug hat over one eye, trousers in boots, cigar stump pointing toward an eye, the audience did not recognize him until he

said "I'm a gin to run wid a merter no more." "Lise," or Eliza Stubbins, was introduced afterward and played by Mary Taylor; nor was Sykesy in the original sketch.

This sketch undoubtedly inspired Artemus Ward to write "Moses, the Sassy," or the Disguised Duke," which begins, "My story opens in the classic pretexts of Boston. In the parlor of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street etc." Moses as foreman of Engine No. 40 is thus described: "A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsers, which last air turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, being cocked onto one side of his classical head. In sooth, he was a heroic looking person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barmllest days, near produced a more hefty cavileer."

April 16 1912 Metropolitan Company Gives "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

BY PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.—Matinee of Metropolitan Opera Co. Double bill: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Mr. Sturani conducted. Cast of "Cavalleria Rusticana":

San-tuza..... Johanna Gadskei Lola..... Florence Wickham Turiddu..... Riccardo Martin Alfio..... Dinah Matfield Lucia..... Marie Matfield

While the performance of Mascagni's opera was generally excellent, there were conspicuous features. Chief among them were the remarkably good singing of the chorus and the strongly characterized impersonation of Alfio by Mr. Gilly. We have seldom, if ever, heard the choruses in this opera sung with so great a regard for nuances and such purity of intonation. Not only was the long chorus in front of the church, written by the composer without thought of the opera into which it was introduced, sung with fine dynamic effects, but the opening chorus behind the scenes, the little chorus passages that introduce the second scene, and the more robust pages as those of the carter's song and the drinking song were admirably sung.

We have seen Alfios who could sing and were dull actors and Alfios who, dramatically strong, made a sad mess of Mascagni's music. Mr. Gilly, by his voice and histrionic art, raised the part of Alfio to one of prime importance. Even the carter's song for once had significance and lost for the most part its inherent banality.

Mme. Gadskei's Santuza is well known here. Her performance is an honest one. She sings the music faithfully and acts earnestly, but she is better suited to lyric than to intensely dramatic roles, and even her Isolde is interesting chiefly by the delightful quality of its lyricism. We have seen one great and thrilling Santuza in Boston, that of Mme. Bianchini-Capelli, who visited Boston with Mascagni. Next to that was the Santuza of Mme. Calve. After all it takes a woman of southern blood to give this music its full and passionate intensity: to play the part so that the agony of the woman on the stage is shared by her sisters in the audience.

Mr. Martin, conventional and unconvincing in the first scene, sang the touching farewell of Turiddu to his mother with genuine emotion. Mme. Wickham as Lola was something more than a seductive woman with one song. She developed the character by a few strokes and in the second scene Lola for once was not a nonentity. In like manner Miss Matfield turned Lucia into a mother of flesh and blood and was not merely a young woman poorly disguised.

Mr. Sturani conducted with musical taste and with a spirit that was not extravagant. He succeeded in obtaining in the two operas sonority that was not a din. It was refreshing to hear this superb orchestra under his direction, especially after the performance of "Koenigskinder."

"Pagliacci" followed with this cast:

Nedda..... Alice Nielsen Canio..... Enrico Caruso Tonio..... Pasquale Amato Hippolyte..... Albert Reiss Silvio..... Edna Gilly

After all, the chief figure in "Pagliacci" is Tonio, a part that tempted Victor Maurel to insist on the production of the opera when Leoncavallo was unknown. Mr. Amato's impersonation yesterday was engrossing. In the Prologue, which was stormily applauded by the large audience, he had opportunity to display his noble voice in all its resonance and mellowness, and also to show his eloquent diction. But the revelation of Tonio's character in the succeeding scenes, worked by overt act and infinite suggestion, was still more noteworthy. The stupidity that now was real and now was assumed as a mask to cover malice and burning hatred; the clumsy animalism of the clown; his callousness, the indifference that was the quiescence of brutal cruelty—these were vividly expressed.

Mr. Caruso was more effective really in the second than in the first act, although the famous song awakened the customary applause. It would be to deny that the peculiar quality of his

"That night poor old Ha died. They spoke to him several times but he was in his last long sleep. The following

It is reported thou did'st eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on.
Mentions in his letter published this

Mignon.....	Lonise Le Baron
Wilhelm Meister.....	Alberto Amati
Lothario.....	Willmot C. Goodwin
Ellina.....	Alice Kraft
Laertes.....	Clifton Webb
Blarno.....	John O'Neill
Frederick.....	Zoe Fulton

Mr. Filson Young of London has this to say about long waits:

W. E. PAYSON
North April 11

The Nuisance of Long Waits

Twenty minutes to change the scenery between the acts in theatres, is it not time that some entertainment was provided to fill the time? One is hurried from dinner at an entertainment to attend certain parts, one-fourth of which often consists of waiting. On that interval, perhaps, a thin, sordid music, and the stock of chocolate-boxes, and the coffee and distracted conversation with joyless cigarette-smoking in the brightly lit corridor! Does any one ever wait? There are plays, it is true, which even the entrance of a relief, but it is one's own relief, not from relief. Shakespeare kept his action going in those street scenes while the main part of the stage was being reset; there are no long waits in his plays. Are modern dramatists too proud to adopt the little piece of technique from him? Well, if the author will not save us on the interval the manager should do so. And I believe that the manager would begin his play at nine, and that the scene-changing intervals to the minutes, would be regarded as a factor. If they can build a complete house at Olympia in ten days, a cardboard room can be built on a stage in two minutes.

Brigand as Dramatic Author

The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette forwarded this story last month: Giuseppe Salomone, a brigand who terrorized the country round Acropolis, and is now in prison, has written a drama, of which he is the author.

There are 15 characters, all drawn from life, and the action is most animated. The first scene depicts the murder of Giuseppe's mother and the abduction of his bride by the villain. The second act presents the scene of retribution executed by Giuseppe in the most realistic fashion. In the third he flies to the mountains and follows the profession of brigand in a noble and superior manner. In the fourth Giuseppe is betrayed and captured. In the fifth he is sentenced—as is the fact—in a prison cell. The drama is dedicated to his country by Giuseppe, but local opinion refuses to believe that even the reading of the most pathetic passages in court will save his head.

"Carmen" as a Ballet

I suppose you to have seen. Anyhow, if you have not you should be assured of yourselves. The street scenes in a Spanish town are vivid and glowing, charming alike in color and composition; the scenery (except Harkness's awful mountain) is quite good—especially Ryan's market place, with high yellowish gateway. The story is coherent and dramatic, the pantomimic gesture is occasionally of extraordinary emotional force, the music is by Bizet, and the cast includes many dark-eyed Spaniards, whose dancing is as fine as their faces are enticing. It was rather unfair to the Alhambra corps de ballet to set them dancing Spanish dances in competition with these glowing scenes.

La Malaguenita was dressed as a man, and danced solo. Do you know those grotesque movements of a Spanish man in the dance? The arms, writhing serpentwise with a clacking of fingers, the body, in ludicrously short jacket, rigid to the swelling hips, the queerly curving legs in their tight-fitting black trousers stabbing the floor viciously—rattaplan! rattaplan!—or moving the body onward with slow, tense stride, the face imperturbable and grim! Under the bolero and the white shirt the legs look like a beetle's almost detached from the trunk. The grotesque figure contrasts defiantly with the soft, alluring female shapes swaying around it; the savage thrust of the foot is indomitably male.

How should a woman hope to get that note? La Malaguenita does not get it. But she misses it in a very piquant fashion. The feminine movements gaily mock the male vehemence; the firm-curved, sparkling face under its neatly coiffed hair and sideways-stuck black hat, hovers provokingly between sheer woman and roguish boy.

Maria La Belle does not dance much, but her acting as Carmen is very strong. One can hardly call it fine, for the finer shades were wanting. In the lighter moods she had no presence, and her gestures were insignificant, but when aroused the southern soul flashed out

in a tremendous fellow, though his soldier's coat and the role of accepted lover seemed to irk him, and he was only quite himself fitted and a gypsy rags. Then his venomous melodrama was superb. I liked, too, the far, smiling, or vicious gypsy king with a whip—Mr. Vallis I think. His quiet, regarding eyes and huge bulk seen behind the shoulder, of Carmen, with a background of far mountains (Don Jose, two yards off, poised for a spring) live in the remembrance.

Altogether an intensely vivid production, though more scrappy than "1830," and with more than 1 care for of the old-fashioned pantomimic gesture of ballet.

And now, one hears the Alhambra ballet is to die—to make place for light opera. This is a wicked shame. We can get light opera in many other places, but the Alhambra ballet is unique. Nowhere else has the ballet kept itself quite undebauched by Russian vodka, nowhere else is it so vivid, so light-hearted, so human and sane. There are other kinds of dancing greater than the ballet, and the tiptoe style the Russians gave us so much of, and one can sample just now at the Hippodrome and the Empire, is boring; but the Alhambra show is one of our most precious variety possessions. I implore the management to reconsider its decision—we cannot afford to lose the Alhambra ballet.—W. R. Titterton, in the Pall Mall Gazette of April 6.

A Prophetic History of Music

J. Swinburne, F. R. S., has contributed an article, "Prophetic History of Music," to the Musical Times. It purports to have been written for a History Cyclopaedia in 1912. There is much about the musical conditions of 1912. Speaking of full scores in this year, he says, "There is a curious mystery about the orchestra that no historian has been able to fathom. Each score was written in a number of different keys. The only solution that has ever been put forward is that score practice was a mixture of exaggerated conservatism and a kind of mediaeval priggery." And thus he disposes of opera. "The theory of the opera was that the arts of the drama, music and painting should combine to produce a glorious whole. They did not fit, and got in one another's way. But the real basis of the opera was snobbery and vulgarity. The savage instincts of the woman of that day came out in reducing her clothes and replacing them by strings of beads of alumina, glucina, and other oxides, but especially bits of carbon. The opera was essentially devoted to this savage display as a society function. The singers could not act, and thought it was beneath their dignity to try. They got enormous fees, and the higher the fees the more the vulgar section of the audience were pleased. The words were sung in various languages; it was not high-class to sing in English."

Here is another passage: "We have not very much information about musical education in those days, as so few of the text-books came down to us. When King Edward VIII. came to the throne they celebrated his coronation (which was committed quietly in a registry office) by passing an Act for the Suppression of Idiotic Information, Under Clause 19 of this Act all books used in schools, colleges, or universities were burned. Two bundles of text-books escaped, owing to a composer using them for weights in a long clock. From these and others we gather that the great object of musical education in those days was to train, not the ear, but the fingers. It is true harmony and counterpoint were taught, but only as paper puzzles, without reference to the ear. The students wrote exercises without knowing in the least how they would sound until they tried them."

Old Fashioned Burlesque

The death of Edward Terry recalls to Londoners a burlesque in which he shone: "Little Doctor Faust," in which he and Nellie Farrer parodied the flight of Zazel from a cannon. Terry put her into a wooden cannon and, pressing her down, cried: "Are you in? Are you far in? Are you Nellie Farrer-in?" And then the audience laughed uproariously.

Other burlesques were "The Forty Thieves," "Ariel" in which small electric lights were first used on the London stage (1878), and "Gulliver." Here is fair sample of the dialogue of "The Forty Thieves." Terry in the street outside his shop addressed himself to his son and his serving maid:

Ganem, my boy! My faithful Morgiana—Let's do the business in the usual manner!

(Opens his arms to them one after the other, only to be repulsed by each.)

Although a mental of a lower race, You spurn the honest tradesman's pure embrace.

Another drop in my full cup of wo-o-o-e! GANEM: What's up, father? Why do you sorrow so?

ALI: "What's up," my son? If you "the spout" imply.

All my available small property. It isn't much. You can't expect high bids

For two half-crowns and five shillings.

Braving the usual sweet little-tattle, I've raised a trifle on each good and chattel.

I've raised a trifle on yet uncut wood. I've raised—

GANEM: All right! Don't raise the neighborhood

ALI: All lines of life I've tried, my share, I've done of 'em—

All lines of life, and hard lines every one of 'em!

First this adventure was, then that, my rage—

MORGIANA: Dear master, did you ever try the stage?

ALI: I have played Hamlet, and the part's a gay lark.

My Hamlet was, as Irish say, O failure!

Would even a London public endure patiently this drivell today?

From the Daily Telegraph

Several songs by Walter, Morse Rummel have been published in London. The Daily Telegraph reviewing them says: "In the more elaborate songs, such as 'Au Bal Masque' and 'Under the Evening Star,' the composer, while remaining faithful to the construction of the lines, indulges in so-called atmospheric

effects which, frankly, do not always succeed. Even as approximations, such directions as 'muted trumpet' or 'like the wavering of a white mist' placed over a bar look a little foolish; if Mr. Rummel intends the accompaniments of his songs to be played on the piano he should not think orchestrally." And then the Telegraph says of "the Moor song": "This is one of the most plaintive and charming little songs that have been published in the neighborhood of Oxford-Circus in recent years, and, strange as it may seem, more Irish in quality than the work of several composers who confess themselves Irish born."

Mrs. Mann (Miss Maud McCarthy) has been lecturing in London on Indian music, having spent much time at Madras and Benares. She accompanied herself on the tambura, a stringed instrument which supplied the drone and a drum which marked the rhythm. The Telegraph said:

"The lectures consisted of comments interspersed between the songs, which were both interesting and illuminating—especially when some point of practice leaped to light. When it was explained that the timeless improvisation which precedes the song proper is necessary in their music (and would be superfluous in ours), because in the absence of harmony there is no other way of establishing for both performer, and listener the individuality of the particular mode; or when, after the exhibition with both hands and the voice of three simultaneous rhythms, it was mentioned quietly that this was 'difficult, but became with practice mechanical,' we were let into the secrets of the music in the simplest and most direct way. Even the wilfulness of the paradox that some of Tazara's melodies contained a greater passion than the finest things of Beethoven could be forgiven for the truth it veiled—that the business of the musician is to get at the artistry behind the conventions."

"The music of India—and, possibly, of the rest of the East—presents several points of interest to the musician of Europe. He will be attracted first by what is curious in it; and he may, if he pleases, rest content, with Wagner in 'Faust,' to 'contemplate the wisdom of the past and see the splendid thing we've made of it at last.' In the process it will come home to him that music is not, as it is sometimes called, a universal language; but that in this case he must just sit down and learn it as he would Urdu or Sanskrit. If he has the luck to hear any of the real thing he will be astonished at the simplicity and the depth of the contour of mere melodic outline and rhythmic pattern. In view of the probability that this music has gone on for as many thousands of years as harmonized music has for centuries, he will dismiss the idea of its being primitive; and the marked homogeneity, in spite of local differences, of these tunes through a population three-quarters of that of Europe will convince him that the system is not haphazard. He will perhaps try to transplant them, but will watch these exotics droop in a foreign atmosphere; or will imprison them between the bars of the staff notation and find that he has acquired a collection of dried flowers. They must be heard in their birthplace; but to hear them truly, even there, demands the ready sympathy and the quick imagination of the people who made them."

"Comparisons are sometimes drawn between Oriental and Occidental music: each country is apt to think the other sings out of tune. Such comparisons are beside the mark. We are apt to look pityingly upon the conventions of others, forgetting what elaborate artificialities we ourselves live in. The point is not what conventions he chooses, but how much of himself the musician is able to get into those he adopts."

To the Editor of The Herald:

A Reasonable Protest

Has the Humber-dinck ordered that the finale of his "Keenigs-kinöer" (about 15

pages in all), with its lovely song of the "Spielmann" and its fading-away-in-the-distance chorals of the children,

follow the plan that it is the "Keenigskinöer," a most touching and beautiful of an opera, is to be left out of his opera and the curtain made to fall as the two "Keenigskinöer" die, or was the Metropolitan Opera company last night hurrying to catch the midnight train for New York?

If the opera were mangled for the latter reason, I should like to protest against such treatment and to suggest that the Boston musical public, keenly alert to hear all new compositions, having been trained for over 20 years by one of the great orchestras of the world,

was defrauded out of the money it paid for its tickets. The prices were raised for performances no better than those of our own Boston opera, and yet we were not given the entire opera of "Keenigskinöer" as it was given at the Metropolitan in New York, where I have heard it many times, and in Germany.

The Metropolitan orchestra and chorus are excellent. The opera was beautifully staged and beautifully sung; Miss Farrar and M. Goritz surpassed themselves, but I could not believe my eyes when I saw the curtain coming down and the opera not finished. X. Y. Z.

Boston, April 17, 1912.

Dolly Farnsworth and Others.

A contributor has asked Herald readers: "How many readers call 'Dolly' Farnsworth?"

We have received a letter in reply:

To the Editor of The Herald: I do not only remember "Dolly" George Farnsworth, but his lovely and accomplished wife, Lucy Pray, who, with her father, "Old John Pray," as he was called by all who knew and loved him, took part in the private theatricals which became famous in the fifties—'57—I think, at the home of Mr. J. H. Garcia, at one time Boston's leading pianist and instructor. The company consisted of John Selwyn, Forrester Pelby, Henry Wainwright, John Pray, Stanley and Cooper Wood, Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Wilton Garcia and Miss Gracie Fitch, who was a fine contralto singer. The repertoire was not extensive, but each play was given in quite professional style. "Loan of a Lover," "Perfection," "All That Glitters Is Not Gold" and "Married Life" being especial favorites with the chosen few who were invited to these select entertainments. The stage was managed by John Selwyn and Edward Hayes, while the overture and dramatic music was given on the piano by Miss Marian Garcia. Later the stage and auditorium (two large parlors) were cleared and the dance began. A pianist by the name of Wright usually played for the dancing. Alas! of all that happy crowd which gathered there only two are living. John Selwyn and George Lorimer were brothers, while Harry Josephs was their half-brother. E. H.

April 22 1912

Royal Athenian String Organization Plays in Symphony Hall.

The Royal Athenian string orchestra, an organization known as the "Mandolinata" of Greece, made its appearance at Symphony Hall last night and was greeted with enthusiasm by a small band of fellow-countrymen, whose patriotism was manifest.

The orchestra was composed of Nicholas Lavdas, conductor, an even dozen mandolins, and a double bass player who valiantly carried the entire counterpart. As an example for a college mandolin club the concert was a revelation, the capacity of the mandolin as a musical instrument being demonstrated as perhaps never before in this city. But the choice of selections was unfortunate. The overture to Mozart's "The Magic Flute" is hardly one adapted to such a paucity of instruments and the music suffered accordingly.

Not that the players were deficient, but, as a distinguished man of letters in the past remarked, the marvel was "not that they did it so well, but that they did it at all."

Besides Mozart the program included selections from Grieg, Pedrotti, Balfe, Brahms and Saint-Saens, as well as some Hellenic selections arranged by Mr. Lavdas. The last were novel to Boston, and accordingly carried with them the leading features that always attend the new, and it is to be regretted that the concert had not been confined to Grecian music. Of the well known composers, Grieg was perhaps best given, or at best was least startling.

The Athenian organization has won many prizes and medals in competition with the entire world, and with the mandolin is indeed marvelous, so much so that it is a pity the members did not confine themselves to such music as could be adequately given upon an instrument of such limited sphere.

In the "Sign Gazer," the printer as a rule excellent spellers. They often come to the rescue of editorial writers who frequently would fall below reporters at a spelling-bee. Caricaturists and cartoonists are famous for their looseness in spelling when they write a text or legend. College men, even when they have taken courses in "literature," make a sad mess of it as writers for newspapers. The speller, like the poet, is born, and let us not deprecate a captain of industry because he spells separate "seperate."

The Porky Rich.

As the World Wags:

In a recent speech of conservative tenor aimed against the political ambition of the Oriflamme of Oyster Bay, the distinguished congressman from Massachusetts, Mr. McCall, referred contemptuously to the "porky Rich." Would you mind allowing your curiosity as to verbal cause and effect to play for a few minutes over the problem as to what is meant by this phrase? Is it the result of social observations made in Washington or in Winchester? Had Chicago or Kansas City been the long residence-seat-of the foe of the initiative and recall, it would not have been

so difficult to determine the genesis of his comparison. M. Boston, April 20.

"Porky" has long been used colloquially as a synonym of fleshy, obese. "Porky," meaning swinish, is the more offensive word. Milton, in one of his printed arguments, cried out: "I mean not to dispute philosophy with this Pork, who never read any." Mr. McCall probably used the word as meaning plump, grossly fed, rather than with reference to any lucrative slaughter house or ham factory.

Quite Fussy.

F. N. B. sends us the following letter from a woman who, advertising for a housekeeper's position, answered his wife's note asking her to call:

"Are you employed at — or are you a Business Woman? People sometimes make a mistake about my advertisement, they only happen to be employed in an office and then they think they're business people. I am quite fussy who I work for as it is quite a natural thing to be I like to work for some one that has been used to a little something in life not those mere office workers that labor under the impression they are somebody if you are any of that class of people I don't think I care to make an appointment with you, and I can give refs and expect the same of the party I work for if you care to meet me tomorrow noon please stand very near the Flower Booth in the So Station I will be there tomorrow noon at 12 sharp and will wait 15 mins. P. S. please wear a Bunch of Pinks so I can distinguish you from others in your right hand."

An Exotic Dish.

"F. S., the learned and entertaining writer about food, cookery and wines, whose articles, 'Hors d'Oeuvre,' are now a feature of the Pall Mall Gazette, speaks of a restaurant in London where the week is thus arranged: Monday, Italian and Dutch dishes; Tuesday, American and German; Wednesday, Indian curries and Spanish dish; Thursday, Dutch and Italian; Friday, German and American; Saturday, Spanish dish and Indian curries. And 'F. S.' says that it is to be a fashion in London this season to have at least one strange, unknown dish at a dinner party; something that nobody has heard of before. He recommends 'Langosta a la Catalana,' a Spanish-American preparation of lobster: Take the lobster meat from the shells, lay it in a bowl so as to save all the liquor and cut the meat into quarters. Chop four onions and a bunch of parsley, mash four cloves of garlic and fry all together in a half cupful of olive oil until nearly brown. Season with salt and cayenne; add the lobster with all the juice, a cupful of washed rice and a tablespoonful of capers. Cook until the rice is done. When serving put whole pimientos on top."

Wishing to preserve local color, "F. S." should have said "teeth of garlic" (diente de ajo is the pure Castilian for a clove of garlic). It is pleasant to note that "langosta" also means a big grasshopper or locust.

Has Mr. Halliday Witherspoon ever eaten "Langosta a la Catalana" with mundungo soup and quart of mescal?

W. K. B. writes to The Herald: "I read the other day in Mr. Russell's delightfully cynical memoirs about doctors ruling his early life how 'Dickensonian physicians' of his early days prescribed mulled claret at bedtime. Was there a Dickensonian school? I know there was a Thomsonian here in Massachusetts, named after Dr. Samuel

Thomson, the Strain Doctor. Were his chief agencies sweating, rubbing and enemas? Now, was there a Dickenson, or is there reference to physicians such as might have figured in Dickens's novels?"

We do not know of any Dickenson that founded a school. Dickinsonite (with an "i") was named after the Rev. J. Dickinson. The adjectives commonly used that pertain to Charles Dickens or his style are Dickensian, Dickensese, Dickensish, Dickensy, Dickensy; but we should suppose that "Dickensonian" here referred to Dickens.

Strange Meat.

E. N. V. writes to The Herald: "As to strange meat the late Basil Gordon of Baltimore, from whose family I learned an invaluable recipe for mint julep, once told me that he had planned to feast some friends on elephant's foot, but was disappointed of his joint. The recipe included 24 hours in a deep pit with hot stones and plenty of vegetables. Perhaps you have the whole recipe. Why not give it to us? Let us also have and soon the recipe for that noblest of all punches, the May wine."

We find no recipe for elephant's foot in Mrs. Lincoln's Cook Book, the Boston Cook Book, Sala's "Thorough Good Cook," or in old French cook books now at hand. We have read, however, in records of African exploration stories of the great delicacy being buried in a pit, as "E. N. V." writes, and Mungo Park said that the negroes on the Gambia ate the flesh of elephants and enjoyed it.

The elephant is too noble an animal to be treated lightly, and we say this in spite of Charles Reade's savage denunciation of him as treacherous and cruel. By the way, does anybody read "Jack of All Trades" in these days of "best sellers"? Mr. Titterton, seeing performing elephants at the Alhambra, London, early this month was impressed by the fact that the elephant alone, of all animals, has a sense of humor.

The Laughing Animals.

According to Mr. Titterton, a performing elephant knows how ridiculous it is for one of his bulk to sit on a tub, to take tea, to talk through a telephone. "He shakes with internal laughter at the sight of himself masked with cap and skirt putting baby to bed and rocking the cradle. Through all this he goes with a large, serious deliberation, but ever and ever again a wink from his heavy-lidded eye betrays his apprehension of the joke." Happy Mr. Titterton to find good copy so easily!

There are writers who protest against laughter as the expression of self-conceit, intolerable superiority and intellectual cruelty; and they say man is the only animal that laughs. There is the laughing hyena, to be sure, but he does not laugh deliberately and with malice aforethought; like the wretch in Victor Hugo's romance he laughs because he cannot help himself. There is the laughing crow, the laughing goose, owl, thrush; there is our old friend the laughing jackass, but this bird does not laugh because he is a jackass—for the jackass, two legged or four legged, is sedate, solemn, a deep thinker, and as Tom Corwin said statues are raised to him; he has an unfortunate and discordant cry like unto that of a cock-tail heated "guffoon" at a musical comedy. The elephant may have a sense of humor, but he never laughs and we prefer to think of him as an ironist. It should be remembered that when the wise men of India wrote their sacred books they were in constant consultation with the elephant.

Trousers and Socks.

The loose trousers of the elephant seen from behind, especially as he enters a covered bridge, remind us of a fashion note published a fortnight ago in London. "Trousers are to be a little shorter, in order to show more of the sock"—and this in turn recalls the fact that Mr. Franz von Vecsey, the fiddler, who appeared here several years ago as an infant phenomenon, now wears his hair short and has grown a mustache, so that he is considered by palpitating women in London as "almost too ordinary." They have been writing letters to him, beseeching him to let his hair grow, to shave his upper lip, and, above all things, to wear "emotional socks."

Two composers were famous for wearing their trousers at half-mast: Johannes Brahms and Cesar Franck, yet there has long been a prejudice against trousers so short that there is need of a lump of sugar to coax them down. And men that are careless in this matter are also careless as to their socks, their color, size and length of servitude. It has been held by the aesthetic that the legs of the ideal man should first of all reach from his waist to the ground. It is equally important that his trousers, whether they be skin tight or flapping like a flag in a summer breeze, should be of reasonable length. To shorten them merely for the sake of showing socks is a passing fancy that will not endure. Socks are after all only a secondary affair, whether they be emotional or prosaic. States have been eaved without them.

Fuss and Feather.

A self-respecting man should be fussy about his trousers. The great Napoleon after 1810 had a new pair and a white Kerseymer waistcoat once a fortnight, and these were his chief expenses at Leger's, who was his tailor. In 1806 Chevalier made Napoleon's clothes and in one year received about \$25 for enlarging 30 pairs of riding breeches. The great man had a habit of using his white breeches as a pen-wiper. An Academician in Paris is obliged to purchase striped trousers, and they cost him about \$14. His embroidered coat stands him in \$100 and the plumed hat about \$11. Then there is the sword. And when he looks in the glass he is as pleased as Punch. But how does Sir Arthur Walsh, master of the ceremonies at the British court, keep a straight face? When he is on duty he wears a blue-tailed coat embroidered with gold on collar, cuffs and breast, white knee breeches, white silk stockings and buckled shoes.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," performed by the Aborn English opera company. Mr. Nicolsa conductor.

Peter.....Morton Adkins
Gertrude.....Florence Coughlan
Hansel.....Marietta Hagby
Gretel.....Dorris Goodwin
The Witch.....Philip Branson
Sandman.....Florence Coughlan
Dewman.....Edith Lorraine

C. N. E. writes to The Herald: "Your remarks about the cost of an Academician's dress in Paris remind me that in the brave days when we were young and students—at least on catalogued—the ingenious Rodolphe Salis of the Chat Noir used to buy old Academic suits for his waiters, old suits because the original wearers were continuing indefinitely their immortality in another world where they probably are relieved from work on the traditional dictionary. A Frenchman told me that once in a remote village where he was writing a passionate story of the human triangle, so dear to novelists of his country, he saw an Academician in his full dress in the little church. Lo and behold, it was the beadle, who somehow or other had obtained the suit second-hand."

"And apropos of Napoleon and his white riding breeches, have you read the article by A. E. P. B. Weigall in Blackwood's, in which there is another attempt to show that the 'Corsican Monster' turned Mohammedan or pretended to be converted when he was in the East? The same story was told gravely by Kinglake in his 'Invasion of the Crimea.' Napoleon is still a bugaboo to the English, and to many of them he is the man caricatured by Gillray."

An Old Rule.

As the World Wags:

In the last of the forties I was in the employ of the Norwich & Worcester railroad as fireman. Every trainman had a list of rules, etc., for his instruction in the form of a little sheet folded over and over. At the top, sides and bottom, wherever it could be placed, there was a hand, pointing to the words, "observe particularly the 14th rule," which read: "In all cases where there is room for doubt take the safe side." If that rule were followed in all phases of life, would it not reduce the list of disasters and failures. T. O. Hingham, April 22.

Button Pies.

There has been talk of late concerning strange food. The wonder is that no one has brought up the case of Sweeney Todd, the demon barber of Fleet street. Ballads were made about him and there were melodramas in which he figured.

One was played at the Bowery Theatre, New York, as late as 1867. In Todd's back shop there was a chair on a platform. When a customer sat in it, the barber could touch a spring, and the platform, revolving, pitched the customer head first into a cellar. On the under side of the platform was another chair which promptly came into place. If the customer was not killed by the fall, Mr. Todd went below and finished him.

There was a house nearby connected by an underground passage, and in this house an old Mrs. Lovett made mutton pies. Todd furnished her the meat. One day a fine old English gentleman, with gilt buttons on his waistcoat and his crest on the buttons, went into Todd's shop to be shaved. He was never seen again. His daughter happened to buy a mutton pie at Mrs. Lovett's and, eating it at lunch, bit something hard. She found the substance was one of her miselng papa's buttons. There could be no mistake, for there was the crest. She rushed to the police. Mrs. Lovett was asked to explain, and in consequence Mr. Todd suddenly became famous.

Mr. Beardsley's Barber.

The "Demon Barber"! Are there any authentic portraits of him in existence? We like to think of him as suave and oily; charming in conversation; almost affectionate in his adjustment of towels

and napkins smiling even when his foot was on the spring. The barber in the "Thou and Night and a Night" is a commonplace bore in comparison. Was Mr. Todd in the habit of recommending Mrs. Lovett's pies to his customers, especially to those that mysteriously disappeared?

Aubrey Beardsley wrote a pleasing ballad of a barber:

There is the tale of Carroussel,
The barber of Meridian street.
He cut, and coiffed, and shaved so well
That all the world was at his feet.

And yet they hanged Carroussel. He met lempation and, alas! was mortal. Beardsley drew his portrait and there is nothing in Carroussel's face that would lead one to prophesy his ending. Mr. Todd probably had luxuriant whiskerage, anointed and perfumed. Can any one quote from the ballads written about him?

April 26 1912

For we can claim no great right over Land Creatures, which are nourished with the same food, draw the same Air, wash in and drink the same Water that we do ourselves, and when they are slaughtered they make us ashamed of what we have done with their hideous cries; and then again by living amongst us, they arrive at some degree of familiarity and intimacy with us. But Sea Creatures are altogether strangers to us, and are born and brought up as 't were in another world; neither does their voice, look or any service they have done us plead for their Life. For these kind of Creatures are of no use at all to us: Nor is there any necessity that we should love them. But that place which we inhabit is Hell to them, for as soon as ever they enter upon it they die.

And thus Symmachus, a logician seriously at work, ended his argument in favor of sea food, although even at Galepsus in Euboea, where the baths were, and a nourishing store of delicious fish was furnished by the Sea in its deep and clean waters, Sea food was dearer than any other.

Fish, Tripe and Hoppers.

As the World Wags:

The recipe for Langosta a la Catalana, which you print today, certainly sounds seductive. (The alliteration is unintentional.) Personally I have never happened upon the dish. In Mexico, even on the coast, sea foods are unusual except among the wealthy upper classes. In the interior fish is practically unknown. There are many of the Mestecuan and Zapotecan dialects which have no word either for fish or frog. In August, 1907, I met Emiliano Zapata, the gentleman who has been making most of the trouble in southern Mexico during the past year. Zapata was born and grew up in the heart of the Mestecua pobre, the Mestecue desert. He had never seen a body of water large enough to float even a small boat, and he had never seen a fish of any kind.

You point out that "Langosta" is good Spanish for grasshopper. The grasshopper, by the way, is not to be despised as a food. No further away from Boston than Byfield, Mass., I have an aged uncle who used to, and perhaps still does, eat grasshoppers, not of course as a regular repast, but by way of a light snack in the hayfield. I have many times seen Uncle Henry pick off the legs and wings of a hopper and "eat 'em alive." He claimed that the flavor was like green peas.

In your comments on mundungo some days ago you guessed right the very first time. It is a thick tripe soup, swimming with grease, some vegetable oil preferably, and heavy with onions and other native vegetables. To appreciate the horror one should behold the tropical tripe hanging in an iceless native market. It looks like an Eskimo's undershirt—and smells like one.

My friend Joe Bush, who is with me for a very brief stay, suggests that I write you about the sheep's head we had in Oaxaca; and I would, but the fact is it has made me sick to look at sheep in the face pretty much ever since. HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston, April 23.
P. S.—Mrs. Witherspoon is on a visit to her mother.

Without Wild Honey.

Uncle Henry, who probably looks upon grasshoppers as a summer fruit, should remember Agatharctides's account of the Acridophagi, or locust-eaters. They were of a slender make and extremely swarthy. They did not live beyond 40, and were cut off by a sort of tick (riolnus), which formed in their bodies. On the other hand, grave physicians tell us that grasshoppers in fumigations relieve dysuria, and it is well known that drunk in switchel, half a dozen grasshoppers to a small dipperful, they are a sure remedy against poisonous bites.

Dr. Kitto, who ate the Biblical locusts, said they were more like shrimps than anything else. An English clergyman, we have forgotten his name, cooked green grasshoppers (Locusta viridissima). He boiled them in water half an hour, threw away the head, wings and legs, sprinkled them with pepper and salt, added butter, and found them excellent. The people in the east grind and pound them and with flour and wa-

the fish, which the tourists kidnaped, boiled, roasted, stewed, fried, dropped in hot lard, they should be almost as good eating as oyster crabs, white bait, or the little fish served at country inns near Morencio (Italy, not Mass.). The Redolins of Al-Hijaz boil locusts in salt water and then dry them for four or five days in the sun. They suck off head, wings and prickly part of the legs, and draw the stomach. The locusts are never eaten with sweet things; they are served hot with salt and pepper, or onions fried in clarified butter.

Lorenzio XVII. of Plombino in "The Merchant" drank a grasshopper in a glass of milk, but by accident. It was the only one on the farm, and with his usual bad luck he got it.

Concerning Lobscouse.

Ex-Gov. Herbert W. Ladd of Rhode Island writes:

As the World Wags:

I remember when I was a boy and lived in that whaling city, New Bedford, eating "lobscouse" at a sailors' table, which seemed to me to be perfection in the stew line. It was made from corned beef that had been brought back from a whaling voyage and was cooked by a sailor's wife. It was highly seasoned, with good dumplings, and I used to think it fit for a lord, the cost of it was slight, though not quite as cheap as the Chinaman's soup from a stone that men who went to California during the mining excitement of 1849 used to tell about.

Providence, R. I., April 23. H. W. L.
Lobscouse, Loblolly and Slumgullion are subjects that should be treated seriously. We may speak of them tomorrow.

NETS \$4000 FOR ACTORS' FUND

In generous response to so worthy a cause, a very large audience, of which many stood, filled the Boston Theatre for every part yesterday afternoon, at the Benefit Performance for the Actors' Fund of America.

The program, in which a few unavoidable changes were made, was excellent and delightfully varied so that entertainment ranged from Sheridan's brilliant comedy to the latest novelties in modern vaudeville.

Miss Mary Young and John Craig, with their associates from the Castle Square, Messrs. Walker, Palmer and Hunt, began the afternoon by a spirited performance of the screen scene from "The School of Scandal."

Another important feature was "Detective Keen," an exciting sketch by Percival Knight, capably played by H. B. Warner, Frank Kingdon, Frank Monroe, Charles Relgel and Miss Phyllis Sherwood, in which a wealthy jeweler, through the complicity of a servant, is made the dupe of a gang of thieves, who successively masquerade as Detective Keen, gain control of the house, and finally depart in triumph, leaving the real detective chloroformed and helpless at the feet of the astonished merchant.

The musical numbers included a ragtime burlesque of the sextet from "Lucia," by prominent members of the "Hanky-Panky" company, "The Million Dollar Ball" number, with Carter De Haven, and "Oh, You Circus Day," by Billy Montgomery and Florence Moore, the latter irresistibly amusing and irresistibly effervescent in spirits, all from the same organization.

Miss Hattie Williams, assisted by a bevy of comely maidens, was also heard in "Ooo-Ooo-Lena," from "The Girl from Montmartre," while Miss Laura Guerite, a delight to the eye in a striking costume of gorgeously blended colors, and Joseph Smith, the originator of the "Turkey Trot," assisted by a large chorus from the "Half Way to Paris" company, did some remarkable dancing.

Miss Sophie Brandt, from the same company, The Cosmopolitan "4," Frank Moulton, Herbert Corthell, Cornelia and Wilbur, Miss Dorothy Muter and Rock and Moore also contributed variously.

Andrew Mack was heard in monologue and Charles Dalton, Donald Brian, and Cyril Biddulph were seen in "The Girl," Edward Peple's sketch in two scenes, especially written for the Actors' Fund and first presented at the Century theatre, New York.

Miss Frances Starr spoke briefly concerning the function of the Actors' Fund and in gratitude at the liberality with which its appeals had been met.

"The Actors' Fund is doing a great, good work," she said. The life of the actor is a hard one—one of struggle—brought up by hope—inspired by promises of a little brief success—and one too often of disappointment and poverty and sickness. Then the Actors' Fund steps in, sweetly and unexpectedly, and does its great work of good in its own generous way, bringing back peace and comfort and happiness. It is you, our good friends, who have made this pos-

ible. Always welcome visitors, who in passing through the city, flitted upon the stage with a word of greeting, was Miss Billie Barlow.

Daniel Frohman, president of the Actors' Fund, also said a few words, in which he expressed appreciation for the efforts of the artists who had volunteered their services for the afternoon.

There was hearty applause for every one. It was announced that the house receipts amounted to more than \$4000.

April 27, 1912

Symphony's Performance of Debussy's Works One Long to Be Remembered.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Emile Perl, first viola of the orchestra, was the soloist. Members of the Music Art Club sang the vocal parts in Debussy's Nocturne, "Sirens." The program was as follows:

Funeral March, from the "Ereica" Symphony.....Wagner
A Faust Overture.....Wagner
A Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner
Chant Collique for viola and orchestra, Forsyth

Fantastic Dance for viola and orchestra, Strube
Three Nocturnes.....Debussy
Salome's Dance, from "Salome".....Strauss
Beethoven's Funeral March was played in memory of those lost on the Titanic. As has unfortunately been the case whenever a musical tribute of this character has been paid in the past at these concerts, there were restless souls in the audience that applauded without thought of the incongruity.

The music of Salome's Dance in Richard Strauss's opera was played for the first time in this city. How the opera itself was announced for performance at the Boston Theatre and how the performance was prevented will form one of the most entertaining chapters in "The Comic History of Boston." When the music of this dance is played in concert, without the scenic accessories, without the sight of the dancer and Herod feverishly looking on, without the preparation of the preceding action and dialogue, it necessarily loses greatly in effect. There is the first languorous tune; there is the sweeping melody for the strings; there is the brilliant instrumentation; but as a whole the dance is of little importance as a concert piece. It served yesterday to display the virtuoso ability of the orchestra. The skill and the exquisite taste of Messrs. Maquarre, flute, and Longy, oboe, were, as always, conspicuous, perhaps never more brilliantly displayed than in this composition and in Debussy's "Nocturnes."

Mr. Fiedler conducted a finely proportioned and delicately poetic performance of these Nocturnes, compositions of the rarest beauty. When they were played here late in 1908 under his direction, the singers were too prominent. It was as though the Nocturne "Sirens" were a cantata for female voices and orchestra. But these voice parts vie in reality only as instrumental parts, factors in an ensemble, now swelling, now sinking, their tones now hardly distinguishable in piano passages from those of certain wood-wind instruments. The members of the Musical Art Club contributed greatly by their charming tonal quality and aesthetic appreciation of the composer's purpose and wishes to a performance that will long be remembered.

The Nocturnes must be ranked with Debussy's most imaginative and daring achievements. Impressionistic, they are not formless and vague; harmonically audacious, they are not wantonly bizarre; each in its own way is wonderfully atmospheric, nor is it easy to say which one of the three is most alive with the beauty that voices impressions, souvenirs, dreams, not to be expressed in speech or in the printed page of an eloquent and subtle rhetorician. In these Nocturnes the composer reveals himself as master of melody, rhythm and color in the service of purely musical thought. And in comparison with them the music of many others, fine fellows in their way, seems prosaic, coarse, or tawdry.

Mr. Fiedler is heartily to be thanked for giving this admirable performance. There are not many conductors who, even with catholicity of taste, are able to enter into the spirit of each composer represented yesterday.

Mr. Ferri's full, rich, haunting tone and his consummate art were displayed in the Celtic song by Forsyth, an Englishman, and the Fantastic Dance by Mr. Strube of the orchestra. The soloist gave momentary importance to Forsyth's Song, which in itself is of slight significance, a pretty little piece for a promenade concert. Mr. Strube's Dance is truly fantastic; fantastic, ingenious and thoroughly musical.

The program of the concerts next week, the last of the present series, will be as follows: Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Brahms, symphony in C minor, No. 1; Wagner, Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde," Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," Prelude to "Lohengrin" and overture to "Tannhauser."

that go down to the sea in ships, but do business in great waters: Chokey, daddy funk, dead horse, dogbody, dough Jehovah, hisco-hashee, meal, sandle, soft tack, soap and bullion Tommy Twelcald, burgoo, black pan, boole, landummick, schooner on a rock, bolley balko, scouse the list is long and picturesque; but lobscouse is not distinctively the food of sea-faring men.

A Glorified Stew.

For example: Early in the 19th century rustics of Cumberland and other northern parts of England on Twelfth night sat down at twelve after vigorous dancing to lobscouse and ponsondle. This lobscouse was made of beef, potatoes and onions filed together. Ponsondle was the wassail, the waes-hael of ale, boiled with sugar and nutmeg and enriched with roasted apples.

And yet nearly all the dictionaries, including the best, define lobscouse as a sailor's dish consisting of meat stewed with vegetables and ship's biscuit, or the like. It has been described as a glorified Irish stew, but it seldom rises to that dignity. And as lobscouse is so closely associated with the sea and them that reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end, a sailor is often called a lobscouser. No one apparently knows the origin of the word. It appeared in print early in the 18th century. Richard Henry Dana gave a recipe in 1840, a recipe for "scouse": Biscuit pounded fine, salt beef cut into small pieces, and a few potatoes, boiled up together and seasoned with onions.

When Commodore Hawser Truncheon was married the genial and nuptial banquet was composed of sea dishes; a huge pillow, a dish of hard fish swimming in oil, "the sides being furnished with a mess of that savory composition known by the name of lob's course (sic), and a plate of salmagundy." These were all in the first course. It was the opinion of the late W. C. Russell that lobscouse eats into the system.

Also on Land.

Lobscouse has long been known by name in English counties and eaten by men that have had no business on or by the sea. Here is an entertaining dialogue heard in Devonshire:

"Well, Jenny, whots got vor dinner today?"

"Why lob's cuse."

"What's that?"

"Tatties, inyens, mayte, pipper and salt, all bowled up together."

In Lincolnshire thin water gruel is called lobscouse, and in our own New Jersey, the state of Gov. Wilson, an awkward, hulking fellow is called a lobscouse—crede the Rev. W. J. Skillman, who has collected Jerseyisms

Loblolly and Burgoo.

Some think that the word lobscouse may have a connection with loblolly.

There are dialectal words "lob" to bubble while in process of boiling, salt especially of porridge, and "lolly," bread soup or other food boiled in a pot. Loblolly is a thick gruel or spoon meat, referred to as a rustic or a food dish, or simple medicinal remedy. Burgoo, a ship doctor's medicine. It is an old word, known in the 16th century. A little later it meant a bumpkin, a loor. In this country we have the loblolly boy, the loblolly pie, and the word is used with sweetwood, whitewood, etc. A loblolly boy is an attendant on a ship's surgeon, also a errand boy, a man of all work. When Dr. Johnson asked an officer what some place was called, the answer was that it was where the "loblolly man kept his loblolly," for lop and lap occur in variants of lob. Loblolly may also be applied to a stout or well-developed child; or in derogation, a synonym of fag, factotum, but it is first of all a thick spoon meat, and especially a thick porridge of flour or oatmeal.

The word "burgoo" has been mentioned, but it is not the burgoo of the Southwest, which contains beef, mutton, chicken, potatoes, corn, tomatoes, onions, sarsaparilla, turnips, radishes, cabbage, pork and turtle. Oh, no! The seaman's burgoo was, and is, a thick porridge. Did not the immortal Chucks address a sailor as a burgoo-eating, trousers-scrubbing blankety blauk? When Herman Melville's boy Redburn went to sea the sailor's kid was filled with burgoo mush made of Indian corn, meal and water; a hole was scooped and molasses poured in, "so it looked for all the world like a little black pool in the dismal swamp of Virginia."

To go back a moment to loblolly. Here is the definition in Dyche's Dictionary (1748, fifth edition): "Any uncouth, strange, irregular mixture of different things together to compose potage or broth."

And Now Slumgullion.

"Slumgullion" is a resounding, noble word. What does it mean? Whence its origin? Is it purely American? Was it first heard among whalers to denote the filthy mixture of water, blood and oil drained from blubber? It is defined as offal or refuse of fish. Farmer in his

Dictionary of Americanisms says it is often absurdly misapplied, as to a waspily, cheap, blubber. A story of a farmer on the North shore of Long Island had eaten slumgullion as a dinnerable luncheon on the coast. We doubt if he ever saw such a dish. The word once meant, curiously enough, a representative of a servant and Mr. Hiram Twine addressed a meeting—see "Bribe-bait in Politics"—in the following manner: Should 'de Leg ladure as your slumgullion land. I'll have a bill forbidding Dut's, droo all 'de versal land.

Is there any relationship between slumgullion and slubber de gull? "Contaminous, pestiferous, propitious, stigmatized slavonians, slubber-de-gullions." Dr. Zachary Grey, annotating Hudibras, thought the word meant driveller; whereas the real meaning is "slovenly, dirty fellow."

April 28, 1912

SECOND NIKISCH CONCERT GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

The London Symphony Orchestra, led by Arthur Nikisch, gave its second concert in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
"Pathetic" Symphony.....Tschalkowsky
Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan".....Wagner

Waldweben from "Siegfried".....Wagner
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
The train from Canada was late, and the concert did not begin until long after the appointed hour.

Virtuoso composers naturally choose proved battle horses which may again bear them to victory. Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony has thus served more than one. The symphony should make a peculiar appeal to Mr. Nikisch. It is sentimental, melodramatic, theatrically effective, and at times profoundly tragic. The music has suffered from too frequent repetition. Its immediate and universal popularity—universal with the exception of Paris, where the symphony is voted long drawn out and bore-some—was dangerous to its life.

Some of the more prosaic conductors, feeling it their duty toward the public to put the symphony on their programs, have given a perfunctory reading. Others have exaggerated its more sensational characteristics, so that the music has seemed both sentimental and blatant. Few have maintained the continuity of thought in the first movement, and some have not caught the rhythm of the second. To more than one the "Pathetic" has been a stumbling block, when they thought to triumph.

Mr. Nikisch gave an engrossing and vivid interpretation, and reassured some who had been almost persuaded that the symphony was, after all, a singular expression of pessimism relieved only by the sugary sentimentalism in the first movement and the boisterous march. As Mr. Nikisch interpreted it, the personal whining disappeared; the lamentation was a mighty wail, voicing humanity's dread of death and the conviction that human attachments and endeavors are alike futile. The theme that to some is only sentimental was a wild regret for the days that are no more.

His choice of tempi, as in the years when he was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, might arouse discussion. He is still inclined to take slow movements very slow, but he has the gift of sustaining the melodic line so that it does not break and he holds the attention of the hearer; furthermore, he gains striking effects by the force of the contrasts, and a succeeding allegro seems to go at a faster pace than in reality, but not so fast that measures are blurred, and the players unable to play all notes distinctly. In his choice of tempi, he is master of himself. Witness after the jubilant rush of the scherzo-march his slackening of pace to bring out the march theme with overpowering orchestral pomp and circumstance.

As of old, he delights in discovering inner voices, unrecognized by some, deemed unimportant by others, and in his weaving of the polyphonic web he employs unfamiliar threads and colors that are new. No one surpasses him in the art of preparing a climax, and then launching it like a thunderbolt. His authority is usually real and always plausible; his magnetic spell sways audience and orchestra.

After it is all over, after there is recovery from the intoxication, the hearer recalls that the effective strokes were of the broadest nature; that while there were contrasts between fortissimo and pianissimo, there was seldom fine gradation of dynamics. The colors were those of a Hans Makart; there were few delicate, exquisite tints. To hear a concert led by Mr. Nikisch when the program is chosen by him to suit his peculiar nature is an exciting joy. A series of 21 concerts under his

The "Red Star" is a book written by an American and edited by an American for English and American readers. It is a book of songs. It was written by A. V. Varianoff.

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Notes

About Men and Women

Mme. Marie Roze, who has started a school of singing in London, will be assisted by her son Raymond Roze, who was connected with the Boston Opera House during its first season. Mr. Roze, as a conductor, is now associated with Oscar Hammerstein in London.

Dr. Ludwig Rottenberg, conductor of the opera at Frankfurt, who conducts "The Ring" at Covent Garden this season, was born in the Bukovina. He studied at Vienna, was intimate with Brahms and Fuchs, and played for a time in the Vienna Opera House orchestra, where he conducted when Richard Strauss was sick. Dr. Rottenberg has been at the Frankfurt Opera House for 18 years. He was born in 1864. While he thinks Richard Strauss the first composer in Germany, he says that Siegfried Wagner is sadly misjudged and suffers from being the son of his father.

"Mme. Leschetitzky, one of the earlier wives of the celebrated piano teacher, who has married many of his pupils only to divorce them for incompatibility of temper, will pay a return visit to London this season."

Casals, the cellist, had a most promising pupil whom he dismissed knowing he would be famous. He found him recently in an obscure French town playing wretchedly. The pupil explained: "Ah! You see when I left you I played exactly as you told me and the public said, 'How like Casals!' But I did not care for that. I wanted to play like no one but myself."

Music Hall stars that have appeared by command before British Royalty are Yvette Guilbert, Walter Kelly, Jackson and McLaren, the Australian champion aviator, and the Polles. This year Marie Lloyd, Harry Lauder, Maud Allen and Horace Goldin have "open."

"Rigoletto" in Yiddish, adapted by Samuel Auman, was performed April 19 at the Temple, London. The Yiddish of the book is more akin to German than

Hebrew. The Duke of Mantua becomes the Duke of Monto and Sparafucile is Sparafuchillo.

Mr. W. R. Titterton admires the boundless vitality of Seymour Hicks, "his tireless energy, his effervescent high spirits; but the vitality is uncolored by temperament, the energy has no object, the effervescence is rather of soda water than of champagne. He would, one is sure, have made a good cricket, football or tennis player; he would have made a good fighter, a fine lawbreaker and a first-class auctioneer, but as an actor he simply takes one's breath away and callously leaves one gasping."

The following tribute to Emily Sol-dene was paid by the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette: "She was a woman of immense energy, a fine singer, with unbounded enthusiasm, generous impulses, brimming humor (a large Rabelaisian humor, always human and genial), the true artistic temperament, now in the clouds, now in the abyss, little or no business ability, but a friend to her friends through thick and thin, and devoted beyond words to her sister, Clara Vesey, incomparably the beauty of those old Philharmonic days, whose lovely face and figure as the Pet Page in 'Genevieve de Brabant' make one of the most fascinating theatrical photographs in any playgoer's picture gallery."

There will be a great demonstration at Brussels to celebrate Masterlinck's receipt of the Nobel prize. There will be a gala performance of "Pelleas et Melisande," the play with Gabriel Faure's music. Mme. Leblanc-Maeter-Clack will take the part of Melisande. Mme. Bartet of the Comedie Francaise will recite pages from "The Life of the Bee." The Royal Family will attend, and Masterlinck himself will be present for the first time at any public performance of his own work.

George Baklanoff was loudly praised by the Berlin critics for his performance of Mephistopheles in "Faust," at the Royal Opera House of that city.

Mme. Bernhardt as Queen Elizabeth dies standing, clothed in ermine. Rissori, as the Queen, used to die seated on the floor. According to J. R. Green, the historian, the Queen sat day and night at the end, propped up with pillows or stool, and would not go to bed, though Cecil insisted, and thus provoked her anger.

Good

Reading

for Amateurs article entitled

"An Actor's Sake"

Percy: Well how did you know go of that one?

Eustace: Oh, that's well. We edited it for the Army League.

Percy: Capital! What were the plays?

Eustace: "Withered Leaves" and "Caste."

Percy: Any little contretemps?

Eustace: Oh, no. Nothing of any consequence. In "Withered Leaves" we could only get a lake for backcloth, and when the curtain rose Jack Masham was leaning against it, smoking a cigarette. Of course, the audience laughed a bit. Still, it wasn't much.

Percy: Oh, that would happen anywhere!

Eustace: Precisely. Oh, and then, a little later, he accidentally sat on some rather ripe bananas which somebody had left on a chair, and when he turned his back to the house the effect was somewhat hilarious. Still those little things will happen at the best of theatres.

Percy: Certainly! Irving's whole machinery went wrong in the first act of "Faust" on the first night. My father was there, and actually saw it, and heard Irving's speech about it afterwards. Oh, dear, yes. Amateurs aren't the only artists who come croppers.

Eustace: I should think not, indeed! "Caste" went rather well, I fancy.

Percy: Good! Capital play! Rather vieux jeu, perhaps, but good fun. Any little misunderstandings?

Eustace: Oh, nothing worth mentioning. D'Alroy came on about five minutes after his cue in the second act. However, Polly and I—I was Hawtree, don'tcherknow—gagged about bridge till he appeared, and I don't think anybody noticed it. Still, it was rather trivial of Maurice; but then, that's his one failing, don'tcherknow; he always comes on about five minutes after his cue. Otherwise he's quite as good as Walter or any of those chaps.

Percy: You must have been splendid as Hawtree.

Eustace: The mater said I was, but of course, I don't know. Anyway, it was quite my own reading. By the way, I, too, had a little contretemps in the first act. My moustache kept falling off. Yes, I had to pick it up about four times, and I fancy that at last it began to look rather stupid, so I just held it on with my finger. A thing like that rather interferes with subtlety, don'tcherknow. The audience were shrieking all the while, but the mater emphatically says they were laughing at the dialogue, not at me.

Percy: Of course they were! Who was Eccles?

Eustace: Lord Varian. Awfully good.

Not funny, you know, but awfully brainy. You could see he was thinking all the time. Quite a new reading. Not a laugh all the evening till towards the end of the last act, when his false nose, made of paste, cracked, and fell to the floor. The audience gave a yell, but he just looked quietly at the thing lying there, then picked it up, and threw it into the fire. There must have been some sort of combustible powder in it, for it blazed up with a bang. The audience simply screamed, but Varian went serenely on. It was certainly the most intellectual Eccles I ever saw. Might have been Ibsen.

Percy: Altogether a very successful and interesting evening?

Eustace: Rather! And I'm told there's a corking notice coming out in the "Age." I'm here to see "The Blindness of Virtue," as we're thinking of putting that on next. Lord Varian wants to play the boy part. Oh, by the way, Gerridge pulled half the scenery down last night while he was dancing about in the last act; and Esther lugged D'Alroy's sword out of its sheath in the great scene and then couldn't get it back; and the Marquise's wig slipped down on to her right eye; but otherwise it all went as smooth as a mill pond. No really important contretemps of any kind!

PERCY—I see. Quite up to the club's form. I am so sorry I wasn't able to go. You know, I'd far rather see you amateurs than these egotistical professionals.

Eustace—Well, I don't say that we're better than one or two of the best of the West end companies might be; but—well—we're enthusiasts, don'tcherknow—artists for art's sake—all that sort of thing. And, of course, when you can say that, you've said everything!

"Agnes, Dame Galante"

The Paris critics were much exercised by a play called "Agnes, dame galante." Mr. Dawbarn wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette:

"With such a title, one should not expect a Sunday-school treatise. However, it has raised the seasoned censure of M. Brisson—not he who rings the bell in the chamber, but he who rings the theatrical changes in the Temps. In this country, where Gallic wit has established rights, he passes for one austere man. The species is exceedingly rare. M. Brisson finds word and gesture displeasing in this poetic play. I do not

A Welcome Change.

It seems that Spanish grantees are seriously disturbed because the daughter of a duke is earning her living by waiting in a restaurant. Being in what is euphemistically called "reduced circumstances," she had no inclination to go into a convent, and as a seamstress could not make ends meet. And now she dazzles the customers in a restaurant at Madrid. She should come to this country. A Spanish waitress of high or low degree would be an agreeable substitute for the haughty German count and retired army officer.

There are girls along the North Shore, who, although they bear New England names, are bewitchingly Spanish or Portuguese in face, coloring, figure and carriage. They would glorify our restaurants.

Their male ancestors were seafaring men. It is a well known fact that many delirious "Spanish dancers" come from South Boston, although that region is not inevitably associated with the holero, fandango, cachucha, jota, tango and sequidilla.

My Lady Nicotine.

Smokers should be thankful to Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell of London, who insists that the statement often made about the deadly properties of nicotine in the smoke of pipes, cigars and cigarettes is wholly erroneous. "Nicotine," he says, "which is a deadly poison, can be made only by dissolving the oil of tobacco (a practically harmless product) in ether or alcohol, and therefore can never actually be swallowed by the smoker at all. Unless indeed he should be drinking some alcoholic liquor whilst he is smoking, in which case it is just conceivable that a minute quantity of nicotine might be manufactured in his own mouth."

Nevertheless, we shall continue to hear the appalling story of the cat's tongue and one drop of nicotine; also hear of the wretched being who, cut open, exhibited lungs "coated with nicotine, absolutely coated, sir." The choir will now sing Calverley's famous ode.

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For commonly they that, like Sisypheus, roll this restless stone of ambition, are in a perpetual agony, still perplexed, doubtful, timorous, suspicious, loath to offend in word or deed, still cowering and cowering, embracing, cupping, cringing, applauding, flattering, flattery, visiting, waiting at men's doors, with all affability, counterfeit honesty and humility.

At the Washington Court.

We are informed on high authority that the wife of the Attorney-General at Washington, D. C., the arbitrix delicatissima at the White House, has issued a decree that nobody will be permitted to sit while Mrs. Taft is standing. It is a pleasure to add that the wife of the President was called by name, and the nauseous and ridiculously snobbish phrase, "The first lady of the land" not used. According to Napoleon and Mr. Roosevelt, the first lady in the land is the one that has the most children. There are other definitions of the phrase.

Ah, this standing for the sake of formality! You are invited to dine at 8 o'clock—a foolish hour. Not being able to escape from early training in punctuality you greet your hostess a few minutes after the appointed time. The other guests straggle in. All stand and engage in forced conversation. You do not know the woman you are to "take in." Her uncle Augustus may be in jail; her grandfather the Rev. Ezra P. Jowles, an intrepid missionary, may have been devoured without salt and pepper or a made sauce by cannibals of the South Seas; she may have a cork leg; so you are obliged to be guarded in your light and airy remarks. She, meanwhile, hears you only with one ear, indignant because she is not to sit by the lion of the evening—a lion that roars although his mane is a little mangy. Everyone stands. There is shifting of weight from one foot to another; but no one, not even the most delicate woman thinks of sitting. Why the delay? At 20 minutes past eight enters Mrs. Golightly, smiling, radiant, exasperatingly sure of herself. "I am afraid I am a little late." She is reassured with the customary lie of good manners, and the procession starts. The joy of sitting down, although the soup is cold and your neighbor insolently lukewarm!

"Tearing on the Legs."

Then there is the standing at teas, receptions, visits of ceremony. How do the women endure it? Mrs. Bolivar rises to leave. The hostess of course does the same. The males who may be present spring to their feet. And Mrs. Bolivar chatters, and sighs, and ogles, and talks about plans for the summer, while the most athletic man is ready to drop from fatigue. In books of etiquette there is advice as to the art of entering a drawing room. Thus it is not considered "good form" to crawl in on all fours, or to leap through a window or to come down the chimney with a startling "Ha! Ha!" There is greater need of advice concerning the leaving a room. Say your little say, dear Madam, touch the hand of the mistress, and leave—get out, gracefully, but firmly. Why give an imitation of a death-bed farewell? This enforced standing was one of the things that led the distinguished Englishman to say, Life would be tolerable, if it were not for its pleasures.

When John P. Squibb was on a boat going to San Francisco he talked affably with Dr. Collyer and his interesting family, who as early as the fifties gave a "Model Artist Exhibition." He walked on the moon-lit deck with one of Collyer's charming daughters: "Oh, beautiful being," Squibb exclaimed, "do you never feel, when in the pride of your matchless charms you stand before us, the living, breathing representation of the lovely, poetic and ill-fated Sappho; do you never feel an inspiration of the moment, and entering into the character, imagine yourself in mind, as in form, her beautiful illustration?" "Well—yes," she said, "I don't know but I do, but it's dreadful tearing on the legs."

CHORAL UNION GIVES CONCERT

Parts of Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" and Haydn's "Creation" Excellently Sung.

At the fifteenth annual spring concert of the People's Choral Union in Symphony hall last evening the program consisted of portions of Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" and parts one and two of Haydn's "Creation." The quartet in the Stabat Mater was composed of Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams soprano, Miss Florence Jepperson contralto, Howard E. Pratt tenor and Leverett B. Berrill, bass. Mrs. Williams and Messrs. Pratt and Merrill sang the solo parts in "The Creation." Frederick W. Wodell conducted. The orchestra was composed of members of the Symphony. Herman A. Shedd was organist and Mrs. Marion Lane Morgan, pianist.

Enthusiasm is perhaps the most marked characteristic of this chorus, but it decidedly does not, as in many other cases, here cover a "multitude of sins" or even any very great number. Moreover, enthusiasm is demanded by Haydn's stirring choruses. It was apparent last evening that the 400 odd members of the chorus were determined, every one, to give the audience and the leader the best there was in them, and the result was that the hearers, who filled nearly every seat in the hall, were given a signally satisfactory evening.

Mr. Wodell's careful training was apparent in every phrase. There was snap and vim in the livelier movements, gentle shading and nice expression in the quieter passages. For a chorus that is supposed to be made up, as its name indicates, of average men and women singers, it was a notable performance.

Mrs. Williams sang the part of Gabriel delightfully and her singing of "With Verdure Clad" deservedly brought emphatic recognition from the audience. Mr. Pratt was melodious and expressive as Uriel. Mr. Merrill's bass found good opportunity in the dramatic recitatives allotted to Raphael.

"AVALANCHE" AT TREMONT

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Avalanche," a comedy drama in four acts by W. A. Tremayne and Robert Hildard. First performance in Enston

Mr. Gray was a Wall street broker who had been persuaded to invest cavalily on the stock of a mine, the Avallanche. Before he married the jealous Helen and was poor, he had had an affair with Mrs. Vaughan, then a maid. She had jilted him for a rich old man who died. Then she and one Cameron combined to deplete the value of Avallanche, which Cameron, a man with a rascally past, had persuaded Gray would make his fortune. Cameron wished to marry Gray's sister Rose. Mrs. Vaughan kept coming into Gray's house as though she had a latch key, and Helen became jealous. One day Gray wrote a short love letter making an engagement to be used in private theatricals. It was unsigned and not addressed, but Mrs. Vaughan, who was one of the actresses, dropped it in her box and Helen, picking it up, was very unhappy. She was still more wretched when, having turned the lights down two or three nights afterward and played a tender tune on the piano the same tune she had played on a second rate Adlonack inn during their honeymoon—she thinking she had found the abandoned widow, she learned, having left the room for a few minutes, that Mrs. Vaughan had called and taken Gray away in an automobile.

Now Gray had gone to a gathering of brokers to defend his honor and the worth of the stock.

Act III. The curtain rises on Gray's office in Wall street. There are practical drawers and telephones. Avallanche is going down. Mrs. Vaughan enters and offers her fortune to save Gray. He spurns the offer, but in well-bred language. She tells him Cameron is the man that is ruining him. Enter Cameron. Gray calls him a scoundrel and says he will shut him if he does not write an order to buy 1000 shares at a high price. Cameron writes, but escapes before the order can be executed. Ruin now sears Gray in the face. He puts the pistol in his mouth, but thinks better of it. Alarm without and wild excitement. Avallanche is steadily rising. Mrs. Vaughan comes in again and coyly admits that she has been buying to save him. In his thankfulness he embraces her, and Helen enters with the old family lawyer.

At the beginning of the play Gray had been kind to Polly, a newspaper girl of the "Hully Gee" order, because he had nearly run over her. He had taken her to his house and given her a home. After Helen left her husband, and the night before Gray is about to sail for Europe taking with him a baby's shoe in an inside coat pocket, Polly, who had come to say "Goodbye" and is in another room, overhears Mrs. Vaughan begging him to take her with him, and telling how she had planned to bear the stock so that she could save him and win his love. He again spurns her and orders her out of the house. Polly goes to the lawyer, and tells him all about it. Mrs. Gray happens to be behind a screen. Mrs. Vaughan comes in. So does Mr. Gray. The secret of the letter written for the amateur theatricals is exposed. Mrs. Vaughan, foiled again, this time for ever, reveals herself as a bold, unprincipled woman by bursting into French, and with a "Bon jour Madame," "Bon jour Monsieur," makes her final exit.

There is a comic office boy; there is a devoted broker's clerk; there is a rising young entomologist, who loves Gray's sister. There are many highly moral speeches. The villain Cameron is of the type that thrilled village audiences when Dolly Bidwell starred in "Pretty Panther." All in all "The Avallanche" is a most amusing play, more amusing probably than the authors hoped.

Mr. Hilliard as the broker was a perfect gentleman in dress, speech, bearing, and reflections on the conduct of life except once in the last act when he was really rude to Mrs. Vaughan. Miss Carlyle as the slangy Polly excited hearty laughter. Mr. Graham played the lawyer in the good, old-fashioned style. The others acted with commendable honesty and never showed surprise at the situations in which they found themselves.

There was one genuine surprise in the drama. When a quarrel at cards at the beginning of the first act turned out to be merely a rehearsal for the amateur theatricals.

A large audience was interested throughout, and duly excited by the scene in the broker's office.

MISS BAUER LECTURES ON PSYCHOLOGY OF STRAUSS

Interesting Discussion of Composer and His Work.

Emile Frances Bauer, well known in musical circles, as the critic of the New York Evening Mail and as correspondent of music and other journals, lectured yes-

terday at the subject was "The Music of Richard Strauss and His Works." She first inquired into materialism and realism in art and spoke of the spirituality shown by Strauss in his earlier works. She then dwelt on the influence exerted over him by Nietzsche. Why was Strauss led to choose the librettos of "Feuersnot," "Salome" and "Electra"? Wilde's tragedy might appeal to painters and musicians, for it is highly poetical, gorgeously colored; furthermore, it is well constructed for operatic purposes.

The motive of "Electra," however, is revenge in a hysterically repulsive form. The heroine is far from the avenger in the Greek tragedies. Miss Bauer dwelt at length on "Electra," drama and music, and gave a very interesting account of her interview with Mme. Mazarin, whose impersonation of the heroine left such a vivid impression. After discriminative remarks about Strauss's tone poems there was a reference to Debussy's description of them.

Miss Bauer's lecture was well arranged, well written and read in an effective manner.

Least of all should a man quite withdraw his gaze from the real world for the sake of reading; as the impulse and the temper which prompt to thought of one's own come far oftener from the world of reality than from the world of books. The real life that a man sees before him is the natural subject of thought; and in its strength as the primary element of existence, it can more easily than anything else rouse and influence the thinking mind.

Becalmed in the Metropolis.

As the World Wags:

I have just returned, somewhat the worse for wear, from a short but exciting trip to New York. I went over Wednesday night with my friend Joe Bush for the purpose of seeing him aboard the Ward liner sailing Thursday for Havana. I succeeded in getting Joseph to the boat in time for sailing, but only at a great expenditure of energy and cash and by the benevolent assistance of a friendly taxi driver.

After parting with my friend, I set out alone to view some of the sights of the metropolis. I am inclined to think I must have been slightly overcome by the heat or had a touch of apoplexy or something. The last I remember of New York I was looking up at a picture of Old King Cole and drinking, at the suggestion of an affable gentleman in a white coat, a thick, brown, eggy drink which, I dimly recall, some one designated a "Sabbath Calm."

This morning I found in my waistcoat pocket a bit of paper with the following recipe written on it in a bold hand: "Brandy and port one half and one half to fill a whiskey glass. One egg, cream and black coffee to fill a lemonade glass, well beaten together. Mix with liquor and shake with ice. Strain, spice." Is it possible that the drink herein described is called a "Sabbath Calm"? Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson would know. HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON. Dorchester, April 26, 1912.

Mr. Johnson Loq.

We wrote to Mr. Johnson, at once, not expecting a reply. An answer came yesterday:

Editor of The Herald:

Although I have not been a drinking man for several weeks, I know the beverage that consoled Mr. Witherspoon after the departure of his tumultuous friend. I say I know it; for the recipe reminds me of the "coffee cocktail," so called because there is no coffee in it—lucius a non lucendo, to use the language of the ancient Romans. The coffee cocktail, so called because, when shaken, it has the color of cafe au lait, is compounded, with the exception noted, according to the recipe given; but, being a powerful sedative, it is drunk from a small sized tumbler, not a lemonade glass. No doubt the glass served Mr. Witherspoon seemed in his eyes a beaker.

I have been much interested in the discussion about strange food. To my surprise, no one has told the story of Junius Brutus Booth, the elder; how, in Louisville—it was in 1834—Mr. Booth was seen on a Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock, on the sidewalk, near the theatre door, with a board on two empty barrels, and on the board were many rats that had been eviscerated; and Mr. Booth was endeavoring to persuade

passers-by on their way to market that the rats were infinitely better eating than any other animal food they could obtain; they were much more tender than squirrels and cleaner than hogs. N. M. Ludlow, who was then managing the theatre, tells the story in his book, "Dramatic Life as I Found It," and adds: "On the night of this same day Mr. Booth performed the character of Shylock in his usual excellent manner."

And a word about locusts and grasshoppers. I was reading Herodotus last night—my faithful Bohn translation, one of the few school books that really helped me—and observed that the Nasones, a very numerous people, catch locusts, dry them in the sun, reduce them to powder, and, sprinkling them in milk, drink them. Why would not a carefully prepared grasshopper go well in a cocktail, especially on the cape, where the grasshopper is a burden and olives and preserved cherries not always to be had?

There is considerable political activity

with a bottle of bay rum—this is a no-license village—said in Jonas's store last Saturday afternoon that he would let two to one on Raft against Towselet, but the captain is not the man he was when he used to load his vessel and himself at Surlingham.

HERKIMER JOHNSON
Clampport, April 29.

Educational Notes.

Mr. Price Collier in a letter to the Spectator, London, quotes Goethe as regretting that he should not live to see the digging of the Panama canal as indispensable to the welfare and protection of the United States. Goethe was moved to the consideration of this canal for merchant and warships by a passage in one of Humboldt's books. The Boston Herald quoted Goethe's talk with Eckermann and commented on it editorially nearly two years ago.

The fact that d'Annunzio has written a libretto for Mascagni is trumpeted, and the subject, described as unpleasant, is discussed as new and sensational. Is it possible that Byron's "Parisina" is unknown to this generation? Furthermore, d'Annunzio early in 1902 was reported as working on a play based on the story of Parisina, Ugo and Nicolo. He then said he had found at Modena a packet of letters written by Parisina to Ugo, her stepson. Nor will Mascagni be the first composer to treat the subject. Donizetti's "Parisina" was once a favorite opera; Keuvels wrote a "Parisina," and the first opera composed in Uruguay and produced at Montevideo in 1873 was founded on the same story. W. S. Bennett wrote a concert overture "Parisina."

Roman women of noble birth were recently complimented at a dinner party in a fashionable hotel on their beautifully kept hands. The story goes—and it is published by a newspaper that prides itself on printing only "fit" news—that they said: "That's nothing. You should see how our feet are kept," and, saying, bared them. How manners are purified in the course of time! When some one remarked on the dirty hands of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu she answered with a laugh: "But you should see my feet, if you think my hands are dirty."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—First time in Boston. "The Prince Chap," a play in three acts by Edward Peple.

William Peyton..... John Craig
Jack Rodney..... Donald Mack
Marcus Runion..... George Hassell
Ballington..... Albert Hickey
Yadder..... Carney Christie
Fritz..... Al Roberts
Truckman..... A. B. Clark
Claudia (in acts 1 and 2).....

This play was produced in New York for the first time in the autumn of 1905, at the Madison Square Theatre, with Cyril Scott in the title role. It then served to bring to general notice its author, until then unheard from and whose later achievements have met with marked success.

"The Prince Chap" is an inoffensive play. It reveals the technical crudities of the budding dramatist, as well as his undoubted ability for character drawing, while its situations are at times those of melodrama and its sentiment is superlatively saccharine in quality. On the whole, in the hands of a less clever company of players the piece might prove unvarnishedly boring.

On the other hand, the performance yesterday afternoon, at which a large audience was present, was thoroughly enjoyable by reason of the excellent acting.

Mr. Craig was delightful as William Peyton, the impulsive, generous and warm-hearted sculptor, to whose care the five-year-old Claudia was consigned in the first act by her mother, a famous model, and a good woman, who succumbed to starvation and exposure after a wretched marriage.

The other two acts are occupied with the growth of the little girl to womanhood, her natural infatuation for Peyton and the subsequent realization that their love is mutual. A dampening episode in the story is the jilting of the Prince Chap by "Princess Alice," his former sweetheart, a supercilious miss, who scoffs at the idea that the child is not his own, and marries for money, only to regret everything and, in widow's weeds, attempt to win back Peyton's affection.

Miss MacDonnel as Claudia, again showed herself to be a most satisfactory impersonator of childhood and her work in this ranks with her Peter and her dual performance in "The Prince and the Pauper."

As the older Claudia, Miss Young acted with girlish charm and youthful impetuosity. Another capital impersonation was that of Mr. Hassell as the imperturbable Marcus Runion, Peyton's servant, an impressive, deliberate flunkey with a dry sense of humor. A feature of the afternoon was the Puckers of Miss Moore, a saucy slattern, a later edition of Tilly Slowboy and the Marchioness. Mr. Meek as Jack Rodney and Miss Montgomery as Alice Travers were equally deserving of praise.

The play next week will be "Seven Days."

BOSTON THEATRE—"The Fascinating Widow," a comedy with music by Otto Hauerbach. Music by F. A. Mills. Principals in the cast:

Location Wells..... Edward Garvie
Tutill Leflingwell..... James Spottawood
Ory in Wentworth..... Gilbert Deane
Wibur Watts..... Charles W. Butler
James E. Sullivan
Mrs. Leflingwell..... Carrie R. Perkins
Margaret Leflingwell..... Winona Wheeler
H. Blake, Mrs. Monte..... Julian Ellinger

ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN IN AID OF STUDENTS' FUND

Interesting and Enjoyable Program Performed.

An entertainment in aid of the students' fund of the Misses Gilman school was given last evening at the Hotel Tulleries.

Charles S. Olcott gave an interesting stereopticon lecture on "The Scenery of Walter Scott," showing many scenes where important events of the writer's life had taken place, as well as others of historical interest, described and intimately connected with his writings.

Miss Louise von Aken, who will be a member of the Boston opera company next season, sang an aria from Massenet's "Werther" and the following songs: "Old Scotch," "Robin Adair"; H. Lohr, "You Better Ask Me"; H. I. Burleigh, "Jean"; H. Lohr, "To My First Love."

Miss von Aken has a well-schooled voice of unusual range and brilliance, full and rich in timbre and dramatic in quality. Last evening she displayed flexibility and ease in execution as well as the ability to color tone emotionally.

Singer and lecturer gave marked pleasure to an audience of fair size.

TRAVESTY DRAMA LEADS B. F. KEITH'S PROGRAM

"More Sinned Against Than Usual" Full of Good Laughs.

"More Sinned Against Than Usual" is the big hit at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The program calls it a travesty drama of "Up-State Folks," by Everett Shinn, or in other words, most appropriately, a "Mellerdrammer." It is a bright and laughable take-off on the "Up-State Folks" type of play in which a "sobby" heroine, a "rube" hero and an immensely tall and imposing villain, supported by a wholly adequate set of burlesque characters add the necessary exaggeration to the more or less conventional scenes and give them an absurdly and deliciously humorous effect.

There are four acts, presented on a miniature stage set on the regular theatre platform, and while the necessary changes of scene are taking place, Dick Lynch, who plays the inevitable sheriff, sings "Illustrated ballads." The titles "She Went to Work on Her Wedding Morn" and "She Lived by the Erie Canal, Splash, Splash," are enough to indicate their character.

May Malloy played the heroine with a nice sense of just how far she could go without becoming absurd. Erville Alderson's farmer was artistic and W. H. Ferris seemed physically and temperamentally the ideal burlesque villain. The other parts were well taken.

B. A. Rolfe and his "Rolfonians" give a musical act that is novel in its excellence. There are nine performers and they give individually and collectively a most enjoyable act.

Rosaire and Doretto introduce surprises into their tumbling and somersaults so effectively that the observer fails to realize the difficulty of some of their feats for laughing at the absurd way in which they are done.

James Tooney and Antoinette Norman make fun of each other and of themselves most satisfyingly.

The Three Leightons, in a minstrel skit, develop surprising agility and skill with their feet, the Wartenburg Brothers accomplish difficult and interesting feats of foot juggling and Trollolo introduces novelties as a ventriloquist.

The South End Dramatic Stock Company appeared in "Kathleen Mavourneen," yesterday afternoon, for the first time. The management introduced some dancing and singing specialties in the first act which aroused enthusiasm. Mr. Roberts was seen at his best in the rollicking Irish song, and Misses Marie Loring and Benrice Allen, with Messrs. Meehan, Lynde and Niles also sang and danced. The work of Miss Evesson as Kathleen O'Connor was highly creditable. Mr. Thornton was capital as Terence O'More, whose rich voice, handsome presence and fine physique made it easy to understand why Kathleen should prefer him to Kavanagh. This part was played with distinction by Mr. Graves. Miss Valentine as Dorothy Kavanagh gave a fine performance. Mr. Meehan as David O'Connor, Mr. Kilbride as Bill Buttencap, Mr. Hudson as Denis, Mr. Ernst as Father O'Casey, Miss Reels as Meg Marslogh, and Mr. Weston were equally successful. "Kathleen Mavourneen" will be presented for one week only, and will be followed on May 6 by "The Two Orphans."

How is slugging are these? You would think that Mr. Francis George Heath's "Tree Lore" were a book of the same character as Harley's "Moon Lore." Dyer's "Folk Lore of Plants," probably with chapters on tree worship, and an inquiry into the conduct of the Wabou-de, who cut posts for a house when the moon is on the increase, while other wise persons from Cato to Scots and Germans now living recommend the viewing of the moon as the proper time for felling trees.

But we learn from Mr. Heath's "Tree Lore" that apricot brandy and cherry brandy rarely contain any brandy at all. The liqueurs are usually obtained by soaking apricots or cherries in "German" or potato spirit until this spirit is charged with the juice of the fruit.

One Has Eaten It.

We doubted our friend on the North Shore when he told us that he had eaten slumgullion. We owe him an apology. A witness, unsummoned by him, comes to his rescue:

As the World Wags:
Once on a camping trip in the Maine woods our supplies were running low and our guide prepared a stew which he called "slumgullion." This particular olla podrida was composed of odds and ends of boiled ham and boiled corned beef, potatoes and onions, and I don't know what else. Our guide had been a camp cook for logging crews for many years, and he used the word as describing a stew made of anything edible that could be obtained, so that the slumgullion of one day might be a very different dish from the slumgullion of another. JOHN G. WALSH.

Lynn, April 27, 1912.
It is a significant fact that the literal meaning of "olla podrida" is rotten pot.

Courteously Known as Coffee.

As the World Wags:
I have heard the word "slumgullion" used applying to campfire coffee, which at times might certainly meet the description of "a washy, cheap beverage." It appeared to be a specific use of a general term and not limited to coffee alone. I grew up with an understanding of the meaning of the word which would be covered by the above definition.

Boston, April 27, 1912. G. W. J.

Fried Beef and Cabbage.

As the World Wags:
After you get through with lobsouse and slumgullion, etc., don't forget to mention "Bubble-and-Squeak," for that is a dish not to be despised by a hungry man, and perhaps your old Irish or English cook can prepare it for you, and if you watch the kettle while she is preparing it, as the writer has done in Newfoundland where it is a common dish but under a different name, you will readily see why it gets its name of bubble and squeak.

The notorious Harriette Wilson, whose five volume memoirs published in London in 1825 created such an excitement among royalty and nobility at the time, speaks of one of her friends, an officer in the army, but in the country at the time, as protesting that for over a week he had been living on Bubble and Squeak.

E. J. T.

Lynn, April 27.
Allibone, E. J. T., says that the 1825 edition of the Wilson memoirs is in four volumes. The Dictionary of National Biography makes the same statement. Over 20 editions of the Memoirs were sold in 1825. To any one seeking anxiously after licentious descriptions these Memoirs will furnish dull reading.

Among the Poets.

Bubble and Squeak has been looked on

kindly by the poets. "Cookery and the Poets" would be an entertaining book. It is a dish of meat and cabbage fried up together: "Cold meat fried in butter with vegetables." They are more specific in Leicestershire: "Slices of underdone beef fried and seasoned, laid on cabbage, boiled, strained, chopped, and fried in dripping." Hearken to the poets, who in turn may have listened to the bubbling and squeaking in the pan. Here is "Peter Pindar":

Such is the sound (the strale's not weak)
Form'd by what mortals Bubble call, and
Squeak,
When 'midst the frying pan, in accents
Savage

The beef so sorely quarrels with the cabbage.

Now we will hear Byron:

Alas! I must leave undescribed the gibber,
The salmi, the consommé, the puree,
All which I use to make my rhymes run
Glibber

Than could roast beef in our rough John
Bul way.

I must not introduce even a spare rib here,
"Bubble and Squeak" would spoil my liquid
lay.

But I have dined, and must forego, alas!
The chaste description even of a "becasse."

The reference in Browning's "Holy Cross Day"—"Bubble and Squeak! Blessed Thursday's the fat of the week"—is more familiar. No doubt some one has read a paper, inquiring into the esoteric meaning of the phrase, at a meeting of the Browning Club in Boston.

There are deep thinkers who say that bubble and squeak is a compound of cold meat fried up with potatoes and

... in "Bubble and Squeak" we read: "Rank and titill' bubble and squeak! No, not till so good as bubble and squeak." English beef and good cabbage."

Goethe's Cook.

Let us end today with a quotation from the great and serene Goethe, in whose writings we find "the calm repose of nature." This quotation is not from "Faust," not from "Wilhelm Meister." It is a certificate of character given to his cook:

"Charlotte Hoyer has been two years in my service. She can be considered a cook of some merit, and is sometimes obedient, polite, and even propitiatory. Of late, however, her uncertain temper makes her insupportable. She cooks only according to her own fancy, is peevish, impertinent, rude, and provokes those who are obliged to give orders to her. Restless and quarrelsome, she persecutes her fellow servants, and makes their lives bitter if they disagree with her. Among her defects is that of keyhole listening. All of which will be authenticated, if required, in accordance with the new police regulations."

May 2, 1912

Mr. Schroeder, 'cellist, is not the only member of the Boston Symphony orchestra who has resigned his position. Mr. Fox, flute; Mr. Schumann, horn, and Mr. Sautet, oboe, have also resigned. Messrs. Fox and Schumann have been valuable members of the orchestra from the beginning. After their departure the only remaining players of the first year will be Messrs. Kuntz and Akeroyd, violinists. Mr. Sautet has had a long and honorable career. In his prime he was an artist of the very first rank.

"Good with Both Hands."

Mr. John Johnson has announced his willingness to train and meet any White Hope, but his announcement has excited little attention now that Mr. Roosevelt, having shield his castor into the ring jumped after it and at present does not require the services of a judicious sponge and bottle holder. We were reminded of Mr. Johnson a few days ago by reading Mr. Charles Whibley's article on "The Fancy," a book which, appearing in 1819, is forgotten by older readers and unknown to the great majority of the younger. The author was John Hamilton Reynolds, brother-in-law of Thomas Hood and friend of Keats and Lamb. And the true hero of this book is Jack Randall, the Nonpareil. Mark the sinewy strength of this tribute in prose: "Of all the great men of this age in poetry, philosophy, or pugilism, there is no one of such transcendent talent as Randall—no one who combines the finest natural powers with the most elegant and finished acquired ones. The late Prof. Stewart (who has left the learned ring) is acknowledged to be clever in philosophy, but he is a left-handed metaphysical fighter at best, and cannot be relied upon at closing with his subject. Lord Byron is a powerful poet, with a mind weighing 14 stone, but he is too sombre and bitter, and is apt to lose his temper. Randall has no defect. . . . He doubles up an opponent as a friend lately deceased, as easily as though he were picking a flower or pinching a girl's cheek."

This was the Randall of whom Hazlitt said: "Jack is no gentleman"; for Randall once threatened to kick the essayist out of his house of call for heroes and philosophers for wanting a mutton chop, but Randall, the conqueror in 13 battles, was then "more full of blue ruin than of good manners," to quote Hazlitt's account of his discomfiture.

The ring has fascinated sports, "the fancy," philosophers, poets, the gentlest souls, since the world began. Keats as a boy was always in a fight, and as man—having seen the fight between Randall and Turner—it lasted 2 hours and 20 minutes—he tapped his fingers on the window pane to give Cowden Clarke some idea of the quickness of the Nonpareil's hits. Edward MacDowell once told us that he ran away from a faculty meeting at Columbia University to see a mill between two famous boxers, and when he looked about the arena he saw at least a dozen of his colleagues. Think of the famous descriptions of fights, from those in the "Iliad" to the one by Borrow, the pages of Hazlitt, Bulwer, Hugo, Meredith,

Doyle. Then there is Reynold's sonnet to Randall, which ends

Fame, whose bright eyes run o'er
With joy to see a Chicken of her own,
Dips her rich pen in claret and writes down
Under the letter R, first on the score,
"Randall—John—Irish parents—age not known—
Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!"

And as the great majority of men love a fighter, the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt is not surprising. They like his egoism, his swagger and his bounce, a part of the game. He is in the long line of heroes, knockers-out. He is perhaps next to Mr. John L. Sullivan in the people's heart. What in comparison is a man who has only "a judicial mind" and

a respect for the constitution and the approved traditions of government; one that keeps his oath and does not know how to lie!

But it was said of Jack Randall, the Nonpareil, "It was for him to do the deeds, and to let others tell the tale." Thus he differed from Mr. Roosevelt.

Rule of Thumb.

Mr. Yoshio Markino, arguing that the modern occidental civilization is scientific while the ancient oriental civilization was that of human sense, points to Japanese and Chinese cooks. "They never use the cookery books as yours, which give you the measurement of sugar, salt, water, etc., and the timing of the fire. But how excellently they cook! Ask them how they cook. They would give you their own proverb as the answer, 'On each occasion use your sense accordingly.' They taste everything while they are cooking and the judgment of their most experienced tongue is far above any scientific cookery book."

If Mr. Markino should consult English cook books of 50 or more years ago, he would find many instances of the old-fashioned rule of thumb measurement: A pinch of salt, a sprinkle of pepper, a mite of soda, a flavor of cinnamon, sugar to taste, as much milk as will be absorbed. The cook was supposed to have brains and a sense of taste.

Nevertheless there are old formulas that should not be allowed to die, and chief among them is: "Take a piece of butter the size of an egg."

The Earlier Chauffeurs.

As chauffeurs have been the terror of Paris and its neighborhood for some months, chauffeurs that killed and then robbed, so chauffeurs late in the 18th century and early in the 19th were the terror of France. For brigands, masked or with blackened faces, broke into country houses and, binding men and women, tortured them until they gave up their money. As their favorite method of torturing was to put hot coals to the victim's feet, they were known as "chauffeurs." They sometimes tortured in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. And as the gang in Paris has been hunted down, so those that followed "Schinderhannes" were pursued and 19 captured in a small forest were guillotined. The machine was busy for more than an hour, "to the great delight of the populace." These old chauffeurs figure in more than one French historical romance. Marcel Schwob's short story, "Fanchon-La-Poupee," with the heading "Les Chauffeurs," is disappointing, for there is only an allusion to the roasters of soles; but there is a horrible description in Barbey d'Aurevilly's "L'Enfermeur."

May 3, 1912
If this world were peopled by really thinking beings, it could never be that noise of every kind would be allowed such generous limits. If Nature had meant man to think, she would not have given him ears; or at any rate, she would have furnished them with air tight flaps, such as are the enviable possession of the bat. But, in truth, man is a poor animal like the rest, and his powers are meant only to maintain him in the struggle for existence; so he must needs keep his ears always open, to announce of themselves, by night as by day, the approach of the pursuer.

A Possible Solution.

H. J. L. of Medford writes in praise of Chambers's "Book of Days" and wonders how many of the younger generation are acquainted with it. This book in two volumes is in many newspaper offices and has often been consulted by those whose duty it is to answer hard questions propounded by the idle rich and poor. It is a serviceable book, but Hone's "Every Day Book," "Year Book" and "Table Book" are still more entertaining.

And H. J. L. quotes from an interesting article in Chambers's showing "how canine comfort was sacrificed to satisfy the human appetite long before the night lunch car started on its prosperous career":

"Dr. Calus, founder of the college at Cambridge which bears his name, and the first English writer on dogs, says: 'There is comprehended under the curs of the coarsest kind a certain dog excellent in kitchen service. For when any meat is to be roasted they go into a wheel, which they, turning around with the weight of their bodies, and so diligently look to their business that no drudge or scullion can do the feat more cunningly, whom the popular sort hereupon call turnspits.'"

To this H. J. L. adds: "What a simple solution of the awful servant girl problem which is vexing us today! Except for the fact that the dishes have to be washed and the beds made, to say nothing of the fact that the feminine members of the flock insist on having the accumulated dirt removed at frequent intervals."

One Dr. Johannes Calus.

We are glad to hear again of Dr. John Calus, otherwise known as Kaye, Keye, Key or Cay. He wrote a delightful treatise on the Sweating Sickness (1552). The Herald has quoted several

things from his learned work, "De Canibus Britannicis," "drawn into English" by Abraham Fleming, student, in 1576, and entitled "Of English Dogs, the Diversities, the Names, the Natures and the Properties." Fleming's preface addressed to "the well disposed reader" is not the least agreeable portion of the volume. It appears that Conrad Gesner, "a man, while he lived, of incomparable knowledge and manifold experience, being never satisfied with the sweet sap of understanding, requested Johannes Calus, a profound clerk and a ravenous devourer of learning . . . to write a Breviary or Short Treatise of such dogs as were engendered within the borders of England"; and Dr. Calus thereupon "discovered evidently the sundry sorts of English dogs," "ripped up their natures apparently," and "opened their manners manifestly." This treatise is accessible. It is reprinted in Arber's "English Garner."

We have corrected the quotation as

given by H. J. L. from comparison with the text in Arber's compilation.

Four-Legged Hustler.

And H. J. L. refers to certain poems concerned with turnspits. One of them shows "that there must have been 'hustlers' before the inhabitants of the great West began to advertise themselves under that caption." It is entitled: "Upon a Dog Called Fuddle, Turnspit at the Popinjay, in Norwich."

Then no more "Fuddle," say: give him no spurs,
But break your spleen on one that never turns.

And call him, if a proper name he lacks,
A four-foot hustler, or a living Jack.

There is no allusion to the noun "hustler," as thus used in any dictionary at hand. The word meaning one of a gang; of pickpockets who hustles is as old as the Newgate Calendar; but the word meaning an extremely energetic or pushing person, one in a nervous hurry, is classed among Americanisms. Was not Fuddle simply an urger, a pusher? In England a "hustling storm" was called a "hustler," but this does not help us. There is a quotation from John Adams's diary (1760): "I had no companions for pleasure either in walking, riding, drinking, hustling or anything else." Just what is meant by "hustling"? There is a meaning in English slang, but it is hardly possible that it would have been recognized by Adams.

Ship News.

One of the passengers who made in 1838 the first trip in the Sirius, the first steamship to cross from Great Britain to the United States, is still living in Wilts, England, the Rev. Vincent Ransome. He tells a reporter that many of the passengers were so frightened during the run down the English Channel that they left the vessel at Cork and forfeited their passage money. There were left only six first-class passengers, two of them "A Mr. and Miss Davenport, father and daughter, who were stage-players."

A patent was granted in 1785 to Lionel Lukin, a London coach builder, for an "insubmersible boat." The word "lifeboat" was not used in the specification. It appeared in 1801 when two "lifeboats" were finished by Mr. Greathead of Shields. The next year a gold medal and 50 guineas were voted to Henry Greathead "for a boat of peculiar construction named a lifeboat, in consequence of the lives of many persons shipwrecked having been preserved by it."

May 4, 1912

FIEDLER BIDS BOSTON ADIEU

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th and last public rehearsal of the 31st season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon" Weber
Symphony No. 1, C Minor Brahms
Prelude and Liebestod Wagner
Funeral March from "Gottfried Hammer-ung" Wagner
Prelude to "Lohengrin" Wagner
Overture to "Tannhauser" Wagner

The performance of Brahms's symphony was an excellent one, and was musically the feature of the concert, for Mr. Fiedler is especially fortunate in his interpretation of this symphony, the compositions of Strauss and Reger, and the more rugged works of Scandinavian and Russian composers. I do not mean to say that his readings of the earlier classic and the ultra-modern French compositions are not interesting, for this season he gave admirable performances of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Debussy's Nocturnes, but he shines more brilliantly as an interpreter of Strauss than of Wagner. It may here be remarked that Brahms's first symphony and the overture to "Tannhauser" were on the program of his first concerts October 9-10, 1908.

The behavior of the audience yesterday afternoon must have convinced Mr. Fiedler, if there had been any doubt in his mind, that the great majority of

those that stand the test of time have enjoyed the orchestra's success under his direction and are sincerely sorry to see him go now that his contract has expired. He was applauded most heartily when he took his stand. After the symphony he was recalled more than once and at last the audience stood in his honor.

After the overture to "Tannhauser" there was an unusual demonstration. At last, when there was a lull in the applause, Mr. Fiedler spoke a few words simply and from the heart. He thanked the audience for its friendly welcome in 1908 and for its ever-growing sympathy. He was sure that little by little the mysterious, indefinable relationship, "a sort of wireless communication," was established between the conductor and the hearers, which is the most flattering tribute to an artist. And then Mr. Fiedler expressed his regret at leaving the orchestra, now so responsive to his wishes. In closing, he expressed the hope that he would not soon be forgotten.

It was evident at the beginning of the concert that Mr. Fiedler was much moved by the thought of saying "good-by" to many who have supported him loyally; who have recognized his musical earnestness, honesty and enthusiasm; who hold him in high respect and also in affection, as a man, as a human being. Nor is it extravagant, or only a flourish of courtesy, to say that many in the audience were also moved.

Mr. Fiedler came here for one year to hold the position until Dr. Muck's return. Dr. Muck was bound in honor by his contract in Berlin, and unable to return in 1908. Mr. Fiedler was then re-engaged for one more year. Again Dr. Muck found that he could not honorably obtain his release from the Court at Berlin. Mr. Fiedler was then engaged for a period of two years, and his contract expires with the concert tonight.

No conductor has served more faithfully. He has pleased the audiences in all cities visited by the orchestra, pleased them by the character of his programs and the nature of the performances. This is not the time to discuss analytically his merits, which are patent to all, or certain peculiarities as a conductor, which, while they may provoke the criticism of musicians, appear no doubt to the mass of the hearers as virtues. He may well pride himself on the enthusiasm of the audiences here and elsewhere and on the respect in which he is held by the critical in cities where they are more prone to blame than praise. May his life be a long one of continued usefulness and honor!

The first concerts of the 32d season will take place on Oct. 11 and 12. Dr. Karl Muck will conduct. The auction sale of seats for the public rehearsals will be held Monday, Sept. 30, and Tuesday, Oct. 1; for the concerts, Thursday, Oct. 3, and Friday, Oct. 4.

It is said of Homer Davenport that he was "both a cartoonist and a caricaturist." The writer might find it difficult to explain the difference, unless he should insist that Davenport drew designs on paper for a painting to be executed in fresco or oil, or for a work in tapestry or mosaic. The word "cartoon," meaning a full page illustration in a journal or periodical, did not creep into English before the sixties and the word as meaning a caricature, usually of a political nature, is of still later date. The old masters of political caricature, as Gillray and Daumier, were content to be known as "caricaturists."

Invention and Brutality.

No one questions the ability or the honesty of Davenport. His personification of "the trust" has been adopted by successors, great and small. The \$-mark suit of clothes he gave to Mark Hanna was as deadly as the shirt of Nessus and yet Mr. Hanna was not by nature a sensitive person. These inventions are to be ranked with Nast's tag labelled Gratz Brown; with Gillam's Tattooed Man. The artist was accused of brutality, and thus he shared the fate of political caricaturists who were honest, fearless and effective. Gillray lived in a coarse age and some of his most remarkable drawings are not for the strait-laced, though they may be tempted to look at them for the sake of the historical interest. John Leech's attacks in Punch on Napoleon III, and his supporters drove Thackeray and others from the staff, although the artist and the novelist were warm friends to the last. The bitterness of Nast often vexed the gentle soul of George William Curtis when they were working together for the Harper Brothers. The attacks of Tenniel on Lincoln and the Northern cause during the Civil War are unpleasant to many looking over the volumes of Punch.

Ruinous Familiarity.

Of late years nearly every newspaper of any importance has had its "sketch artist," caricaturist, cartoonist. Even the New York Tribune and the New York Sun have yielded to the supposedly popular demand. It is a question whether the force of caricature has not thus been lessened. Mr. Oppen's pictures

in the commonwealth are funny, but were they taken seriously as they should have been, Jules Laforgue lamented that this was so daily. "Ah! que la vie est qu'on-dienne!" The cartoon is too daily for the artist and the public. Even if there were a caricaturist for each day in the week, it would not mend matters. The public is no longer expectant, curious. When Nast was fighting the Tweed ring or Greeley as a presidential candidate, thousands wondered what Harper's Weekly "would have next week." When Roscoe Conkling left the Senate in a fine burst of rage followed by "Me Too," the people were impatient for Joseph Keppler's cartoon in Punch. They knew it would be there; but just how would Keppler express himself in ridicule? The heroic days of political caricature are apparently no more, except possibly in Germany: witness Simplissimus. The weapon is so common that its point is blunted.

A Freakish Luncheon.

We all read about a luncheon given to a 6-year-old French girl in New York by her dotting parents; how it was unique in this: Everything on the bill of fare—the word "menu" was of course used, as

being more genteel—began with the letter C, and the table decorations as far as possible were C-shaped "or bore some association with that letter."

"C" is a fortunate letter in this respect, for by use of French and English a "sumbustuous" dinner could be prepared. What if the little girl's name were Ethel? Would eggs, eels and egg plant satisfy her? Or Diana? Duck and deviled something might not agree with a girlish stomach, and we have never tasted Dry Curry Hash or Duke of Cumberland's pudding.

And mark the importance of "C" in the great pie belt! Chicken, chocolate, coconut, cranberry, cream, currant, custard. And what is there under "D"? Date pie is not seductive, and damson tart is English.

We have read of some one, a Parisian, we believe, who, freakishly aesthetic, invited guests to partake of a black dinner, a mourning feast. It would be easy to arrange the bill of fare, starting with caviare and black bean soup and ending with creamless coffee. Black bean soup! Not long ago we were all warned against soup of any kind. It distends the stomach, takes away the appetite for really nutritious dishes, etc., etc. Now comes a learned person, formerly a health officer in New York, and urges the importance of soup in a course dinner. For soup promotes beneficial activity in the clock work, it encourages helpful acids to toil in the service of the eater, etc., etc. The choir will now sing: "Soup of the Evening! Beautiful soup!"

The Reason Why.

Some one asked recently why so much attention was paid to food and drink in this column. The discussion of political and religious questions stirs up strife. The subject of woman is interesting but dangerous. There are allusions to baseball on other pages of the Herald. We are fond of horses, but know nothing about them. There is much to be said about books, but there are many men and women who are bored by them except when they are detective stories or advertised as "startlingly frank." Everyone, and particularly the dyspeptic, is interested in sausages, waffles, oysters, the best way to serve Tripe, the only method of compounding a mint julep.

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.

She was not the only one.

Some Pumpkins.

The following definition is in Capt. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (2d ed. London, 1788): "Pompkin. A man or woman of Boston in America: from the number of pompkins raised and eaten by the people of that country. Pompinkshire: Boston and its dependencies."

Was this characterization of Bostonians ever made by other colonists? Was the Bostonian ever passionately addicted to pumpkin above all other New Englanders?

MAX FIEDLER SAYS ADIEU

The final concert of the Symphony Orchestra last night when Max Fiedler made his last appearance as conductor was a repetition of the scenes at the public rehearsal on Friday afternoon. When Mr. Fiedler entered to begin the concert the applause which greeted him lasted over three minutes, and at the close of the Symphony which ended the first part of the program the entire audience rose to give evidence of its admiration for the retiring conductor. At the end of the concert there was more applause and wreaths were handed over the footlights.

In the time, during the intermis-

sion, the orchestra played a number of the composer's own works, including the four parts of his "Symphony in E-flat major," No. 2, op. 62, Dec. 2, 1911. In reply George Longy, soloist of the orchestra, in behalf of his colleagues, gave Mr. Fiedler a hand one silver vase.

By PHILIP HALE.

The musical season of 1911-12 ended last night with the 21st Symphony concert. Outside of the Symphony concerts and the performances of the Boston Opera Company, the season was not an eventful one. There were few compositions of compelling merit produced. With the exception of the performance of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, the concerts of choral societies were of little importance. Few distinguished virtuosos visited this city. Some of the best were pitifully neglected. Free tickets were often distributed to "dress the house." Notably in the case of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra, the Cecilia Society and certain pianists and singers.

Symphony Concert

One hundred and five works, including concertos, arias and songs, were performed at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The composers represented were: Anonymous 1 (the "Jena" Symphony fondly attributed by some to Beethoven), Bach 1, Balakireff 1, Bantock 1, Beethoven 11, Berlioz 3, Boellmann 1, Bossi 1, Brahms 5, Bruch 4, Bruckner 1, Charpentier 1, Cherubini 1, Chopin 1, Converse 1, Debussy 3, Delius 1, Dvorak 1, Elgar 1, Enesco 2, Foote 1, Forsyth 1, Franck 1, Glazounoff 1, Gluck 1, Goetz 1, Grieg 1, Haydn 1, d'Indy 1, Lalo 1, Liszt 6, Mendelssohn 2, Mozart 5, Rachmaninoff 1, Rimsky-Korsakoff 1, Roger 1, Schubert 2, Schumann 3, Sibelius 2, Smetana 1, Strauss 6, Strube 2, Tschalkowsky 3, Wagner 10, Wallace 1, Weber 3, Weingartner 1, Wolf 3.

Beethoven leads with 11 compositions, not including the "Jena" symphony. Then comes Wagner 10, Liszt 6, Strauss 6, Mozart 5, Brahms 5, Bruch 4 (all for virtuosos—singer, violinists and 'cellist), Berlioz, Debussy, Schumann, Tschalkowsky, Weber 3 apiece, and Hugo Wolf with 3 songs.

Forty-seven composers and one unknown were represented. The names of Boellmann, Forsyth, Wallace, appeared for the first time on a Symphony program.

It would not be easy to classify the composers by nationality. Enesco, a Roumanian by birth, has lived for many years in Paris. Delius, of German parentage but born in England, has long lived in France. Is Cherubini to be ranked with Italians or French? Is Strube to be classed with Germans or Americans? Liszt is both Hungarian and German. Franck was a Frenchman only by education and naturalization.

Putting Germans and Austrians together there were 17 Germans and one unknown, probably a German, represented with 62 compositions.

One Hungarian with six.
Two Boleslavians with two.
Two Scandinavians with three.
Five Russians with seven.
One Roumanian with two.
One Pole with one.
Two Italians (Bossi and Cherubini) with two.
Seven Frenchmen with 11.
Five English with five.
Three Americans (including Strube) with four.

Works

These works were performed for the first time

New to Boston:
Symphonies.

Anonymous—"Jena" Symphony, C major, attributed to Beethoven, Dec. 20, 1911.
Elgar—"Symphony in E-flat major, No. 2, op. 62, Dec. 2, 1911.
Weingartner—"Symphony, in E major, No. 3, op. 49, March 9, 1912.

SYMPHONIC POEMS.

Bantock—"Dante and Beatrice," Oct. 25, 1911.
Converse—"Omazd," Feb. 16, 1912.
Delius—"In a Summer Garden," April 20, 1912.
Wallace—"Villon," symphonic poem No. 6, April 20, 1912.

SUITES, RHAPSODIES, ETC.

Enesco—"Rhapsodie Roumaine, A major, op. 11, No. 1, Feb. 17, 1912.
Foote—"Four Character Pieces, op. 48, April 20, 1912.
Grieg—"Old Norwegian Romance with Variations, op. 51, Nov. 15, 1911.
Strauss—"Salome's Dance, from 'Salome,' April 27, 1912.

OVERTURES.

Balakireff—"Overture on a Theme of a Spanish March, Nov. 25, 1911.
Reger—"Comedy Overture, op. 120 (first performance anywhere), Oct. 7, 1911.
Sibelius—"Karelia," op. 10, Nov. 18, 1911.

CONCERTOS.

Glazounoff—"Concerto for violin, op. 52 (from Zimbalist), Oct. 28, 1911.

New at

Symphony

Concerts

Time of the Concerts

ON THEATRE DISTRICT, 1912

Boston Symphony Orchestra, 1912-13
Concerts, 1912-13
Concerts, 1912-13
Concerts, 1912-13

ARIAS AND SONGS

Chapman, "Aria," "Dante and Beatrice," Oct. 25, 1911.

Elgar—"Aria," "Dante and Beatrice," Oct. 25, 1911.

Liszt—"Aria," "Dante and Beatrice," Oct. 25, 1911.

Mozart—"Aria," "Dante and Beatrice," Oct. 25, 1911.

Wagner—"Aria," "Dante and Beatrice," Oct. 25, 1911.

Wolf—"Aria," "Dante and Beatrice," Oct. 25, 1911.

Song—"Verborghheit" with orchestral accompaniment (Elena Gerhardt), Feb. 17, 1912.

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Philharmonic Society of New York, Nov. 10, when Mr. Kneisel rode his war horses in the stud of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Kneisel, played here for the first time two concerts, April 3 and 4. The orchestra has a well developed marked routine, and it was a pleasure to see the instrument in the conductor's hands. It lacked sensuous quality in its execution. Mr. Kneisel has not the magnetic force. The feature of the concert was his interpretation of the introduction to the finale of Brahms's first symphony. No new work was performed. The audiences were surprisingly small.

Mrs. J. J. Hall at her orchestral concert, led by Mr. Longy, March 11, introduced unfamiliar compositions that are not recorded in the chronological list at the end of this article.

Adriotti's Imperial Russian Court Ballet Orchestra gave concerts, but without popular success.

The Atlantic String Orchestra gave a concert on April 21.

Chamber Club

The Kneisel quartet gave four concerts in Steinert Hall, Nov. 7, Beethoven, Debussy, Schubert, Dec. 5, Mozart, Saint-Saens, Schumann, Mr. Bauer, pianist; Jan. 9, Copoloff, D. S. Smith, quartet in E major, MS. (first time), Beethoven; March 14, Schumann, Franck, Haydn, Miss Goodson, pianist.

The Flozaley quartet gave three concerts, Dec. 7, Haydn, Ravel, Bocher, Jan. 11, Beethoven, W. F. Bach, March 14, Beethoven, Glazounoff.

The Zeller quartet, members of one of the best played for the first time in Boston, March 9, Fauré, sonata in A; Sinding, op. 92; Beethoven quartet in D major, No. 14; Marion May, contralto, solo.

The American String quartet (women) gave a concert March 25, with Heinrich Gluck, pianist; Fauré's violin sonata; Dvorak's piano quintet; piano solos.

No new chamber music of special interest of worth was produced by these groups. The Kneisel quartet still has faithful followers. The Flozaleys now have a large and enthusiastic audiences.

David Mannes and his wife gave violin and piano recitals Dec. 14: Mozart, Reger in the alto style; Brahms; Jan. 23, Wolf-Ferrari, Recitativo Adagio from Sonata A minor, op. 10; Beethoven, Sonata in A minor, op. 10.

Georg Weber trio, Jan. 30.

Longy Club (wind instruments): Nov. 10, Mozart, Serenade No. 11; Diemer, op. 10, pieces for oboe and piano; Rimsky-Korsakoff, quintet for piano and wind. Jan. 11, Woollett, octet for saxophone, clarinet and string quintet; Bruch, op. 10, pieces for clarinet, viola, piano; Strauss, three Aquarilles Hollandaises; R. J. Hall, S. Noack, A. Bak, E. K. J. Koller, E. Huber, assisting.

March 12, D'Inly, Chanson et Danses; Franco, second sonata for violin and piano; Italy, sinfonia (op. 108), S. Noack, violinist.

First Composers' recital, Jan. 27, Shepherd, sonata for piano (Mr. Shepherd, pianist); Converse, sonata for violin and piano (Miss Collier and Mr. Converse).

Mr. Zimbalist introduced at his first recital, Nov. 14, Yerk Bowen's suite in D-minor and Cyril Scott's "Tallahassee"; Nov. 20, Zimbalist's suite in old style.

Mr. and Mrs. Witke and Mr. Warnke played C. Franck's Trio in F-sharp minor, Nov. 24.

Miss Josephine T. Durrell and Leo Patterson, March 5, Purcell, Corvill, Beethoven, Malchevsky.

Mr. Schroeder, cellist, and Mr. Fischer, pianist, Feb. 15, Rachmaninoff's sonata, March 20, Beethoven's sonata, op. 10.

Violinists

There were few recitals by violinists.

and Efrem Zimbalist made

his first appearance at

of the Boston Symphony Or-

chestra when he played Glazounoff's

concerto and gave recitals Nov. 14, 20,

although he is enthusiastic over the

composition, the work made little

impression. The violinist himself is

one of the most talented and musical

virtuosos that have visited us in re-

cent years, but the public did not ap-

preciate him. It passed him by, as it

passed another excellent violinist,

Thibaud, several seasons ago.

Mr. Zimbalist did not have the

something that "gets over the

footlights." Perhaps he had no

of a message. However this may

be, he showed himself an artist of the

new first rank.

Miss Bessie B. Collier played at a con-

cert at the Boston Symphony orchestra

March 12. The People's Choral Union is doing valuable work and the choir is making genuine progress. It is not too much to say that one of the most important events of the season, events that could be counted on one hand, was the performance of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, led by Mr. Vogt. No such chorus had been heard here before. Its superiority in tonal quality, balance, technical drill, aesthetic expression was overwhelming.

The following chronological list of first performances, first appearances, etc., may be of interest. B. S. O., Boston Symphony Orchestra, K. Kneisel, F. Flozaley, H. Mannes, orchestral concert; 12, Longy Club; 13, O. H. Boston Opera House.

Oct. 7—Reger, M. A comedy overture. First performance anywhere. H. S. O. Oct. 16—Mme. Sumiko. Japanese soprano. Kneisel's. Oct. 22—B. S. O. concert in honor of Liszt. Oct. 23—Garden, Mary. First concert in Boston, assisted by Paul Moreno, tenor; Herbert Sachs-Hirsch, pianist. Oct. 28—Zimbalist, Efrem, violinist. First appearance in the United States. Glazounoff's concerto. B. S. O. Oct. 28—Bantock's "Dante and Beatrice" B. S. O. Nov. 8—Blanchard, Lemon. In song recital. Nov. 7—Ornstein, Leo, pianist. Nov. 10—Strinsky, Josef, as conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York. Nov. 13—Chadwick, G. W., music to "Eve-rywoman." Majestic Theatre. Nov. 14—Bowen, York, Suite in D minor for violin and piano. Cyril Scott, Tallahassee, op. 75, No. 1. E. Zimbalist and Max Chotzko. Nov. 18—Grieg, Edvard, Norwegian Romance with variations. Sibelius "Karelia" overture. B. S. O. Nov. 20—Diemer, L. Two pieces for oboe and piano, op. 35; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Quintor for wind instruments and piano. L. Nov. 23—Piano pieces by Albeniz, Granados, Grovlez, Geo. Copeland. Nov. 25—Balakireff, M. Overture to a theme of a Spanish march. E. S. O. Nov. 27—Saint-Saens' "Samson et Dalila." B. S. O. H. Dec. 2—Elgar's Symphony No. 2. B. S. O. Dec. 6—Barwick, Leonard, pianist. Dec. 8—Gilbert, Henry F. Indian music for B. S. O. Curtis's "Story of a Vanishing Race." Dec. 12—Frederick Stock's first appearance as conductor of the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago. Elgar, violin concerto (Albert Spalding, violinist). Dec. 14—Reger, suite "In Alten Style," op. 33. David Mannes. Dec. 30—"Jena" Symphony, attributed by some to Beethoven. B. S. O. 1912.

Jan. 1—Woollett, H. Octet for saxophone, oboe, clarinet, string quartet (first performance anywhere). Bruch, M. Five pieces for clarinet, viola and piano; Kriens, C. Three Aquarilles Hollandaises for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons and bells. L. Jan. 8—Bachaus, W. Pianist in recital. Jan. 9—Smith, D. S. Quartet in E minor, op. 19 (first performance). K. Jan. 11—Bach, W. F. Sonata in treble for two violins and cello. F. Jan. 12—Gerhardt, Elena, soprano, in recital. Jan. 23—Wolf-Ferrari, Recitativo. Adagio from Sonata in A minor, op. 10, for violin and piano. David and Clara Mannes. Jan. 25—Mees, Arthur. First appearance as conductor of the Cecilia Society. Jan. 27—Eiche, Henry. Four songs sung at the First Composers' Recital by Florence Stevens Low.

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Season's Piano

Let us take the pianists calmly and in alphabetical order. Miss E. Altemus played at Mr. Spooner's concert Nov. 23, Charles Anthony gave a concert Oct. 21, and then introduced a prelude by Courtland Palmer.

Wilhelm Bachaus (whose name is Backhaus) made his first appearance in recital Jan. 8. He has a well developed technic but little or no individuality; a cool, prosaic person who has practised assiduously. His performance at a Symphony concert did not alter the former impression.

Harold Bauer gave recitals Dec. 4, Jan. 13, April 2, and appeared at a Symphony concert. These recitals gave much pleasure, pleasure of the higher, nobler sort, but Mr. Bauer is not pre-eminently a player of Chopin.

Leonard Borwick played for the first time in Boston Dec. 6. I have heard few finer performances of pieces by Bach. Mr. Borwick has his own conceptions, and they are artistic. Like Mr. Bauer, he is less fortunate with the music of Chopin. An admirable pianist in many ways, one that left his mark, he would be a welcome visitor.

George Copeland gave a recital on Nov. 23, and played at concerts with Mrs. Russell Feb. 19, and Miss Scotney Feb. 8. Kurt Fischer gave concerts with Mr. Schroeder, cellist, Feb. 15, March 26.

Rudolph Ganz in his recital of Jan. 1 was in heroic vein and too often forced tone; he was seldom emotional, nor was he a colorist in a decorative way; yet, thoroughly musical, when he did not do deeds of violence, he showed fine taste in matters of proportion and in simplicity of melodic treatment.

Heinrich Gebhard played artistically at his recital Jan. 22 and at a concert of the American String quartet March 25. Miss Corinna Harmon, a young pianist, made her first appearance here in public Jan. 29, as did E. P. Hawthorne Feb. 6. Charles de Harnack, announced as a "Serbian court pianist," came from a town in Ohio to play at Arnold Daly's singular entertainment at the Plymouth Theatre, March 19, and thus accounted in a measure for the frequency of assassination in the Serbian court.

Josef Hofmann gave a recital on Jan. 20 and there were moments when he reminded the hearer of Rubinstein, the pianist's teacher. There were other moments when he was icily regular, dead perfection, no more.

Josef Lhevinne gave a remarkable recital on March 2. Noted formerly for his strength and speed, he has developed aesthetically, and his performance in Jordan Hall was one of the chief events of the season.

Leo Ornstein, a young pianist, who has suffered from extravagant praise in New York, played swiftly and loudly on Nov. 9. George Proctor gave an interesting recital on Nov. 1 and played in concerts of a miscellaneous nature. Richard Platt gave a recital on Jan. 30, and Lee Pattison played with Miss Durrell, violinist, on March 5.

Vladimir De Pachmann, now in his 64th year, made a farewell, positively his last farewell, tour. He gave recitals on Oct. 21, Nov. 13, Dec. 2, Dec. 9, April 14. He is still incomparable, unique. And when he leaves the concert stage, who is there to remind you of him? There are heroic, "intellectual," "thoughtful" pianists; but who has De Pachmann's enchanting touch, exquisite refinement, melodic song, rhythmic sense, ease in bravura?

Miss Humphrey played at the last Apollo concert; Evilliano Renaud gave a recital Nov. 21; Herbert Sachs-Hirsch played at Mary Garden's concert Oct. 22; Mme. Szumowska gave instructive lecture-recitals and played in her best manner, Jan. 11, 18, 25; Miss Edith Thompson gave a recital on Feb. 3; Miss Marion Tuff's gave a concert with

Singers in Recitals

We have named the singers at the Symphony concerts, one hand, was the performance of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, led by Mr. Vogt. No such chorus had been heard here before. Its superiority in tonal quality, balance, technical drill, aesthetic expression was overwhelming.

These singers were heard in concert with others; Mr. Loebl, Feb. 18, May 5; Mr. Clement, with Miss Farrar, Nov. 4, at Mrs. Hall's orchestral concert, March 11; Mme. Galski, Philharmonic of New York, Nov. 10; Mary Garden, Oct. 22; Miss Gerhardt, Pension Fund, March 3; Alma Gluck, Cecilia, March 21; Geo. Harris, Jr., March 4; Florence Stevens Low, Nov. 16, with Mr. Seagle and also at First Composers' Recital, Jan. 27; Mr. Lankow, Dec. 14, March 23; Lucille Marcel, Weingartner concert, Feb. 18; John McCormack, March 31; May Marion, March 9; Paul Moreno, Oct. 22; Marie Narelle, March 31; Alice Nielsen, Dec. 14; Bernard Olshansky, March 23; Mrs. Henry Russell, Feb. 19; Mme. Schumann-Helne, Pension Fund, Nov. 26; Evelyn Scotney, Feb. 8, March 28; Oscar Seagle, Nov. 16; Leo Slezak, Cecilia, March 21; Philip Spooner, Nov. 23; Jacques Urlus, Weingartner concert, Feb. 18.

Miss Gerhardt, Miss Tejete, Miss Marcel and Mr. Urlus sang in Boston for the first time, and Miss Garden, Mme. Gluck, Mr. Lankow and Mr. Slezak were heard here for the first time in concert work.

Miss Gerhardt is an accomplished Lieder singer, with a beautiful voice, unusual vocal skill for a German, fine taste. She is not pre-eminently emotional, and she has cultivated diligently certain mannerisms.

Miss Tejete was distinguished by her diction rather than the quality of her voice, and in her interpretation she shone chiefly in the Procs Lyriques and other songs of Debussy and in two songs by Duparc. She gave the impression of one carefully prepared, but comparatively helpless when left to her own devices.

Miss Marcel and Mr. Urlus, who sang at a concert directed by Mr. Weingartner, gave great pleasure. So did Mme. Gluck in all that she undertook. Mr. Slezak had very fine moments. He at times exaggerated sentiment and was careless in technic. Miss Garden is always interesting. Mrs. Russell with an immaterial voice pleased by her diction. Mr. Blanchard, singing in languages foreign to him, showed nicety in enunciation and the routine of the experienced singer.

Mr. Clement again aroused enthusiasm, although his voice was not always in condition. His programs on the whole were of a higher order than those of the season before.

One of the chief events of the season was the concert given by Miss Farrar and Mr. Clement. The two never sang better in this city, and the program was unusually interesting.

Choral Societies and Assistants

Handel and Haydn; "The Messiah," Dec. 17, Florence Hinkle, Pearl Benedict, Reed Miller, Frederick Weld; "The Messiah," Dec. 18, Marie Sundell, Christine Miller, Reed Miller, Arthur Middleton; "Arminius," Feb. 11, Isabelle Bouton, H. Evans Williams, Marcus Kellerman; "St. Paul," April 7, Grace B. Williams, Jennie F. W. Johnson, Franklin Riker, Earl Cartwright.

Cecilia Society, Jan. 25, "Damnation of Faust," Caroline Hudson, George Hamlin, Herbert Witherspoon, L. B. Merrill; March 21, groups of songs by Mme. Gluck and Mr. Slezak.

People's Choral Union: Jan. 21, Lorenc Rogers-Wells, Charles Hargreaves; April 28, Grace B. Williams, Florence Jepperson, Howard E. Pratt, L. B. Merrill; portions of Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" and Parts 1 and 2 of "The Creation."

Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, Feb. 23, Florence Hinkle, soprano, and the Theodore Thomas orchestra.

The Apollo Club gave its 41st season of subscription concerts. Among the soloists were Nina Dimitreff, soprano, Nov. 7; Mrs. W. W. Calvert, soprano; Evan Williams, tenor; Miss Collier, violinist.

The Handel and Haydn produced no new work, though "Arminius," not worth the trouble of exhumation, was probably unfamiliar to many.

Mr. Mees of New York conducted the Cecilia Society for the first time. His choice of a work for the first concert was unfortunate, for Mr. Mees is not the man for Berlioz. He is a careful, painstaking conductor, unimaginative, prosaic. The second concert was practically an "entertainment of song" by Mme. Gluck and Mr. Slezak, assisted by the Cecilia Society. There was little public interest in the concert. This was to be deplored, for the Cecilia had had a long and honorable record, and at present contains good material.

The People's Choral Union is doing valuable work and the choir is making genuine progress.

It is not too much to say that one of the most important events of the season, events that could be counted on one hand, was the performance of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, led by Mr. Vogt. No such chorus had been heard here before. Its superiority in tonal quality, balance, technical drill, aesthetic expression was overwhelming.

The following chronological list of first performances, first appearances, etc., may be of interest.

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KUBELIK-BONCI

Jan Kubelik, violinist, and Alessandro Bonci, tenor, for the second time this season appeared in joint recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Mr. Kubelik's numbers were: Concerto in D minor, by Vieuxtemps; "La Folia," by Corelli, and "I Palpit," by Paganini. Mr. Bonci sang for his first number an aria from Mozart's "Così fan Tutti" and Rossini's "Barcarola," and on his second appearance Montefiori's "Asprazioni" and an aria from Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West." The closing number was the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with both artists and organ and piano accompaniment. Ludwig Schwab was at the piano for Mr. Kubelik. Robert E. Franchini played for Mr. Bonci. John P. Marshall was the organist.

Messrs. Kubelik and Bonci are a strange combination. Both are of the highest rank in their individual fields; both are supreme musical artists; both have a peculiar hold on a large portion of the music loving public; yet each makes his appeal in a manner totally different from the other. This difference is emphasized when they appear together on the same platform.

Mr. Kubelik is cool, gloomy, seemingly concentrating his whole being on the most exquisite musical expression of his instrument. When he has finished, silence seems the most appropriate response.

Mr. Bonci invites his hearers to sing with him in spirit. He is gay, human, and when his mobile voice has trailed off in one joyous, vanishing note, laughter and tumultuous applause are the spontaneous expression of the audience's feelings.

Yesterday, when Mr. Kubelik had left the platform, immediate self-adjustment to the more human music of Mr. Bonci was difficult. The singer, with his sunny good nature, seemed for the moment irreverent, a profaner of the temple. When, on the other hand, the tenor had quite won the audience to his mood, the violinist's playing became cold, passionless.

This antagonism between moods induced by the two men was most apparent in the "Ave Maria." It should have been a notable performance, and, so far as the work of the artists was concerned, it was. But after the familiar air had been played by Kubelik with thrushlike clarity of tone, Bonci's no less artistic rendering seemed at first out of keeping. In the end, however, when Kubelik took up the obligato, the effect was all that could be desired.

Mr. Kubelik played the Adagio Religioso and the Allegro Marciale of the Concerto with his own incomparable technique, and made therewith a greater impression than did the music. Not until the Paganini was reached did some of the fire which one felt must be behind the violinist's impassive exterior seem to reach the violin.

Mr. Bonci was at his best in the Rossini and the Montefiore.

Nearly every seat in the house was taken. Each number was applauded at length and vigorously.

It was probably Mr. Kubelik's last appearance in Boston for some years, as he is said to be tired of constant touring and desirous of spending the next few years in Europe. Knowledge of this fact manifested itself in long continued applause at the close and Kubelik was finally forced to come forward and voice his thanks.

There has been an outcry of late against the luxurious appointments of steamships crossing the Atlantic. The finger of scorn has been pointed at golf links, squash courts, perfumed baths, rose bushes, etc., provided for the pampered passengers. And there are some who sigh for the good old days when a flannel shirt without a relieving touch of starched linen was the correct thing at dinner; when women were as grubs until land was sighted, and then they appeared on deck as butterflies; when a fortnight at sea was all too short a time; when a ship was expected to be uncomfortable; when business was necessarily left behind on the pier and no message could come through the air; when the bath was a jet from a hose held by a grinning sailor on a wet deck.

Ancient Floating Palaces.

Sumptuously furnished vessels were known centuries before the Sirlus or the pride of the Collins line. The ship that Archimedes designed for Hiero II, King of Syracuse, not only was wonderfully decorated—the story of the float was told in marquetry—but there were flower beds on the promenade deck, a gymnasium, staterooms with three beds, a library, bathroom with hot and cold water, stables and horses, fish ponds and many fair rooms paved with agate and precious stones. And this vessel was designed as a carrier of wheat. It was first named the Syracusan, but afterward the Alexandrian. Archimedes wrote a poem in its honor and Hiero, in gratitude and appreciation, sent him a thousand measures of cheese, and thoughtfully prepaid the expense. Moschion gives a detailed description of this ship.

Then there was the Egyptian vessel, the joy of Ptolemy Philopator, with galleries and promenades, a temple of Venus with her statue, a drinking hall, belvederes and a grotto the sides of which were decorated with precious stones set in ornaments of gold.

Musical Notes.

The musical season is over in Boston. Looking over the reviews published in the course of it, we are pleased at finding few allusions to the "Three B's," a formula that has been worded to death, and to the irritation of many, who, accepting Bach and Beethoven as worthy of alphabetic superiority, would substitute Berlioz for Brahms. England has its "Three B's" and on the whole they are of more vital importance: Beef, bread and beer.

The Musical Herald of London (April 1) pays this flattering tribute in its answers to correspondents:

"G. I. M.—Boston, U. S. A., is a great musical centre. Taste is high and concerts and operas of all kinds are good and frequent. You will be able to keep up your musical studies well."

It is a pleasure to know that our taste

is "high," gamy, as shown by our appreciation of Richard Strauss and the later Frenchmen who are immoral in matters of harmony and form.

Sans Teeth.

"E. W. F." asks the editor of the Musical Herald: "Is it possible to play the clarinet really well with a complete set of false teeth, top and bottom? If not, what instrument do you recommend?" The editor answers that it is possible, but the teeth "must be good and well fitted to the mouth. Possibly it may feel a little awkward at first, but you will soon get accustomed to them." The editor advises the correspondent not to take up the violin, for he is 32 years old. Why did not the editorial guide, philosopher, friend, quote from Artemus Ward's recollections: "I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth, not a tooth in his head; yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met. He kept a hotel."

In Copley Square.

There seems to be a difference of opinion concerning the disposition and ornamentation of the vacant lot in Copley square. We should like to see trees set out in the quincuncial lozenge, after the garden of Cyprus; fruit and nut bearing trees; pampas bushes with their dillson berries; a labyrinth for the amusement of young couples; hanging gardens; a pergola clad with grape vines. There should be an old-fashioned summer house, with the narrow and incomparably uncomfortable seats, with spiders' webs and slugs and the queer, unforgettable smell, and on the ground there should be a battered watering pot half full of greenish liquid, also a garden pump, the joy of our boyhood. And the square should be deliciously vocal with songs of bulbuls, not one bulbul or two, but in dozens. Don't like the picture?

The One Thing Lacking.

We were told last Saturday that a rousing campaign song would have been of great benefit to either Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt in the primary campaign. William Henry Harrison was sung into the President's chair; there were songs for Fremont, who gained votes thereby, but not enough; and many of us sang "Grover! Grover! Four years more of clover!" Were there campaign songs when Lincoln ran the second time? The country was then hardly in the mood for singing. Hayes, Tilden, Garfield, Hancock, Blaine, B. Harrison and others hardly inspired the nation poets. And our informant cited with glee a campaign song that he remembered, a song worthy of being classed with "We'll sing the Harrison song by night," "Van is a used up man," "When this old hat was new."

J. K. Polk and George M. Dallas, One for the rope, the other for the gallus. Away, away, the river is a-risin' Down with Polk, and wash away pizen.

BERTHA KALICH AT B. F. KEITH'S

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Bertha Kalich made her first appearance here in vaudeville last night at B. F. Keith's Theatre. She appeared as Toinette in Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske's grim tragedy in one act, "A Light from St. Agnes," and was supported by John Harrington as Michel Kerouac and John Booth as Father Bertrand. The play has been produced by Mrs. Fiske at special matinees in New York; thus it was played early in 1905 with John Mason as Michel and Fernanda Elisau as Toinette at the Manhattan Theatre.

Toinette is a Creole living with Michel, a ruffian. A priest seeks shelter in her cabin when she is alone and tells her of the death of a woman who had tried to put down debauchery in the neighborhood. This woman, dying, had thought of Toinette and left her a crucifix. Michel comes in before day-break and rejoices in his drunkenness

at the death of his pete. She will vex him no more. He has seen her corpse with a cross ornamented with diamonds on her breast. Only four nuns are watching. He will cut the rope of the alarm bell, rob the corpse, and then he and Toinette will go to New Orleans, where they can drink wine instead of brandy. Toinette entreats him not to commit sacrilege. At last she says she will go out to cut the rope. She goes and gives the alarm. Michel knives her, and lo, in her hand is a crucifix. The rising sun shining on the windows of the chapel reflects light into the cabin after Michel has sneaked away.

The play might well be in the repertory of the Grand Guignol, the Parisian home of one-act shockers. It is short and brutal. There is no time to develop character. Those acting must make every stroke tell. As a spectator remarked last night in admiration: "That's no easy act. They work hard." There was violence of speech and action. There was screaming before the knife thrust. Mme. Kalich characterized Toinette vividly. Insolent, wholly unmoral, hating the dead woman with a natural hatred, resenting her kindness, faithful to Michel who abused her, this Toinette was easily understood.

But why she should have had a revulsion of feeling is not made clear by the dramatist, nor is there opportunity for the actress to give an explanation. The audience is left to infer that her heart was softened by the gift of the dying woman, but there is no hint at this conversion on the stage.

Mme. Kalich in her use of the Creole dialect was not always intelligible, and this may also be said of Mr. Harrington, who played the part of Michel with the appropriate brutality.

The bill was pleasingly varied. Pero and Wilson, pantomimists, were seen here for the first time in some neat feats of juggling. The Holdsworths played the banjo better than they sang. Charles Mack & Co. in "Come Back to Erin," sang and danced and told stories about fairies to the delight of the audience, and Mr. Mack, about to return to America, piped to Miss Etta Bastedo's dancing. The little play would hardly win the approbation of Mr. Yeats and his associates, but it was warmly applauded. Miss Linden Beckwith, "The Magnetic Mistress of Melody," sings much better than the great majority of her sisters in vaudeville.

She has an agreeable voice which has been well trained. Furthermore, she is pleasing to the eye and has a style of her own. Mme. Alaska Techow's cats showed surprising intelligence and a delightful indifference toward the audience. A London critic recently wrote that elephants are the only animals that betray a sense of humor when they are performing. Mme. Techow's cats went through their tasks with philosophic composure.

Lola Merrill and Frank Otto indulged in touch and go repartee and introduced some new and agreeable wheezes. Mr. Otto sang a song that was worth hearing. Hawthorne and Burt were seen in "A Raw Recruit." Mr. Burt as the recruit, now stupid, now sly, was amusing, but the scene was too long drawn out and the fun flagged. Rice, Sully and Bott, expert on the horizontal bars, did not need the clowning to win applause. Loving pictures brought the close.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Lindsay Morison stock company in "The Witching Hour," by Augustus Thomas.

Jack Brookfield..... Henry Mortimer
Judge Prentice..... Wryley Birch
Frank Hardmuth..... James S. Barrett
Lew Ellinger..... James A. Bliss
Clay Whipple..... James J. Hayden
Tom Denning..... William Belfort
Judge Henderson..... James Burrows
Mrs. Helen Whipple..... Anna Cleveland
Mrs. Alice Campbell..... Rose Morison
Viola Campbell..... Florence Brian

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Spring Maid," an operetta by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Music by Heinrich Reinhardt. Principals in the cast:

Princess Rozema..... Miss Christie MacDonald
Prince Nepomuk..... Ben Hendricks
Prince Adair..... Thomas Conkey
Annamia..... Miss Ann Tasker
Baron Rudi..... Charles H. Hart
Roland..... Tom McNaughton
Ursula..... Miss Mae Phelps
Straetling..... Charles W. Meyers
Evakali..... Miss Isabel C. Francis

Gordon's Olympia on Washington Street Crowded with Patrons.

Gordon's Olympia, Boston's new vaudeville theatre on Washington street, between Essex and Beach, was opened last night and 2500 persons, who taxed the seating capacity of the house, witnessed a very entertaining bill of vaudeville and moving pictures. The Figliam Opera Company headed the bill, and the other vaudeville acts were the Four Marimba Serenaders, Tom Stacia and Moore, Bruce Morgan and his Piccadilly Johnnies, Cahill and McGowan in "The Russian Fair," The Yoklahoma Brothers, and the Pearl Trio.

Send us your comments on this page. I read your article on the "Kid" and I am not interested.

One summer I was working down through the Green Mountains with a boy who travelled under the name of the Oxford Kid. For some reason now forgotten we drilled the whole stretch from Newport, Vt., to North Adams. The Kid claimed to be an Oxford graduate. He certainly was English and was a man of education and remarkable literary taste. Professionally the Kid was the slickest moulbuzzer I ever saw, and he battered for our team regularly. He was a walking library and packed around a collection of pocket editions which for careful selection would put in the shade any five-foot book shelf. Among his books was a tattered volume which contained part of Montaigne's essays. We used to lie in the shade eating cold fried salt pork and doughnuts the regular handout there—and the Kid would read with great gusto Montaigne on "Drunkenness" and "Upon Some Verses of Virgil."

One hot Sunday afternoon we made the road house at Pownal on the Massachusetts-Vermont line. Our last two-bit piece bought two bottles of beer, and we mooched a corned beef sandwich handout at the bar. Under a roadside elm we corked, and I remember that the Kid drank "to the next man that dies." The toast has always seemed to me to be singularly appropriate to all occasions.

At North Adams I made my lucky draw. A slow freight bound East while the Kid fell into the hands of the Philistines. I have never seen him since, though many times afterward I came across his sign on water tanks and freight house doors. He was a good plug and a boon companion, but he had tender feet.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, May 3, 1912.

Notes and Glossary.

SOME may wonder why Mr. Witherspoon used the conventional term "slow freight" instead of "rattler." An express is a dangler—at least so we have been informed by a yeggman of actual performance and more than ordinary promise.

"Mouakee" is a 60 or 70-year-old word meaning name, but the usual spelling is "moniker." There are variants; moniker, monarcher, monick. It is a thief's word originally known in London and New York in the Fifties. Maybe in London "Lor" spells it "moniker." Matsels of New York preferred "moniker."

"Mooching," the noun, originally meant prowling, pilfering, and also playing truant. Milking, mitching, mooching are variants. It is a dialect word. The verb

means to loaf about with the idea of seeing what one can pick up on the sly, to pilfer, to play truant "especially in order to gather blackberries." "On the moue" that is, "gone off loafing." How does Mr. Witherspoon use it? Did he and the Kid persuade some elderly woman to hand out the sandwich at the el door by flattery or a vague reference to the wood pile? Some may say they pinched it; but ham sandwiches are seldom all ready prepared with mustard in village houses for the accidental wayfaring man.

Just what Mr. Witherspoon means by "battered"? In dialect "to batter" is to labor or walk at a great rate, to paste, to splash with mud; but Mr. Witherspoon's verb is of later invention. Does it mean to cajole by force or charm of diction? It would seem so from its connection with "moulbuzzer," a word that has suffered a strange change. In the Fifties and in this country a "moulbuzzer" was a thief that devoted his energy and dexterity to picking the pockets of women. The Kid was probably only as to his tongue, a beguiler: Hence the ham sandwich. Mr. Witherspoon will correct us if we err.

"Made my lucky," "Decamped," "lit out," "amputated," "skedaddled." The phrase is in "Oliver Twist." "Charley and I made our lucky up the wash'us chimney."

"Plug." "A man or beast, short and thick-set." We are inclined to think the term is used more loosely. The Kid may have been tall and thin.

The Kid's Toast.

The Kid's toast is a very old one, preferable to "Here's another nail in your coffin." The poetical expression is familiar to many. It is the refrain of a poem long supposed to have been written in India when the plague was killing British soldiers and civilians, also natives. The authorship was attributed to Bartholomew Dowling; again to Alfred Donett, but the poem was first published in the New York Albion and is now classed as anonymous.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout to our peals of laughter—
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses steady,
We drink to our comrades' eyes,
Quaff a cup to the dead already
And hurrah for the next that dies.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

Seven Days a fortnight in three acts, by Mary H. Blanchard and Avery Hopwood. Cast:

James Wilson	George Russell
Tom Harrison	John Craig
Darius Wilson	Donald Meek
Joe Burrier	Al Roberts
Edmund	Robert M. Middlemarch
Garrett	Albert Hickey
Al Bowen	Carl Nispel
Ant Selina	Manel Montgomery
Al Kowles	Mabel Colford
Al Kowles	Maud Richmond
Al Kowles	Mary Young

Dr. Magan, who was one of the first to begin the scientific study of the physiological action of alcohol, distinguished five stages: First, slight excitement and a feeling of well-being, in which speech and gestures became more animated; in the second stage ideas become crowded together and confused, the mood being, without any very obvious reason for the difference, gay, or sad, or full of tender emotion; in the third stage the confusion of ideas was greater, and accompanied by incoherence, perversion of taste and smell, illusions, thick speech, vacant countenance, and staggering gait; the fourth stage was coma, and the fifth death.

Girl Ushers.

When it was reported that a girl usher at the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia had eloped with a desirable young man, 112 girls, all of them beautiful according to their letters, applied for positions at that theatre. Here in Boston there are young women ushers who conduct themselves, we hasten to add, with a propriety that is chilling austerity. We like to think of young women ushers in all places of amusement, for they are less noisy in the matter of applause. There are theatres in town, as at the Boston Opera House, where ushers are expected to applaud lustily after each fall of the curtain. They have heavy hands. Look about at any performance, and you will see few members of the audience engaged in clapping. The din of rapture is at the back of the theatre. At the Boston Opera House it is at the back, sides, and in well chosen places in the galleries, nor does Mr. Henry Russell, director, disdain to show openly and loudly his appreciation of the performance.

The late Bram Stoker more than once aroused enthusiasm for Sir Henry Irving when his chief was playing to a cool house. Mr. Stoker's hands were large, drollous from long service. At the psychological moment they were clasped together with inexhaustible, terrific force. He was an impressive person to the eye, and theatregoers, lukewarm, half-asleep, seeing and hearing him, were convinced at once that Sir Henry had been accomplishing prodigies. They, too, sat up and applauded, and nudging their neighbor said: "Brace up, Sarah; why don't you clap? That was great stuff." Mr. Stoker was, indeed, invaluable to Sir Henry.

Gulliver Confirmed.

As the World Wags:

I read with interest and approval this morning at the breakfast table your instructive article about the sumptuous ships of Hiero and Ptolemy. I read it aloud for the benefit of my young son Adolphus, who often says when I urge him to apply himself to books of history and travel: "O, what's the use." The more we know of the ancients, the more paltry seem the achievements of the moderns.

You may remember that when Capt. Lemuel Gulliver visited the Grand Academy of Lagado, he was introduced to one of the professors, whose chair no doubt had been liberally endowed.

This professor was "a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of

those two prudent insects the bee and the spider."

Reading Gautier's "Voyage en Espagne," and with the greater pleasure because I shall probably never experience the discomforts of travel in the flesh, I came across a curious passage. Gautier, on his way to Spain, passed Poitiers in the diligence. He saw near the road beyond houses with tiled roofs, fiery red, and he noted this fact: "For some whimsical reason that escapes me, the builders in this region begin their houses at the roof; the walls and foundations come later. They put the framework on four stout planks and the roofers go to work before the masons."

Do you know of any copiously annotated edition of "Gulliver's Travels"?
GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.
Boston, May 7, 1912.

O Piffle!

It is said by Mr. and Mrs. Noall that the word "piffle" is regarded at Wellesley College as slang and any girl heard using it will be fined.

But is "piffle" slang? The verb appears to be older than the noun, and it means, of course, to talk or act in a feeble, ineffective way. As Mr.

Byington, who writes in the *Century*, says: "To stir in the eighth, a col. D. ... in literature once sang."

They pliddled and pliddled with iron. I'd given my orders for steel!

The verb, meaning to be squeamish, goes back to the beginning of the 18th century at least. Some say that the noun was first used by Oxford students. It has found its way into the debates of the House of Commons.

When Messrs. Bennett and Knoblauch wrote their play "Milestones," which was one of the chief theatrical successes in London this season, they read through Punch for 1880 and chose conversational phrases from its dialogues, and so when critics found fault with the "realism" and "local color," the dramatists simply referred to Punch. The volume of 1880 contained phrases that were branded by the critics as of a much later date. Mr. Arnold Bennett in replying to cavillers said: "Language changes more slowly than social conditions. We still say that a steamer sails."

Slap! Bang! Crash!

The international committee for the establishment of an international anti-noise commission will meet at the Harvard medical school Aug. 15. The program of the exercises has not yet been published, but a reading of Schopenhauer's essay on noise beginning "Kant wrote a treatise on 'The Vital Powers'; I should prefer to write a dirge for them," will probably open the meeting. The French member should recite Adolphe Rette's "The Death of M. Bruit." Some deep thinker will recall the laws of the Sybarites who banished from their city all noisy braziers, blacksmiths and the like; there was not even a cock to crow within the walls, but these sensitive persons were fond of Maltese dogs, who must have yapped occasionally; they taught their horses to dance to the flute. Nor is man the only maker of noise. The noisiest corner in London is said to be Pump Court in the Temple, where the birds deafen by their clamor. Possibly the committee will report in favor of the abolition of thunder storms, cataracts and surf.

"The Bateman family in England had both wealth and position, and the original Bateman who chose Newport for his American home, bought broad and fertile acres for his estate, built an imposing mansion and settled down as an important personage."

Yes, yes.

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree.

Uncle Toby's Friend.

Now that there is a general interest in the fly, the busy, curious, thirsty fly, especially the common or house fly, *musca domestica*, we advise men, women and all children that have arrived at the age of understanding, to read chapters 10, 11, 12 in the first book of "The Theatre of Insects" by Dr. Th. Mouffet (London, 1658), especially chapter 12: "Of the Use of Flies." Mark well the opening sentence: "These little creatures, so hateful to all men, are not yet to be condemned as being created of Almighty God for diverse and sundry uses. First of all, by these we are forewarned of the near approaches of foul weather and storms; secondly, they yield medicines for us when we are sick, and are food for divers other creatures, as well Birds as Fishes. They show and set forth the Omnipotency of God, and execute his justice; they improve the diligence, and providential wisdom of men. All which shall appear in their places."

Thus a pot full of whole flies dried to powder with alyconium, quick brimstone, gunpowder, sow's gall, bear's hair, roots of reed and fern, chestnut bark, rubbed on the head is a remedy against defluxion of hair and the thinness thereof however contracted; but the place affected should first be rubbed with fig leaves until it is red.

This chapter contains over seven folio and golden pages. They should be committed to memory by any one wishing to speak or write on the subject with any show of authority. It is true that Dr. Mouffet sheds no light on the old minstrel wheeze: "Where do flies go in winter? They ought to go there in summer." There was no negro minstrel company in 1658, all the favorite jests and witty apothegms were then well known.

The Moral.

And now hearken unto Dr. Mouffet's moral, his conclusion of the whole matter. Let us give it the prominence of agate.

The last use of Flies (and that not to be condemned neither) appears to be this, that whereas none of them passe a Summer, yet some of them do not live out a short day, we should by them be put in minde of our own frailty, and of the uncertainty of this vanishing life; the which although preserved with all the dainty food that can be got, with the softest raiment, and all the best waies and means that may be for a short space, when it seems most to flourish, it on a sudden declines and scarce with the fly holds out an Autumn, much lesse a Winter; we are in Flinders' account but Datesmen, i. e., of a dates continuance, and as the dream of a shadow. And with the flies, short liv'd yeas shorter liv'd than they, for the most short lived of them liveth a day, whereas we have

fourth part of an hour. As for the tyrant whoever thou art, make laws as thou pleased, persecute the godly, add impediments to thy strength, trouble and confound all things, give thyself up to all uncharitable and filthy lusts, yet at length Justice shall seize away these flies, and after thou art dead, exercise thee with variety of torments.

Modern Misandry.

The word misogyny is orthodox and familiar. Why should there not be a word "misandry," the hatred of men? The London Daily Chronicle used this word not long ago and admitted that it was not in many dictionaries. Is it in any? Did not the Chronicle coin it? At any rate the Chronicle used it with reference to women in England whose incentive is not to better themselves or anybody else, "which is certainly the object of the vast majority of the regiment," but simply hatred of men. This hatred was expressed admirably by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in a letter written when she was old: "How to behave to that tyrannical sex, who with absurd cruelty first put the invaluable deposit of their precious honor in our hands, and then oblige us to prove a negative for the preservation of it? I hate mankind with all the fury of an old maid (indeed, most women of my age do), and have no real esteem but for those heroines who give them as good as they bring."

But Lady Mary, who was as amusing as Artemus Ward's kangaroo, should not be taken too seriously. She had known many men, among them her husband, and been flattered by them. She was fond of little Mr. Pope, whose villa was sold the other day, until there was the famous row followed by his even more famous couplet. Grant that men are poor, weak things, the greater number have their uses, even if only to look at women parading. Why should superior women dignify them by a Florentine hatred?

News Items.

The million-dollar Yale club house in New Haven will be an imposing building with ten floors of bedrooms; with its swimming pools, gymnasiums, private and public dining rooms. Then there will be "library lounging rooms" and an assembly room. Nothing has yet been said, however, about the location of the room where the traditional Yale spirits will be dispensed in various forms and at reasonable prices.

The Daily Telegraph of London recently published a column-long article about asparagus. This is the time to eat asparagus—with plenty of well buttered toast—not to write or read about it.

The following paragraph was published in the Nantucket newspaper: "— who has been visiting — returned to the continent on Monday after a pleasant vacation." Here is a fine and dignified expression of the islander's superiority. "Continent" was once used generally in England to denote the main land as distinguished from an island, islet or peninsula. May this use long survive on Nantucket, and long may off-islanders be welcomed as summer dwellers!

The modern tragedian and fine gentleman, by appearing to advantage, and conspicuously, in propria persona, may easily cure us of our predilection for all the principal characters he shines in. "Sir! Do you think Alexander looked of this fashion in his life-time, or was perumed so? Had Julius Caesar such a nose? or wore his frill as you do? You have slain I don't know how many heroes with a bare bodkin," the gold pin in your shirt, and spoiled all the fine, love speeches you will ever make by picking your teeth with that inimitable air! An actor, after having performed his part well, instead of courting further distinction, should affect obscurity, and "steal most guiltily like away." He is conscious of admiration that he can support nowhere but in his own sphere. He cannot avoid attracting disproportionate attention: Why should he wish to fix it on himself in a perfectly flat and insignificant part, viz., his own character. It was a bad custom to bring authors on the stage to crown them."

Actor Baiting.

Baiting was for a long time a favorite amusement of the English. The word itself is defined as the action of setting on dogs to worry a chained or confined animal. The badger, the bear, the bull thus furnished sport to the insular lords of creation.

We spoke a few days ago of heavy handed male ushers who revive the flagging interest of an audience. These ushers are also earnest, indefatigable in their endeavor to bring an actor or actress before the curtain to make a speech. The preceding situation on the stage may have been a tragic one. The illusion may have been complete. The audience may be deeply moved. It matters not. There are uneasy spectators who do not think they have the worth of their money unless they hear the actor say a few words of gratitude and compliment the city, the audience, the manager, the author and various members of the company. Clapping noisily, these spectators are aided and abetted by ushers in the discharge of their duty.

Lost Illusions.

Few of these actors make a good speech, whether they be tragedians or comedians. The more sensible do not enjoy this "tribute." Why should Romeo Mortimer Fortescue be pulled from the

arms of Julia Emberton to tell the audience that even in Verona he has been looking forward ever since 8:15 P. M. to the opportunity of saying how delighted he is to be in Boston again? Why should Romeo suddenly be transformed into a rather shy and awkward person, mumbling and ungrammatical, in the expression of thanks and stale compliments?

A comedian has amused you for two acts. The man himself is compelled to speak, and you are persuaded, convinced by his own words that he is after all a dull fellow, clumsily funny, a victim of contract labor. When the curtain goes up again there is no illusion. We once sat near a distinguished German prima donna at a Bayreuth table d'hôte. She was eating boiled beef with mustard sauce—the beef that had left its strength in the greasy soup, served for the first course. Her knife-play would have excited the wonder of the jaded in a dime show. When the beef had disappeared, she scraped her plate for sauce till the glazing shrieked. We saw her afterwards as Isolde, Elsa, Elisabeth, the Queen of Sheba, the glory of the Dresden Opera House. In agony on the ship, awaiting her swan-drawn champion, shocked by Tannhauser's improper ditty, desirable in the splendid court of Solomon, she was still, in the mind's eye, the eager woman at the table d'hôte. Again we saw the rapid demolition of the beefy mound. Again the gravy-laden knife flashed upward through the shuddering air.

Wholly Personal.

It is true that there are stage people who are anxious to address their "ky-ind friends." Joseph Jefferson was excessively annoyed if the public did not insist on a speech. We have all observed the coy, reluctant, amorous delay of Mr. David Belasco in coming before the curtain. He fairly has to be shoved from his hiding place. But what would happen if stage-hands or members of the company, knowing his modesty, akin to timidity, should neglect to push him out at the psychological moment?

This baiting of actors goes with the delight in the revelation of a "charming personality." Many rush to the theatre to see Miss Burke, Miss Doro, Miss Adams. It makes no difference what the play or the character of the heroine may be. There is always Miss Burke, or Miss Doro, or Miss Adams in a more or less becoming costume, recognized at once, the same yesterday and today. And if the idol will only vouchsafe to say: "I am so glad to be in Boston again," or "I am so glad you like our play," rapture is at its height.

In Gen. Taylor's Time.

As the World Wags:

Your remembrance of old campaign songs in today's Herald reminds me of one in the Gen. Zachary Taylor presidential election. If I remember aright the Democratic Congress had voted themselves extra compensation for their services, much to the indignation of the opposite party and Gen. Taylor. There was a popular negro song of that time entitled "Dearest Mae," the chorus of which was:

Oh, dearest Mae,
You're lovely as the day;
Your eyes so bright
They shine at night
When de moon am gone away.

The campaign parody ran:

Oh, extra pay,
You've cheered me many a day.
But now old Zach
Is on our track,
And our hope is gone away.

Hingham, April 7.

T. O. E.

Black and White.

We like to think of the Londoner who put on a jet black shirt, "properly starched and fashionably frilled" with white collar, cravat and waistcoat, on May 7, for the first performance of "The Five Frankforters"—not sausages but bankers. A shirt of this kind would go safely through a week at the Boston Opera House next season. It should be worn, however, only by blondes. Brantome tells of fair women at the French court, so radiantly fair that they preferred black sheets to white.

CONSERVATORY ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOR TOURGEE FUND

A concert for the benefit of the Tourgee Memorial Student Aid Fund last evening in Jordan Hall by the conservatory orchestra, was under the auspices of the alumni association. G. W. Chadwick, conductor of the Conservatory orchestra; Heinrich Warnke, first violin cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Ramon Blanchard, baritone of the Boston Opera Company, volunteered their aid.

The first number was the overture, "Die verkaufte Braut," by Smetana. Mr. Blanchard sang the aria from "Un Ballo in Maschera," by Verdi; "La Mia Bandiera" of Rotoli, "Lied d'Ossian," from "Werther," by Massenet, and "At Parting," by J. R. Rogers. Mr. Warnke contributed two short pieces by Boccherini, "Consolation," by Liszt; "The Swan," by Saint-Saens, and "Vito," (Spanish dance) by Popper. The remaining orchestral numbers were waltzes, "Finlandia," by Sibelius and the waltz from "Everywoman," by Chadwick, (by request).

The purpose of the Tourgee Fund is to assist meritorious students of the conservatory in time of immediate need.

International Compliments.

A Mystical Pugillist.

is is unwelcome. The Rev. Paul Threlkham may think that M. Maeterlinck's is not a complete and well-sounded mystic, but this Belgian of the plays and essays and prefaces is a mystic for ordinary purposes. He may not be and her Ruysdael or Jacob Behmen, but it is not right to associate him with upper esophageal digesters. Why is he not left to brood over the eternal mystery by the side of a dank and dark pond with a gaggle of swans, or in some draughty beer room thick with tobacco that encourages mystical contemplation? And supposing M. Maeterlinck should be knocked out? The author of drowsy dramas should himself be a show. He should make up more skill for the part that gave him fame. He owes this to his admirers.

The Captain's Table.

There is a fatal objection to the wish that a captain should dine alone. Many otherwise estimable citizens enrage a passage chiefly for the purpose of saying that they sat at the captain's table. They think that they thus gain a certain distinction, as though they had been decorated. At the table they feel that others envy them. In the smoking cabin or in the ship's parlor they begin to talk. "As Capt. Honk said this morn," or "I was telling Capt. Honk at lunch yesterday." They inform friends and acquaintances at home of their inestimable privilege. In cathedral, palace, or picture gallery, meeting an American, though he be a stranger and with suspicious caveat or boots, they inform him of the sacred experience. Long before they return they plot and scheme for the one and only eating. The journey of life from this first sitting to the grave is thus covered.

"The Indians in the South and Middle West are wont to use a little bean known as the peyote or the pescal. This peyote has wonderful narcotic properties, and brings on a condition of great serenity and content. A member of the Indian bureau tried it and reported that he found that ordinary colors were greatly heightened in intensity and brilliancy, and were extremely pleasant to the senses; that when he closed his eyes a procession of Chinese pagodas with variegated trimmings floated around him, pleasing geometrical designs soothed him, and peacocks of brilliant plumage drifted over his head."

And now let no one write: "There's no such verb as duft." O yes, there is; in this clipping.

May 12 1912

Let any play of Shakespeare be revived in London and there are column-long reviews containing inquiries into the true character of this or that person introduced. Then follow long and per-fervid letters from theatre-goers, critical rather than historical.

Strange Interest in "Othello" Take, for example, Beerbohm Tree's revival of "Othello." Before the opening

After the criticisms of the performance came the letters. "Pittite" attacked the play itself. It is not a good pattern to the modern dramatist, for the play is based on a psychological improbability: a passionate lover like Othello, having just obtained his wife, would not listen to any accusations against her virtue unless supported by unimpeachable evidence, and the evidence in the play is wholly inadequate and unconvincing.

Mr. Willmore answered "Pittite" and

Mr. Willmore answered "Pittite" and argued that the improbable is always happening. If there were "two minutes' straight talk," there would be no tragedy: "it would turn 'Romeo and Juliet' into a comic picnic elopement and settle the coal strike. Tragedy in life usually arises and develops, alas, just for the want of that two minutes' straight talk at the right moment, and this is a fact which Shakespeare happens to know."

"Bittute" replied that in fiction we demand that events shall happen only within a certain radius of probability. It is shocking to find Othello eagerly drinking in the first whispers against his wife's chastity and actually asking for more. We are not told that Othello started his married life in an atmosphere of suspicion. The evidence produced is extremely erude and naive. "I would cite the scene at the beginning of Act IV, in which Othello is told to stand aside and watch Cassio while Iago talks with him, and Othello then proceeds to misinterpret every look and movement of Cassio in the most arbitrary manner to suit the dramatist's purpose."

Mr. Willmore wrote another letter in which he declared that Shakespeare's ethnic still reigns supreme. Othello is no subtle oriental. He is a Moor only in skin. He is in all essentials an Elizabethan Englishman who inspires love by his simple nobility of character. "In unhierole ages people had to act from motive, and therefore it is that the modern novelist strives to show the sufficient motive. In heroic ages people act from character. They are forces projected from the spiritual world. We are interested in them just because we can't fathom their 'causes and motives.'" —

Our Old Friend There were some who criticised savagely Sir Herbert's disarrangement of

friend Iago's disarrangement of the text; but more complained of Laurence Irving's impersonation of Iago. Some did not like his "song and dance." Mr Rich-

Mr. Irving's letter was long and bumptious. He believes that Iago was chiefly actuated by well grounded jealousy against Othello, who had been too "free and bounteous" in his attentions towards Emilia; that Iago was really in love with Desdemona. Iago was disgusted at Cassio's preferment. He was inordinately vain, but he was happy descending to a simple audience on the character of women. "I think he is also happy when he is singing, and, as I have ventured to do, to the disgust of many, kicking his legs about amongst a posse of drunken youths." He was a mercenary soldier, not a gentleman "gay with such 'quats' as Roderigo."

Even Mr. E. S. Willard emerged from his retreat and remarked that no manager or commentator had realized that Shakespeare intended Roderigo after the first act to be disguised as a young soldier, and Roderigo was no longer on the scene as a young gallant. He admitted, however, that this did not affect the play in any way. Sunbeams from cucumbers!

There was a calm "observer" who gave Mr. Irving a sad thrust. "I think the keynote of his failure in the role might be found in an interesting interview, published in the New York Review in January, 1910. Mr. Irving then said: 'How in heaven's name it was originally thought that the plays of Shakespeare were meant to be enacted on the stage is one of the problems that has (sic) puzzled me all my life.' He also said: 'The worship of Shakespeare has done more harm to the English-speaking stage than anything else.'"

After reading these letters, let us quietly ponder the sane and masterly study of Iago's character by an American named Richard Grant White.

Notes On Shakespeare

We have referred to the production of "Troilus and Cressida" by M.

Antoine at the Odéon, Paris. This production was widely discussed in England. The question was raised why the heroic tragi-comedy is not played in that country. And what was Shakespeare's purpose in writing it? Was he eager to anticipate Meilhac and Halévy with their "Belle Helene"? "With half a dozen lines Shakespeare makes flesh and blood of the Homeric heroes, too often pompous shadows. Ulysses playing Ajax off against Achilles, Ajax bursting with conceit and led by the nose, Achilles always performing to the gallery, wise but prosy Nestor, and the two different kinds of cynical blackguards, Pandarus and Thersites, would be recognized and enjoyed by the Greeks themselves, who were no solemn folk at all." But, on the other hand, there is the superbly imaginative meeting of Hector and Achilles, and there is the cruel gracelessness and delicious wantonness of Cressida. Mr. Charles Whibley wrote an admirable study of the play for the Pall Mall Gazette, for he, too, was excited by the news from Paris. He thinks highly of the drama, its inexhaustible wealth of imagery, its grim irony and rapturous love making. We find no record of a performance of this tragi-comedy in Boston or New York. Mr. J. B. Clapp, regularly well versed in the history of the theatre, writes to us that he has no note about any performance in Boston. "Timon of Athens," in a "revised" version, was played in New York in the forties. Phelps revived "Pericles" at Sadler's Wells in 1854, and it was played in a shocking adaptation at Stratford in 1900.

Even when the familiar comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," is revived, as at Stratford last month, there is long and serious discussion in London.

"Neither Petruchio nor Katharina was meant to be anything but a jolly commonplace soul. They have this advantage over more important creatures—they know better than to take themselves seriously." Why then think that Shakespeare was "talking" tyrannically to relieve his own harassed feelings and take it out of his wife?"

And at Stratford-on-Avon Mary sat through "Hamlet" in all its length from 6 o'clock till nearly 11, for Mr. Benson believes that the whole play was written for the stage, not for the study. There was hardly any pause except for the two breathing spaces of eight and five minutes. The scenery was correct and satisfying; but it was simple, so there was almost an unbroken succession of scenes. While Hamlet was the dominating figure, the other characters had a more real importance. King Claudius was made up in a way that suggested Judas Iscariot; Polonius was no longer tiresome and early Victorian. As for Mr. Benson, the Times declared that he "plays the part of the Prince with more insight into his mind and more true and moving emotion than any Hamlet of the day."

Concerning
Men and
Women

Tarquinia Tordini,
who took the part of
Carmen, the opening
night of the Covent
Garden season, sang here at the Park
Theatre in May, 1907, as a member of the
San Carlo Company. She was then
heard as Leonora in the last act of "Il
Trovatore," and as Violetta in an act
of "La Traviata." She was there more
conspicuous for beauty and enthusiasm
than for vocal or dramatic skill, but
she was very young.

Mr Boulogne, a baritone, who was at the Boston Opera House the first season, took the part of the chieftain in de Lara's new opera, "Nail," a 'violent episode of Arab life,' with text by Jules Bois, who used to write about "Satanism" and the Black Mass. Mr Bois thought once of lecturing in the United States, and Mme. Calve interested herself in his behalf—indeed, there was gossip about a probable marriage. Mr Boulogne was vocally violent enough no doubt.

Mr. W. R. Titterton, welcoming Mella Mars back to the London Hippodrome, says she has the right cabaret air of make-believe. "She rises to tragedy, she floats in laughter, she is drowned in tears, and all the while it is a mask, an effect you sip as you sip your colored drink. Her gestures are few, but they are compelling; when she will she blazes, and her lips grow tense and terrible, and when she will she bubbles with a light-hearted, warm-hearted ecstasy. Yet nothing is serious; you may take a sip without troubling greatly your emotions. Queer how sometimes the joy and the anger empty from her face and she looks stern!"

from her face and she looks worn!" Franz Lehar is at work on a one-act opera of serious character, "somewhat in the style of 'Cavalleria Rusticana.'" Miss Myriam Deroxe, a French actress, who has been playing in London, is not only beautiful; not long ago she read through twice a column of the Figaro, and then repeated it from memory word for word.

Mr. Titterton, who passes his life joyously in music halls, characterizes Marie Lloyd as the presiding goddess. "She is vulgar as ordinary, sane English life is vulgar; she is fascinating in a hearty, honest English way; she is chic and perfectly gestured; she has all the balance of fine art and the recklessness and naivete of genius; she gives the lie direct to the continental sneer that Englishwomen lack temperament; she is a great elemental force making for jollity; she has the best wink in London."

The London Queen's Hall orchestra has played at 142 concerts since the opening of the Promenade season on Aug. 12.

Aug. 12.

With joy we heard the heroine of a new play the other night describe one of the characters as having presented "a glorious figure in white, the Lohengrin of polo." In due course one may hope to meet (on the stage) with the Tannhauser of hockey, the Siegfried of cricket and the Tristan of tennis. A nice, quiet, out-of-door game for association with Wotan would, one imagines, be croquet—or possibly bowls. But what restrict these picturesque comparisons to Wagner here? The next heroine, for example, could be made to exclaim ecstatically to the man she loves, "You looked an enchanting figure in a jersey—the Faust of football."—London Daily Telegraph.

Jules Lemaitre will translate "Kismet" into French, and Lucien Guitry will produce the play in Paris next fall.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham has written for Beerholm Tree a version of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and entitled it "The Perfect Gentleman." There is a prologue, for Sir Herbert told Mr. Maugham it would be a good idea to show Moliere with Louis XIV, and inspired by the king to write this play, with the part of M. Jourdain played of course by the dramatist.

course, Lydie Lipkowska appeared as Mimì at Covent Garden April 26, and the Queen and Prince Albert and the train of courtiers saw and heard her. The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of her charming voice and personality. "That her conception of the part is not very strong, lacking something in emotional force, must be admitted but otherwise she is decidedly successful with her finished acting, while save for a momentary lapse in intonation in the first act, her singing gave pleasure by reason of the quality and clearness." The Daily Chronicle said she was dainty and graceful—which we all know—and that in the "big duets" she made a deep impression by her intensity of emotion and dramatic feeling. The Daily Telegraph said her Mimì was "a thing of pure delight."

Mme. Augusta Doria, formerly of Boston, had joined Mr. Hammersmith's forces in London. At least, she took her part of Leonora in "La Favorita" at the London Opera House last month. This new tenor at Covent Garden, Giovanni Martinelli, was a clarinetist two years ago in the Italian army. He is now 25 years old and he sang last summer at Rome in "The Girl of the Golden West" after Bassi had gone back to London. Mr. Martinelli is said to produce a large volume of tone without forcing. In "Tosca" his acting was stiff, perhaps due to natural nervousness.

...a lower ...
...the city, and if any one ...
...sake brought one of these ...
...of the field into the city, it was ...
...sooner at the gate but that it died ...
...At Byzantium, a brazen ...
...horse with a horseman upon him re- ...
...served the city from pestilence and all ...
...congregation of the air; and when the ...
...Satan, conquering, caused it to be ...
...broken to pieces, the pestilence raged ...
...so fiercely that in four months Leun- ...
...clavius, who was among those pres- ...
...ent, affirmed that there died 150,000 ...
...persons. Nor is it necessary to speak ...
...of the Brazen Serpent in the Wilder- ...
...ness.

All thoughtful persons acknowledge the potency of a tallman when it is judiciously designed. Therefore since there is now the fear of the common or domestic fly let us describe a sure means of driving away flies so that they will never come again.

To Drive Away Flies.

Let us quote from the learned M. zaidus, Antoine Mizauld in private life, the physician of Montuacan, who died at Paris in 1573 at an advanced age. His treatises should stand on a shelf with the "Iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi."

"When thou wilt drive away Flies from any place—that there shall none be seen there again, make the image of a Fly in the stone of a ring; or in a plate of Brass or Copper, or of Tin, make the image of a Fly, of a Spider, of a Serpent, the second face of Flies then ascending. And while you are making a graving of them, say: 'is the image which doth clean all Flies forever,' then bury the same in the midst of the house, or hang any place of the house (but if thou have four such plates, and bury or them in four corners of the house, or in the walls that no one can take them away, it were far better). But this laying of them must be done the first day of Taurus doth ascend. And so no Fly will come in nor tarry there. Ptolemy saith that he saw the trial hereof in the house of King Adebardus, who was very wise, and was marvelous expert in natural magic, in whose palace or place there was neither Fly nor any other vermin. And that I might search out saith he, 'I brought in thither live Flies, which presently died.'"

Let us add that in the common place where the Censors of Venice sat, there never entered any flies, and in the fish shambles of Toledo only one fly was seen in all the whole year.

A Chance Meeting.

As the World Wags:
One night last week, while indulging in one of my infrequent prowls through the South end, I made the acquaintance in a Washington street saloon of a young salesman. He had been writing contracts for a trading stamp company in Jersey City, and was the typical smooth, smart specialty man. He was well and quietly dressed; his voice was low and pleasant, and his English good. He was telling in a very commonplace way an uninteresting story of 10 days of dissipation in New York, when he dropped a word or two that made me think he had been a roadster, a tramp. I gave him the office and was right. He was an ex-prushun and had clowning a season with Ringling. He seemed to be the exception that proves the rule that ex-kids never reform.

After the interruption he resumed his story of high life in New York, but he lapsed into the vernacular and the story ceased to be commonplace. The Earnest Student of Sociology from Clamport on the Cape would have taken copious notes after the manner of Mr. Pickwick. The narrative went something like this:

Sturdy English.

"I'd been sloppin up with the Janes for a couple of moons and had a yen for a big doss. So I blew a bunch of sinkers at a swell stop, grabbed a bundle of hay and flopped. I pounded my ear until dinner time yesterday, then chewed and rode out the one o'clock on the plush." "On the plush" was new to me, but I left the road 10 years ago and doubtless the tramp vocabulary has expanded greatly since. I am informed on good authority that the number of first-class hoboes has doubled in the last 10 years and the tramps themselves attribute the increase to the high cost of living.

Grass and Greens.

Apropos of the high cost of living and as a digression from the tramp subject, hear what happened last Sunday. Mrs. Witherspoon, the young lady across the way and myself went for an afternoon stroll in Franklin Park. Mrs. Witherspoon, with the true instincts of a house wife and impressed by the large quantities of extremely green grass all about, suggested that, if it were cooked right, grass might probably be eatable in the form of "greens." I made the obvious reply that Nebuchadnezzar lived on grass for a long time. The young lady across the way wanted to know if Nebuchad-

nezzar was one of those fast Indian warriors who used to lecture at Potter Hall.

Isn't it astounding what a lot of things the modern high school graduate doesn't know?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, May 9, 1912.

Glossary.

It is a pleasure to see the word "doss" again. It's old in the slang of English thieves, meaning either sleep or a place to sleep. "Bunch of sinkers" is probably known to all. "Bundle of hay" will perplex some. Josiah Flint's "Tramping with Tramps" explains the difference between a "kid," a "roadster" and an "ex-prushun." "Pounded the ear" is an old phrase for sleeping.

"Sloppin up" may mean "having a hustlin' time," "on a jamboree," but how about "the Janes"?

We understood that Mr. Witherspoon was going to Mexico and thought of Mr. Herkimer Johnson as a companion. Is it possible that he is deterred by the reports of intestinal strife? Is not the mescal still flowing? Is there no mungo soup?

IBSEN'S 'GHOSTS' BY RUSSIAN CAST

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Ibsen's "Ghosts," performed in Russian by Paul N. Orleaneff and his own company.

Mrs. Alving.....Ludmilla N. Liarova
Oswald.....Paul N. Orleaneff
Regina.....Lina A. Koroleva
Pastor Manders.....Ivan P. Vronsky
Jacob Engstrand.....Matti L. Liarov

An interesting performance of Ibsen's gruesome play was given by Mr. Orleaneff and his company last evening. A large and justly enthusiastic audience was present.

Remarkable facial expression, admirable characterization of each part and effective sobriety of gestures were features of the performance.

Mr. Orleaneff's impersonation of Oswald, the wretched victim of heredity, was engrossing and grimly realistic. At first the quiet intensity of his acting was chiefly impressive and only the man's fear-haunted eyes betrayed his dread of the steadily increasing disease. As its hold grew stronger the actor's portrayal steadily increased in emotional force to a dramatic climax.

Mme. Liarova was an admirable Mrs. Alving. Her facial play was especially significant and she was successful in her expression of subdued emotion.

Mr. Vronsky was becomingly smug as the hypocritical Pastor Manders. Mr. Liarova was capital as the obsequious Engstrand and Miss Koroleva was a pert Regina, while her defiant exit from the stage was especially effective.

GEORGE COHAN AT COLONIAL

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," a musical play in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced by Cohan and Harris. Charles J. Gebest musical director.

Mary Jane Jenkins.....Sallie Fisher
Florence Dean.....Louise Alchel
Mrs. David Dean.....Lorraine Atwood
Mrs. Purdy.....Ada Gilman
Tom Bennett.....Lawrence Wheat
Kid Burns.....George M. Cohan
James Blake.....Elmer Booth
Daniel Krohman.....George Parsons
Andy Gray.....Edgar Halstead

It was a pleasure to see the old play and hear the old songs again and to mark Mr. Cohan's histrionic sobriety. He presents a Kid Burns with grayish hair, and while the Kid cannot be called reticent, he has reached the contemplative stage. Some, perhaps, will miss Mr. Cohan's bustle and his delirious dancing, but inasmuch as he takes himself seriously as playwright, actor, composer and "producer," a sort of Admirable Crichton in our theatrical life, he should be taken seriously even when he jumps out of the window in pyjamas and silk, or flashes his red waistcoat on the dazzled Mary and the audience.

Some of Mr. Cohan's dramatic pieces are nerve-shockers by reason of the speed and din that characterize the performance. The audience is rushed headlong with the action. If dogs were admitted to the orchestra seats they would bark loudly, and this is the test of success in certain musical comedies. In these pieces Mr. Cohan was indefatigable. Steam came out of his shoes.

But his art is now riper. Perhaps he has been studying the methods of the Irish and Russian players. "Forty Five Minutes from Broadway" is a restful entertainment. There is the same deep-dyed villain; Mrs. David Dean is still a mysterious woman and we have a right to suspect her, Andy, the butler, is still

...the ...
...Jane Jones is ...
...and a testament that would have ...
...made her ...
...avarice. But it is all done quietly and in order. Even the Kid's song is not rasping. It is the slang that is language in the making and therefore treated respectfully by lexicographers. Even the chorus is vocally discreet, not boisterous in its far well to Mary at the railway station.

Then there is Miss Sallie Fisher, delightfully demure, with a voice that is music in speech and tuneful in song; with a simplicity that makes an immediate appeal; she is graceful without self-consciousness; she is arch and never irritating; a pleasure to the eye and the ear. The paragon of house maids, whose price is far above rubies, although the curmudgeon whom she served paid her only \$20 a month and they went halves on the Sunday ice cream. "What a charming contrast she is to the Flossie Boneheads and the Tottie Nightshades who are heralded as queens of musical comedy. Her art is genuine, greatly to be admired.

The company is wholly adequate. Miss Atwood as Mrs. Dean suggests the woman with a past and gives the appropriate touch of melodrama. Miss Gilman is an amusing Mrs. Purdy. Mr. Parsons is at once recognized as a villain. Mr. Booth is the sort of a lawyer that you expect and Mr. Wheat as the millionaire is sufficiently youthful.

We hear some one protesting against Mr. Cohan and all his works. Tut-tut! Likewise pish! It is not his fault that men and women give imitations of him and succeed only in suggesting his bodily structure, his constant handling of his nose and mouth. Why should there be talk of the dramatic unities?

"Forty Five Minutes from Broadway" as now played at the Colonial is indeed an entertainment. Its melodramatic and sentimental features are to be found in many "standard" plays.

Its comedy is not too extravagant. And Mr. Cohan and Miss Fisher are human beings who, without any laborious attempt at psychological revelations, amuse the audience and in a simple way remind it that money is after all not the only thing in this world; that honesty and sentiment are not merely dictionary words.

"COMMUTERS" AT MAJESTIC

Lawrence Brice.....Henry Mortimer
Betty Brice.....Anna Cleveland
Mrs. Julia Stickney Crane.....
Mrs. Graham.....Helen Dutcher
Carrie.....Rose Morrison
Mr. Rollister.....Carl Stone
Mrs. Rollister.....Alice Hazen
Mr. Colton.....James J. Hayden
Mrs. Colton.....Florence Brian
Mr. Applebee.....William Melville
Mrs. Applebee.....Frances Woodbury
Sammy Fletcher.....James A. Bliss

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Zelda Sears with Company of Comedians Is Chief Attraction.

Mirth, music and motion (as to the latter, not so much the picture sort, let it be said right here, but a race by "aeroplane ladies," with daring feats) distinguishes the Keith program this week, and justifies the claim of the house that it is a "tremendous all-star bill." The generous applause by the audience last evening, quite impartially accorded to all the main acts, suggests that the press agent and the amusement-loving public are not necessarily separated by "a yawning chasm of hyperbole."

Zelda Sears, with her well-balanced little company of comedians, heads the bill in "The Wardrobe Woman." It is a one-act play, full of fun, yet showing here and there touches of serious and worthy sentiment. The sidelights on the mechanism of the stage (behind the scenes) are probably something of a revelation to the average theatre-goer.

Miss Sears, who, by the way, is making her first appearance in vaudeville, was the wardrobe woman, Sally Spruce. Her interpretation of the character was clever to a degree, though the exigencies of comedy, of course, compel an over-stepping of the bounds of probability, even in a one-night-stand theatre, where the scene of the play is laid. The story revolves about the real love-making of two thespians; and the pleasure and the privilege of the mother of the company was to see that no "millionaires" in the front row intervened to defeat a proper soul-mating. She not only succeeded, by a little ruse, in foiling a rich villain, but herself won Bob, the property man. And so all were happy, though business was ruinously bad, and they were many, many miles from Broadway.

Jack W. Connelly and Margaret Webb presented a musical (piano) absurdity that immensely pleased the audience. The Charles Ahearn troupe of cycling comedians was also a strong feature of the program. Trovato, the eccentric

Phil and Vicarist, showed himself to be a master of the instrument. Just why his head did not fly off, with the tremendous wagging and shaking that he subjected it to, was something of a mystery. The "aeroplane ladies," in up-to-date frocks in the air, were loudly applauded.

Here is a story published originally in the Daily Chronicle of London, so foolish a story that it is worth reading:

"Do you sell stamps?" asked the artist of the postoffice girl behind the counter. "Of course," was the reply. "How many?" "What stamps have you?" asked the artist. "All stamps," countered the girl. "And the price?" "Halfpenny upwards to a shilling—and—" "I wish you'd let me see a selection of your penny ones," said the artist courteously. "I am a poor man." The lady laid down on the counter the sheet of stamps, and the artist having contemplated it, put his finger on the centre of the sheet. "I think I'll take that one," he said.

"Three Pipes off."

Travellers tell strange tales. We are informed that in certain parts of Schleswig-Holstein distance is not measured by miles or hours. "A place is a pipe or two pipes or three pipes off, according to the number of pipes one could smoke while walking there." Shorter distances are reckoned by dogs' barks. In the Munich of the Eighties, the pay of a carpenter or of anyone doing manual labor was generally reckoned by the "mass" of beer; that is to say, if you asked a carpenter how much a small job would cost he would answer, "Two quarts of beer" or "three quarts of beer" as the case might be. In those happy days beer was food and drink to the true man, woman and child of Munich, and the smell of brewing and the smell of beer identified before the arriving traveller, could see the exterior buildings or any indication of a populous town.

A Nut Cutlet Drama.

There are plays for and against female suffrage; there are other dramas that are first of all zealous tracts, as Brieux's "Les Avaries" and "Maternite," and on the last day of April a vegetarian, or nut cutlet drama, was produced in London. The hero is a physician, a hygienist in general and a vegetarian in particular. His speeches are hardly convincing, for in the first act he has much to say about his sufferings from indigestion before he determined to dine daily on nut cutlets, etc. A woman inclined toward vegetarianism dies of cancer and leaves him her fortune. Thereupon he marries the vegetarian daughter of the important butcher in the village, and the love scene is in the butcher shop, where she shudders at the sight of a mutton chop and faints before a sirloin. The villain is a country clergyman, who believes in plenty of red meat for growing persons and deplores the butcher's loss of business in consequence of the physician's pestilential doctrines. The author is Mrs. Florence Edgar Hobson, so that the audience of the afternoon had Hobson's choice.

Grass and Nebuchadnezzar.

There was mention yesterday of grass, cooked and served as greens. Galen mentions esculent grass, but commentators and herbalists give an unsatisfactory account, although they admit that as a medicine grass is diuretic and lithontriptic. That grass seems to some, as Whitman, "the beautiful uncut hair of graves," should not prejudice any one against a mess of grass. Mr. Witherspoon cited the case of Nebuchadnezzar. As boys we knew of this powerful Babylonian monarch by a somewhat coarse verse learned in recess at the district school. He was not cited as an early vegetarian. There was a family in the village, parents, son and two singularly handsome daughters, who ate no meat and were reckoned hardly sane by their neighbors, accustomed to beef, mutton or some form of pork even at breakfast. There are commentators who believe that the Babylonian King suffered from lycanthropy, but were not told that he howled by day as he chewed grass or ran yelling in the cemetery at night. There is a Chaldean legend to the effect that Nebuchadnezzar at the height of his power ascended the roof of his palace and, announcing the coming of Cyrus, exclaimed: "Would that, before the citizens perish, he might be hunted through the desert where wild beasts seek their food and birds fly; would that among mountain clefts and gorges he might wander alone." It is thought that the priestly writer of "Daniel" thus transferred the wish for an enemy to the King who wished it.

Neglected Childhood.

We should have been more interested in Nebuchadnezzar if the Sunday school teacher had told us the stories of the rabbits: how the monarch, changed into an animal, appeared to the people with his upper half as an ox and the lower half as a lion; through Daniel's prayers the sentence of seven years was changed to seven months, and even then short-

ated, but the King, acting on the advice of the prophet, ate nothing but vegetable food for seven years, how he was so greatly feared that as long as he was alive no one on earth dared to laugh; how, amazed by the safety of the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, he burst into song and would have surprised David himself had not an angel forced him to stop. We were not told of these and other things, and we lost interest in him even as a vegetarian in spite of his high-sounding name.

Another Counterblast.

Our brethren who are so bitter against tobacco, even cut plug, will find comfort in "The Tobacco Habit: Its History and Pathology," by Herbert H. Tidswell, M. R. C. S. L. R. C. P. Dr. Tidswell names three things which a Christian should fear: infidelity, tobacco, alcohol. A timid reader will come to the conclusion that every mental, moral or physical evil is the lot of any smoker; that the families of smokers will probably be unhealthy; that smokers are responsible for the decrease in the birth rate. This reminds us that when the late Justin McCarthy went to London in 1852 clay pipes were all the rage. He recorded the fact that "It was thought quite the right thing for a man of fashion to appear in the broad day with a clay pipe in his mouth."

Gesture and Word.

Another improving book is Sutherland's "Domestic Recitations," published in London. Mr. Sutherland dilates on the significance of gesture, inflection and attitude. He gives this scheme of gesture for four lines of "The Portrait":

As I stretched my hand I held my breath;
(Opened right hand brought in front of lower part of chest, palm downward.)
I turned as I drew the curtains apart;
(Hand moved further outward, palm slightly showing; gradually increasing animation.)
I dared not look on the face of death;
(Right arm stretched out to right, palm of hand showing as in repulsion.)
I knew where to find her heart.
(Arm lowered.)

May 15 1912

There are people with a fine abstemiousness about them, who think eating and drinking gross and vulgar. Shall I tell you why? They have either no palates or no sensations. There are poets stone-deaf and artists color-blind. There are men without the sense of smell whom a sewer offends not, and who get no delight from the multitudinous wreathe of honeysuckles, or the tremulous bells of the lily of the valley. So there are people to whom woodcock is as palatable as woodcock, and older as Sauterne.

Practice and Theory.

Mortimer Collins, who indulged in this fine burst, was often censured by the critics for the digressions about food and drink in his novels. He was no more theorist; he ate and drank perhaps too well. He also wore habitually a brown velvet jacket, which, as "P. S." remarked lately in the Pall Mall Gazette, "explains a lot of things"—that is, to a conservative Englishman. But a man need not be a gourmet or a gourmet to write with gusto about dishes, restaurants, inns, waiters, wines, punch and the decorative glass the other side of the bar. There is our friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, for example. As a sociologist he has exhausted every pleasure. As a man he is singularly abstemious, although he once confessed to us that he had never had enough Welsh rabbit in his life, for either there was not enough in the chafing dish or he was too bashful to ask for more. He prefers ale or beer to champagne or burgundy; cider to Sauterne. If he occasionally drinks a gin fizz or gin rickey it is only for the sake of his kidneys. If he calls for rum, it is from the association of ideas with the thought of heroic New England days; of raising barns and meeting houses; of pirates, retired and secretive, or flaunting it on the Spanish Main. At present his breakfast consists of radishes, a little dry toast and water from the windmill.

In and Out of Season.

On April 13 the eggs of plovers received statutory protection in England. The season is a short one, beginning early in March. The first egg is presented to the king. Then there is fierce rivalry over the eggs immediately following. At the Savoy restaurant on March 7 a "well-known nobleman" paid a guinea apiece. Later the eggs fell to sixpence and were served in the West end restaurants, as a rule plain boiled and in jelly with brown bread and butter. After April 13 melons took the place of the eggs at luncheon and the first served at the Savoy cost about 312, but it was large enough for four or five persons. How many of us have eaten plover's eggs? To the majority they are known only by the comparison made by Thackeray and others between them and the morning eyes of elderly persons who have eaten and drank in-judiciously or sat too late at cards or at a oail.

in England that the delicate plover's eggs on the first day taken to that of winning the Derby; but what is to be thought of the man who called attention to the now potatoes served in his table? A forward test said: "But this is the month for now potatoes!" "Yes," answered the host, "the month of this year; but these potatoes are those naturally expected next year." And long ago the shabby and dirty old Duke of Norfolk would order cucumbers out of season at a guinea apiece and a waiter, not recognizing him, would whisper to the landlord, "Is he good for them?"

For Eighteen Pence.

On the whole we prefer to read about more homely fare. Col. Prideman wrote early this month to a London journal asking about a Pickwick Club and its

dinners mentioned by Dickens in a letter of 1833 sold three weeks ago at auction. The Colonel remembers a Boz club, but it was not the Pickwick. "A dinner attended by gentlemen in black evening clothes and white ties is necessarily a solemn affair." The nearest approach to a Pickwick Club, he says, was the old fish ordinary at Simpson's in Billingsgate. The Colonel used to attend the dinners in 1859. They sat down at 4 P. M. and ate the best fish in season, a cut from the joint, a fruit pie, and cheese and salad or celery. For this same, wholesome meal they paid 18 pence apiece. The cloth was cleared; screws of shag tobacco and church warden's were put on the table, and punch was served in small glass bowls, a little larger than finger bowls, cold punch in summer and hot in winter. This gathering was not a club, but it answered for one, inasmuch as there was good talk and the regular attendants became, acquainted, "more or less." The moment there is too great intimacy in a club it degenerates into a mutual admiration society and the end is quarreling and dissolution.

The Case of Mr. Mills.

When we read of these gatherings at Simpson's, we are envious, but stories of Mr. Edward Mills leave us indifferent. It was Mr. Mills who replied to some one asking him if a certain dinner was not wonderful. "Good, but not wonderful. There were no points in it." "What do you mean?" "Well, Thames perch are in season from Dec. 1 to 12. If there had been perch, that would have been a point." It was Mills who, on his moor in Scotland, had his grouse packed and sent to London and returned, for he thought the journey gave them a better flavor. Sir Algernon West tells the story in his memoirs.

Sanitary Hippophagy.

Physicians in Paris are ordering horse flesh for consumptive patients and insisting it is easier to digest and of greater strengthening value than beef, mutton or veal. It costs about 20 cents a pound. This preference is not new. Years ago Theophile Gautier in an essay published afterwards in his "Caprices et Zigzags," told of slaughter houses outside the barrier where horses were killed for the sake of hide, hoofs and bones, and the killers would eat slices roasted as far more nutritious than beef. The history of hippophagy is interesting, especially when beef is high. We may refer to it again. The savages, so called, have unspoiled tastes. When Capt. Cook landed on the island of Savu he found that the people ranked the hog first as edible; then, in order, the horse, buffalo, poultry, dogs, cats, and least of all sheep and goats. Fish they ate only through necessity.

May 16 1912

Be shy of breastpins; plain, well-ironed white, with small pearl buttons—two of them in sight—

Is always genuine, while your gems may pass, Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass; But spurn those paltry Cisatlantic lies; That round his breast the shabby rustic ties; Breathe not the name, profaned to hallow things, The indignant laundress blushes when she brings.

On a Black Shirt.

This was the advice of an eminent citizen of Boston, who in spite of his wit and humor stood in awe of the conventionalities and was unduly impressed by "our best people," to borrow a phrase from the vocabulary of any genteel haberdasher or "interior decorator." (By the way, why should not the more accomplished barkeepers be ranked in the latter class?) This poet would now be the first to shudder at the black shirt worn with collar, cravat and waistcoat all of white, on May 7th, in a London theatre by a young man of "wealth and position," sober, and not influenced by a wager. We referred to this shirt a few days ago, and hoped there would be epistolary discussion. The wearer protested silently—for a black shirt cannot be said to shriek after the manner of loud varieties affected in summer—against the hideous uniformity of the male's ceremonial dress.

Unromantic Linen.

We do not know who invented the linen shirt, with or without collars and cuffs; and since Clamport voted for Col. Roosevelt we are informed that Mr. Herkimer Johnson has not been seen in the village streets or at work on his lot, including a patch of salt marsh, so we would not venture to disturb his morose meditations. We do know, however, that whether the studs be gaudy or shrinking, the collar high or low, the whole scheme of the shirt is disindividualizing and uncomfortable. The romanticists of 1830 knew this full well. If they owned a linen shirt; if they wore one, they disguised the fact, as on the first night of "Hernani." There was Jehan du Seigneur, for example, who sported a doublet of black velvet laced behind instead of the customary and revealing waistcoat. And his jacket and flowing cravat were so arranged that not a speck of white linen was visible. "Supreme romantic elegance!" cried Gautier many years afterwards. In those romantic days the shirt collar was considered as the symbol of the grocer, the bourgeois, the philistine, "who with ears gullotined by this triangle of starched cloth seemed to carry the head as a bouquet in paper." With all their admiration for the Olympian Hugo, the young romanticists, when they were alone and behind closed doors, deplored the fact that this genius had a weak side connecting him with humanity, and even the bourgeois; he wore a linen collar. It was a turn over; it was low in the neck, but it was a linen collar.

The Worst of Shams.

Would any poet, essayist, scientific man, statesman, long admired, be the same to you, if you should learn that he habitually wore a dicky? We use the word in the original sense, a detached or sham shirt front; not meaning, as often in New England, a shirt collar. (As for that matter it also meant a hundred years ago a woman's underpetticoat.) Let us not waste time over the derivation, or whether a dicky was first known as a tommy, a word, according to some deep thinkers, derived from the Greek word of two syllables, "tome," that is a section. This derivation recalls Eugene Field's remark about "corker": "It is derived from the Greek, 'korka,' meaning the adorable one." There were even wretched beaux who wore a lace dicky. However ornate, the dicky is an imitation, a sham, a make-shift. Can the wearer be honest in thought and purpose? How much nobler, more becoming a man the ordinary shirt of flannel!

The time will come when the linen shirt, even with collars and cuffs firmly attached, so that the particular person wears from six to a dozen a week, will also be looked on with loathing. Observe the linen-shirted at a formal dinner. How anxiously he watches his front, fearing lest a drop of soup or wine, a speck of spinach or squash, gravy or salad oil, touch, stick and disfigure. Our friend with the black shirt would eat gayly black bean soup—a terror to the white-shirted, shaven or with mustache.

Anonymous Tyranny.

There was a certain grace, a dignity to the old-fashioned ruffled shirt from which the beau or man of learning brushed snuff as he was florid in compliment or oppressively didactic. There was a fantastic glory to the historical wrought or illustrated shirt, one worked or woven with pictures or texts. It was known in Ben Jonson's time. In our boyhood there were shirts with pictures of men playing games, youths and maidens dancing, battle scenes, shirts that showed flowers and trees, etc. We were particularly fascinated by one representing ballet girls in action. It was worn by a stranger from New York. He also was distinguished by a white plug with a weed, patent leather boots and skin-tight trousers, and it was whispered that he was a gambler. During the Civil War there was a man—we all envied him—whose shirt pictured the stars and stripes in endless repetition.

Why cannot grown men escape from the white starched monotony? Herman Melville argued that the color white struck terror to the soul and he gave curious illustrations. Why should any one be flouted because he delights in vivid colors? Praise be to this Londoner, greatly daring, who broke away from the tyranny of anonymous decrees of fashion! It is true his shirt was black, not purple, crimson, or celadon; but it was a step, as the Cambridge woman said when she was informed that certain cannibals boiled long pig instead of eating it raw.

May 17 1912

"G. S. C." calls our attention to headlines in newspapers of this city, headlines that mentioned the arrest of a certain woman for "polygamy." Our correspondent cannot understand how any woman can be charged with "polygamy."

The writers of these headlines made no mistake. Polygamy is the marriage with several, or more than one, at the same time. It is the practice or custom according to which one man has several wives or one woman several hus-

bands at the same time. The former case is one of polygyny; the latter one of polyandry, if there is to be speaking or writing by the card. It is true that "polygamy" is most commonly used for polygyny, but the word includes "polyandry."

Sir Richard F. Burton stoutly maintained the theory that polygamy, or rather polygyny, prevailed in cold-dry or hot-dry mountainous lands, while hot-damp climates, low countries, require polyandry, and in these hot-damp countries, California as opposed to Utah, Egypt contrasted with Arabia, "the dissoluteness of morals would be phenomenal, were it not obviated by seclusion, the sabre and the revolver." See a curious footnote about this phase of geographical morality in Burton's translation of "The Tale of Kamar Al-Zaman" and a long discussion in his "City of the Saints."

In Old Vermont.

The Biddeford Daily Journal is disturbed by a remark of Mr. Julius Chambers in the Brooklyn Eagle: "I will admit that a Vermont squash pie, flavored with cinnamon and Medford rum, has now and again appealed to me most deeply." The Journal asks whether this dish is really a Vermont institution, and appeals to The Herald. Born in Vermont and knowing the manners and customs of the inhabitants in the sixties—for there is no curiosity like that of a restless boy—we can say only this: We never saw or tasted a squash pie thus flavored; we never heard of such a pie. Perhaps Uncle Jehiel respected the innocence of youth, and not allowing the pie to appear on the table, ate it in the barn. Cinnamon, we remember, mixed with sugar, was eaten with cream on waffles, but we preferred maple syrup, or the thick, black, sluggish molasses, "them molasses," that is not to be had in these degenerate days.

There was a dish that we have never seen except in Vermont or in the home of a strayed Vermonter. It was the Turnbridge tart, probably named after the village in Orange county. This tart was a little bigger round and a little higher than a generous loaf of Boston brown bread. It consisted of layers of doughnut stuff and between them was Shaker apple sauce galore. We have not seen one for years, but the taste is still in the mouth.

A Fitting Tribute.

A special gold medal will be presented to Mr. Thomas Hardy by the Council of the Royal Society of Literature on June 7, his 72d birthday. Commenting on this honor, the Pall Mall Gazette says much in a few words: The Royal Society of Literature "recognizes the head of living English letters; a writer who lifted Wessex back into being; the romancer who has touched nearly every stop and brought music out of each and all of them; the born humorist and humanist; the historian, dramatist and poet. He has arrived at the top of Literature by studying Life alone—and 'what is behind it,' as Goethe said. His own life, like his work, is a model

for all true artists, however ambitious they may be."

Thomas Hardy's "Pessimism."

In the preface to the first volume of a new and uniform library edition of his works Mr. Hardy denies preaching a "consistent philosophy." That his impressions have been condemned as "pessimistic"—as if that were a very wicked adjective—shows a curious muddle-mindedness. It must be obvious that there is a higher characteristic of philosophy than pessimism, or than meliorism, or even than the optimism of these critics—which is truth. Existence is either ordered in a certain way, or it is not so ordered, and conjectures which harmonize best with experience are removed above all comparison with other conjectures which do not so harmonize. So that to say one view is worse than other views, without proving it erroneous, implies the possibility of a false view being better or more expedient than a true view; and no pragmatic proppings can make that idolum specus stand on its feet, for it postulates a prescience denied to humanity.

"Facts, Sir, Facts."

The largest railway station in Europe is the new one at Leipzig, and although the finishing touches will not be ended before 1915, the greater part of the station is now open to traffic. There are men who have a passion for statistics. They fondly believe that figures cannot lie. Jones can tell off hand the tonnage of the warships. Brown knows the dates in American history including that of the first block-house. Robinson is a birthday book of distinguished men and women. For the benefit of these lovers of facts, The Herald states that the Leipzig station has a frontage of 350 yards; 26 lines of rails run into it; there are 400 trains a day; there are 50 clocks; 19 years have passed in the building and the total cost will be nearly \$35,000,000.

The most perfectly formed woman in the world is Mrs. Charles Jassey of Chicago and she weighs 133 pounds. The girth of her ankle is nine inches and that of her chest, full, 35½. Other information can be furnished by letter to any one sending his or her address to us with a two-cent stamp enclosed. Whether Mrs. Jassey possesses the attributes of perfect beauty named in Latin verses by Jean Nevezan, jurist, is another question.

We spoke recently of distances computed in Schleswig-Holstein by the num-

Celestina Boninsegna, who was for a season the leading dramatic soprano

of the Boston Opera House has been engaged for the next operatic season at Barcelona.

Glinka's "Introduction and Dance of Salome" for orchestra (after Wilde's tragedy) has just been published.

Edward Lankow of the Boston Opera House sang on April 28 for the first time in London. The concert was in Albert Hall and Miss Maria Wittkowska, contralto, and Mischa Elman were his associates. The Pall Mall Gazette said that the singers "disclosed a very high standard of excellence and come into the best class of singers, although as yet the front rank of all must be denied them. Fine voices, finished production and clear diction, the three first essentials are theirs in full measure, and no less a valuable asset, they have also a perfect sense of style." The critic referred to the "beautiful low tones" of Mr. Lankow's voice. The Daily Telegraph spoke of his fine and deeply impressive voice, and when he "accustoms himself to the acoustic qualities of such a building as the Albert Hall, his enunciation will, no doubt, sound more clear than it did yesterday."

MacDowell's Piano Music in London The London Times says that if MacDowell's piano music has not taken any strong hold in England, it is not because it has not been heard in concerts. "Each one of the four sonatas bearing characteristic titles has been played in public fairly often, and one or more of the etudes is frequently found toward the end of a concert program." Miss Kathleen Bruckshaw on April 30 played two of his sonatas, the "Tragic" and the "Keltic," also other piano compositions. The program contained a piece of her own, "In Memory," dedicated to the composer. It is said that she played well, technically and as an interpreter. The Times thus spoke of MacDowell's music:

"The charm of some of the little pieces founded upon the form which Grieg popularized is irresistible. The audience was genuinely delighted with two numbers from 'Forgotten Fairy Tales' and insisted upon a repetition of one of them, as well as of the 'Hungarian' from Op. 39. The clever tone poem, 'March Wind,' the poisonous and the 'Etude de Concert,' Op. 36, are always sure of pleasing, both as things which display a pianist's capabilities and because they have a whimsical and spontaneous humor which, whenever it shows itself—and it often plays over MacDowell's smaller pieces—is peculiarly attractive. But a sense of humor which deserts a man in his most serious moments is of comparatively small use to him, and directly MacDowell launches out into a sonata he seems to part company with his. The sonatas abound in themes of loose rhythm in heavy chords. He is determined to compel his hearers' attention by insistence upon the seriousness of his subject instead of persuading them by the interest of his music. He is a bold harmonist and a weak melodist, and there is a self-consciousness about his 'larger work which is apt to make his hearers smile at him, though in his lyric pieces they smiled with him. The 'Sonata Tragic' contains very little to justify its title, its best movement, the scherzo, is full of high spirits, its broad finale in the major key is triumphant rather than tragic, and the short largo of the opening movement, in which, says an American critic, 'the tragic note is sounded with impressive authority and force,' is followed by very little which bears any reference to its mood. It gives the effect of a pose which the composer could not maintain. The 'Keltic' sonata, which came at the end of this program, contains a great deal of bravura work which seems strangely out of place as a commentary upon the story of Cuculain and Deirdre."

New and Old Percy Grainger, one of the younger English school, in-

Compositions vents a phraseology for his compositions. Thus he prefers "Hammerwood" to xylophone. He writes an Irish reel for "string four-some" and a Mock Morris for "string sixsome." Then there is his "Scotch strathspey and reel inlaid with several Irish and Scotch tunes and a 'Sea Chanty set for four men's voices, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, concertina, hammerwood, two guitars and eight strings." The Daily Telegraph, commenting on Mr. Grainger's phraseology, made a curious blunder: "Composers have used terms out of the common; for example: Schumann, who directs that a piece should be played 'Etwas Hahnbuchend,' a Hahnbuchend being a hornbeam." Yes, yes; Hahnbuchend means "made of hornbeam," but it also means figuratively coarse, clumsy, heavy.

The Berlin town council has granted an annual subsidy of about \$15,000 to the Philharmonic orchestra, which in return will give 40 concerts this summer at popular prices in different parts of the city. The largest available halls will be chosen and some of the concerts

be in brewery hall, and others in the best seats will cost about 10 cents. The London Times considering the compositions of the younger English school speaks of Cyril Scott as trying to keep his "English Dance" alive by "increased sound and persistent repetition of a single formula and rhythm; the inevitable chromatic scales, as sure a sign of exhaustion now as chords of the diminished seventh were in the last century, show that he has come to the end of his inventive power well before the end of the Dance. He is like a man who tries to run the quarter-mile when he is only trained for the 100 yards." Mr. Grainger's "English Dance" is athletic. "The climax is reached by a process of superimposing one rhythmic idea upon another with an intellectual acuteness

which demands a similar ability on the part of the hearer for its appreciation. It is civilized athleticism as opposed to primitive conyantics, the very antithesis of such a work as the Polish dances of Borodin, and therein lies its right to call itself an English Dance—a name which one feels cannot be justly claimed for the latter part of Mr. Cyril Scott's Dance." The Times finds that all these younger composers fall in the invention of melody. "The emotional power in music is inseparably bound up with melodic line; it is not to be secured in any but the most rudimentary form by rhythm, which supplies the energy through which the emotion is sustained; harmonic daring and orchestral color are often incentives, but are too momentary to strike deep, though they strike hard." But many would not agree to any definition of a melodic line. Wagner was accused of melodic poverty, and today there are unfortunate persons who find no melody in "Pelleas and Melisande" or in Debussy's "Nocturnes."

An Oriental orchestral suite, "Beni-Mora," by von Holst, was played for the first time in London on May 1. It is compiled from "genuine Arab tunes treated with extraordinary skill, especially in the vivid finale, in which a number of dance tunes are combined to illustrate a night scene in Biskra." The Times said: "The technical difficulty of combining such melodies in a way which is compatible with European ideas of harmony and orchestration is overcome with perfect ease," and the Times praises the "Sensitive and poetic insight" of the composer. But the Daily Telegraph takes a sorer view: "Is a British or other Occidental composer justified even by his works (and other good intentions) in aping the Oriental? The Suite is picturesque and poetical, but just as Chippendale furniture in its copies of today is technically more perfectly skilful than the original, so is Mr. von Holst's suite of Oriental dances to the Orient! Superlatively fine Wardour street is superlatively fine Wardour street, and, like the poet's primrose, it is nothing more. Infinitely preferable would have been a rehearsing of the same composer's Somerset Rhapsody—that is genuine all through. But we do not ask for Biskra dancing girls in Langham-place, however clever their representation."

Strange Doings in Stratford At the Shakespeare commemoration service at Stratford-on-Avon, the sermon was preached (April 28) by the head master of Eton. It was an extraordinary sermon for the occasion. The London Times gave this synopsis:

"Mr. Lytton began by quoting a remark that Shakespeare ought to be celebrated outside a church and not in it, as there is no connection between his plays and Christianity. The discussion of this view opened out the question of whether the teaching of the plays was or was not irreligious; and as religion may be defined as the sense of a personal God, to which the general name of Theism is applied, it has to be distinguished from Deism or the vague sense of the universe being controlled by impersonal forces. A brief reference to three points was made in support of the view that Shakespeare, as interpreted by his plays, was not interested in the English church, nor in Theism, nor in Christianity. The points were—(1) the absence of allusion to the crisis of the Church in Elizabeth's reign; (2) the emphasis laid on impersonal influences in the great tragedies; (3) the poet's indifference to the setting of his plots, whether they were put in pre-Christian times or later; but the principal proof was found in the total omission of the recovery of lost souls, and of any recognition that the transformation of degraded characters into holiness is a verifiable and wonderful fact of everyday life. As an excuse for this critical line the preacher alluded to the hymn played on board the sinking Titanic as voicing the deepest needs of souls better than any secular poetry. But on the positive side there were all the greatnesses of Shakespeare for which Christians ought to offer thanks, not only because of the pleasure they give, but always as means of approach to God; especially his dominating sense of the mystery encompassing all human life, and the steady effect of such a sense in the midst of the trivialities of ordinary existence. A reference to the text ('These things are hidden from the wise and prudent') concluded the sermon."

And now there is discussion in English journals of Shakespeare's religious beliefs. Thus the Times remarked editorially:

"We may be sure that if religion had been one of Shakespeare's chief inter-

ests he would have expressed it, not merely in occasional passages dramatically appropriate, but in the choice of his characters and the very structure of his plots. Nobody can pretend that he did so. Not one of his chief characters, either of those who seem to be drawn from his own experience or from the closest and keenest observation, is religious; nor is religion a main interest in any of his plots. We can see that he had a morality of his own; and the chief point in it seems to have been the very Christian virtue of forgiveness; but that virtue in his case appears to have been based rather upon a large understanding of human nature than upon a passionate desire to do the will of God. In fact, Shakespeare was a man rather of the type of Leonardo than of Michelangelo; and his art is the art of the Renaissance, not of the earlier ages of faith. That is the reason why the drama was a natural means of expression for him; for by means of it he could express the boundless curiosity of the Renaissance, its interest in all the processes and conflicts of life. His plays are experiments not theses, and his peculiar power consists in representation rather than in proof. There is no writer who takes so little for granted about life or who seems to be so incessantly upon a voyage of discovery."

Irving and Stoker The Pall Mall Gazette was thus moved by the death of Bram Stoker:

"The death of Mr. Bram Stoker has removed one of the two most notable survivors of the Henry Irving regime at the Lyceum, the other, of course, being Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Stoker's devotion to his chief was wholehearted and enthusiastic; but whether he had any influence over the great actor is a question which has not been answered yet. The probability seems that Irving's influence over Stoker was a good deal greater than Stoker's over Irving. In all that has been written about Irving, the indication comes out again and again that he was one of the least influenceable men of his time. He discussed many things with many people, but generally seems to have had his own mind made up from the beginning, and to have gone practically his own way in the end."

"The question of the influence of Mr. Stoker over Irving becomes an important one when we bear in mind the financial collapse of the Lyceum regime in 1902. It must seem to everybody who reads that melancholy story that with ordinary prudence things might have been very different. The receipts at the Lyceum during the greater part of Irving's management had transcended anything of the kind of which there is any record in theatrical history. In one respect, too, Irving had far less to pay out than many managers—his productions were almost exclusively Shakespearean, and authors' royalties formed a very small part of his disbursements. The guidance, therefore, of a shrewd man of business would, one would think, have enabled the greatest of our modern actors to retire from his profession to a dignified leisure. Instead of being able to do that, he had to go struggling on until he died, literally of overwork, ill-health, and many anxieties. Whose was the fault? Perhaps we shall never know. But the probability is that it was Irving's. His ideas were always very much on the grand scale; and, although he was surrounded by many who loved him, there was not one amongst them who had the courage to warn him of the necessity for 'laying by,' or the personal ascendancy to render the warning effective."

A Few Theatre Notes The eighth annual Shakespeare festival at His Majesty's Theatre, London, will begin tomorrow night with "The Merchant of Venice," in which Sir Herbert Tree will play Shylock and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Portia.

Oscar Asche has been telling interviewers in Australia that "Kismet" was rejected by Sir Herbert Tree and H. B. Irving as "lacking in dramatic interest." He, Asche, read it and at once telegraphed his acceptance. This story is undoubtedly true. Managers often are singularly blind. George Edwards could see nothing in "The Chocolate Soldier," and "Jim the Penman" for a long time went begging. Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been played in French at the Antenne, Paris, for M. Camille Sainte Croix is indefatigable in his propaganda.

"Un Sans Patrie," by A. Seche and J. Bertaut, played at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, shows the conversion of an anti-patriot. He leaves his country at the outbreak of war and finds shelter at Basle. The foe disregards Swiss neutrality and invests the town. The young man's father comes to plead with him and a younger brother, under age, serves against the Germans. A captain of the hostile force insults the wife of the voluntary exile, who thereupon resolves to fight. He is engaged as a guide by the enemy and, leading the Prussian staff over a precipice, gives his own life as a sacrifice to his earlier crime.

Holles Street Theatre

The Holles Street Theatre closed last night for the summer. The year has been conspicuous for the return of favorite stars to the local stage. The Holles list is always a popular one, and each of the favorites has come with a new play. Novelties were conspicuous in the program of the season. The year was almost exclusively a dramatic one;

only one piece at the Holles was of a musical nature, and all the plays were new to Boston. The summary is as follows.

Sept. 4—Helen Ware in "The Price," by George Broadhurst, three weeks; first time in Boston.

Sept. 25—Louis Mann in "Elevating a Husband," by Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman, two weeks; first time in Boston.

Oct. 9—Valeska Suratt in "The Red Rose," by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith and Robert Hood Bowers, two weeks.

Oct. 23—Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow," by Avery Hopwood, two weeks; first time in Boston.

Nov. 6—Frank McIntyre in "Snobs," by George Bronson Howard, two weeks; first time in Boston.

Nov. 20—Maude Adams in "Chantecler," by Edmond Rostand, two weeks; first time in Boston.

Dec. 4—Charles Cherry in "The Seven Sisters," from the Hungarian of Ferenc Herczeg, by Edith Ellis, three weeks; first time in Boston.

Dec. 25—"The Concert," by Leo Ditrichstein, from the German of Herman Behr, three weeks; first time in Boston.

Jan. 2—John Drew in "A Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davies, two weeks; first time in Boston.

Jan. 29—Elsie Ferguson in "The First Lady in the Land," by Charles Nirdlinger, two weeks; first time in Boston.

Feb. 12—Nazimova in "The Marionettes," by Pierre Wolf, two weeks; first time in Boston.

Feb. 26—James K. Hackett in "The Grain of Dust," by Louis Evan Shipman, from the novel by David Graham Phillips, two weeks; first time in Boston; one performance with "The Bishop's Candlestick."

March 11—William H. Crane in "The Senator Keeps House," by Martha Morton, two weeks; first time in Boston.

March 25—Robert Edeson in "The Indiscretion of Truth," by J. Hartley Manners, two weeks; first time in Boston.

April 8—Miss Billie Burke in "The Runaway," by Michael Morton, two weeks; first time in Boston.

April 22—Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky," by Edward Locke, four weeks; first time in Boston.

In the early autumn Charles Frohman, Rich & Harris will begin a new season at the Holles, and all the favorites of the past years, and additional newcomers will return with productions new to Boston.

Colonial Theatre.

The Colonial closed last night for the summer vacation. The year just ended has been devoted entirely to light musical pieces, and long runs were the feature. It is interesting to note that every attraction given at the Colonial in the course of the season, until last week, was an absolute novelty in Boston. Following is the summary of the season:

Sept. 2—Raymond Hitchcock in "The Red Widow," by Channing Pollock, Renold Wolf and Charles J. Gebest, eight weeks; first time on any stage.

Oct. 30—"The Three Rameos," by R. H. Burnside, music by Raymond Hubbell, two weeks; first time in Boston.

Nov. 13—Elsie Janis in "The Sirm Princess," by Henry M. Blossom, from George Ade's story, music by Leslie Stuart, four weeks; first time in Boston.

Dec. 11—"The Pink Lady," by C. M. C. Molellan, music by Ivan Caryll, 12 weeks; first time in Boston.

March 4—"The Rose Maid," by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, from the German, music by Bruno Granichstaedten, three weeks; first time in Boston.

March 26—Donald Brian in "The Siren," by Harry B. Smith, from the German of Leo Stein and A. M. Willner, music by Leo Fall, seven weeks; first time in Boston.

May 13—George M. Cohan in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," by himself, one week.

After the summer vacation the house will be opened by Charles Frohman and William Harris for an interesting program of entertainments of the same nature. The Colonial will have all the big New York musical successes of this season so that the new year will be even more attractive for the playgoers of Boston than the one just closed.

May 5 1912

Close of the Park Season.

When the curtain fell upon the final chorus of "The Girl from Montmartre" at the Park Theatre, last evening, it brought to a conclusion the regular dramatic year at that playhouse. The season under the management of Charles Frohman, Rich & Harris has been a most successful one, remarkable from the fact that there have been only four engagements from September till May. The Park has been known as a house of long engagements in recent years. The summary of the year is as follows:

Sept. 2, Zelda Sears in "The Nest Egg," by Ann Caldwell; three weeks; first time in Boston.

Sept. 25, "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," by George M. Cohan, from the stories by George Randolph Chester; 16 weeks; first time in Boston.

Jan. 8, "The Country Boy," by Edgar Selwyn; 15 weeks; first time in Boston.

April 16, Hattie Williams in "The Girl from Montmartre," version by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, from the French of Georges Feydeau and Rudolph Schanzer, music by Henry Berens; three weeks; first time in Boston.

of bust, 34 inches; girth of waist, 26 inches.

Carla Reiz, celebrated model in 1905: Weight, 135 pounds; height, 5 ft. 4 in.; girth of ankle, 8 inches; of bust, 36; of waist, 27.

Ray Beveridge, vanderbilt beauty in 1911: Weight, not given exactly, but less than 140; girth of waist, 25; girth of bust, 34; of hips, 39; of waist, 26 inches.

Miss Odell, vanderbilt beauty in 1908: Weight, 145 pounds; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; girth of ankle, 7; of bust, 40 inches; of hips, 41 inches; of waist, 21 inches. As Miss Odell remarked to a reporter of the New York Sun (Nov. 16, 1908): "I don't think any one even pretends to compete with me. Of course, I ought to have a perfect figure, because I have been working steadily on the development of it for 10 years. I commenced when I was 14 and I am now 24. You can punch me most anywhere and it won't hurt me a bit."

Miss Joyce (not Laura): Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; bust, 37; waist, 25; hips, 43—alas, no measurement of ankles is recorded.

Stone Girls.

In 1910 Dr. Anna Wells Bloomer of New York said that she and her sisters had thrown their concave waists overboard and were becoming like Venus, Juno and other ancient beauties. She gave Juno's measurements, but neglected to state her authority other than possibly some statue: height (conservative estimate), 6 feet; weight, 175 pounds; girth of ankle, 10 inches; of bust 40, of hips 45, and Juno wore a No. 7 shoe. Whereas Miss Florence Knight and 20 other women in

Syracuse, N. Y., could wear in June, 1902, shoes No. 12½ "misses' size."

Yet we have read that measurements founded on the classic ideal are as follows: Height, 5 feet 5; weight, 138; waist, 27 inches; bust, 34; arm at the shoulder, 13; wrist, 6; ankle, 8; calf of leg, 14½; thigh, 25. But a German scientist finds the most harmonious development of form among the Japanese, and he evolves this scheme of a perfect figure: The height should be seven and a half times the length of the head, 10 times the length of the face, and the legs four times the length of the head. The shoulders should be two heads wide, and when a woman stands erect, perfectly developed legs should touch at the knees, the calves and the ankles. M. Rodin, the sculptor, found the perfection of the human form among the Cambodian dancers visiting Paris, but his enthusiasm was not then tabulated in uncensored statistics.

After all, as Abraham Lincoln remarked to Mr. Seward when there was discussion of a statue at a cabinet meeting, a human being's legs should at least reach from his waist to the ground.

A Few Words.

Not many years ago a man was "shot down." Now in the South and Southwest a man "shoots up" a street car of passengers or a court in session.

What are "hartogs" and why? Mr. E. V. Lucas gives an explanation, but it is not wholly satisfactory: "Old clothes that are less imposing and more comfortable than any others are hartogs. Good clothes when they become baggy and faded become hartogs; bad clothes never."

A witness in an English court recently said he was a "liner." When the solicitor-general asked him whether he dealt with the plans for buildings, he answered, "Yes." Is this meaning of "liner" common in America? Let us look at the dictionary: "Liner," in Scotland an official whose duty is the tracing of the boundaries of properties in burghs; a painter of lines on the wheels, etc., of carriages; a writer of miscellaneous items for newspapers which are paid for at so much a line; one who "lines" a tree; a vessel belonging to a line of packets; a line of battleships; a boat engaged in sea fishing with lines; a baseball which, struck, flies through the air in a nearly straight line not far from the ground; a ball, marble or other object that rests on a traced line; a picture hung "on the line" at an exhibition; a threshed sheaf of corn. Great is the English language, especially when it is adapted to American use!

For some things, as bodies, are doubtless beautiful, not from the nature of the substances in which they reside, but rather by some kind of participation; but others again appear to be essentially beautiful, or beauties themselves; and such is the nature of virtue. For, with respect to the same bodies, they appear beautiful to one person and the reverse of beauty to another; as if the essence of body were a thing different from the essence of beauty.

Fallacious Measurements.

As the World Wags:

Your pleasant words about Mrs. Jasssey's measurements (chest, 33 inches; nine around the ankle) bring thoughts to my teeming brain. In the first place I am indifferent to the other measurements of Mrs. Jasssey or even those of Miss Ingene V. It is a mistake to suppose that measurements have much to do with beauty of form. For instance, all the Greek statues are built on very

of proportion. Some are beautiful, others are not. However, there are certain earnest, indefatigable boys who view all natural phenomena, a sunset on Heligoland, the sand dunes and moors of Barnstable county, Helen of Troy, the Lake of Thun with a measuring rod in the hand.

This subject of measurement is a delicate one, yet we may gain side lights here and there which are helpful. Edmund Waller sings in his poem, "On a Girle":

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind.

From this we gather that his innamorata's waist was about 21 inches; my own joyful temples measure that. Waller, as Mr. Henry said, respected his art and generally wrote well, and the severe Hazlitt acknowledged his fancy, wit and elegance of style. Let us say, then, that his joyful temples were 25 inches. If he had been crushing cups the night before, 26 inches would be a fair measurement. Not so small a waist, one would think. Ladies of my acquaintance inform me that a circumference of 18 inches is not uncommon. I knew a Californian who insisted that he could encircle the waist of a Californian girl with the fingers of both hands.

Greeks and Busts.

The Greeks habitually made the ankles and wrists of their bas reliefs thicker than the normal proportion. One often hears the figures in the friezes of the Elgin marbles criticised on this score. The Greek sculptors made the ankles thick from the optical reason that the ankle at a distance appears thinner in relation, say, to the calf and thigh than it does near to. So the Greeks intentionally made the ankles extra thick, that they might appear of the right proportion when seen at a distance.

The significance of a "chest" measurement depends somewhat on the precise meaning of the word "chest," whether it be regarded as synonymous with bust. Now the primary meaning of the word "bust," which comes from the Italian "busto," is trunk, or upper portion of the body, and in English we have bust as known in sculpture, though the Italian word was sometimes used; thus De Foe speaks of a fine busto, and the term is in old English novels. But "bust" as synonymous with "bosom" is not an Americanism as some have said. I remember an American "nouvelle riche" who said of her lovely daughter: "Cabanel admired my darter's arm so much that he wanted to take a bust of it."

A MELANCHOLY ANATOMIST,
Boston, May 19.

Old Coins and Manners.

As the World Wags:

In the long ago when I was young and more or less charming, there were half cents and three cent pieces. Now, like the clown in the old-fashioned circus, they can say "Here we are again!" The former may be useful to the small buyer, for the tradesman has been in the habit of always exacting 13 cents when he listed an article at 12½, if the customer required only the quantity specified by the smaller sum. Many years ago, before the decimal system was adopted here, the half cent tucked on to the price of a purchasable thing figured more extensively than it does now.

This was when Washington street was lined with small retail shops of various kinds and the convenient department store had not come in. Then we had the ninepence (12½ cents), which was convenient in making change. The old-fashioned custom of buying was curious. When you asked a person what he had paid for an article, the answer would be four pence, nine pence, a shilling, two and "thr's pence," three and pence and so on. There was no marking of goods then at one price. You always had to beat down the salesman. If you were smart you got a bargain. If you were not, "you got skun," as the saying goes.

I remember I used to feel much ashamed when I went shopping with one of my elders and this bartering began. In my youthful veridancy I used to think that the first price asked ought to be paid, and when half of this was offered, I was inclined to run out of the shop and leave the bargainers to continue their arguments over the shillings and pence. Of course, a compromise was effected and I generally departed with a bundle under my arm.

The Boston bag, ridiculed by New Yorkers, was not then in evidence and orders were not delivered at the house to any great extent by the shopkeepers. A dry goods clerk tells me that he knows a woman who, when she buys a spool of cotton, always has it sent to her house by the firm's automobile; but I believe he was drawing on his imagination.

As I recall the old 3-cent piece, it was something of a trial, always getting lost, but it was not such a nuisance as the big copper cent which wore a hole in your pocket.

Dorchester, May 18, 1912.

BAIZE.

This column is designed to be helpful and uplifting, to cheer the sorrowful and oppressed; to give righteous counsel to the old and the young. It is a pleasure to learn that the effort is appreciated.

Daily we receive letters from vexed souls asking advice, or the opportunity of publishing a grievance.

A Macedonian Cry.

As the World Wags:

I am impelled after reading several of your recent "shirt items" to beg of you to continue the influence of your pen, to urge a reform in that requisite article of men's apparel. The tortures that have been endured for so many decades by stiff, starched bands round the neck with claspboards as breastplates and shingles for cuffs must surely be coming to a close. Why should not men make themselves as comfortable as women in this respect, even if not buttoned down the back? FENWAY.

May 21, 1912.

But are women always comfortable as to the neck? Do not some insist on a high and tight collar that gives them a pinched and prim appearance? The evil is not so common now; but unless Arabella's neck is skinny with "the fruit of Eden ripening in the air" let her bare it for sanitary and aesthetic reasons. And as the story is of a shirt, we make room for the following extraordinary letter.

In Filippant Vein.

As the World Wags:

I was delighted by your pleasant tale of the shirt—that is, about the man who wore ballet dancers on his bosom. (Was his name Abraham?) You recall, possibly, the village clerk who read:

He takes young children in his arms,
And in his bosom, bears.

Strange are time's revenges. The ballet dancer who used to be called, in slang, a cat—in French theatrical slang the young dancers were known as rats—is now called a bear, and you hear frenzied admirers chanting: "She's a bear; She's a Bear; She's a BEAR!" This doubtless comes from the expression "bear cat." You can perhaps explain the derivation of the term, although I have observed that, while you move easily in the slang of 200 or 300 years ago, and would have ruffled it with Dekker or Ben Jonson in some boozing-ken near the Globe and held your own, you eschew the very latest slang. Perhaps you disdain the ephemeral, but "take it from me" (this should be said with a racial movement of the hands), "Believe me, Bo" (this, too), "Youse is all to the Fritz on the bull con. D'yer get me Steve?"

Pardon me for indulging in low jargon. Couldn't you persuade Mr. Herkimer Johnson to spend a few days in the Bowery? Or is it a case of he'll never go there any more.

Wall Papers and Shirts.

What I was going to say is that in the old days—the dear, dear days beyond recall—wall paper, too, used to be decorated in the naive and cheery manner you have described in the matter of shirt fronts. I recall a room that was decorated with the adventures of Robinson Crusoe; not all his adventures; only four repeated with damnable iteration. Once and again Crusoe started back at the mysterious footprint in the sand, till, in the ultra-modern slang which you ignore, one was tempted to whisper, "Aw, fergit it!"

Later, there were wall papers decorated with the delectable designs of Grovyn, whom we in the eighties thought the greatest ever. The jokes were printed in French, an admirable training for the collegian. He inhaled French, he absorbed it through the pores, with the arsenic on the paper. I have forgotten all the jokes but one: of two ballet dancers (and here we come back to the beginning of the vicious circle) watching a callow youth. One said to the other: "On dirait du veau." Strange, the simple jests that pleased one in early manhood.

To revert to frontal decoration. The late Oscar Wilde once showed me a design for a book cover by Ricketts and Shannon and said he was going to have the cloth for a waistcoat woven from the same pattern.

Boston, May 22, 1912.

Modern Instances.

The Daily Chronicle of London remarks that next to kicking a cat, smashing a window is perhaps the most elementary form of protest.

Mr. John Breen of Cincinnati, who in private life is a freight handler, ate on a wager with a sceptical but otherwise genial barkeeper one dozen bananas each day for 30 days and "topped off the feat" by putting down five dozen hard boiled eggs and two dozen raw oysters. And on each night he drank at least five glasses of beer and several slugs of whiskey. All this for \$10, and the task was not irksome. Mr. Breen, who is 6 ft. 2 and weighs 190 pounds, said: "I work hard all day, and like to eat." He said this without any vainglorious flourish. We propose the modest hero for the Hall of Fame. But what if he had drunk banana wine? The buccaneers on the island of Hispaniola found it an excellent liquor, strong and pleasant, but it soon brought on drunkenness and frequently inflamed the throat and produced dangerous diseases in that part.

This reminds us that at a fashionable and "exclusive" hotel in Philadelphia drinks are now sold "by the size." "If a gentleman takes more than a gentleman's drink, why he should pay for it," says the manager. Nor is there any use in a gentleman's surrounding his glass with his left hand while he pours with the right. Yet, this is the city of brotherly love! In Kentucky a gentleman passes the jug to his guest and then turns his back on him. This is the finest flower of courtesy.

Dr. William Maghin in his masterly article, "The Pewter Quart," remarks: "After various and repeated experiments in drinking out of every vessel under the sun, I can give it as my unbiased opinion that the shape of the instrument imparts no additional value to the liquor drunk, and that therefore the idea that he who imbibes from a blackjack acquires a superior fierceness or martiality of aspect, must be classed among such innocent delusions as induced the barber to recommend white-handled razors as the best fitted for abrading of beards." Yet deep thinkers war in opinion as to the most favorable material for a drinking pot or vessel.

A Monosyllabic Misuse.

As the World Wags:

I read recently an account in the papers of a clash between the peasantry and the military in a German town. The former is reported to have attacked the soldiers with beer steins.

I have passed many years in Germany, including a two years' stay in Heidelberg, but I have never heard or seen in print the word "stein" as relating to a beer mug or any other receptacle for the popular beverage. In fact the people over there apply the word only to a stone. A prominent German New York daily published an account of this affair and stated that the citizens threw "Eierkruge" at the soldiers. What right have we in this country to coin or apply wrong words to well known German or French articles? What's the matter with "beer mug" or, if a tall one, "beer jug"? If we must employ the foreign term, why not "beer krug," which is very easy to pronounce, viz.: "kroog." ANTI-STEIN.

Boston, May 23, 1912.

Slaves of Custom.

It is true that in Germany, as far as our personal knowledge is concerned, the word "stein" is not used as denoting a beer mug. It means "stone," as our correspondent writes, and is thus used in geology, architecture, proverbial philosophy, dactylography, glyptography, lithomancy, metallurgy, physiology, pathology, classification of fruits, in games of cards, dominoes, chess and draughts, and by gemmaries and lapidaries.

The German asking for beer in his own country is governed in specification by the traditions and customs of his town. He may merely say "dark" or "light"; he may use the word "seidel," if he wishes a pint; he may call for a "mass" or "a half." He may merely name the brew, as at Kneist's in Dresden, where in the eighties chops were broiled, not fried—for at that time a grilliron was unknown to Germans except at this restaurant, and was introduced there by the American Consul Mason of Petersburg, Va., now gathered to his fathers. At Kneist's the order was "Culmbacher" or "Erlanger"; rarely "Pilsener." These beers were served as a rule in glass, while in Munich the mug was of stone.

Intelligible English.

"Krug" does not necessarily mean a beer-mug. It may mean pitcher, jug, jar, pot, noggin. Then there is a noun "Krug" that means a village pot house, and a "Krueger" is a pot house keeper, and "Kruegerel" is the word denoting his business.

When a man sits down in a "beer saloon"—some insist that he is then lost to all sense of shame—and calls for a "stein," he merely asks for beer in a stone mug, for there are many who believe that the beer tastes better than when it is served in glass or wood or silver or gold. The chemical action of the material on the liquid is supposed to be more refreshing and salutary. Tea should be served only in thin, delicate china. Beer in a coffee cup or in a tin dipper would be an abomination. Champagne glasses should always have a stem and a spreading bowl. When the beer drinker asks for a "stein" in Boston, the waiter understands him and brings him beer in a stone mug. This drinker is not in a German city; he is in Boston; the word "stein" has entered into the English language, though its meaning may have been perverted and the English language is what it is, not what it should be. English words themselves suffer strange transformations that do not always make their triumphant way into the dictionary. Thus the word "pot" is in the dictionary as a word of measurement: In 1550 it was a gallon measure; in 1662 a pot of butter weighed 20 pounds, six pounds for the pot; in 1775 a pot of sugar weighed about 70 pounds; in 1882 on the Channel Islands a pot was a half gallon. You will not find in the dictionary the common meaning of "pot" today in London, viz.: a quart; not a pint of beer, not a pint of original sin, not a pint of anything, but a quart.

With the Poet.

Furthermore "Stein" in its perverted sense is now snug in American literature, for surely Richard Hovey's "Song" is among the best of American ditties, nor is it the peculiar property of Dartmouth men or of the Upsdon Fraternity. We heard that

they are well pleased with the result. They really believe for the moment that they are all good fellows.

The Eternal Womanly.

As the World Was

At first I was puzzled by those large pink handboxes on either side of Science as she sits on the steps of the Public Library, but recalling her proximity to Bayston street, that great millinery Mecca, the situation became clear. She was simply brought home two summer hats "on approbation"; and any one who has the gift of "seeing things" may catch her in the act of trying them on some fine night when she thinks the world is in bed. Does not it seem a world that may possibly be disturbed later?

AN ADMIRER OF BOTH SCIENCE AND MILLINERY (But who is not to be sure they should be in such close juxtaposition).

Boston, May 23, 1912.

Story of the Bagpipe.

THE STORY OF THE BAGPIPE. By William H. Gratton Flood. London: Walter Scott Publishing Company, Ltd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Flood's story of the bagpipe is a volume of "The Music Story Series," to which he has already contributed "The Story of the Harp." The dedication at once shows the dignity of the subject and the treatment of it: "To Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory, K. P. (The Macgilla Padraig), the descendant of the Kings of Ossory, a votary and patron of Irish pipe music."

There is still dispute as to whether the pipe or the drum was the first musical instrument. Mr. Flood decides in favor of the pipe, and by pipe he means bagpipe whenever the extension is not widely improbable. He would have us know that jubal "ugab" was a pipe, as was the "dulcimer" in Nebuchadnezzar's band; that the ancient Egyptians, Hittites, Persians, Assyrians, Celts, and Chinese, were expert virtuosi. He cites a picture of Albrecht Dürer to show that the shepherds on the first Christmas played their bagpipes at Bethlehem to express their joy and rapture. The instrument was heard in the old Roman theatres, and it set time later for the soldiers. Nero vowed before his death that in case he escaped from his enemies he would play on three instruments at the public games and one was the bagpipe. Possibly his enemies, knowing this, showed him no mercy.

There is not a shadow of doubt, says Mr. Flood, that the bagpipe was used in pre-Christian Ireland, whence it was taken to Wales and Scotland. Alas, that despite of propaganda work for the last 14 years, the pipe playing at the O'Connell has been "a dismal failure," the schools of Irish piping have almost disappeared, and the Irish Uilleann pipes are "doomed to extinction, save for sentimental reasons."

This volume with many illustrations and a well-ordered index is entertaining reading, as it sheds light on manners and customs and is pleasingly anecdotal. The chapters tell of early Irish, Welsh, Scottish, English pipes, pipers and music; of the bagpipe under the English Tudors and Stuarts; of the cultivation of the instrument in France and its influence on the music of that country; of regimental pipers and their brave deeds; of Irish pipers of the last century, as Thomas O'Hanigan and Paddy Conely. In the supplementary pages is a reprint of O'Farrell's treatise.

Mr. Flood has accumulated a store of interesting information. How many know that Lord Rawdon in 1778 formed in New York a corps of "Volunteers of Ireland" (400 strong) and had a band of Irish war pipers? And if Mr. Flood goes back to the earliest days he also informs us that George V. inherits Queen Victoria's love for the bagpipe. The story of many airs is given; there are illuminative questions from grave divines and careless poets. Lover as he is of the bagpipes, Mr. Flood does not hesitate to quote from "Hudibras" the lines about the loudest drones and broken-winded tones that

Make a viler noise than swine
In windy weather when they shine.

The book may be heartily recommended even to those that are not stirred or soothed by the instrument itself.

May 26 1912

At a meeting on May 7 in London called by the Academic committee of the Royal Society of Literature to celebrate the Browning centenary, Sir Arthur Pinero spoke about the poet as a dramatist. The Times gave this summary of his address:

"Browning's first essays in drama were made under the most favorable auspices, for though the stage was in a state of deep decline, all the best forces of the moment were in league with him; yet he had failed to conquer it. His method of unpacking the human heart with words was wholly unadapted to the apprehension of a theatrical audience. Rereading and leisurely cogitation, without which Browning's hints and allu-

sions could not be followed, were indispensable to a theatre. Sir Arthur distinguished at this point, that Browning never realized the material stage, by quoting the Jole's long speech of remembrance in the second act of "A Blot on the Scutcheon." It could all, he said, have been put into a single line, and the audience were kept wondering why she did not attend to the fainting Mildred. Browning's characters, in fact, were mere mouthpieces for the poet who was laboring, reflectively rather than dramatically, to expound their emotions or wring the last drop of casuistic implication from the situations in which he had placed them. Sir Arthur concluded by showing from "A Blot on the Scutcheon" that, even apart from the manner of their narration, Browning's plots were apt to be conducted without any reasonable care for probability."

Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir Arthur was taken to task by the Brownings. Some were

disturbed because he read his paper in a "big rotund" voice, and displayed the graces of oratory. He disclosed a precise, large-rounded utterance of every word; "and often the termination 'er' or 'or' became converted into a fastidious 'ah,' as when the sentence 'Mr. Forster, the editor of the Examiner' fell from Sir Arthur Pinero's lips as 'Mr. Forstah, the editah of the Examinaah.'"

And which he recited a long speech of Guendolen in "A Blot on the Scutcheon." He not only conveyed by glance and tone all the meanings the poet had put into it, but seemed to be expressing all the while a satiric comment on it as drama, so that we seemed listening at one and the same time to Browning and his critic."

And yet, if we may judge from more extended accounts of his address than the summary quoted, Sir Arthur spoke only the truth. "A passage in a play which cannot be 'taken in' at once will never be 'taken in,' and a sequence of such passages must sooner or later bewilder and bore an audience." We all know that Browning's plays are full of such passages. Sir Arthur spoke of the "serpentine discursiveness" of Browning himself. He pointed out a scene in "The Return of the Druses," in which nearly the whole of the dialogue is carried on in "asides," and another scene in which a character has an "aside" of 17 lines, to which another character adds an "aside" 37 lines long. The drama was to Browning a matter of words, not action; of orations rather than words.

We know from Macready's diary the trouble the actor had with "Stratford" and "The Blot on the Scutcheon," and how the poet blamed the actor for the rank failure of the latter play, not recognizing the fact that the plot was crude and the dialogue unsuited to the stage. Browning never wholly forgave Macready, but he became a warm admirer of Irving and was enthusiastic over Salvini, whose Oedipus he described as "the finest effort of art I have ever beheld; not only the finest in the art of acting, but the finest in any art whatsoever, including painting and music."

At the Court Theatre, in celebration of the centenary and under the auspices of the Poetry Society, "In a Balcony" was performed.

Color and Sound. Mr. Rolfe, the bandmaster, will show this week the correspondence at the National Garden

Cabaret between color and sound. In other words there will be experiments in colored audition. The idea is a very old one. A Jesuit, Louis Bertrand Castel (1658-1757), in fluenced by a remark in Newton's "Optics," invented an "ocular clavecin" by means of which, as he thought, the eye could be pleased by variations and blends of colors. A "color organ," constructed by A. Wallace Rimington, was exhibited in London early in the summer of 1885.

An adaptation of "The Song of Solomon" with music by Phamen de Laubrey was produced in Paris Dec. 11, 1891, when

there was an appeal to eyes, ears and noses. The program stated, for instance: "First device, orchestration of the word in I illuminated with O; orchestration of the music, D major; of the color, bright orange; of the perfume, white violet." This description of the scene may be thus interpreted; the vowels I and O dominated in the recitation; the music was in D major; the stage decoration was of a bright orange color; the hall was perfumed with violet. Each succeeding scene had its particular color in speech and in scenery, its particular tonality in the accompanying music, and its particular perfume. Baudelaire in his poem "Correspondences" dwelt on the interchangeability of colors, perfumes and sounds.

Many books have been written on the subject, from J. L. Hoffmann's treatise (1786) to Mr. Rimington's of this season. There is a reference to colored audition in Galton's "Inquiries Into Human Faculty." The most important of the modern books are "L'Audition Colorée," by Dr. Ferdinand Suarez de Mendoza (Paris, 1890), and "Audition Colorée," by Dr. Jules Millet (Paris, 1892). The former contains records of many interesting experiments made in France and Germany. Thus Dr. Suarez de Mendoza found a woman of 49 years to whom the music of Mozart was blue;

the first Chopin, yellow; that of Wagner, a luminous atmosphere with colors. To another patient "Aida" and "Carnhauser" were blue, while "The Flying Dutchman" was a misty green. Drs. Bleuler and Lehmann experimented with a girl of 16, an excellent musician. Thunder to her was gray, a saw at work was yellow, the rumbling of a carriage black, the coffee green, the toothache red, the headache brown. Years ago Lunley, the impresario at London, likened voices to colors; for instance, "the voice of Patti was light and dark drab with occasional touches of color."

But if the flute seemed red to Hoffmann in 1786, it seemed an intense sky blue to Itatt in 1885; and while the trumpet was as bright red to Hoffmann, it was green to a young physician examined in 1879.

The subject is more or less fantastical. Drs. Dupre and Nathan in "Le Langage Musical: Etude Medico-Psychologique" (Paris 1911) believes that the essentially psychic phenomenon of colored audition is best explained by invoking the established fact of certain extended connections which sensorial images, principally the visual and auditory images, present among themselves in the domain of psychic activity.

An Organ Still more fantastical are the pages in Huysmans's "A Rebours," describing Mouthfuls attempt of des Esclintes to enjoy "sonorous gustation." The jaded hero arranged a set of little

barrels of variously colored liquors so that by pulling stops labelled "flute," "horn," "voix celeste," a few drops could be drawn from each; combinations could be made. This "orgue a bouche" satisfied sight, taste and hearing at the same time; for this neurotic man believed that each liquor corresponded to the sound of a musical instrument—curacao to the clarinet, kuemmel to the nasal oboe mint and anisette to the flute, both peppery and sweet; kirsch is the fierce blast of a trumpet; gin and whiskey are strident cornets and trombones; and rakis of Chios and mastics give in the mouth the thunder of cymbals and drums clashed and beaten with corymbant fury. He also thought that the violin is as old brandy-smoky, fine, prickly; the viola is sturdy rum; the violoncello, melancholy and caressing, is like unto "vespreto"; the double-bass, firmer, solid, dark, is a pure and old bitter. The harp has the vibrating flavor, the silver, detached tone of cumlin. And tonal relations exist in the music of liquors. For example, benedictine stands as the relative minor of that major of alcohols known as green chartreuse. "These principles once admitted," says Huysmans, "it was his fortune, thanks to sage experiments, to play silent melodies or mute tonal marches on his tongue; to hear in mouth solos of mint, duets of 'vespreto' and rum. He even transferred to his mouth true musical compositions, in which he followed the composer step by step, and interpreted his thoughts, effects, nuances, by the union or neighboring contrasts of liquors, by cunning mixtures." One cordial would sing to him a pastoral which might have gushed from the nightingale; or the tender cacao-chouva would hum sugary aris, such as "The Romances of Estele" and the "Ah! vous dirai-je, maman," of long ago.

The Boreome Mr. Titterton has this to say about cabarets in London:

Trim Cabaret "The cabaret theatre clubs about to be started in the West end are interesting experiments, and yet I am doubtful. First, they are to be clubs, and it is essential that the cabaret should be casual; it cannot do without the stranger from the street. Secondly, and consequently, the program will tend to be a settled definite affair. The best cabaret program is not arranged; it occurs, sometimes with a little help from others. Only in its decadence did the Montmartre Cabaret descend to obvious artificial spontaneity. Thirdly, and worst of all, the subscriptions will be high and the company select. Certainly the audience will be well to do, probably it will be clean and trim. I know that trim cabaret. They have it in Berlin; it is an awful bore. Your true cabaretist

(listener or minstrel, and they are one) must be a dirty, long-haired man or a super-elegant woman of doubtful reputation. There is, I think, another essential. I think the cabaret must be French. For it must be witty, and although we English have the patent of humor, do we understand the meaning of wit? Can we mimic the mocking wit of the Montmartre cabaret that leaps so lightly from moral and religious blasphemy to hysteria? Yes, I suppose they will mimic it in a docile, bloodless way, and the show will be a poor relation of the very excellent entertainment you sometimes get at London Bohemian clubs. But that casual assembly of bored poets, artists and demoiselles, sipping their coffee from long flower-glasses, suddenly thrilled to ecstasy by a flaming chant from one of the bored poets or a wicked dance from one of the bored demoiselles, and crowning the triumph with a ritual of grotesque applause—shall we get that? The audience will sit at little tables; let this content us."

Opera The criticism of operatic performances at Covent Garden and London the London Opera

House are unusually amusing this season. The plot of "Il Trovatore" (May 1) is described as "somewhat incoherent and unconvincing," but the tunes gave pleasure by their "swinging and character." Mme. Augusta Doria, a Boston woman, took the part of Azucena.

When "La Traviata" was performed at Covent Garden (May 2) the Times remarked "the singers sang songs, the minstrels played, the dancers danced; it was all as it has always been, but something was not there that must once have been. One could not help asking why our grandfathers and grandmothers enjoyed this and we cannot. It is the custom to say we have outlived the music, but it is more the spirit behind the music—the sheer delight in beauty of tune, in physical achievement—that is dead." Mme. Lipkowska was the Violetta, and the Times thought her resources not various enough. "She has an effective mezza voce following a bravura passage, and the notes that can really be said to be within her compass are often thoroughly vocal and well in tune." The Daily Telegraph was more generous: "It is not often that a Covent Garden audience in recent years has seen a Violetta so vivacious or so charming. Fancy a Violetta who is a living, moving human being—and you have Miss Lipkowska, whose movements are 'actual' and whose voice is sweet and easy if rather small." The Pall Mall Gazette said that the part suits her well, "with her youthfulness and attractive appearance, while her prettily voice has, of course, an excellent chance of being admired."

Especially charming in quality are the three or four notes lying round the top F, while her general method, though not strikingly forceful or suggesting brilliance, is neat and refined. Within limits, too, her acting is clever and sympathetic. "Would that she were again at the Boston Opera House!" No one has filled her place. The elder Germont was played by Virgilio Romano, who was perhaps handicapped by "the incongruity of such a word as 'Addio' in affecting circumstances sung into a high hat with the help of a walking stick." Mme. Lipkowska appeared later as Gilda.

Gounod's "Faust," May 7, was rather patronized. The Pall Mall Gazette was especially disagreeable. It characterized the opera as one which leaves no unified, artistic impression. "Trick and art, pose and slyly, mingle with one another in such irresponsible confusion that the brain gets exhausted in the effort to correlate the effects, and the final sensation is one of sheer bewilderment. The work is typical of a whole class that has, not without reason, led to the designation of opera form as being hybrid, imperfect, and of subordinate aesthetic value." The Times thinks "it takes a good deal to galvanize the more arid half of 'Faust' into a semblance of life." Margaret (Miss Lyne) looked 14 and Faust (Mr. Harrold) was made up to look 40 and wore a costume "which suggests a professional wrestler or weight lifter."

Mr. Marcoux appeared as Scarpia at Covent Garden (May 9). The Pall Mall Gazette praised his acting, full of "reserve and subtle touches." The Times made this astounding statement, comparing Mr. Marcoux with Mr. Sammarco in the part: "He lacks his predecessor's subtlety, and his method as well as his voice are heavier." The "subtlety" of Sammarco! It reminds one of a ton of coal.

Berthe Caesär at the London Opera House took the three characters, Olympe, Giulietta and Antonio in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." Offenbach intended that this should be so, and Adele Isaac took the three parts when the opera was first performed.

There was trouble about the horse in the production of "Don Quichotte" at the London Opera House. The Don's Rozinante was lanky and lean. The press agent of the opera house advised the public as follows: "On the continent and where the care of animals is not so much studied as in England, very little trouble has been experienced in finding a horse who looked the part. But in England considerable difficulty has been experienced in finding a horse which would pass the vigilance of the officers of those societies that watch over the care of animals, and yet is sufficiently cadaverous to fulfill the conditions of the story."

Joseph O'Mara is organizing a new opera company, "An English Opera Com-

bination." He has gathered together singers from the British isles and colonies, among them a New Zealand contralto who studied with Mme. Marchesi. Filson Young has at last heard at Covent Garden a "perfectly satisfactory" performance of "Tristan," "beautifully sung, nobly acted, artistically staged, and—at last!—the lighting was right. The steady creeping of the moonlight across the Cornish garden in act II, was memorable—not because it was difficult, but because it was right, studied from nature and not from the traditions of some German court theatre."

"The Ring" In the production of "The Ring" at Covent Garden the bird in "Siegfried" was left out, and the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette thought it a pity. "Even if it does stick now and then." I remember a performance at the Boston Theatre when the poor bird would not fly, and Max Alvary Siegfried kicked it across the stage. As the London critic remarks, accidents happen even at Bayreuth, where on one occasion "during a performance of 'Tristan,' a gentleman in frock coat and tall hat was to be observed walking in the sea." At Covent Garden the rams in "Die Walkure" were not missed, "and, perhaps, the absence of the horse gives a certain measure of relief, just as, if he is at all restless, in Goetterdammerung, one is made to feel uncomfortable. Covent Garden's dragon only provokes a smile on account of the two obvious natures of the origin of its green eyes—the light, in fact, shows every time the jaws are opened. This is remediable, and should be attended to. Some of the lighting effects are carried out very well, especially changes from night to day. The new fire effect in "Die Walkure" proved to be good in itself, but here was another example of what did not fit so well with the impression of the music as did the old system of lycopodium flares. It avoids, however, throwing shadows on to the back cloth.

"In one or two details the Covent Garden production calls for improvement. A distinctly bad effect is made in the second act of 'Die Walkure,' when before the fight between Hunding and Siegmund a gauze descends with a hard straight edge; it is a pity that the steam curtain is so noisy, the more so as the effect is extremely good in 'Siegfried'—better, in fact, than in 'Das Rheingold'—where perhaps it might be dispensed with altogether. One would like to see a new Valkyries' rock with steps thereon of a little less obvious nature. But, of course, the culminating problem is how to treat the final catastrophe. Here, if anywhere, the principle to be adopted is one of realism; there can be no doubt of that if the forceful nature of the music is to mean anything at all. If realistic, however, let it be sensible. Let us see the roof fall by reason of the burning of what supports it and some definite connection between the fire of Siegfried's pyre and the hall itself, while any greater indication of the overflowing of the Rhine would also be welcome."

Some Personal Notes

Bernhard Baumeister, now 84 years old, has celebrated the 60th anniversary of his joining the Imperial Court Theatre of Vienna. It is believed that he is the oldest actor in Europe and the one who has played longest at one and the same theatre. He appeared early this month as Falstaff in "Henry IV," and was most heartily applauded. The Emperor sent him a special message of congratulation and promised a pension for life to the actor's wife, a comparatively young woman, married only two years ago.

A new star at the London Hippodrome is Hilda Radnay, famous in Vienna for her beauty and her hair of Titian red. She sat to the painter Lembach for numerous studies and now produces and illustrates these pictures to an accompaniment of "classical music."

Diana Hope, "an American artist," appeared at the London Pavilion the 20th. Her little plays, she told the reporters, were fully licensed by the lord chamberlain, whereupon the Daily Telegraph remarked that this was a sufficient guarantee that "there is nothing in any to shock or offend the susceptibilities of the most fastidious." She also informed the public that "Politics and Petticoats" contained "no mournful heroines or crying kids."

Mr. Forbes Robertson, resting now, will play next fall in the chief provincial towns in England. His wife, Gertrude Elliott will play with him in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Light That Failed" and "Caesar and Cleopatra." "In the spring we come to London, when I hope to revive, in addition to these pieces, 'Hamlet,' and possibly other Shakespearean dramas. There are plays in the performance of which an actor can spare himself. 'Hamlet,' however, is not one of these, and its revival calls for consideration. In the autumn of 1913 I purpose returning to America for what, I fancy, will be a farewell tour, extending over two years. You cannot possibly do America in less than that. There is also a scheme afloat for visits to Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg, but whether the project can be made to fit in with my other plans is still uncertain. I have garnered no new plays during my travels, and it hardly looks as if I shall need any."

To the amazement of many Marie

"The Bias of the World"

Benavente's "Los Intereses Creados" ("The Bias of the World"), translated by Francesc de Ros and Beryl de Zoete, was produced by the Stage Society in London May 6. The title is taken from the Bastard's speech in "King John":

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity, the bias of the world.

Jachinto Benavente, born in 1866, is the most prolific of the younger Spanish dramatists. He writes in a mountain village above Toledo, and is often seen in the greenroom of the State Theatre at Madrid. At present he is translating all the dramas of Shakespeare into Spanish. "Los Intereses Creados" is a wholly fantastical play. The author in the prologue says of his characters: "They are the old grotesque masks of Italian comedy, less complacent than of yore, for they have reflected much in this long space. The author knows full well that so primitive a spectacle is scarcely worthy of a cultured audience of today. He prays you temper culture with kindness; that you make your minds as the minds of little children. The world has grown old and falls into dotage. Art will not resign itself to growing old; so, to appear young, she feigns the prattle of infancy, and that is why these old puppets seek to divert you today with their childishness."

A penniless gentleman, Leandro has a sharp-witted servant, Crispin, who persuades him that, pretending to have wealth and quality, he will obtain food and lodging, great consideration, and finally a rich and beautiful wife. Leandro, following the advice, but letting the servant do most of the talking, wins the heart and hand of Silvia, daughter of the miserly Punchinello. "At the end of the first act a poet, Harlequin, and a swaggering military captain have been won over to Leandro's side, and Crispin cries as the curtain falls, 'Arms and Poesy are on our side, let us forward to the conquest of the world!' And they proceed to enact their harlequinade with infinite romantic braggadocio. Towards the end, however, Leandro realizes that, even if life be a farce, there is something in it called Love, which is divine, and does not end with the farce, and so, in the end, the ironic author becomes himself a poet, and the play itself is seen to possess something more lasting than more mordant criticism of adventures, snobs, society and the law."

W. G. Fay, formerly of the Irish Players, took the part of Leandro, but did not swagger enough to suit some. The part which made the fame of Puga, the Spanish actor, would have suited Coquelin. The lines were not clearly spoken by the majority of the comedians.

The Stage in Paris

Belot's dramatization of Daudet's "Sapho" was revived at the Comedie Francaise May 5. Leon Daudet wrote an article of a reminiscent nature and said that his father, not liking Belot's version, redrafted the whole text of the play before the first performance. "Sapho" made a direct appeal 27 years ago to young Frenchmen who, victims to the depression that followed the disasters of 1870-71, were disinclined to accept the facts of life and found in a liaison a refuge and consolation. The sentiment in the play is now voted old-fashioned. "The whole effect was elegant. 'Ou sont les neiges d'Antan?' Where are the flowers and the song and the wine, where the ville d'Avray, and where the Paris itself of 30 years ago?"

The Herald quoted last Sunday opinions of prominent Parisians about the worth of the stage today in comparison with reading. Let us add to these opinions. Vincent d'Indy does not believe that the spread of a popular taste for the drama is a sign of intellectual progress. It is, rather, a mark of decadence, comparable to that of the Roman empire. A taste for reading is far superior to the passion for seeing plays performed, and he prefers to read the score of an opera than to hear and see it on the stage. M. Boylesve thinks the success of the stage proves the laziness of the modern spirit. George Lecomte says "a greater chasm is opened up every day between literature and the stage." M. Chancclair thinks that modern society does not care a bit for the theatre and is interested only in the actors.

In "Menages Turcs," produced at the Theatre Femina, a Turk of the old school wishes to get rid of his wife and take a young thing with a substantial dot. He loses wife, favorite servant and fortune. "There is, no doubt, a moral in the story applicable also to the present political state of Turkey."

Emile Verhaeren is called by some the greatest living lyric poet. His play, "Helen of Sparta," produced at the Chatelet, Paris, with great magnificence, has little dramatic interest, according to the critics, in spite of the efforts of M. de Max. Miss Vera Sergine and the

part of Helen. The poet's Helen has returned with Menelaus to Sparta. Weary of passion, desirous of a quiet life, she still excites passion. Her brother Castor goes mad for love of her, and, jealous, slays Menelaus. Elektra raves about her beauty and all Nature seems to woo her. "She appeals to us, her father, to save her from the fatal gift of beauty he gave her, and the voice of the god blames her because her pride and her mastery of the world have not equalled her beauty."

He takes her up to Olympus, but immortality will not bring her peace. Among the gods, as on earth, criminal passion will pursue her. Or as Mr. Dawbarn puts it: "She is at her old tricks, with her luminous eyes and harmonious walk. The stage is strewn with dead and dying." Scenery and dresses are by the Russian Leon Bakst. He has gone to Mycenae for inspiration, but the gate of Lions serves at the Chatelet for the entrance of the palace of Menelaus and is painted with barbarically violent color. "Wonderful as these creations are, they do not recall classic times and gone is the simplicity that the poet required as the proper frame for his work. It seems weighted down by the Orientalism of both the chief actress and the designer."

"Ames Sauvages," by Mme. Clermont and M. Severin-Mars, might be entitled "The Worst Woman in Paris." It was produced at the Theatre Rejane after the close of the regular season. Christiane, the heroine, is the "femme fatale" of the romantic thirties; a sort of Hedda Gabler, but a physician apologizes for her conduct: she is hysterical and cannot help lying and raising mischief. She makes love to Jean, who is engaged to Andree. The two are caught kissing by Andree, and she goes into a convent. Christiane has had a husband for some years. She now nurses him tenderly and plays him false with Maurice, the husband of her best friend, Suzanne. Maurice is the brother of Jean, and Suzanne is the sister of Andree, so it's all in the family. Suzanne is constantly imploring forgiveness and is constantly forgiven. Her husband is on the point of bankruptcy. She borrows money from her various lovers to save him and then runs away with

Maurice. Jean, still in love with her, finds the two in Christiane's rooms in the dark. The two brothers struggle on the floor before they recognize each other. Suzanne pleads with her. Christiane tells Maurice to choose between them, and he chooses her. Christiane plays a joyful march on the piano, Suzanne returns and stabs Christiane in the back, whereupon Maurice weeps over the corpse. The Daily Telegraph pronounces the drama one of the strongest of the Paris year, and Miss Van Doren, who plays Christiane, is "astorishingly serpentine, sinuous, plausible and wicked."

That Vegetarian Drama

We spoke not long ago of "A Modern Crusader," a play in behalf of vegetarianism produced in London April 30. Those stage directors are worthy of Mr. Shaw. Josephine, the butcher's pretty daughter, is waiting in her father's shop while he is busy in the slaughter-house.

"(Josephine draws shawl more closely around her and shivers. It is now almost dark, and slight rumblings of thunder are heard. She remains seated, leaning her head on her hand, with closed eyes. The wind has risen and is heard whistling; it comes in gusts, making strange noises in shop. She glances around uneasily; joints and carcasses sway, wind rattles door.)"

Jos. (starts nervously): Is that you, Freddy? (No answer.) (In a tremor): Oh! why doesn't he come!

(Settles down again, tries to be calm. The pig which hangs from ceiling r.c., not far from desk, has begun to sway back and forth in a sort of rhythmic motion, started by a gust of wind from open window r.c., and goes slower and slower. As it sways its head comes fairly near to Josephine, who stares at it in horrible fascination, her eyes becoming fixed in terror. At last she can bear it no longer; rises slowly like one in a dream, keeping her eyes fixed on the pig as if under a spell, reaches out mechanically and takes down Freddy's apron hanging on door, walks with it towards pig, holds it up to cover up the pig, when, just as she has raised her arms, holding the apron, still staring at pig, a horrible squeal is heard from slaughter-house of a dying pig, and with a piercing shriek Josephine falls fainting to the floor.)"

The Influence of "The Easiest Way"

Miss Sarah Brooke, who has been playing "The Easiest Way" in London, has received letters of gratitude from women who, struck by the end of Laura in the play, have braced up and determined to walk the straight and narrow path. I quote from the Daily Chronicle of May 10: "One of the letters is addressed by a young woman to a well known physician who had procured seats for her for 'The Easiest Way.' The penitent one writes: 'I am wondering if you had

read my thoughts when giving those tickets.' * * * You, I hope, would be able to calm the unsettled state of my mind, but the theatre you sent me to has perhaps done even more than you could have known it could. * * * I had a brilliant offer from that rich American I told you of * * * plenty of luxury, a beautifully furnished flat, banking account, gayety and the best of everything; but the unpleasant ending of the piece yesterday at the theatre has fixed my mind right away to other things and the life my mother brought me up to.' Miss Brooke has received as well a letter from a sister of a London mission concerned in rescue work. Here is an extract: 'May I introduce myself as a friend of Mr. —? He has often spoken to me of you, and when I told him I had been to see "The Easiest Way" and how the play had impressed me, he suggested I should write to you. * * * The work I do brings me of necessity into contact with those who, alas, have found "the easiest way," and you can imagine with what interest I followed the play and your impersonation of Laura Murdoch. * * * It helped me to understand things more than I had ever done before, and I felt I must write and tell you so. Naturally, Miss Sarah Brooke, who, with her thumb very properly over the signature, showed me these letters, is much gratified by the evidence of the play's moral influence.'

And in Boston this interesting and profoundly moral play—one that should have had a long run here—was looked on sourly by professional guardians of morality and removed from the stage!

Richard Le Gallienne's "Orestes"

Richard Le Gallienne's "Orestes," in verse, was produced by the Drama Society in Kensington, May 6. While he admits that he followed Aeschylus in the main for the action, he says that the characters and the language are his own. Orestes is "an appealing study," although he apostrophizes in a pretty-pretty manner a daisy growing by the tomb of Agamemnon. The women are said to be very modern. Clytemnestra is careful to tell the audience that she loved Aegisthus passionately and never liked the king of men, "while Elektra's hobble skirt and the Bond street air of Aegisthus are not without their further significance." The Times thought the play strangely devoid of pity and of fervor. "The terrible stichomythia between Clytemnestra and Orestes, with which Aeschylus leads up to the death of the Queen, is watered into many words; the whole thing is watered down." The people of Argos were represented by two old men. One critic says that while there are no flights of genuine poetry, the play is on the whole "a remarkable, neat and workmanlike dramatic arrangement, in tasteful blank verse that only now and then jars or is obviously reminiscent." A "neat" tragedy on the subject of Orestes!

May 27/12

Although our ordinary air be good by nature or art, yet it is not amiss still to alter it; no better physic for a melancholy man than change of air, and variety of places, to travel abroad and see fashions. "No man," saith Lipsius, in an epistle to phil. Lanotus, a noble friend of his, now ready to make a voyage, "can be such a stock or stone, whom that pleasant speculation of countries, cities, towns, rivers will not affect."

News of Joe Bush.

As the World Wags:

I have just heard from Joe Bush. You will perhaps remember that the last time I saw my friend he was on his way to Mexico—with blood in his eye. The letter was dated New Orleans, May 14. Never mind how he got there. I don't know. Joseph says, in part: "I'm dropping down the river in the morning in an old Norwegian tub bound for Belize, and, if I get there, will stay a week or two and then move on. I've decided to spend the summer beach-combing—a very pleasant way to spend any old summer—so after I've combed Belize I'll drop down to Puerto Cortez and other joints along the Caribbean."

As usual, Joseph has chosen an admirable itinerary for his summer's outing. Would that I were with him! Belize and Puerto Cortez—shades of Morgan, Wallace and William Walker! Belize alone is worth while. Wallace, the freebooter, made it his stamping ground—unless I am mistaken, he named the city. Tradition has it that Morgan fought a bloody fight single-handed against three of his own men on La Costilla, a reef outside the harbor mouth. It was off this reef in deep water that he threw overboard in chains the negress Bertha, his beautiful mistress. William Walker rested at Puerto Cortez for weeks while hatching his deepest intrigues for Nicaragua.

The Joy of Beach Combing.

Had I known that Joe intended to comb the beach in that particular locality, I should have forwarded (postage carefully prepaid) quantities of practical literature. Beach combing, however, is usually done without literature of any kind. As an all-the-year-round recreation it is to be recommended. Were its advantages and pleasures known, I of our best families would, no doubt, substitute a care-free season on the

Cal. Journal. The West Coast of the United States and the Southern States, including New York Harbor or Kennebec, could spend his sophomore vacation at advantage, and if father could be persuaded to leave business for 20 days, it would profit. Beach combing gives resource and self-reliance to the young and a renewal of youth to the old. Still, like all good things, it has its drawbacks. The beach comb is a sort of exalted hobo. He avoids many of the difficulties and disagreeable features of tramp life. Existence is easy in the tropics. But unfortunately one must work or pay when moving from place to place. Still, an interval of massaging a white pine deck with a holystone and a squeegee only accentuates the pleasure of loafing on shore.

A Night at Belize.

Belize is hot now. The town lies still under the noonday glare. The portales opposite the International Hotel are heavily shaded against the sun. A few white clad merchants sip the next best coffee in the world and only the white helmeted Englishmen move too fast. But tonight—ah! the dainty breeze sweeping in from the Caribbean over the reefs ripples the harbor and sways the royal palms. Darkness falls in a moment, as always near the equator, and with the darkness the fragrant, throbbing passionate life of the tropics sighs, stirs, and—well—gets busy.

A guitar twangs—a voice rises, falls, is lost. Silent forms lurk in the velvet shadows. Lola leans from her balcony. Cigarettes glow like stars in the dark. The gurgling laughter of forty times forty dusky damsels lures, invites, commands. Down the street a little, a shrill scream, ragged with horror, stops in mid-scream, and you know the knife went home. And always, and over all, the soft caress, the heavy perfume, the purple, palpitating passion—the Tropic Night.

The gentleman who said, "Better 20 years of Europe than a lifetime anywhere else," or words to that effect, was entitled to his preference. There is no accounting for tastes.

Capt. Marston Sings.

Lest any one mistake this letter for an advertisement of a fruit company, I quote from "The Lyrics of a Beach Comber and Other Verses," by Capt. R. J. Marston. This dainty little volume was published privately some years ago, bound in hand-tooled Carib Indian hide furnished by the captain himself: Combin' the beach at Old Belize, Fever and filth and foul disease, Nights of stench and Stygian black, Death for a dollar—stabbed in the back—Fightin' the grub and fightin' the booze, Roaches so big they eat your shoes, Fie! heat and a billion fleas, Combin' the beach at Old Belize.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, May 20, 1912.

A Footnote.

Mr. Witherspoon spells the name of the buccaneer "Wallace." Others allude to him as "Wallis." Unfortunately, there is nothing about him in the National Dictionary of Biography, which ignores the existence of many famous British pirates and all heroes of the ring. This dictionary contains a life of Morgan, but, while it relates his marriage to his first cousin, Mary Elizabeth, there is no mention of Bertha, who was so shabbily treated, nor does Esquemeling, who was one of the buccaneering gang, describe her life and death.

May 28 1912

And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups
mixed.

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thome
in Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Unseemly Strife.

The Index Appeal of Petersburg, Va., stated that in accordance with the proverbial hospitality of Norfolk no juleps would be served during the Democratic state convention. "Her people will not try to inflict on those who know the real thing such concoctions as are brewed under the sacred name in Norfolk city."

To this Norfolk, through its press, replied: "There never was but one man in Petersburg who knew how to make a julep. He learned the art from Jack Franklin of Norfolk. He went back home so infatuated with his discovery that he soon drank himself to death, and the secret perished with him. Since then no citizen of Petersburg has ever drunk a real julep except in Norfolk."

This strife is unseemly, unworthy of cities in the Old Dominion. We have drunk mint juleps in Norfolk and in Petersburg, and found them admirable. It is a mistake to say there are no bad juleps. Those north of Washington, D. C., unless they be brewed in private by a southerner, deserve the bitter words of Prohibitionists.

The Rise of Jimmy Jones.

Many Bostonians remember a restaurant known as Jimmy Jones's in Norfolk. Many have eaten there, eaten sora and Mobjack and Lynnhaven oysters; drunk juleps and rejoiced with an exceeding joy. But how many know the life story of the late Jones or the one surprising feat that made him glorious?

was called to "H. W." for information supplementary to our own personal knowledge.

The late Jimmy Jones was a Greek by birth and his real name was unpronounced even to those who had read Xenophon and the first three books of the Iliad. Coming to this country, he drifted to Norfolk. When the time arrived for him to take out naturalization papers, his efforts to make his name intelligible were all in vain. A negro standing by had given him as Jimmy Jones. "Me Jimmy Jones, too," said the Greek, and Jimmy Jones he was until death took him. At first he kept a modest lunch counter. This grew into an eating house which became a "cafe." The reputation of the landlord also grew, and the excellence of the food and drink served by him was soon known in other states. Game of all kinds was cooked irreproachably; hog-fish prepared in a peculiar way was worthy of a journey from Eastport or San Francisco; his juleps and cobbler were the despair of other landlords, but his specialty, perhaps, was oysters.

His Surprising Feat.

One day when many friends and guests were at his place—for it was a

favorite loafing ground—Jimmy said that he could recognize every oyster from any watery environ of Norfolk and even state its grade by the taste alone. The experiment was made and Jimmy did not fail in any instance. The news spread the country round. A wager of \$50 was made, a day was set, and at the appointed hour a crowd of "prominent citizens" saw Jimmy blindfolded in his restaurant. The oysters near Norfolk are many in variety. Lynnhaven, Cherry Stone, Mobjack, Smith Creek, Little Bay, Broad Creek, Ware River, Link-harn Bay—the list is a long one. There are three grades of each, "selects, seconds, soups." All these were used in the experiment. Jimmy made one stipulation: the oysters should be absolutely fresh and taken from the shell before him. For one hour they gave him oysters of every kind and grade. They went backward and forward; there were "repetitions, sequences, omissions, alternations, successions." Not once did he fail to give the right and only answer. Exulting in their fellow-citizen, the people of Norfolk swelled the original \$50 to \$500 and pointed to him ever afterward with pride.

A Sad Ending.

During the last years of his honored life, Jimmy was huge and lubberly, in the eyes of a stranger. He could be seen—and from far off—sitting in an arm chair on the sidewalk outside his cafe. His ending was a sad one, ironic. He died about five years ago from cancer of the tongue—and his suffering was long and intense. The restaurant in Main street still bears his name, but at present it is closed. Jimmy's successor failed to satisfy the people, and with Jimmy the glory of Norfolk departed. The name of Jimmy Jones is not to be found in pretentious books, in encyclopaedias, in biographical dictionaries, in "Who's Who" and "Who's Whom." But as Calais was written on the heart of Queen Mary, so Norfolk is written on the stomach of many a wanderer, and Norfolk to him means that simple eating house where he called for sora in season, oysters and juleps. There are men who say with deep feeling: "I used to eat oysters in Fulton market" or "Do you remember Billy Park's old place?" So there are men, not sentimentalists by nature or profession, who sigh at the mention of Jimmy Jones. Kant, the philosopher, never went more than 15 miles from Koenigsberg; yet, as Dr. Noah Porter would say to the senior class at Yale, he shook the world, young gentlemen. Jimmy Jones, whether he came from Sparta, Athens or some island of the archipelago, made Norfolk his home and dwelt there without thought of fame in a large town. Thus he made Norfolk illustrious among the cities of America. Even the unemotional oysters of every creek, bay, river, mourn him, and the sora is now unwilling to die, for, as it whispers to its mate: "What's the use? There's no Jimmy to put us on toast."

MAUD LAMBERT

Maud Lambert, making her first vaudeville appearance in original song specialties, and a typically Lasky-esque production in "The Antique Girl" have the places of honor upon this week's bill at Keith's. Miss Lambert, who rushed into prominence and popularity as a member of Eddle Foy's "Over the River" company, was given a tremendous reception last night, and after her third song a big bunch of roses went over the footlights for her. Miss Lambert appears in four songs, each distinctly different in character, and with each song came a corresponding change of gowns. And Miss Lambert certainly has some stunning costumes. Assisting Miss Lambert in her sketch is Ernest Ball, the author of a number of the popular songs of the day. Mr. Ball presides over the piano, not only playing all of Miss Lambert's accompaniments,

but also contributing two or three of his own. He the audience is waiting for the appearance of Miss Lambert in change of costume.

Jesse L. Lasky's "The Antique Girl" introduces a half-dozen young women to whom one might very properly apply the "fair of form and of figure" expression, and with the young women of the company are a similar number of young fellows, all of them good singers. There is just enough plot of the musical comedy to provide for the number of catchy songs by the entire company or by only two or three of the members. There is also some very clever dancing in connection with the sketch.

Easily the best dancing of the bill, however, is contributed by Sammy Burns and Alice Fulton in their terpsichorean novelties. They indulge in a lot of extremely different steps and movements, but work at all times with clocklike precision. James M. McDonald is at Keith's this week for the first time in songs and sayings, all of which are very clever, while the Robert DeMont trio present their acrobatic stunt "Hotel Turnover."

Coming along earlier in the evening's entertainment are Edgar Berger, who is a truly wonderful contortionist; the two Kemps in "Matrimonial Bliss" and DeDio's circus, a timely special for the children.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Lindsay Morison Stock Company, in "The Lights of London," by G. R. Sims. The principal characters:

Harold Armytage.....Howell Hansel
Squire Armytage.....Arthur Claire
Clifford Armytage.....Dudley Hawley
Seth Procter.....Edward Nanney
Joseph Jarvis.....James A. Bliss
Shakespeare Jarvis.....Marion Goad
Marks.....James Burrows
Bess Marks.....Anna Cleveland
Hetty Preance.....Frances Woodbury
Mrs. Jarvis.....Rose Morison

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: "A Night Off," a comedy in four acts, from the German of Franz von Schonthan by Augustin Daly.

Justinian Babbitt.....Donald Meek
Harry Damask.....John Craig
Marcus Brutus Snap.....George Hassell
Jack Mulberry.....Carney Christie
Lord Mulberry.....Albert Roberts
Mrs. Xantippe Babbitt.....Mabel Colcord
Angelen Damask.....Mabel Montgomery
Susan.....Maud Richmond
Nisbe.....Mary Young

May 29, 1912

The young women in the Western Union Telegraph Company offices in New York must wear plain shirt waists this summer with "moderately high adjustable collars and sleeves that extend below the elbows." It is stated that "scientific experts" after careful study of the subject advised the order and gave "sanitary reasons." Such sumptuary laws seem to us tyrannical. It matters not whether the collar be adjustable or rigidly fixed; it is high—for the qualifying word "moderately" is not easily defined—and as it is high it is therefore uncomfortable in hot weather. The young women thus choked will not be so attractive to the eye, nor will they be so efficient in their work. Furthermore, the chances of advantageous marriage will necessarily be lessened. Helen of Troy would not have been so brilliantly beautiful had she been compelled to wear any one of the collars that made the city famous.

Apropos of collars and cravats, we gladly quote the fine lines from Mr. Gilbert Frankau's "One of Us," a satirical poem, which modelled on Byron's "Don Juan," has just been published: Ever his right hand sought the collar's edge,
White-walled, tremendous, whence the
fashioned tape
Of tie's perfection shot its waisted wedge.

Now and Then.

The wild doings in San Diego, Cal., the threats and the shooting, the tarring and feathering, the attempts at dynamiting remind one of the description of the town given by John Phoenix, who lived there in the fifties.

All night long in this sweet little village
You hear the soft note of the pistol
With the pleasant scream of the victim
Whose been shot prehaps in his gizzard.

Oh its awful this here little plals is
And quick as my business is finished
I shall leave here you may depend on it
By the very first jeky steamboat.
Or if they are all of em busted
I'll hire a mule from some feller
And just put out to Santy Clara.

Two Old Friends.

Old friends are returning with summer. The wild man, who now emerges from a cave in Connecticut and now prefers the Maine woods with a village near by where he can frighten school children, is reported as caught in Tarrytown, N. Y., but he is probably an imposter, for he gave his name and admitted that he was hungry. The real wild man is nameless, and in trackless solitude or visiting a settlement is cheerfully omnivorous, and skilful in obtaining food from nature and from man. And again there is the formation of a National Anti-Tipping Association. We read a few days ago of a Londoner who in one year travelled considerably over

100 miles to find barbers' shops where his "unbending attitude on the tip question" was unknown and thus spent about \$30 on bus and cab fares. He soon exhausted London and the suburbs, and now, unable to shave himself, grows a beard. These anti-tipping associations labor in vain, for there are always foolish men and women, who, not sure of themselves and wishing to impress others, tip extravagantly.

From Contemporaries.

A Parisian newspaper names the Isle of Wight as a paradise for young women who wish to marry. This "charming island" has at present a "good million" more men than women. "What a choice!" The population of the Isle of Wight is about 80,000.

In a French geography which has run through several editions M. Enault is quoted as the leading authority on England. The French schoolboy is told that in London there are "whole streets formed of dens dug out of the soil, which itself was only a mass of rubbish." People sleep in wheelless cabs and pay a rent of sixpence a week. "Bands of half-starved men without fire or shelter take refuge in gypsy vans which are buried up to the axle-trees in mud."

A schoolmaster in Roumania was killed not long ago in a duel with walking sticks. A girl was the cause of the quarrel and she advised the duel. In Germany a court of honor might have been held, or the opinion of the Emperor William might have settled the matter. The discussion concerning the advisability of duelling, which is now raging in Germany, has led English newspapers to revive stories about the field of honor in Great Britain. One of the most agreeable is that about the Galway squire who, practising with the pistol in his back garden, gave this explanation: "I've a dinner party of friends this evening, and I am getting my pistol hand into practice."

In Liberia.

Prof. Frederick Starr, anthropologist in Chicago, purposing to spend the next six months in Liberia, made a deep impression on his students by telling them that he would wear a frock coat and a silk hat sojourning there. "I shouldn't think of going to Liberia without a frock coat. The Liberians are sticklers for correctness." Perhaps Prof. Starr has been reading Sir Richard F. Burton's amusing and instructive "Wanderings in West Africa." Burton in the early sixties characterized Liberia as "Mrs. Stowe's most frowzy paradise." He preferred the pink loin cloths and bead necklaces of the Krumen to the "civilized" dress of the "half civilized" native. The description of the swell costume in favor at Sierra Leone is especially entertaining, and, of course, Prof. Starr will visit that villainous, iniquitous place as Capt. Charnier called it: coat of superfine Saxony with broad velvet collar, rainbow cravat and sunset waistcoat, tight trousers, patent leather boots, portentous shirt studs and lemon colored gloves. Prof. Starr alludes to the Liberian passion for the spectacular in dress. But is a frock coat spectacular? Is it not slavishly conventional and smug?

JACKSON GIRLS PLAY FOR MEN

"The Twig of Thorn," a two-act play of Irish peasant life written by Prof. Whitney of Wellesley College, was given its first public performance last evening by the freshman class of Jackson college, in the Jackson gymnasium.

The play was presented over a month ago by the freshman girls as their part in the annual series of plays given under the auspices of the Ali Around club of Jackson. At these performances the men students of Tufts have always been denied admittance and when the public was admitted last evening it marked an epoch in the history of class plays at Jackson. The entire floor was filled by Tufts students and their guests, who seemed to appreciate the broader policy of their Jackson "sisters."

The cast, which was entirely chosen from the freshman class, was coached by Mrs. F. W. Hamilton, wife of President Frederick W. Hamilton, of Tufts College. Mrs. Hamilton's daughter, Miss Dorothy James, took one of the leading roles. The cast also included Pauline Moyer, Gladys E. Keith, Grace M. Rockwell, Helen B. Crocker, Lena G. Towsley, Anna C. Jobin, Rena M. Greenwood, Margaret M. Hea, Alice C. Pulsiver, Edith H. Johnson, Dorothy T. Houghton and Gertrude M. Hooper.

May 30 1912

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is—
I hate all your Frenchified fust:
Your silly entrees and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dance behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three;
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has frizzled the master,
I will amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canister,
And tiddle my ale in the shade.

Table Equipage.

Long ago Mr. Thomas Walker discussing aristology, or the art of dining, inveighed against swollen feasts and pompous table equipage. He condemned the huge centre piece of plate and flowers "which cuts off about one-half the company from the other," and remarked that awkward mistakes had taken place in consequence, for guests had made personal observations on those actually opposite to them. "It seems strange that people should be invited, to be hidden from one another." Nor did Mr. Walker, M. A. (Trinity College, Cambridge), barrister at law, and one of the police magistrates of the metropolis, spare the inconvenient passion of some hostesses for garnish and flowers, either natural or cut in turnips and carrots and stuck on dishes. Carving and helping are thus impeded. "The ornament is an encumbrance and has no relation to the matter on which it is placed." And he argued that in the case of good meat well cooked, the plainer it looks the better it looks. Is cold mutton the more palatable because parsley is strewn on the dish?

The Dining Room.

And now, after 77 years, comes the editor of "Hors d'Oeuvre," an entertaining column of the rejuvenated and improved Pall Mall Gazette, and makes the same complaint. The dinner table, he says, is too often full of distracting oddments and fripperies, although, of course, much less so than the American fashion which is absurd and vulgar. Why this unexpected thrust? Under how many American tables has this editor stretched his sculptural and aristocratic legs? He names the essentials of a "good and peaceful" dinner table: plain and laceless napery, few but perfect flowers in low bowls and without perfume, no fancy decorations, plain glass of "sweet shape," white china, plain silver, discreet lighting. There should not be half a dozen wine glasses, a multiplicity of forks and spoons, "and casual ornaments at inconvenient corners."

The room should be spacious, with cool wall paper, or better yet, dark woods. Pictures of fish and beasts are more appropriate to a roadhouse, though the Londoner does not approach this subject. The multiplicity of forks and spoons may serve a purpose other than that of ostentation. There is a pleasure, before the conversation is lively and when your neighbor, having looked you over, turns in desperation to talk with the man on the other side, in counting the forks and guessing at the courses, or deciding which of the forks is intended for the fish—the fashions in fish forks change so often.

Appropriate Glasses.

The nature of the glassware has much to do with enjoyment at table. Champagne is a treacherous drink, not for those rheumatically inclined, and it is seldom found in perfection. We have seen it served in small tumblers. Any host allowing this may be suspected of calling champagne "wine." Rhine wines are never so good as when in tall glasses of a rather florid design. Hock and green glass are inseparable. What has become of the old-fashioned goblets from which we once drank ice (not iced) water? They went with the ice water pitcher that stood on the black walnut, marble topped, sideboard. The whole apparatus, silver lined, was conspicuous in directors' rooms. Including a salver, it was often presented as a tribute of respect and thus took the place of a gold-headed cane.

Our correspondent, Mr. Sommerton, now writes to the point.

The Aesthetic Side.

As the World Wags:

You have said something about drinking vessels, chiefly with reference to the enjoyment of malt liquors. I wish you would protest against the custom common in Boston, but rare in most other towns where I have been wont to drink strong liquors, of serving a cocktail in an ordinary whiskey glass. The cocktail, as I conceive it, is a luxury that should appeal to the aesthetic sense. It should be served with circumstance, in a stem glass, with the sanguine drop at the bottom afforded by a preserved cherry or the quieter decoration to be

from the tempered green of the olive. The drink should be shaken without undue haste, and if two or more are made at once there should be a nice calculation of bulk demonstrated by the fact that when the shaker is emptied each glass is exactly full.

In Moderation.

May I go further and protest against the multiple cocktail before dinner? One is enough, and more produces a decorative overplus, if nothing worse. Once I saw a distinguished public man of this commonwealth drink four cocktails before dinner. How many more he had I know not, since I took myself off before his meal was served. By the way, let me assure experimenters that the reasonable limit of gin fizzes (a troublesome plural) before dinner is four—from personal and painful experience.

The habit of taking mixed drinks is disappearing in this country, and I can not help thinking that it was always a bit meretricious, though the absinthe drip, properly served, has spectacular effects that have always endeared it to me and doubtless to others who are forced to gain their notion of foreign lands not by actual travel but by the adventitious aid of alcohol, that blessed stimulant of dull or jaded imaginations.

JASPER SOMMERTON.

Boston, May 27, 1912.

May 31 1912

For as the devotees of the circulating libraries, I dare not compliment their pastime, or rather kill-time, with the name of reading. In addition to novels and tales of chivalry in prose or rhyme (by which last I mean neither rhythm nor metre) this genus comprises as its species, gaming, swinging, or swaying on a chair of state; spitting over a bridge; smoking; snuff-taking; tete-a-tete quarrels after dinner between husband and wife; coming word by word all the advertisements of a daily newspaper in a public house on a rainy day, etc., etc.

Where is Mr. Johnson?

As the World Wags:

The silence, now too long, of Mr. Herkimer Johnson may yet be due to nobly useful labor upon the work of his life. In this thought, I hesitate to disturb him; nor should I try to gain his attention, but that he is classicist as well as sociologist (has the late Prof. Sumner's word gained currency? If not, it is not the fault of that learned and dogmatic man) and may be amused and even interested by an apt quotation that I lately found on the title page of a book belonging to a friend.

I was rummaging in his library, to my vast pleasure, while he himself stood by, smoking, and concealing his loving pride in his twelve hundred volumes. There were "several interesting items," as the cataloguers say. He had caused his edition of Casanova to be bound, and was delightedly reading that invaluable autobiography. He had Burton's "Anatomy" of 1876, and took what he called an imbecile pleasure in the knowledge that Edward Fitzgerald's copy was of that same edition. For many reasons he loves Burton; and one of them—for he is inclined to misogyny—is that "no woman has ever read ten pages of him, nor seen rhyme or reason in him." He had "Reliquiae Wottonianae," 1685, and therein the bookplate of J. H. Shorthouse—"whom," he said, his lips drawing back from his pipe-stem in a savage grin, "I detest. Why? Read Bann's 'Rationalism.' He had Hogg's 'Shelley,' and we discussed for a moment the question, How could Shelley and Hogg endure each other? He had that noble edition (London 1809) of "Gil Blas," with its beautiful print, and its absurd yet precious engraving. That merry knave, Blas de Santillane! Yet he had a morality—as what man has not?

Mr. Herrick and One Ovid.

But it was when I came to his "five-inch shelf," as he called it, of recent novels that I thought of Mr. Herkimer Johnson. For I took up my friend's copy of Mr. Herrick's "Together," and found written, or rather, blotted into it—what wretched paper the publishers give us!—these two lines from "the smoothest poet," as Feltham justly calls P. Ovidius Naso.

Sigils in hoc attem populo non novit amandi,
Hoc legat, et lecto carmine doctus amet.

I thought, I say, of Mr. Johnson. For here is room not only for the enjoyment of a pleasure unknown to the vulgar—that of classical quotation—but also for the exercise of the sociologist's talent as a practical psychologist. Is my friend a hard cynic? Or is he an embittered idealist? And what is Mr. Herrick? Surely we are to congratulate Mr. Johnson and ourselves that "Together" appeared before the completion of Mr. Johnson's colossal work; for here is material to his hand.

STUDIOSUS.

Boston, May 28, 1912.

Good Riddance.

They that, like unto the Kings of Persia, have a dwelling house for each season of the year, are tempted about this time to pack boxes with books for summer reading. Many of these books are an overflow, the refuse of the library in the city. The owner has not the courage to throw them out of a back window, nor has he a convenient garden for a bonfire. It is the habit of some to deplore the destruction of the library at Alexandria. They might well

pander the saying of Walter Bage, of "The Barbarians burned the books, and though all the historians abuse them for it, it is quite evident that in their hearts they are greatly rejoiced. If the books had existed they would have had to read them." Books accumulate in the summer palace, and what, then, is to be done with them? There are benevolently disposed persons who send the worthless novels to the village library. When one was asked why he did not send them to a hospital, he answered: "I thought that some day I might have to be in the hospital."

Revival of "Dodine."

Gastrophiles were excited a fortnight ago over the proposed revival of "dodine" by M. Auguste Escoffier, the distinguished chef of the Carlton Hotel. It is said that this dish was invented by Guillaume Tirel, known as Taillevent, a kitchen child to Queen Jeanne d'Evreux, in 1326 and first cook to Charles V. in 1375. It is also said that "dodine" is not in the dictionary. This is not true. It occurs in Randle Cotgrave's "French and English Dictionary," (London, 1673.) The first meaning is "a fond or giddy wag of the head;" and then we find: "Canars a la dodine: served in with (French) onion sauce." But this definition gives little idea of the dish, which is duck steeped in wine of Suresnes. Inasmuch as there has been little of this wine for the last century, the dish went out of fashion, but M. Escoffier thought chamberlin could replace Suresnes. We say "thought," for as yet we have heard nothing about the result of the experiment.

Judged by recipes in old French treatises, "dodine" was a sauce. Capons were served with it. And here is Taillevent's recipe, which we find in Alfred Franklin's "La Cuisine," a volume of the series "La Vie Prives d'Auteurs": "Take white bread and toast it red on the grill and put it to soak in a very strong red wine. Then fry onions in hog's fat. Pass your bread through a strainer. Then for spices, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, sugar and a bit of salt. Boil it all together with the fat of the duck, and when it is cooked pour it over the duck, which has been already roasted." English journals speak of the duck as hashed, but it apparently was not hashed in the time of Charles V. of France.

June 1 1912

We spoke yesterday about the proposed revival of the "dodine," by M. Auguste Escoffier. This dish was prepared for the League of French Gourmets and was to have been eaten in Paris, London, New York, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, Tokio, on May 18. The date was changed to May 25. A few of the members, fanatically conservative, swore that they would not eat "Dodine de Canard au Chambertin"; if they could not have wine of Suresnes, they would not have the dish at all.

We are informed that M. Thomas Gringoire, who, living in London, edits a monthly, *Le Carnet d'Epicure*, discovered the old recipe and wrote a poem about it, in which he introduced Saint-Amant and Lafontaine discussing the dish, and Lafontaine exclaims that it should be served in Paradise. It is also said that M. Escoffier has improved the original recipe.

Homage to Miss d'Antigny.

M. Escoffier, the chef of the Carlton Hotel, invented another dish for this dinner, "Fraise a la Sarah Bernhardt," something delicious in the strawberry line. There is already a "Consomme Sarah Bernhardt." Forty years ago M. Escoffier, then cook at the old Moulin Rouge, made his first "culinary creation." He named it "Fraise a la d'Antigny." Was this in honor of Blanche d'Antigny, the joyous blonde who contributed to the gaiety of the Second Empire? She had amusing adventures in Russia, and as the story goes was requested to leave that country. Herve composed his "Petit Faust" for her that she might shine as Marguerite. All sorts of stories are still told about her; how she once won a wager by walking on the boulevard, cloaked as Monna Vanna on her way to the foeman's camp. Scandal mongers insist that she was one of the actresses who formed Zola's composite Nana. However this may be, she was not avaricious, nor was she stupid. When she was about to play a queen of France in one of Herve's operettas, she went to a bookshop with a friend and asked him to purchase for her Martin's "History of France" and all of Michelet's historical works; for, she said: "I wish to study the character of this queen in authentic books, so that I can get into her skin." Rare artistic conscientiousness worthy of the highest praise! And she saw to it that the books were sumptuously bound. Returning from Egypt, she died of galloping consumption at Paris in 1874. Generous, capable of devotion, she was harassed by debts, although her maid to whom she owed 20,000 francs and her coachman to whom she owed 35,000 were content to wait.

Compelling Names.

And it was M. Escoffier who invented the "Pêche Melba." Will his name be long remembered, as that of Louis Bechamel, the inventor of white sauce and steward of Louis XIV.? He has not given his own name to any dish or sauce; he has paid homage to the arts, as personified by gracious ladies of the stage, as M. Alcide Mirobolant expressed his devotion toward Miss Blanche Amory by 'concentrating his mind on soups, entrees, plats, gateaux, jellies and ices that should be in accordance with her shrinking modesty, her virginal character.

Has any one ever made a list of famous men and women whom cooks and cigar makers have publicly honored? Chateaubriand, Nesselrode, Gen. George Washington, W. C. Bryant, Sarah Bernhardt, Robert Burns, Henry Clay, Blanche d'Antigny, whose real name was Antigny, Nellie Melba—There should be a little dictionary of "Who's Who in the Kitchen and Cigar Shop."

Did Chateaubriand invent the double steak, etc., named after him? Before he went to England the trick was known and one noble dame advised another by letter to go to London merely to clap one steak on another and then butter, pepper and salt it.

Food Notes.

This is a world of contrasts. The London Daily Chronicle says there is not a chef in the world who knows how to roast a chestnut or how to supply a baked potato. "They are to be eaten only in the street from the barrow of the man who is a specialist."

The New York Medical Journal defends pie, home made pie "from the hands of a housewife with strong fingers, for only the strong have a genuine lightness of touch," and the Medical Journal cites the case of great pianists and violinists. But pie should not be eaten at the end of a hearty meal. With a bit of cheese, it is a meal in itself. And what is meant by this? "The customary liberal sprinkling of sugar." Are there still persons who sprinkle sugar on apple pie? Probably they are the ones who call for chocolate eclairs with beer for luncheon.

The Berlin Lokal Anzeiger urges a return to "simple eating" and owners of property in Carlsbad, Kissingen, Wiesbaden, Marienbad are shaking in their boots. Will there be an abandonment of what is known in northern Germany as "French cookery"? Will there be a return to Kraftbruehe, Kalter Aufschnitt, Schmorbraten? Some of us found the plain dishes of the Germans in Berlin and Dresden in the memorable eighties a tax on the stomach and a cloud to the understanding. We remember the Hashed Lungs, Stewed Chicken Feet, Bearsoup, and there was a highly decorated Wiener Schnitzel that was not for sensitive stomachs. Even in the time of Charles V. the Germans were famous for heavy dishes. One chronicler after assuring the reader that he would tell no lie wrote: "I saw such kinds of meat eaten, as are wont to be seen, but not eaten, as a roasted horse, a cat in jelly, little lizards in hot broth, frogs fried and divers sorts of meat which I never knew what they were till they were eaten. And what is he that shall read my writing and see what is commonly eaten at feast that it will not in a manner break his heart?"

Mr. Kelley, editor of the Toronto Republican, denies that he put lumps of sugar in his "cup of bouillon en tasse" at the K. U. spread to the Kansas editors.

Annual Gambol at Boston Opera

House Pleases Large Audience.

"MAIN BOUT" IS HEADLINER

Although more than an hour late, so that part of the program was eliminated, the annual Lambs' Gambol here was welcomed with the greatest glee by an audience that filled the Boston Opera House last night. Explanations that the reason for the delay was caused by a slight misapprehension that involved a journey by the company to Jersey City, were received without further questioning, for once started, the lambs cavorted rapidly through the program aided by the offtime repeated apology that Mr. So-and-So had laryngitis and his part would be taken by Mr. X, whereas Mr. So-and-So would assume the role of Mr. Z, and so on, but the result was the same—everyone was satisfied.

In accordance with established tradition, the performance started with an old-time minstrel show, with a relay of end men including Eddie Foy, whose voice was unmistakable in spite of a liberal coating of burnt cork; Raymond Hitchcock, whose hair seemed familiar; Charles Evans, easily recognizable from the familiarity of his jokes; Jefferson De Angelis and Andrew Mack. Victor Herbert conducted the orchestra during the

first part of the entertainment, in which was interspersed ballads, as usual, the most notable being the singing of "Danny Deever" by David Bligh.

The scene from Julius Caesar was admirably done, James O'Neill taking the part of Caesar, Robert Mantell that of Brutus, Frederick Warde Cassius and Williams J. Kelley Marc Antony.

Warfield in Skit.

David Warfield, assisted by Fred Niblo, made his reappearance in his noted role of the hat pedler, with all his familiar sayings and jokes. Needless to say the appearance of Mr. Warfield was all that was necessary to convince the ordinary spectator that Mr. Belasco merely anticipated by a few hours the general opinion of the ability of the eccentric Hebrew of the old Weber-Fields days, judging by the somewhat loudly murmured remarks, but safe it is to say that the offering was as keenly welcomed as ever at the little Twenty-ninth street playhouse.

The real bit of the evening was "The Main Bout" by Montgomery and Stone. Here not only the principals, but the ringside audience on the stage and the lay figures in the stage setting who joined in the dances, shared in the mercurial. Mr. De Angelis was a capable referee, and Thomas Wise and Frank McIntyre as bottle holders banished any doubt from their physical proportions of being able to adequately fulfil their roles.

Elsewhere on the stage Montgomery and Stone have given proof of their ability to amuse, but never with so capable a company nor one that so capably offered every means to bring forth their full humor.

Between the acts a capable barker

(he must have been, or else the lot would have fallen to some one else) auctioned off a souvenir program containing the signature of each of the performers. If the auctioneer can be accepted as truthful, such a book sold for \$250 in Philadelphia, \$350 in Washington and more than \$600 in New York.

Christie MacDonald Wins.

But Boston showed its chivalry to the highest form. Miss Christie MacDonald offered a paltry bid of \$100, and although one true knight strode half-way down the aisle to announce that if \$125 were offered he would bid \$175, none stood in the way of Miss MacDonald and the book was hers, let us trust to the joy, if to the financial loss of the Lambs.

John McCloskey admirably sang "I Hear You Calling Me," even though Charles Evans wanted to know whether he was referring to the chambermaid or the telephone girl. Eddie Foy won applause by his familiar "Put on Your Old High Hat," as did George Hamlin in "Love Laid His Sleepless Head," but it remained for Andrew Mack to arouse the audience by singing his own ballad, "Mistah Moon," and even dazzling his co-members of the fleecy tribe by his agility as a dancer.

The end men labored well, but in a road tour after a long theatrical season, much must be forgiven—though the mother-in-law and the hobble skirt jokes were not forgotten.

So the evening satisfied the audience, and, besides, the spokesman thanked everybody for their generous co-operation and assured each listener that upon him or her rested the welfare and progress of the drama, so what could be fairer?

June 2 1912

Any who were inclined to grumble at the casts of last season at the Boston Opera House should note the names of singers now at Covent Garden and read the enthusiastic comments on the performances. Certain men and women, who in the Boston Opera House took minor parts, or sang in more important ones on Saturday nights, have been treasured by leading London critics as of much importance.

The London public is still faithful to Mine. Kirkby-Lunn and ranks her among the greatest artists. Now we have all heard Mme. Kirkby-Lunn in opera and in concert. An estimable singer, as far as natural voice is concerned, she is not among the great ones of the stage, either as lyric singer or actress. We have all heard Mr. Sammarco, who, like the famous Sig. Blumberg, whose story was told by Mr. Louis Harrison, has a magnificent voice; but not even his warmest admirers in this country ever suspected him of emotional bursts or hailed him tragedian. Yet, reading the London newspapers, one might be easily led to believe that Mr. Sammarco as an actor surpassed Ronconi, Maurel and Marcoux, three baritones, each in his day conspicuous for dramatic ability and intensity. It is a pleasure, however, to find Miss Destinn receiving her just due.

Operas and Operatic Singers

E. T. A. Hoffmann again figures as the hero of an opera—"Hoffmann," music by Guido Lacetti. This opera in three acts was produced at the San Carlo, Naples, April 13. The story is that of an episode in Hoffmann's life. The opera took the prize offered last year by the municipality of Naples. The composer was graduated at the Conservatory of that city.

A new opera, as yet unpublished, "Madame Dubarry," music by Enzo

and Mr. Ben Davies. "Brave Little Jean" is the title of the ultimate galleries looked very alien and forlorn. Yet he pipes so well! His softer notes have such a clear silvery delicacy. As a real shepherd on a real Welsh mountain he would be perfect. It is a long way on and off the Colleen stage.

A new and young tenor, Marcelin, discovered at Lyons, has been successful at the Opera Comique, Paris, as Werther. Edmond Clement will give a series of performances at this opera house before the season is over.

Sir Herbert Tree has secured the English version of the Spanish play, "Los Intereses Creados," of which The Herald spoke last Sunday and will produce it at His Majesty's. He will take the part of the valet.

They object in Paris to Ida Rubenstein, who took the part of Helen of Troy in Verhaeren's play at the Chatelet, because she is an indifferent interpreter of verse. She is a remarkable dancer, but as an actress her accent distresses the Parisians. "A Russian danseuse, however gifted in her legs, is not necessarily inspired in her throat."

Notes on Baron Henri de Rothschild's play "La Rampe" brought out in Paris

London May 9, was noticed in The Herald when it was produced in Paris. The Pall Mall Gazette concluded its notice: "The piece has enjoyed a considerable success on the continent. If that is so, all we can say is that there must still be a rather considerable public on the continent for cheap sensationalism." It will be remembered that the story is of a young society woman who wishes to be famous on the stage, becomes infatuated with Bourguell, the actor, and finally, unhappy, poisons herself in a rehearsal while her ex-lover stands by and thinks she has improved in emotional acting.

"The Double Game," by Maurice Barling (Kingsway Theatre, May 7), is a Russian revolutionary drama. Mr. Barling was living in Russia in 1907, and in this play he attempts to present a picture of the epoch. "The title and whole idea were suggested to me by a paragraph I came across in a Moscow paper in that year, which related the suicide of a Russian revolutionary lady who had just discovered accidentally that her husband was a police spy. Many of the Russian plays which have actually been passed by their censor deal quite frankly with the revolutionary movement and have been performed before enthusiastic audiences in the state theatres of St. Petersburg and Moscow." The Times said: "In spite of and up to its too obvious conclusion, which missed the note of real tragedy, 'The Double Game' is a deeply interesting human document." Other critics spoke of the skilful unfolding of the plot and the observation shown by the author. They praise his artistic sense of reticence.

"The Five Frankforters," in Basil Hood's adaptation of Carl Roessler's play, was produced at the Lyric, May 7. The Frankforters are really the Rothschilds, and lend money to crowned heads. The interest of the play is in the remarkably vivid picture of the family and its fine old mother. The play is a comedy in three acts: "of which the first is fresh and in every respect delightful, the second dull, and the third mainly sentimental; and so marked are the differences between the first act and the other two that it seems almost incredible that the dramatist who wrote the one should also have written the others." The Times raises the question of manners and good taste, and then says of the play: "It is mildly entertaining. Perhaps one may get a little bored at seeing so many very rich people all at once."

"Love—And What Then?" (The Playhouse, May 2) by B. MacDonald Hastings, "sounds as if it had been written by a very clever undergraduate for other undergraduates not quite so clever." It is youthfully cynical, a farce with occasional serious digressions. A thick-headed, ascetic clergyman is married to a young and kittenish woman, who shocks her husband by donning a knee-short red skirt and red stockings for village theatricals. But the bishop present approved the wife and her costume. He did not approve her when she allowed a young soldier to kiss her so that she might have a new sensation, and so he transferred the clergyman to the place where the young soldier was stationed. "The people are not always real. It is only in scenes that the play has life. But it always has wit and style, and it never loses your attention. At its weakest it amuses completely."

"Nellie Lambert," by J. Sackville Martin (King's Hall, May 5), unfortunately introduces the Votes for Women element. Nellie is a barmaid and objects to the attentions of the publican's son. The publican is persuaded to get rid of his barmaids and the son encourages him thinking to get the better of Nellie. He, although married, pretends to be single and finally marries Nellie, who has gone through great privations. He tires of her and throws her aside, telling her that he was already married. In the end he is arrested for forgery.

"The Princess Caprice" (Shaftesbury Theatre, May 11) is a translation by Alex. M. Thompson of "Der Liebe Augustin," by Rudolph Bernauer and Ernst

Wellsch, with music by Leo Fall. The story is the old one of two babies getting mixed up. The one who should be a prince is a princess and vice versa. The real identity is, of course, disclosed at the end. The Pall Mall Gazette remarked: "This story has been set by Herr Fall to jingles as uninspired as any we have heard; and . . . we cannot but feel that Mr. Courtneidge might have got at least as good a book from a couple of his own countrymen, and at least as original and graceful a score from Mr. Sidney Jones, Mr. Lionel Monckton, Mr. Howard Talbot, Mr. Leslie Stuart and one or two other native composers we could name." The production, however, was a success, owing to a handsome setting and to George Graves, who was funny as the miserly regent of Thessaly.

"Looking for Trouble," a farce by Helene Glingold and Laurence Cowan (Aldwych Theatre, May 13), is a series of wild improbabilities. A son makes up as his father and his mother does not know him; a cabman of 1912 butles into a drawing-room whip in hand and, wearing the traditional costume of a stage caddy of 1875; a pretty young widow convives with an orderly, dressing up as a woman, and making desperate love to the man with whom the widow is in love, etc., etc. "Last night's audience had to derive most of its enjoyment from the mere spectacular oddity of the Highland orderly dressed as a female and wearing a preposterous hat, plumping himself on to the knees of a terrified young gentleman and asking for a kiss. It is only due to the authors to say that this spectacle caused perfect raptures of merriment to a large proportion of the assemblage, particularly, if we could judge from the vocal quality of the laughter, to its female section."

"Cupid and the Styx," by J. Sackville Martin (Coronet, May 15), is a comedy in three acts. The Times found it tedious "because we could not rouse any interest in any of the people, or see the comedy in it as anything but shallow and now and then a little disagreeable." The scene is the house surgeon's sitting room in the hospital of a provincial town. The characters are two decent young fellows, a fool of an old bachelor, a minx with her eyes on the main chance. The nurse, the minx, was a mere minx, and the joints creaked as she moved. A bank clerk thinks he is artistic and plays at suicide. The hospital porter wishes to be a public hangman. "Such easy work, sir—just pulling a bolt." The Daily Telegraph says that most of the fun is simple stuff and the play leaves a pleasant but vague impression. There is no cohesion; there is no trace of constructive power; "yet its freshness of observation and an attractive simplicity of dialogue make us remember

Mr. Sackville Martin's name." Miss Hornman's company acted the play.

"Peter's Chance," by Mrs. Alfred (Edith) Lyttelton (The Royalty, May 17), is in three acts. The first act describing a town mission, with its cat's meat man, sailor boy, tramp, spruce curate who is ordered to wash dirty children, is "a delightful piece of real life." During the second and third acts the impression of reality wore off a little to be succeeded by reminiscences of pious stories read in childhood in the Sunday Magazine. "Peter's story is one of a weak thing torn between his religion and the love of a woman thief. She lures him away from the mission, and bids him rob it. About to do it, his religion prevents him, and he is murdered by the woman and her pal while he defends the chapel doors. The chief character is Father Ben, rough and great-hearted."

"The Fenton Pearls" by Miss Cicely Wroughton (Court, May 17) is known by its title. Of course there is a theft of pearls, and a guest is suspected, and this time is guilty. He is a young Australian who took the pearls to pay his gambling debts. An amateur detective, a baronet, runs him down, but the Australian has a pretty sister and the detective falls in love with her, and the owner of the pearls telegraphs at last that he does not wish to prosecute. There is a French comtesse "with a broken English accent and an unhappy past." The comedy is dismissed as "pleasant though rather mechanical."

Sir Arthur Pinero's "Preserving Mr. Panmure" failed dismally at Milan. "Not only was the piece entirely unsuited to the Italian temperament, but the crisis brought about by Panmure kissing the family governess was so utterly beyond the range of common sentiment and experience of Italy that, save for short intervals in the third act, the performance of the play was punctuated throughout by words of dissent and decisive laughter."

C. B. Fernald's "Cat and the Cherub" has been adapted by the author for the variety stage.

Anna Pavlova in "Paquita"

Anna Pavlova has appeared at the Palace, London, in "Paquita," a ballet of the classic school, Miss Pavlova wore a glistening black tulle ballet skirt, long yellow hose, and white feathers in her hair. "The dance was a joyous thing, and if it showed us a new spirit in Pavlova, a passing from the romantic to the less imaginative form of her art, it left no room for

Of a Personal Nature

No wonder that German conductors come to the United States. The following advertisement appeared in a German music paper: "The post of concertmaster and conductor of the orchestra at the Hoftheatre Mannheim will be vacant on Sept. 1, 1912. Salary \$1250 per annum. Also share in Academy concerts, amounting to about \$100. A lucrative teaching engagement (\$350-\$500) at the Hochschule fuer Musik is also offered."

An orchestra of 18 members, each belonging to the same family, is now touring the French provinces. Jean Perrin conducts his children and grandchildren. He assigned an instrument to each child at its birth.

Miss Carrie de Mar has been at the Coliseum, London. Mr. Titterton saw and heard her. "She is an absolutely tireless young lady with clever patter and lifelike gesture, but with that cursed advertisement in my mind"—he found in the theatrical advertisements in a daily paper that of Madame Tussaud's inserted under the head "Variety Theatres" "Waxwork" I murmured, "for all your antics." And yet I liked Carrie de Mar. Her lady voyager, rocked about like a like a waxwork—on the heaving deck, was an excellent caricature. She is typically American, however; she hustles for all and more than she is worth. She has no reserve; she heaps it all on the counter. She 'tickles you to death' remorselessly, and she continues to tickle your poor corpse after its ultimate wriggle."

Ben Davies has been singing again in the London music halls. Listen to Mr. Titterton: "As you know I do not approve of pure music on the variety stage

little snail, only a chance to compare her with herself as Bacchante, swan, butterfly, columbine, night spirit, or wood nymph, and to say that as each and every one she is incomparable." The Daily Telegraph was equally enthusiastic. "Her performance is moulded on the lines of sheer classicism, yet there is one moment a great and glorious moment—when she yields herself wholly to the spirit of absolute self-render. It is just one of those efforts that force you to hold your breath, the recollection of which you inevitably carry away with you as an endearing memory."

The heart of Mr. Titterton, however, remained untouched. "She stood out of the picture; her movements were all too obviously 'expert' (which means they were not expert enough); and yet she was the least significant figure in the ballet. Almost every other dancer gave us a touch of her temperament, keeping strictly within the limits of their art; yet one was jolly and one was appealing and one was innocent and one was coy. Pavlova was expert and no more. I remember seeing her at Covent Garden, and there it seemed that her experiments in the classic dance had spoiled her for the ordinary ballet, but I know I decided then that she could not shine as the star of a company; she is, and must remain, a solo dancer. This she demonstrated anew the other night, when she gave us 'Le Papillon'—a perfect, gay, fluttering, hovering, ecstatic thing, a momentary vision. Yes, momentary; and that tells us what Pavlova can do. She can give us snapshots."

The Stage

The Herald spoke last week of "Ames Sauvages," a singularly powerful drama. Mr. Charles Dawbarn says that the heroine is Helen of Troy as represented by Verhaeren, "with a dose of neurasthenia and a double dose of wickedness. This caricature of the Greek heroine, this female Don Juan, who is mischievous, from boredom and from dilettantism, would be insupportable were it not for the art of the authors, who contrive scenes of violence without any excess of language and quicken the action with none of the stale tricks of the trade."

The quarrel between Paul Bourget and M. Guityr over the collaboration claimed by the latter raises the question whether the actor, "touching up" the dramas, sharpened the dialogue or invented the ideas, and this question is asked: "Is the actor by nature and training a mere phonograph or can he think for himself? The answer I suppose, is: 'It depends on the actor.' In this particular case, presumed author and artist are equally capable of creative work. Yet Bourget's plays contain the very essence of Bourget, though another may have written them. Why not accuse the typewriter?"

"La Cote d'Amour" (Bouffes Parisiens) has to do with a dramatist of little talent, eager for money and reputation, unscrupulous. He makes love to a princess who founds a theatre for his plays, but when she discovers his attentions to the women of the company her interest in art and this particular dramatist cools. Her husband, lecturing her, remarks: "If the artists of today were the artisans of other days, laborious and meritorious, gladly would I count them my comrades. But, alas, they become more and more rare." The play is "typical of the time—typical of the feverish atmosphere of the theatre, of the arriviste impatient of work, but greedy of success."

Offenbach's "Orphee aux Enfers" has been revived at the Varieties. Although the company is a capable one and the actresses young and pretty, the piece seemed rather old-fashioned to some. "The taste for opera bouffe has changed, and though the theatres struggle against the foreign importations, the Belles and the Merry Widows are more potent to please than any parody of the classics."

Concert Works and Givers

Alfred Kastner, harpist, brought out unfamiliar music in London May 10: a suite for violin, viola, cello and harp by Julius Wachsmann, and a fantasia by Cesare Galeotti. In the former the harp is used as an ensemble instrument. The first movement is well written; the two following are picturesque; the finale is sentimentally commonplace. Galeotti's music shows the influence of Gabriel Faure.

We remember Frederick Lamond in Boston as an intrepid pianist, who gave a recital of sonatas by Beethoven in a stern and ruthless manner. Mr. Runciman thinks Mr. Lamond is one of the greatest of pianists, but Mr. Runciman is a man of surprises. Mr. Lamond's symphony, composed in 1889 and produced that year in Glasgow, was performed in London May 9. It is built on "melodious diatonic subjects, and is scored lightly for an orchestra without in any sense a mere copy, of Wagner. The Daily Telegraph praised the "remarkable fertility of ideas, and a facile command of modern orchestral resources," also the "sheer amazing cleverness," but it also alluded to themes and sentences cast predominantly in a symmetrical form, an absence of characteristic rhythms for special purposes, and a consequent lack of contrasting effects."

H. V. Jarvis-Reed has set music to four impressions of Oscar Wilde, nowhere is there a "really comprehensible emotion." "When, in a short poem of three verses, the poet compares a wintry moon to 'an angry lion's eye,' and in the next refers to 'the long

What he wanted to say by the time the slow movement was reached, so that in order to expand the ideas which remained over into two symphonic movements he had to fall back upon old idioms and hackneyed formulas." The Times, from which I quote, says that the influence of Brahms is felt, while the Daily Telegraph says that the second movement could have been written "only by one sleeping in Beethoven."

Max Reger has composed a concerto in the ancient style for orchestra and three orchestral pieces, "Nocturn," "Elfenpakt" and "Helios."

Cyril Scott's overture to "The Princess Malchus" performed at a Philharmonic concert in Vienna, did not please the critic Dr. Scheyer. The overture is for orchestra, chorus and organ—"Moluscan music boundlessly soporific." Nevertheless, this overture is probably more interesting and a more recent expression of beauty than Mr. Lamond's symphony.

A violin sonata by Walter Klein performed in Vienna is said to show true musical sensitiveness and original melodic invention in spite of primitive modulating passages and amateurish development.

Godfrey Ludlow, a young Australian violinist, played for the first time in London May 7. "The features of his playing were his full and rich tone on the three lower strings and his smooth, easy manner of bringing it off the instruments."

Louis Persinger, an American violinist, who studied at the Leipzig Conservatory with Ysaye, played in London for the first time May 9. The Daily Telegraph said: "Not since Sarasate have we heard violin playing more neat in the right hand or more masterly in the bow hand. True, Mr. Persinger was heard chiefly in music of a bygone day, though in his scheme was a Wieniawski concerto and a piece by Debussy, but the ancient music requires a perfect skill that makes its due effect almost more than the modern. * * * Mr. Persinger's unaffected style, his evident enthusiasm and his lack of all that is undistinguished should carry him far—he is still young, but to complete our satisfaction we should like to hear him in work that make an even greater artistic demand upon his resources."

Our correspondent writes: An eminent German critic has been to the trouble to calculate what the concerts given in this city cost—not the audiences, but the performers. As the basis of his calculation he took one of the best months of the now expiring musical season, in which 155 concerts were held here. By dint of careful research he came to the conclusion that of these at the outside 24 were actually remunerative, while some 22 more probably just about covered expenses, so that 139 resulted in a dead loss. Taking the average loss at what he considers the moderate figure of £17 10s, he arrives at a monthly deficit on Berlin concerts of nearly £2500. He appends the melancholy reflection that in at least 95 out of 100 cases this money is absolutely thrown away, as the concert givers fail to secure from the metropolitan critics that cordial appreciation by means of which they hope to draw large houses in the provinces.—Daily Telegraph (London).

Siegfried Wagner gave a concert of excerpts from his operas in London May 14. The Times said that the total impression produced by his music was one of mild fluency. "It would be easy to point out which of the tunes came directly or indirectly from the work of his father and how much his orchestral style owes to the teaching of Humperdinck. But it is unnecessary to do so. It all flows on pleasantly with a certain aptness to the subject in hand, but without a single idea which really cuts deep. It is the work of a man brought up in a certain tradition, who has never been forced (as Richard Wagner was probably more than any composer) to make discoveries for himself, and so it has not even occurred to him that there is anything to discover."

Montague F. Phillips is the name of an English composer unknown in this country. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was a Henry Smart scholar, and some of his songs were sung in 1903. He gave a concert of his own compositions on May 17 in London and conducted the London Symphony orchestra. The program contained a symphony in C minor, the overture "Boadicea," a piano concerto in F sharp minor, a symphonic scherzo and four songs with orchestral accompaniment. The Times found the symphony intensely dramatic music, but wondered whether the first movement should not be praised, and whether there should not be longer periods free from climax. "The orchestration is of that full rich kind that one associates with Humperdinck, but the turn of phrase and the harmonic texture reminds one rather, without being in any sense a mere copy, of Wagner. The Daily Telegraph praised the "remarkable fertility of ideas, and a facile command of modern orchestral resources," also the "sheer amazing cleverness," but it also alluded to themes and sentences cast predominantly in a symmetrical form, an absence of characteristic rhythms for special purposes, and a consequent lack of contrasting effects."

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room—we are on board ship and in the last to the thin threads of yellow foam, which remind him of 'travelled lace,' one knows what will happen when such lines are set to music. It would be so much easier to compose really convincing strains about love or religion or death. As it is, Mr. Jarvis-Reed's settings reveal a certain amount of musical skill, but fail to suggest anything in particular."

A First Night in the Stalls

The Pall Mall Gazette recently published a series of three dialogues at a first night in a London theatre: In the Stalls; In the Foyer; In the Gallery. The third is the best of the lot, and worth reading.

Arthur: You can say what you like, but I still hold to my original opinion.

Edgar: Well, I'm only going by what Archer says in his book.

Arthur: Archer! Archer! Who's Archer? It's always Archer with you. I'm sick of the man's name.

Edgar: Well, after all, he's been a critic for about—

Arthur: I don't care how long he's been a critic! I come to the theatre with an open mind, and I've just as much right to my opinion as Archer has to his. As I said to Sir George at our last annual dinner—he was on my left, if you remember—"The best critic," I said, "is the man who comes to the theatre simply and solely to see the play." "My dear Mr. Grant," said Sir George—I'm giving you his very words—"My dear Mr. Grant, if you can implant that spirit in the professional critics, you will be doing a real service to the British drama." That's what Sir George said to me, and I shall never rest until I have made the critics see eye to eye with me and Sir George.

Edgar—That's all very well, old man, and I admire your spirit, but we're getting away from the point. The question is whether Pinero is right or whether Barrie is right.

Arthur—Both have their uses. Edgar—That's all very well, but I want to pin you down to a point of pure technique. "The class of effect which depends on surprise is precisely the class of effect which is certain to be discounted."

Arthur—Is that your own? Edgar—No. That's Archer.

Arthur—More Archer! If I had a name like Archer, you'd pay more attention to what I've got to say. You've got a conventional mind, Edgar; that's what the matter with you.

Edgar—I don't see that you've any right to say that. Look at my speech

last Sunday three weeks! What did the "Referee" say about it?

Arthur—Nothing.

Edgar—Oh, yes, it did, only it was cut out in the later editions. "Mr. Bayfield's contribution to the discussion can only be referred to as weird in the extreme." That's what it said, and I can show you the cutting.

Arthur—Being dam silly don't make a man original. As I said to Arthur Bourchier—

Edgar—There goes the rag, thank goodness! * * * Bigoted ass.

What the Critics Said

And yet the dialogue in the Foyer is amusingly true.

First critic—Well, what do you think of this masterpiece?

Second critic—Pretty average sort of muck.

First critic—How long d'you give it?

Second critic—Depends who's behind it.

First critic—You can bet your boots it isn't Ted's money.

Second critic—Syndicate?

First critic—I should say so.

Second critic—Syndicates never last as long as private ventures. 'Bout a month will see us round here again, I'm afraid.

First critic—Bad luck. We could do with a few more "Buntys."

Second critic—You don't get 'em. My experience is that the work gets heavier every year.

First critic—All these bally matinees!

Second critic—Exactly. We're led to the slaughter to make a half-holiday for some vainglorious amateur.

First critic—And Sunday nights as well!

Second Critic—Oh, yes, bless your heart! Millions of societies to rob us of our Sunday nights! The truth of the matter is, the game isn't good enough.

In the old days, with an average of one show a week, and two or three hours to write your stuff and do yourself justice, it wasn't so bad. Now you get five or six shows a week, half an hour to write, and the boss expects you to be quoted all over London! If that isn't enough to sour a man, tell me what is!

First critic—You're dead right old man. Strictly between you and me, I don't intend to stand it much longer.

Second critic (eagerly)—Resigning?

First Critic—No. But I mean to stick out for more money.

Second critic—Oh . . .

Odds

There are those who hold

that the average London

audience of the present day

Ends is so invincibly coarse in its

taste that delicate work of any kind

is simply thrown away on it. All it

wants, say the critics, is to be amused,

and by as obvious means as possible.

There is certainly some truth in this, as any one will discover for himself in a visit to the Vaudeville just now, where, night after night, passages of poignant truth in Miss Sowerby's play are received with brainless guffaws from a certain section of the audience—generally, and curiously enough, women. The loud demonstrativeness of silly and self-assertive women in our theatres has, indeed, been one of the most unpleasant features; and more than one actor and dramatist who has noticed it must almost begin to wish that theatres, like political meetings, at which order is desirable, should be "For Men Only."—The Pall Mall Gazette.

In the Westminster Gazette E. F. S. has been talking of dialect on the stage. Now there is always a man from Ireland or Scotland or Kent or America who objects that the dialect isn't right. It never is, to one out of a few hundreds of the audience. But the rest of them recognize the actor's effort to suggest a man from anywhere. It is a mere matter of convention. And if the actor reproduced the actual dialect of a Lancashire collier, or Devonshire peasant, not one man in a casual London audience would understand him. We must keep the conventions in order to recognize the Irishman who says "me bhoys" on the stage.—The Daily Chronicle.

Mme. Wurmser-Delcourt played a chromatic harp in London May 17, and the Times had this to say about the instrument: "With the disappearance of the pedals (for change of key) goes Liszt's invention of the arpeggio on repeated notes—no great loss, and with a string for every note, the 'white' notes in the right hand and the 'black' in the left, the number of possible harmonies is increased. But there is a technical and a musical question. Before the whole repertoire of the piano which is claimed for this instrument can be successfully played upon it, it will be necessary to invent a satisfactory way of damping the strings; no method hitherto adopted has proved so. In turning the harp into a chromatic instrument the same sort of violence is done to its character as to horns by the addition of ventils; and, though the semitones of the harp and of the horn are there to be used, there are considerable limitations, on aesthetic grounds, to the use of them. These are no arguments against the instrument, which seems to be a genuine advance on the old pedal harp, but against its wrongful employment."

'Starrylocks in Butteruy Land' and 'Golden Hair and the Three Bears.'

Two plays for children, "Starrylocks in Butteruy Land," text and music by Helen Archibald Clarke, followed by "Golden Hair and the Three Bears," by Marie Ware Laughton, were given yesterday afternoon at Whitney Hall, Coolidge Corner, under the auspices of the American Drama Society and the drama committee of the Twentieth Century Club.

Starrylocks. Mary A. Dodge
Mr. Sun. Homer H. Howard
Diana Moon. Margaret Donlon
Goldbright. Dorothy Lowe
Lightwing. Rose Cobb
Whitespot. Doris Goodspeed
Flutterby. Margaret Keith
Wasp. Margaret Manning
The Very Small Butterfly. Elvira Rhind
A Man with a Net. Mr. Travers

Great Big Bear. Louie Stiles Mudgett
Middle Sized Bear. Karah Wayne
Teeny Weeny Bear. Elvira Rhind
Golden Hair. Mary A. Dodge

Miss Clarke's play is a fanciful little tale with melodious music. Butterflies and wasps are therein endowed with speech, while Mr. Sun and Miss Moon, who also converse freely, are duly married to an accompaniment of joyous songs and dances by benevolent stars and planets.

Starrylocks, a little girl brought to their lodge in the skies by the butterflies, enraptured at her prettiness, and who is an eager participant in events there, was charmingly played by Miss Dodge. Both in this part and in that of Golden Hair she was vocally and dramatically effective. The others in the play were well cast. Mr. Howard was amusing as Mr. Sun, and Miss Donlon was a languorous Miss Moon. The performance was generally smooth.

Miss Laughton's dramatization of the well-known fairy tale was entertaining. The Three Bears were well impersonated, and Teeny Weeny Bear capered about and performed many antics.

There was an enthusiastic audience of fair size.

June 3 1912

Why do they crown themselves with gold and silver, use coronets and tiaras of several fashions, deck themselves with pendants, bracelets, earrings, chains, girdles, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rebates, versicolor ribbons? Why do they make such glorious shows with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, tails, cauls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold, silved tissue? With colors of heavens, stars, planets, the strength of metals, stones, odors, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, and whatsoever Africa, Asia, America, sea, land, art and industry of man can afford? Why do they use and covet such novelty of inventions, such new-fangled firs, and spend such inestimable sums on them?

Dress Reform

As the World Wags
Last night at the first of the new season's fashions, the new-born Socialist. After I had bought a new dress, slipping from his pocket and handing it over for my perusal. It was the news item from which you quoted to me regarding the ruling of the Western Union on the shirtwaist question. The M. M. S., like all other Socialists, has his own brand of panacea for social ills, and he made his hobby through eleven bars and three Rhine wines. When I left he was trying to give his hat away to the handsome waiter. My friend's scheme is as picturesque, but less practical than the single tax, and, while it will be looked at by all well-balanced, level-headed citizens, it furnishes material for a lot of entertaining speculation. My Socialist would pass a simple summary law prescribing a uniform costume for both sexes—a suit to consist of trousers and tunic of denim or fastidiously common-sense shoes, no hat, and no adornment of any kind; this costume to be worn universally in public under penalty of imprisonment. Here are some of the results claimed:

Glorious Results.

- A—Women would stay at home unless they had really important business elsewhere.
- B—The department stores would close, as 70 per cent. of their output is in the form of or the result of, luxury in dress. (The statistics are not mine.)
- C—The expensive restaurants and hotels would close.
- D—The theatres would close with few exceptions, and the loss would be a small one.
- E—The advertising business would be killed and we would no longer pay 15 cents for a package of breakfast food that costs one cent to make and 10 cents to advertise.
- F—The newspapers would quadruple in size and the magazines would double, but there would be something in them worth reading. (In the magazines of course.)
- G—Several millions of people employed in the manufacture and distribution of dress luxuries would get out of the cities and back to the soil. And so on, and so on. The mild-mannered Socialist enumerated several hundred beneficent results which must surely follow.

Mrs. Witherspoon says my friend is a candidate for examination by an alienist. I have lived in countries where extreme simplicity of dress was the rule on account of climatic conditions and they were pretty good places to live in. But imagine our genial President campaigning in blue jeans and brogans?

or imagine the Easter parade under the fustian regime. 'S enough, Morris.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, May 29, 1912.

Jam Satis.

Now that the price of various meats is prohibitory to many, milk is dear and eggs will soon be luxuries, let us remember the letter written by a philanthropic Englishwoman on Aug. 15, 1826, in praise of blackberry jam. "I have heard of the distress among the weavers, and heaven forbid that I should speak lightly of their calamities! But eat they must, and eat they do; and if reduced to bread, so-called, butter or cheese, is included, it is this I regret, for jam would be cheaper as well as more wholesome, and should be purchased at the shops as other articles of consumption are." Practical as well as philanthropic, she gave a recipe: "Boil the blackberries with half their weight of coarse, moist sugar for three-quarters of an hour, keeping the mass stirred constantly." Any tin saucepan will do. If the berries are gathered in wet weather they should be boiled for an hour. The jam is not only life sustaining, but exceedingly salutiferous. This Englishwoman wrote: "Indeed, to the sparing use of butter, and a liberal indulgence in treacle and blackberry jam, I mainly attribute the extraordinary health of my young family." She, as Mr. Gladstone long afterward, eloquently urged the substitution of jam for family butter.

Amateur Plate Throwers.

We have all seen plate twirlers in vaudeville shows and some of us have marvelled at the skill of knife throwers. We learn from the daily newspapers that amateurs are increasing in number and exhibiting a praiseworthy proficiency. Thus Mr. Cocroft of Flathush "never came home to supper—at least hardly ever, and when he did he'd be very ugly." It was then his pleasure to use his wife's pompadour as a target for flying plates, and when his hand was particularly steady, he would practice with knives. Mrs. Cocroft did not appreciate his dexterity. "All things considered, your honor, seven years cooped up with one man have changed my ideas regarding the bliss of matrimony."

Then there is Dr. Ahlers of Pittsburgh, who complained in court because his wife, a slender woman, "stylishly dressed," has for the last 12 years thrown plates, cups, sugar bowls and old shoes at him while he was playing the piano and water pitchers when he

Instead of applauding him, he would for divorce, nor did he apologize for his use of the plate, and out of office hours. It's very sad. As Judge Reall said in a Yonkers court a few days ago when a husband and a wife, disputing over will paper—he preferred green and she and her mother insisted on red—asked for a separation: "There must be a lot of give and take in married life."

A Shirt Story.

As the World Wags:
Allow me to contribute to your shirt-lana. In the fall of 1889 the poet Paul Verlaine, an invalid and in the Broussais Hospital, was sent to Aix-les-Bains for a three weeks' cure. A dinner party was given to him there by an admirer. Verlaine arrived a few minutes after the hour, out without his shirt. And this was his explanation: "I am very sorry, but I was in a great hurry and I was afraid I should keep your cook waiting if I stayed to put on my shirt." You will not find this story in his curiously pathetic little book "Mes Hoptaux," although he tells with gusto his amusing adventure at the inn.
June 1, 1912. LATIN QUARTER.

June 4/12

The habit of perusing periodical works may be properly added to Averroes' catalogue of Anti-memories, or weakeners of the memory; eating of unripe fruit; gazing on the clouds, and (in genere) on movable things suspended in the air; riding among a multitude of camels; frequent laughter; listening to a series of jests and humorous anecdotes—as when one man's droll story of an Irishman inevitably occasions another's droll story of a Scotchman, which again, by the same sort of conjunction disjunctive, leads to some tourderie of a Welshman, and that again to some sly hit of a Yorkshireman;—the habit of reading tombstones in church yards, etc.

That Advertised Dinner.

At last! At last! London newspapers just received inform us about the first dinner of the Gourmands' League, which was held on May 18 as originally planned. The "Dodine" was eaten, but little was said about it. The Pall Mall Gazette, for example, merely described it as a "very exquisite stew of duck." But, as we have asked before, was this dish ever a "stew" in the old days? Does not the famous old recipe name the duck as roasted? The other surprise at this dinner of gourmands was the dish named after Mme. Bernhardt, "in which strawberries lay hidden in an enchanting mixture of pineapple ice, curacao, champagne and other subtly flavoring things." The representative of the Pall Mall Gazette seemed more impressed by the company. "It was a company of connoisseurs-of artists. A sentence from the recipe of one of the dishes—I think it was the Fraises Sarah Bernhardt—sticks in the memory. Something had to be passed through a sieve 'passee au tamis, afin d'obtenir le joli ton chaud d'un coucher de soleil' (passed through a sieve so as to obtain a warm and beautiful sunset tone). Once more I say artists, connoisseurs, epicures—but guzzlers, never!" Yet there was a sad out. One of the guests read an original poem.

What They Eat.

Perhaps some who are accustomed to hotel French would like to see the bill of fare. We prefer the homely old phrase to the genteel "menu."

- Hors-d'Oeuvre.
- Petite Marmite Bernaise.
- Truite Saumonée aux Crevettes Roses.
- Dodine de Canard au Chambertin.
- Nouilles au Beurre Noisette.
- Agneau de Pauillac à la Bordelaise.
- Petits pois frais de Clamart.
- Poulette de France.
- Coeur de Romaine aux Pommes d'Amour.
- Asperges d'Argenteuil creme Mousseline.
- Fraises Sarah-Bernhardt.
- Dessert.
- Cafe.
- Benedictine.
- Agneurs.

Preferable Simplicity.

The Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "Just a good dinner, you see," and compares favorably the few items with aldermanic feasts or gargantuan meals served at the Ship and the Trafalgar at Greenwich in the palmy days of those inns. To some of us this bill of fare seems swollen and unwholesome in its bulk. We could spare the salmon, trout, the noodles, the chicken of France and even the sweet named after Mme. Bernhardt. Duck, lamb and hen (young or old) are too much. And it may here be said that true gourmets would never eat game after a roast. Go to any conventionally private dinner in Boston, and see how game served after a roast is played with, or openly neglected. What a waste of raw material! Mme. Bernhardt sent her greetings and appreciated the compliment, but, put your hand on what is euphemistically called the stomach, and tell us truly: Was not this dish of strawberries, pineapple ice, curacao, champagne, etc., in all probability, a sickening mess, inducing the colly-wobbles and a 4 A. M. headache?
Compare with this dinner of gourmets or gourmands, for, we regret to say, little distinction is now made between the terms, with bills of fare proposed by our old friend Thomas Walker (1835). Turtle, white bait, grouse, apple fritters and jelly.

Or, Crimped cod, woodcocks, and plum pudding.
Or: Spring soup, turbot with lobster sauce, cucumber and new potatoes; ribs of beef with French beans and salad; a dressed crab; jelly. This, however, is too elaborate. We prefer the bill of fare proposed for another occasion: herrings, hashed mutton, cranberry tart.

De Gustibus.

It would be a pleasure to hear from readers of The Herald what dishes they particularly loathe. We know an estimable citizen, a solid man, who will eat anything except tripe and Brussels sprouts. He has nothing against the sprouts, but they make him violently sick. There are men and women who cannot eat eggs, not even when the host boasts of his poultry yard. There are others who think rice pudding vulgar, though it be thick with raisins. Plovers' eggs do not appeal to us, probably because we never ate one, and we read approvingly a letter from "T. B." who concluded: "I myself, a very staunch Conservative, would naturally harbor socialist feelings if I were hungry and miserable and read that a 'well known nobleman' had paid a guinea each to the Savor Restaurant for plovers' eggs, or 50 shillings for a melon." Gabriel Pelgnot of Dijon once drew up a list of celebrated persons with their preferences for certain dishes, from Augustus, a man of very little meat, fond of "second bread," small fishes, cheese and green figs, to Berchoux, the poet of "La Gastronomie," who was passionately fond of braized mutton and beans in the meat juice. We do not think the more of Louis XIV. because he would take at one meal four platefuls of different soups, a pheasant, a partridge, salad, two large slices of ham, mutton stewed with garlic, a lot of pastry, fruits and also hard boiled eggs. Better a meal of rice, provided it be dressed according to the Black Man's recipe, so that each grain is distinct: "Wash him well; much wash in cold water; rice flour make him stick. Water boil all ready, very fast. Shove him in; rice not burn, water shake him too much. Boil 20 minutes. Rub one rice in thumb and finger, if it all rub away him quite done. Put rice in colander, hot water run away through; put cold water through him; then put back in pan, cover him and keep hot, then soon rice all ready. Eat him up!"

"THE CLIMAX" AT CASTLE SQUARE

Edward Locke's Play of Four Characters Greeted with Enthusiasm.

MISS WEBBER IS CHARMING

Donald Meek in Role of Old Musician Is Realistically Professional.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Climax," a play in three acts by Edward Locke.

Luigi Golfanti.....Donald Meek
Pietro Golfanti.....Carney Christie
John Raymond.....Thomas F. Fallon
Adelina von Hagen.....Florence Webber
When Mr. Locke's play was given in England it was looked upon sourly. Jeers and gibes were hurled at American taste, although the piece was admitted as preferable to an American football play, while the actors themselves were included in the general outburst of scornful invectives, and Miss Marie Doro was referred to as "one of those American types that are all eyes and nerves."

But "The Climax" is a delightful and unusual play, delightful in the simple directness and sincerity of its story, which is not concerned with triangular post-marital problems, unusual in that only four characters are involved and in that the three acts take place in the same room.

The incidental music by Mr. Breil is a melodiously saccharine essential to the play.

Adelina Von Hagen, a gospel-eyed maiden from an Ohio village, who has a voice and operatic ambitions, lives in the home of her teacher, Luigi Golfanti. His son, Pietro, an impetuous youth, also a musician, is infatuated with her. John Raymond, a young doctor from her home town, is not indifferent to her charms. He cannot endure the prospect of a professional career for her. No woman in his acquaintance has undertaken this step without her character becoming "smirched." He has a nice aptitude for hypnotic suggestion and he plots to save her by spoiling her voice. His aim is accomplished, but his soul is in jeopardy and on their wedding day he confesses his guilt. She recovers her voice and resumes her career.

The performance yesterday afternoon was generally smooth. Mr. Meek was excellent as the elder Golfanti. His im-

personation of the lovable old musician was delicately refined and well sustained, while his professorial admonitions to Adelina during her moments of practice were delivered in a realistically professional manner.

Miss Webber gave a girlish and vivacious performance of Adelina. Her sincerity and lack of affectation were especially commendable. Her voice is a light soprano of pleasing quality, and she sang gracefully, with emotional fervor.

Mr. Christie played the hot-headed Pietro with spirit, and showed himself to be a pianist of ability, while Mr. Fallon was effective as Dr. Raymond.

With the exception of Mr. Meek those in the cast had appeared in their respective characters in one of the original companies that presented "The Climax."

"THE TYPHOON" AT MAJESTIC

Play from the Hungarian by Lindsay Morison Co. Is Well Received.

MR. HANSEL SCORES HIT

Miss Anna Cleveland in Adventure Role Is Exceptionally Well Cast.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Typhoon," a play in four acts, translated from the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel. Adapted by Lindsay Morison and James R. Pitman. First performance in Boston.

- Doctor Tokerao.....Howell Hansel
- Yokawa.....Edward Nannery
- Kobayashi.....James S. Barrett
- Hironari.....Wryley Birch
- Omay.....James J. Hayden
- Kitamaru.....Frank Bertrand
- Mamoski.....Harvey Clarkson
- Honotari.....Wallace Scott
- Yamoski.....Bernard Kohler
- Mayake.....William DeWolfe
- Herr Bernard Bruck.....James A. Bliss
- Herr Otto Linder.....Dudley Hawley
- Frederic Gleeske.....James Burrows
- Leopold Stern.....Daniel Grant
- Wilhelm Loidel.....Arthur Claife
- Helena Kerner.....Anna Cleveland
- Theresa Hemple.....Rose Morison

"The Typhoon," a powerful play with admirably drawn characters, represents the effect of primitive emotions, patriotism, love, jealousy, hatred upon the modern Japanese as he is seen today; suave, imperturbable, taciturn, courteous, keenly observing and intelligent.

Mr. Lengyel has contrasted fundamental racial differences, while the oriental devotion to a cause and indifference towards the individual is brutally emphasized.

The action takes place in Berlin. Tokerao, a Japanese statesman, has a liaison with Helena Kerner, a mercenary courtesan, as unprincipled as she is alluring. Tokerao's fellow-countrymen and associates, squatting on well trained haunches, in his room are celebrating patriotism when they are rudely interrupted by the entrance of Helena. Scandalized, they insist that Tokerao's dangerous intimacy with the European woman must cease, for absolute unity must exist among them in order that their political schemes may be effected and it would be broken by the slightest foreign association. They persuade Tokerao of Helena's infidelity. He dismisses her, but, at heart a sensualist, habit has endeared her to him. He calls her back. Scorning his weakness the woman taunts him with his lack of self-control, acknowledges her treachery and reviles his race. Goaded to frenzy, he strangles her. A young Japanese gladly gives himself up as the murderer, for Tokerao must be saved for his work. But the shock has undermined his health. He is a mere tool in the hands of his disgraced compatriots who hail his death as a welcome relief.

Fortunately, the adapters have not found it necessary to prepare a carefully revised version of the drama. They have not made Tokerao's mistress his fiancée, nor have they impaired the force of the play by permitting Helena to meet her death otherwise than by a deft twist of ju-jitsu at the strong hands of the man she had betrayed.

Mr. Morison's expeditiousness in producing so interesting a play in Boston deserves commendation, as does the fine quality of the performance itself, last evening.

Mr. Hansel's impersonation of the Japanese Machiavelli was engrossing, intelligently composed and well sustained. He succeeded in establishing and maintaining the illusion of an oriental personality, his facial play and paucity of gesture excited admiration, while his outburst of rage at Helena's

bits and his murder—enlightened were cleverly contrived.

Miss Cleveland as Helena was a scarlet-clad adventuress. She queened it boldly in Tokerao's house, rummaged his desk for papers to please Linder, and did not hesitate to make open advances to Tokerao's friends. She was sly and ingratiating in her hope to surprise some secret from the silent Japanese while her torrent of abusive language was poured forth with dramatic effectiveness.

Mr. Bliss was amusing as the pompous Bruck, and Mr. Hawley gave a creditable performance of Linder.

Others in the cast were individually excellent and especially those who impersonated Japanese. Among the latter Mr. Birch as Ilronari, Mr. Naunery as the fanatical Josikawa, and Mr. Barrett as Kobayaki were particularly effective.

The play was picturesquely staged. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

TRIXIE FRIGANZA AT B. F. KEITH'S

Sings a Little, Talks a Little
and Pleases All
Hearers.

Trixie Friganza, her left hand heavily freighted with diamonds and not a little spare change upon her right hand as well, holds a conspicuous position upon this week's bill at Keith's. Her act is somewhat different from the role she had as the late star of "The Sweetest Girl in Paris." She sings a little, talks a little about herself and her experiences, does a few imitations of the imitators, and altogether has a pleasing little turn that occupies about 20 minutes and earns a recall at its finish.

Boston is welcoming another old favorite in M. C. Fields who is just about the best in his line when it comes to juggling, hat-tricks and the rest of the stock of those carrying a similar line of fun. Fields has scored triumph after triumph upon foreign shores. His successes abroad were with the act, almost without change, that he has used for years and it never went better than last night.

For a musical team the Three Lyres presented a classy sketch. It was entitled "Tinkling Tunes to Tickle the Taste of the Tired Theatre Traveller."

And they certainly did. Cummings and Gladings, a new team to Keith's, are extremely clever in song, chatter and dance. Then there is Dorothy Rogers and company, presenting "Babies at la Carte," a sketch that affords a lot of fun, even though the plot isn't of the brand-new variety.

Baptiste and Franconi, skilled head balancers and all-round acrobats; Harry Breen, the chap who sings stanzas about people in the audience, and the Flying Russells, along with Kluting's dog and cat show, comprise the balance of the program.

June 5, 1912

Perhaps you might have heard, And signed the pledge at eight years old Without a murmuring word.

Have English examiners of youth a keener sense of humor than their American brethren, or is the American school-boy less original in blundering? The English newspapers at least once a year publish a list of remarkable "howlers," while the answers to questions in the examination papers of our own schools and colleges are seldom published for the delight of the public. The Pall Mall Gazette lately inquired into the mental origin of a "howler." Is the blunder begotten of "a mixed association of ideas, or of no ideas at all, or of mental indirection and irrelevance, or of muddle-headedness engrafted on sheer ignorance?" Nor does it matter what the subject may be; the boy is always ready with his howler. Here are some fine examples for the authenticity of which "M. J. C. M." solemnly vouches.

History Revised.

To the question "Name the parents of Samuel," the answer was "Elkanah, Hannah, and Peninnah," which may stand proudly by the side of "Atreus was the father of Agamemnon and Menelaus, but especially of Agamemnon."

"The Habeas Corpus act was that no one need stay in prison longer than he liked."

"Wolfe gained fame by storming the heights of Abraham Lincoln."

"Where was Magna Charta signed?" And the answer in good faith and plausibly sensible was "At the bottom."

"Where was Mary, Queen of Scots, born, and why was she born there?"

"Mary was born at Linlithgow because her mother happened to be there at the time."

Washington retired behind the lines of Torres Vedras, he was said to "have thrown up earthquakes behind him as he retreated."

Rhetoric and Sentiment.

These schoolboys are at times bravely imaginative, nor do they fear the reproach of sentimentalism. Take this description of the course of the river Shannon: "The river glides through deep ravines overlooked by hills covered with woods, where the wild deer and fox, the panther and the otter find an almost unmolested abode; where the turtle dove and linnet, the grouse and the badger can sing and ramble at ease."

Still finer is the account of the heroic Casablanca: "The flames in the mean time had reached the powder, and dashed the vessel into the heavens in fragments. But where now, alas! is the poor boy? The tale is too easily told. For far around, no doubt, his body is strewn in many portions, amid the wreck of that noble vessel, which took so prominent a part in the proceedings of the day."

And one boy thus referred to Bacon as saying in "his 'Essay on the Fear of Death' that some men when they know they are about to die, they get so frightened at the thought of death that there is no making them understand what is best for them."

Geographical Experts.

It appears that "the religion of the people of the Ganges delta makes them clean, but, like other things, there are some who do not keep the rules. They live an open and free life except for the few wigwags which are inhabited by natives. These have a funny custom of throwing their babies into the Ganges as a sacrifice to Buddha."

"The Hindoos generally are a hardy race, but prefer to worship in their temples rather than follow much manual labor; what little they do is mostly carrying luggage and such-like; the rest of their time is spent in wandering about in the shade of the various palms."

Nearer home the boys are equally delightful as when they describe the industries of Devon as principally marine: "They include fishing and the gathering of seakale." "Swansea is famous for its fountain-pens," but "on the hillsides of the Western Highlands many a merry shepherd is seen minding his master's flocks, and some are observed with a flute idling the hours away by playing an accompaniment to the waterfall's music."

Natural History and Philosophy.

"The beaver," answered one candidate, "is an animal very much like the bear; they are found in Russian forests and subsist on animal flesh." Another stated that "the plains of Siberia are roamed over by the lynx and the larynx."

The question was: "What is the object of distillation? Describe the process and the apparatus used." Answer: "The object of distillation is the making of whiskey. You have a box and a glass tube at one end and another at the other end, and if you pour water in at the one end it comes out whiskey at the other."

"M. J. C. M." adds this comment: "It is perhaps needless to mention that this example comes from Scotland, whence also hailed the blithe spirit who said of the Davy lamp that 'if there is too much gas in the mine, the lamp goes out and the miner follows it.'"

De Te Fabula.

And how many estimable citizens would fare better, answering examination papers now that they have safely passed the roaring forties? What animals are found on the plains of Siberia? Just where is Devon in England? What is the process of distillation? What was the fight in which Casablanca "stayed put," and what actually happened at Torres Vedras? And are many of us ready to answer questions about Magna Charter or the birthplace of Mary Stuart?

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It is curious to think that the Marathon race is called after an incident or a tradition for which there is really no historical authority. The story is not to be found in Herodotus—who had a keen sense for that sort of thing—or Plutarch, or Cornelius Nepos, or in any of the ancient writers, and where Rollin got hold of it is hard to imagine. Neither is there any mention of the thing in Grote's "Greece" or Bulwer Lytton's "Athens," or "Greece's Decisive Battles of the World," from Marathon to Waterloo. True, it was the sub-ject of a poem by Browning and of an Academy painting, but that proves little. How did the myth arise?

The Joy of Questioning.

This question is asked with trembling voice by the Pall Mall Gazette, in view of the Olympic games at Stockholm. There is no keener pleasure than the asking of baffling questions. Tiberius was never so cruel—we refer to the wild emperor of Suetonius, not to the white-washed and beneficent ruler of modern historians—as when he used to try the grammarians with such questions as these: Who was Heeuba's mother? What name did Achilles assume when he hid himself among women? What song did the sirens sing? Puzzling questions, but not beyond all conjecture, if Sir Thomas Browne is to be believed. What a pity it is that the hard questions put by Balkis, Queen of

colt in holy with . . . there any satisfactory account of their strife of wits in the pages of Gerard de Nerval, Planchet, and Anatole France, in which she dazzles by her beauty. Perhaps her descendant, Menelik of Abyssinia, knows the traditional dialogues.

Street-Sayings.

Where do street-sayings, long or short lived, come from? The London Chronicle has been considering the matter. In the old English novels you find "Has your mother sold your mangle?" "Who shot the dog?" "How are you off for soap?" Was not Peter Simple asked this last question by a forward nymph? "Not in these trousers," an emphatic expression of dissent in London, used to be "Not in these boots."

When a man appeared in the street some 40 years ago in a white plug hat rude boys would shout: "Who stole the donkey?" "Notes and Queries" could not give the origin of the phrase, but Walter Thornbury alleged that the tag came into fashion during the thirties of the 19th century, when Orator Hunt and his followers chose a white hat as the badge of a Radical, and it was fabled that hats of this sort were made out of donkey skin. And in Victorian days there were these derogatory cries: "Who's your hatter?" "What, the same old hat!" "What a shocking bad hat!" Who first in America asked impudently of an estimable citizen, "Where did you get that hat?" They say that the phrase "What a shocking bad hat!" came from the speech of a Mr. Franks, who went about canvassing for Wilson, the Reform candidate for Southwark, who was a manufacturer of hats. To each elector, Mr. Franks would say: "Dear me, what a shocking bad hat you have there! Pray permit me to send you another."

The Quick and the Dead.

Years ago there was a foolish street-sag, "How's your poor feet?" It is generally stated that the London boy, seeing the weariness of men and women wandering about the exhibition of 1851, was highly amused, so that he coined the phrase. Others say this tradition is absurd, for the aforesaid boy knew little about the fatigue of sight-seeing and cared less; whereas he liked to watch a limping volunteer, and the first great volunteer review held in Brighton Downs in the early sixties was meat to him. Was it not Mr. Spurgeon who used this phrase in the pulpit? "The question is not 'How's your poor feet?' but 'How's your poor soul?'"

Where did "Now we shan't be long" come from? We never heard it in this country but the Daily Chronicle says it swept England like an epidemic 15 years ago. Who first cried, "Whoa, Emma," and why? Was the once familiar song built on the phrase, or did the phrase inspire the song? Mr. G. W. E. Russell noted slang phrases in common use at Harrow when he was a boy. Some of them are current today in England, and they have decided merit. "Will the Cockalorum liquor?" "Hello, says the duke; quite the fit up, says the duchess," and "Act on the square, boys, and be quite the c'rect card, your Vashup!" appeal to us with a singular appeal, and "The noble swell was all there" is not without its merits.

Ingenious Souls.

And over these questions men who have no other waste pipe for their intellect will mull and argue and quarrel. Bottles of ink have been shed over the origin of "Who struck Billy Patterson?" and there is dispute even over the surname of the injured one. Not many months ago a correspondent wrote to The Herald that she knew the said Patterson and the cause for the question was a local one in Boston. Her story no doubt was as good as that told by any other. How men have used their subtlety in the investigation of "So long!" as some present regularly "the longest word in the English language." The latest claimant is "Antidissestabilismetarianism."

There are ingenious souls in every land. In Berlin a circular running as follows is distributed: "Original poems for baptismal feasts, marriages, jubilees, family rejoicings of all descriptions, supplied in a minimum of time at the lowest possible prices. The poet asks for correct names and exact dates, as no remodelling can be undertaken." While the purchaser waits outside, as though his hat were blocking, the poet, in his slinging clothes and in an adjoining room invokes the muse; then asks the fee while the ink is still wet. He is not what Artemus Ward called a "boss poet" but he does a roaring trade and is better remunerated probably than Mr. William Watson or even Mr. W. J. Lampton.

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Moreover, there is adjoined ordinarily unto garrulity another vice no less than it; namely, busy intermeddling and curiosity, for men desire to hear and know much news, because they may report and blaze the same abroad, and especially if they be secrets. Thus go they up and down listening, inquiring and searching if they can find and discover some close and hidden speeches, adding as it were some old surcharge of odious matters to their toys and fooleries; which maketh them afterwards to be like unto little boys, who neither can hold ice in their hands, nor yet will let it go; or to say more truly, they clasp and contain in their bosoms secret speeches, resembling serpents, which they are not able to hold and keep long, but are eaten and gnawed by them.

Aesthetic Revolts.

The Parisians have at last been thoroughly shocked, for the cabled report that M. Nijinski Miming a faun to Debussy's prelude was billed for the boldness of his interpretation has been confirmed. Debussy's beautiful prelude to Mallet's poem, "The Afternoon of a Faun" is well known here and has delighted thousands, and even in England the critics are beginning to spell "Faun" instead of "Fawn" in their advance notices and reviews of concerts. The poem itself is obscure in the original and a translator has a singularly difficult task; nevertheless there is the fact that a faun remembered gratefully the nymphs. It would appear that M. Nijinski as the faun was not well behaved in any sense, classic or romantic. The question now comes up whether Debussy's exquisite music will be for some time in bad odor; whether it will disappear for a season from Parisian programs. Some years ago Mr. Gericke, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had put on a program for New York the overture to "Sappho" by Goldmark, the Sappho who was the little dark woman with a haunting smile, Sappho of Lesbos, whose fragments of verse coming down to us give her immortality. As the orchestra was about to leave for New York there were wild protests against the performance of "Sappho," adapted from the play by Daudet and Belot, on account of the sensual interpretation of the Parisian heroine by Miss Netherlands. Mr. Gericke, hearing this, immediately dropped Goldmark's overture, fearing lest a performance might bring scandal with it and tarnish the reputation of the orchestra.

Concerning Headlines.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, deploring the "appalling increase of slipshod writing," points to American newspapers. "Their influence has been strongly apparent of late years in our English newspapers, where one often now meets headlines in staring capitals that are phrases of no language whatever, often incomprehensible at a casual glance."

Mr. Hardy should not judge American newspapers by the imitations made and sold in London. The cocktail in New York and other large cities of the United States, when skilfully compounded, may best be defined by the poet's line: "Infinite riches in a little room," and one (possibly two) will do you no harm. The cocktail offered in "American bars" of London and Paris has been for years a vile compound worse even than the kind in Boston that tastes and smells like a barber's shop.

Writing headlines is an art, and they that master it have their reward in this world. Too often the headlines of the slow-witted or irresponsible serve only to contradict flatly the statements of news or opinion that follow. Thus if a dramatic critic should say that a play were piffle and coolly received, the man at the desk would tell the reader next morning that the play was deeply interesting and "scored a hit." The ideal headlines should at once awaken interest, stimulate curiosity and at the same time state the one essential fact. A slang phrase, when used by an artist in words, is often of more weight as a summary or a comment than all the sentences of exposition and conclusion.

In the Seventies the headlines of the Chicago Times were famous throughout this country. They were generally witty, often daring, occasionally blasphemous or indecent. No one, however much he disapproved, could refrain from smiling or "laughing right out loud," and there were men in eastern cities who took the Chicago Times for the sake of the headlines alone. But the presiding genius tired; he fell into the vice of alteration; he would sometimes pun; and, as it is with all earthly things, the glory departed.

Col. Roosevelt at Harvard.

Some are determining the present condition of Col. Theodore Roosevelt's mind by pondering the studies he chose when he was a student at Harvard University. We are reminded that as a sophomore he gave three hours a week to German, one to French, and six to natural history; as a junior, one hour to German, three hours to Italian, five to natural history, three to political economy; as a senior, three to Italian, three to political economy, and six to natural history. This is undoubtedly interesting to all flaming Rooseveltians, who would be equally eager to know how many shirts he wore a week, whether he ate breakfast foods, and in rainy weather donned goloshes—but it has little value in explaining Col. Roosevelt's present attitude toward the universe, even if President Taft may be justly reckoned among big game. In colleges that boast of generously elective courses, the average student looks favorably upon those that are a "soft snap," to use his own phrase, or he chooses those that appeal to him and call for the least work. The mind is better disciplined when there is a rather narrow curriculum. The throwing overboard of Greek is deplored by others than Prof. Gilbert Murray. However abhorrent the higher mathematics may be to some, it is a good thing for them to cudgel their brains over calculus. They may be conditioned at the end of a term, but the mental application and worry will be of service in the years to come. A narrow curriculum might have taught Col. Roosevelt lessons of sobriety in speech and action. The close study of classics would have informed him concerning the growth

Boston, June 6, 1912.

Foreign Words and Tastes.

This reminds us that "F. S." rhapsodizes in the Pall Mall Gazette over a new kind of hors d'oeuvre, "mostly 'accommodated' vegetables" at the Savoy in London, "hors d'oeuvre a la Greque," although they are not of an especially Grecian nature, but half-way between the Russian Zakouska and the Scandinavian Smorgasbord. "What could be more tempting than little curls of crisp cucumber or a dainty salad of tiny cubes of beet root?" Let "F. S." revel in the mess! Hors d'oeuvre are a delusion and a snare; and how they swell the bill!

We prefer to think of Italian slingers at a little restaurant in Soho, in Church street, where they eat Antipasto assortito, Ravioli e Spaghetti al pomodoro, Osso bucco con risotto, Frittura alla Milanese, and Zambaglione, even though the Italians do "carol little eadenzas between the courses." "F. S." swears that Zambaglione is the best entremet of eggs and wine ever invented. But there are some who would not exchange a New England boiled dinner for the whole outfit.

June 9. 1912

Some one has sent me a theatre bill of April 3, 1860, printed by J. H. & F. F. Farwell, U. S. Mammoth Job Office, 5 Lindall street, Boston.

The chief feature of the performance was "Carline, the Female Brigand." Mrs. John C. Heenan took these parts: Carline; Kurtz, a ferryman; Rutz, an old mendicant; Henri, a wandering Savoyard; Marquis de Montmorence, a foppish lord; Catrina, a Neapolitan peasant girl; Monk of the Mountain Pass, and Marie, a female penitent. Others in the cast were Mrs. F. Kent, Mrs. Hampton, Miss Hastings; Messrs. Petrie, Parks, Nichols, McTirr, Jones, F. Kent and T. Hampton.

"The Maid of Munster" followed, and Mrs. Heenan took the part of Kate O'Brien and sang "The Cavalier," "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "Kate Kearney." She did not play or sing in the concluding drama, "Joan of Arc." Miss A. Hathaway impersonated the Maid of Orleans.

The program told residents of Charlestown, Cambridge and Chelsea that the performances would close every night "in ample season for them to take the horse cars for their several homes."

This bill unfortunately is torn. At what theatre were these performances given? Was Mrs. J. C. Heenan, in 1860, no other person than the supremely beautiful Adah Isaacs Menken? For John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, had the honor of being one of her husbands in turn, an honor he shared with Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr") and James Barclay, not to mention the first one, Menken. I find no reference to Adah Isaacs Menken playing in New York under the name of Heenan.

The Circus in Literature

The Herald publishes today reminiscences of two valued contributors, Mr. Ryan chats entertainingly about circuses of his youth, and "J. W." is philosophical as well as reminiscent.

Has any one drawn up a list of novels that have to do with circus life? In the Sunday school library of the "Old" Church in the Northampton of the 40s there was a delightful book fought for by the young barbarians in their Sunday best. The girl who rode well, for one so young, Mr. Merryman, and asked courteously for the hoops and the banners, was the heroine. She was frightfully abused; she was flogged if she met with one accident; she was sworn at daily, and with dreadful oaths; she was mocked and imprisoned when she expressed a desire to go to church to sing hymns. The Ringmaster was a fiend in dress coat and silken, I forget whether the Clown was a perfect gentleman and good to her. Her sisters in the ring were a mixed lot. I also forget whether the girl died a consumptive or was killed by an accident. I remember she converted a hardened sinner or two before she went to heaven. The story was about as true to life as the short tale by Artemus Ward in which Bianca came to a dreadful ending: She rode an immoral spotted horse in the circus.

There are good pages in "Hard Times" about a circus. Then there is Edmond de Goncourt's "Freres Zemganno," which has been foolishly praised and absurdly censured.

One Glorious

Thoughtful and god-fearing parents in western Massachusetts Exception 40 and 50 years ago shook their heads when boys asked them if they could go to the circus. The youngster that greatly dared was punished severely if he were caught. And parents in those days followed the advice of Solomon. In one household there were three whips—a riding whip for close work and sharp, stinging chastisement; a carriage whip that admitted of a longer and more deliberate swing, and a rawhide, when the offence was great and the punishment one to be long remembered.

Yet in the course of time an exception was made in favor of Lent's Circus. I

remember is though it were only the attractions of that show. There was Mlle. Carlotta De Berg, the dancing equestrienne; there was Melville or Robinson, both masters of bareback riding; there was Robert Stickney, who rode eight horses and was for several years gazed at passionately by women of high and low degree. They wrote to him scented letters as though he were any matinee idol of later years; there were the Levantine Brothers, who did surprising feats on the horizontal bar. For some reason Lent's was regarded as a moral show and the clowns were known as jesters, Shakespearian and Millerites. But let us listen to Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Ryan's Editor of The Herald: First

The circus has come and gone, and yet with all its manifold attractions it did not in my mind rival the one-ring circus of my boyhood. But memory is deceptive. Its silken sails take you by Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold and elsewhere in the light that never was on sea or land, and the youngster of today perhaps would not be satisfied if he could be transported to the circus of the past with its simplicity of arrangement. He would find there no menageric attachment, only the riders, the slack and tight "ropists," tumblers and Mr. Merryman with his old jokes, including the one about his "mammy's gungy bread."

My first recollection of a circus is connected with one on Milk street in the early 40s. My memory of it is rather hazy, but the circus was located between Morton place, now Arch street, and Hawley street. I would be awakened about the time the Old South bell was ringing 9 by hearing the band play under the canvas that covered the tanbark arena, "Happy Ain I While Full of Glee," or some other popular air. How I used to wish that I were nearer.

My impression of a circus on Atkinson street is a little clearer. The thoroughfare mentioned is now the extension of Congress street from Milk street. There was a vacant lot not far from the latter which the boys, with their aptness in giving significant names, called the Bully Wool. Upon it had formerly stood a wool warehouse which was destroyed by a fire that made a brilliant spectacle for the lads who saw it. Well, there the circus tent was pitched and there I really experienced my first arenic delights. And the ringmaster! What a majestic being he was! Dignity made a living thing, to borrow an idea from "London Assurance." He deigned to stay at my father's house when he was not snapping his whip at the clown, and I used to view him from afar off as if he were imperious Cæsar before he was turned to clay.

Another circus to which I was taken by a reporter on the old Daily Times—the one on State street owned by George Roberts—was on Haymarket square. This, I think, must have been after the Middlesex canal was filled in, of which I have no remembrance.

In Theatres and on Fair Grounds

Then there was a circus at the old Federal Street Theatre, at which Walton, the so-called Shakespearian clown, disported. His sobriquet was due to the fact that he burlesqued Hamlet's advice to the players by suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, shivering when he said: "Now is the winter of our discontent," and fanning himself when he recited, "made glorious summer by this son of York." There have been circuses at other theatres, including the Howard Athenæum, where I used to admire those juvenile prodigies, Maurice and Jesse Sands, the present Boston Theatre and the old Globe Theatre; but a circus within brick walls always seems to lose its flavor, perhaps because the aroma of the peanuts and the pink lemonade is missing.

The circuses on the old Agricultural Fair Grounds, about where the City Hospital now stands, were of the old semi-outdoor kind, and the circus has been seen even on the Public Garden, but the Back Bay since it became solid earth has been for many years the stamping ground of the circus. Where it will go from there, who knows? None of the fortune tellers, I'll be bound.

Old Inns and Cosey Corners

Milk street and its vicinity would be a queer place for a circus today, but 70 years ago or thereabouts it was a residential district with numerous hotels of the old-fashioned inn-like kind, including, among others, the Stackpole House and the Commercial Coffee House on Milk street, the Sun Tavern on Batterymarch street, where highwayman Mike Martin put up either before or after he robbed Maj. Bray on Medford Turnpike, and the Exchange Coffee House on Devonshire street. At these many players might be found, and many years ago John Gilbert, the best "old man" of the stage of his day, told me that he was married from the Stackpole House. This was before the first Mrs. Gilbert died. Then Mrs. Mestayer, the mother of three or four players and the grandmother of more, kept a theatrical boarding house on westerly Federal street, just above Franklin street, where in her genteel bar

patron one could obtain various entertainments. She once told an old friend of mine that she was the first woman who rode in a circus in this country.

And this reminds me of Mrs. Grace Dunlop's place in Theatre alley, which had a cigar and snuff counter in front and a snugly furnished room behind, where the god Bacchus might be mildly worshipped. I was taken there once as a kid under the cloak of an actor named Stevens, whose wife, Mrs. H. Marlon Stevens, had some local celebrity as a writer. I do not know what he drank. Mine was mineral water.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, June 3, 1912.

Editor of the Herald:

Musings

John Brougham, chatting with a reporter upon the ups and downs

"J. W." of that capricious pursuit, the stage, deprecated the struggle of those who make themselves "martyrs to feeling" and fret in vain against "the inexorable conditions of destiny." That

man is the wisest and happiest, he said, whose discipline has culminated in a serene stoicism. "Look at Charles Matthews! After buffeting through a long life of chronic debt and trouble you find him at the age of 75 gracefully posing on the London stage with all the agility and light-heartedness of a budding juvenile man." It is surely the part of wisdom to make the best of things, as the old copy books say, and that it is vain to "kick" against inexorable conditions is proved by the story of Larry Clinch, who one night, in acting before a fashionable Dublin audience in one of his favorite tragic parts by command of the lord lieutenant, had not noticed a slight derangement of his dress. One of his admirers in the front row of the gallery perceived it, and in extreme anxiety leaned over the rail and with his hand hollowed to his mouth, as if to carry the information to Clinch alone, in a subdued vociferation intended for a whisper called out: "Larry, honey, there's the smallest taste in life of your shirt got out behind you!" We dare to laugh at the misfortunes of others. I remember how amused I was in my younger days at Louisa Alcott's description of the children who gave a play in one of the sleeping rooms in their Concord home, when, during the most exciting part of the performance, the cot bed on which the spectators were seated, collapsed and extinguished the enthusiastic audience. According to the philosophers, the sublime and the ridiculous are never very far apart. Macready tells of stopping over in an English town when he was taking a short vacation, the manager of the theatre sending him tickets for the show. "Richer, the Funambulist," was the large-lettered attraction of the play bills. The play was "The Busybody," very badly acted, and the after piece a serious pantomime on the ballad of "Alonzo and Imogene." Richer represented the baron "all covered with jewels and gold, and a female porpoise, rejoicing in the name of Watson, being the manager's wife, was the caricature of the 'fair Imogene.' As if in studied contrast to this enormous 'hill of flesh,' a little, mean-looking man in shabby green satin dress appeared as the hero, 'Alonzo the Brave.' It was so ridiculous that the only impression Macready carried away was that the hero and heroine were the worst in the piece. Then he exclaims: 'How little did I know or could guess that under that shabby green satin dress was hidden one of the most extraordinary theatrical geniuses that have ever illustrated the dramatic poetry of England. When some years afterward public enthusiasm was excited to the highest pitch by the appearance at Drury Lane of an actor by the name of Kean my astonishment may be easily conceived on discovering that the little, insignificant Alonzo the Brave was the grandly impassioned personator of Othello, Richard and Shylock.' It has been said that 'Into each playwright's life some star must fall,' although Shakespeare seems to capture most of the larger luminaries.

Tragedians and

Speaking of this reminds me that John

Mr. Dick Gilbert said that he

made his debut in Boston in a first-class tragedy part, but was filled with disgust and indignation at finding himself cast as an old man at the age of 19. He did it, however, winning considerable applause, and found out eventually that that was his strong point. I saw him last, toward the end of his career, at the Boston Museum, during a special engagement, in some of the old English comedies. He was a born comedian, with a finish due to hard work and constant study; a comedian, although Irving used to say: "I hate the words tragedian and comedian; call us actors." Does any one remember Le Moine as Beau Farintosh in Robertson's "School"? I saw him play this character several times, both at Selwyn's and at the Museum, and thought it one of his best parts, although he is chiefly remembered here, I think, for his portrayal of Uriah Heep, which he also played at both these theatres. This was at a time when the Dickens plays had a great vogue, but I'll dare now to say in a whisper that Heep was a good deal of a bore. I can still see him with that

June 8. 1912

Quand l'ado d'ina, dit-on,
D'un d'un d'indon dodu.

A Last Word.

The truth is out. We are now informed by a London journalist that the loudly advertised "Dodine," served at the first dinner of the Gourmands' League, was good, pleasant to the palate, appetizing, alluring, but "nothing extraordinary." The sauce, made with Chamberlain, was a success, and "the surprise—as such—was quite amusing." And this is the conclusion: "Still, Dodine is an ordinary addition to the menu is rather a resuscitation than a discovery." So M. Escoffier's adaptation of the old recipe provoked only moderate rapture, nor should it be forgotten by those who wish to be strictly accurate even on trying occasions that in the old days, the dear dead days beyond recall, "Dodine" was a sauce, not a dish. The English talk about the "discovery" of the old recipe by M. Gringoire, the gastronomic poet, in the archives of the British Museum, as though a missing tragedy of Euripides or the lost pages of Petronius had been unearthed. O foolish blare of trumpets! The recipe is published in full by M. Alfred Franklin in one of his books on cookery in the series "The Life of Former Times," a book sold at 3 francs 50 and therefore within reach of the humblest.

Looking Backward.

As the World Wags:

Your exciting articles about good things to eat often move me to write you Gargantuan tales about the fine morsels which I, too, have consumed. But when one looks back over the squalid past, what does one see? Desert wastes of picked-up codfish, valleys of dry bones from the same fish; the abomination of desolation known as the boarding house table, crowned with cut tissue paper and garnished with sulttry celery. In fact, as I look over an ill-spent past, it seems as if I had never had anything good to eat. Where do these gastraphiles find their "plats"?

Listen! As a boy I didn't eat; I stoked the engine. There were passable things: bluefish one hour out of the water; salt pork scraps with fried apple; but then, too, there was LARO and Sound Family Butter.

Perils in Eliot Street.

Leaving the paternal board, I used to dine at a 25-cent restaurant in Eliot street. You had a choice of soups, meats, desserts, and tea, coffee or milk. It was pretty bad stuff; let us avoid sickening and Zolaesque details; but I had the vivid appetite, the sound digestion of 18 years. I tried everything. One day I ordered a glass of milk. I had been accustomed to taking coffee. The waiter, a long, low, piratical fellow, with a mustache like that of a baseball player of the 70s, staggered when he heard my order. Something like a tear glistened in his horny eye. He leaned over me and muttered in a raucous whisper: "Say, young feller, youse has ordered clam chowder and I ain't said a word. Youse has taken hash and we neve' warned you. Youse has eaten mince pie an' we stood by an' let you eat it. But for God's sake, young feller, don't take dat milk!"

The Artist's Life.

Well, I survived all that. Later in Paris at the Cafe des Arts the boys were so poor that, as one of them pointed out, they were all free-thinkers because they couldn't afford to be anything else. Camembert cheese was a favorite dish. Each lad scraped his bit carefully and ate the highly flavored morsel, "pourri et faisande," as our friend De Goncourt used to say. Time passed. A passionate discussion arose as to whether Truth were Beauty, or Beauty Truth. The fervid stomach of youth called subconsciously and wholly wrapped up in his discussion the young artist ate the scrapings.

True, there were moments. I remember eating bouillabaisse, followed by perdrix aux choux at the Cafe de la Perouse on the Quai Sts. Augustins. That should have been a red-letter day, but my chief memory of the affair is that the lady opposite me was not beautiful. Ah me! "Never the Time and the Place and the Loved One altogether."

Unclubable Dishes.

After my return to Boston there were undeniably great moments. There are memories of certain seances at the Orpheus Club: of wonderful broiled chicken; memories somewhat obscured by fumes of Bacharach and Liebfraumlisch.

But what would you have? Even at the clubs you do not get very good stuff. I am a humble soul, and, as old folks used to say, "Eat what's set before me"; but only last night my friend X complained bitterly because the asparagus at the St. Doldrum's was lacking in flavor. The asparagus may not have been canned, but something of the rapid soil of the Oneida Community still clung about it. At all events, X annoyed his; he sent it back. I meekly ate mine; but though I can eat crow,

red hair and a devious grin, and those brilliant eyes glaring out from beneath the veneer of lambleness, washing his bony hands with invisible soap and water. The walking gentlemen who played Copperfield hardly did that young man justice; but one could not blame them much, considering the scanty opportunity they had to be effective. Of all the characters in the story itself, the child-like Mr. Dick was my favorite, his kite-

fly-dying seemed such a sensible pastime. Isn't it Wordsworth who says that heaven is found in our infancy, that we gradually move away from it as we grow older, and finally lose it altogether? "O youth, and the days that were!" Fortunate Mr. Dick! "How often, at hare and hounds, have I seen him mounted on a little knoll, cheering the whole field on to action, and waving his hat above his gray hairs, oblivious of King Charles the martyr's head, and all belonging to it. How many winter days have I seen him, standing blue-nosed in the snow and east wind, looking at the boys go down the long slide, and clapping his worsted gloves in rapture!" Fortunate; fortunate Mr. Dick!

George Ticknor Reference has been made in these columns to George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, who was so actively interested in the Boston Public Library, and knew everybody the world over. I remember that he spent his first evening in London at the theatre, where he saw Miss O'Neill in "The Gamester," and wrote his father: "I can truly say I never saw acting until I saw her. I cried like a schoolboy, to the great amusement of the John Bulls who were around me in the pit. * * I absolutely dread to see her again." Yet he had often seen Cooke here in Boston, and placed his acting above that of any male actor he saw in Europe, with the exception of Talma. He saw Cooke as Shylock nine times in succession. He thought Cooke had a more vehement and lofty genius, and Kean had flashes of eccentric talent, (!) but in an equal elevation of mind and in dignity and force Talma, he felt, left them far behind. Matthew Arnold, who in his youth followed Rachel from London to Paris, said that you must not compare Bernhardt to her. Rachel was incomparable. It was during this trip that he went, uninvited, a stranger, to Nohant to see George Sand, and saw Chopin; "Chopin with his wonderful eyes." He found Madame Sand very gracious, notwithstanding the unceremonious way he got there. As for Rachel, he, in after years, indited no less than three sonnets to her, one of which is as follows:

In Paris all look'd hot and like to fade;
Sere, in the garden of the Tuilleries,
Sere with September, droop'd the chestnut trees;
'Twas dawn, a brougham roll'd through the streets and made
Halt at the white and silent Colonnade
Of the French Theatre. Worn with disease,
Rachel, with eyes no gazing can appease,
Sate in the brougham and those blank walls survey'd.

She follows the fay world, whose swarms
have fled
To Switzerland, to Baden, to the Rhine;
Why stops she by this empty play-house
dear?
Ah, where the spirit its highest life hath
led,
All spots, match'd with that spot, are less
divine;
And Rachel's Switzerland, her Rhine, is
here!

Various Ingenious Readings Early in the last century, and before, there lived in London a man who had been an associate of most of the literary clubs in the metropolis from the days of Burke down. He went by the name of "Conversation" Sharp, and he used to tell of a new reading in "Macbeth," due to Henderson, to whom Mrs. Siddons read her part for correction when Sharp was present. The common pointing and emphasis then was:

Macbeth: If we should fail?
Lady M.: We FAIL?
But screw your courage to the STICK-
ING PLACE.
And WE'll not fail.
"No," said Henderson, on hearing it read thus, "that is inconsistent with Lady Macbeth's character. She never permits herself to doubt their success, and least of all when arguing with her husband. Read it thus, Mrs. Siddons: "Macbeth: If we should fail?
Lady M. (with contempt): WE fail?
But screw YOUR courage to the stick-
ing place.
And we'll NOT fail."

Miss Ellen Terry says that Terris in delivering blank verse never got the emphasis twice alike, and often did not know what on earth he was talking about. One morning they went over and over a scene in "Much Ado"; and each time when Terris came to the speech beginning:

"What needs the bridge much broader than the flood?" he managed to give a different emphasis. First it would be: "What! NEEDS the bridge much broader than the flood?" Then:

"What needs the bridge MUCH broader than the flood?" After he had been floundering about for some time, Irving said: "Terris, what's the meaning of that?" He an-

swered, "Oh, get along, Guy, you know!" Speaking of Henderson and Mrs. Siddons reminds me of an actor who played the part of Horatio in the Dublin Theatre three times in one week with three different Hamlets—Holmes, Kemble and Henderson—and regarded the last as greatly the superior. A criticism in one of the papers thus distinguished the three: Holman as Hamlet; Kemble, Prince Hamlet, and Henderson, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Changing Times and Manners Mr. Payson wonders why it is that old-timers love to "reminisce." They simply can't help it. Everybody, at their age, does it. Sainte Beuve says that "there comes a time, when life's brilliant years over, the individual takes up the pen and arranges his or her reminiscences." If you can't write, but can

only make your mark, then your tongue wags. It is bound to be so.

Dr. Green used to tell of a man at a festive gathering who, in making a speech on the Old Testament prophets, went into a great detail and was extremely prosy. He got through with the major prophets and came to the minor ones. "Now, my friends, where shall we place Hosea?" A man seated at the back of the room rose and said: "Here, sir, you may give him my place." Olive Logan once gave a lecture in this city in the old Music Hall, having been engaged by the lecture committee of a popular "course," her subject being "Stage Struck." Coming upon the platform she found herself facing an audience composed chiefly of people whose Puritanic principles were plainly stamped on their faces. After she had started to speak half a dozen men sprang up, clutched their meek wives frantically by the arms and dragged them from her contaminating presence. They thought she was there to denounce the stage. Far from it. The consequence was that Miss Logan lost her art, as the saying is, and her temper, too; but she managed to keep the latter in check until she reached New York, when the lid blew off with startling effect. This was in 1868. And yet some 60 years earlier, although Hervey's "Meditation Among the Tombs," and "Zimmerman on Solitude," were the two most popular books, or what we now call "best sellers," in Boston, the traditions did not forbid a certain measure of conviviality. Excellent Madeira flowed at rich men's tables, and punch was a liquor that held up its head in good society. The people led a pleasant life, in spite of the Puritan frost that still lingered in the air. There seems to come periods of asceticism in English and American communities when people vie with one another in denouncing everything of a cheerful or of an artistic nature. Some of the present old-timers have passed through one or more of these periods, and survive to tell the tale.

J. W.
Boston, May 30, 1912.

Miss Gerhardt Miss Gerhardt sang in London late in May, and the Pall Mall Gazette spoke of her as "Frau Gerhardt." Why "Frau"? The reviewer rolled high, to use a colloquial phrase, This was his opening paragraph: "One of the profoundest truths ever uttered about the art public is the aphorism that people like the right things for the wrong reasons. Indeed, when we consider their conventional, imitative natures, their dislike of all displays of strong feeling, because it raises problems, or of original action, because it seems eccentric, the marvel is they should like the 'right things' at all. The reason, however, is not really far to seek. The average man is dimly aware that there come times, both in domestic and public life, when the floods are out and the old familiar landmarks are destroyed, and he stands there helpless, not knowing where to turn. And he is aware, too, that it is then that the bold, original character starts forth and with flaming word and deeds inspires the timid, bewildered flocks with renewed confidence and hope."

The reviewer then went on to say that Miss Gerhardt is a character of this nature; that the public has a "dim recognition" of the fact, but is largely blind to her greatest qualities, and applauds her chiefly for things that others can do as well—"little perfections of technic, delicate humor and light pleasure," as shown in songs "where the average mind could feel thoroughly at home." The two of her great performances "Feldeinsamkeit" and "Gesang Weylas," showing that rapt ecstasy and royal dignity were the limits for intensity of feeling as regards popular appeal. Beethoven's "Dietrommel Geruehret" passed unnoticed, and "Die Zigeunerin" of Wolf, easily the high water mark for greatness of interpretation, could not be sung again by reason of the hisses that quickly stifled the applause of the far-sighted few.

But it seems to some of us who heard Miss Gerhardt that she is least fortunate in the expression of "delicate humor and light pleasure"; that her gaiety is rather cowl-like. She is a singularly uneven singer in matters of technic and as an interpreter. At times—and when the songs themselves are of the highest quality—she makes a deep

impression in spite of an air of insouciance. There are other times when she is merely a bolsterous, whooping German singer.

Some Music Notes The Pall Mall Gazette did not care much for Signor Gallgnani at the Hippodrome: "A performer on the double bass whose powers lie chiefly in disguising the legitimate beauty of the instrument in making it imitate the viola and the violin, which left us impressed with his ingenuously more than anything else."

Gregory Hast, an amiable tenor, who is remembered pleasantly in Boston, gave his farewell concert in London May 20, and there was a distressingly long program. Among those who took part were Mmes. Kirkby-Lunn, Marchesi, Crossley and Ben Davies, while Miss Ashwell and Miss Irene Vanbrugh recited.

Miss Maggie Teyte is cautioned by London critics to be careful in her selection of songs, on account of the "somewhat limited range of her vocal coloring."

At last a London critic has dared to hint that Mr. Nikisch is not after all a god of pure gold. The London Symphony orchestra gave on May 20 its

first concert since its return from America, and Mr. Nikisch led Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. The Pall Mall Gazette, having said that the performance was a fine one, "if not altogether true to certain aspects of the composer's method," remarked and very sensibly: "Herr Nikisch is a master-hand at the ultra-emotional climax, the effect being obtained by clever manipulation of the crescendo of tone and rubato. It, however, defeats its own object at times because it spoils the line of the music, and in consequence makes for physical shock rather than psychical stimulation. The rubato-playing is especially unfortunate when it coincides with the characteristic upward Tschalkowsky scale, where the forcefulness is destroyed unless the movement is quite steady and regular. The band played with splendid sonority, though the tone of the violins was occasionally rather hard. Especial praise is due to the drummer." Yes, we heard this drummer in Boston. He was distinctly audible.

"Shakespeare Concerts" have been given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra at the "Shakespeare's England Exhibition." At the first the program was largely made up of compositions inspired by "Romeo and Juliet." Berlioz, Tschalkowsky and Svendsen were represented and a "Romeo and Juliet" concert overture by Henry Hugo Pierson was performed. Pierson, an Englishman, lived for many years in Germany and died there in 1873. He wrote operas and oratorios, but they are all forgotten. It is said of his overture that its emotions are of a placid nature, and it is not easy "to distinguish any physiognomy." Scored with some sense of color and refinement, after Mendelssohn's manner, the music "seems to be continually moving without ever definitely getting away, owing to a lack of invention."

In the Star's Room Let us read another of Mr. Keble Howard's London dialogues heard at a first night:

Treasured sycophant—Splendid, my dear boy! Simply splendid! Never saw you do anything better!

Star—Did it seem to go pretty well?

Treasured sycophant—Go? They ate it, old man! Simply wolfed it! I've never seen such enthusiasm—in the stalls and boxes!

Star—How about the pit and gallery?

Treasured sycophant—Oh, those people!

Star—Did they like it?

Treasured sycophant—Like it? Of course they liked it! You know very well they worship you!

Star—But are they worshipping the piece? It seemed to me that the end of the act wasn't getting there as it should have done. It may have been my fault—

Treasured sycophant—May I be quite candid, old fellow?

Star—Do. That's precisely what I want.

Treasured sycophant—Then I'm bound to say this. If the play proves a winner, as I think it will, you'll have nobody to thank but yourself. You take me?

Star—You don't like —?

Treasured Sycophant—Personally? Oh, yes! A most charming woman! But she doesn't give you the help that you ought to have, old man. I noticed the same thing yesterday at the dress rehearsal, but you can't be sure at a rehearsal. Tonight I am sure. She lets you carry the play on your own shoulders. You must have realized that? You must have felt it, for instance, at the end of that act?

Star—Well, I wouldn't admit it to any one else, but I'm afraid there's something in what you say. Mind you, she's Treasured Sycophant—She's clever enough at getting the credit for an effect you've created. But she's not "class," to use a vulgarism. She lacks weight—authority—compelling power. In a word, she isn't your genius.

Star—Well, we'll see what the third act does. . . . Horace! . . . How are we going on for time?

Dresser—Curtain just going up, sir. You've got about six minutes.

Treasured Sycophant—I'll get round to the front again. We shall want a speech, old man! I shall put my hands together to some purpose!

Star—By-by. Look in after and give

me your candid opinion.
Treasured Sycophant—You bet! You shall have it, straight from the shoulder! Ta-ta!

Heard in the Flies And still one more.
Son—Looks like a big bit, dad!

Dad—Oh, indeed! An' wot gives yer that idea?

Son—Well, we 'ad to take up 11 times after that act.

Dad—I've known the curtain go up 22 times before now, my lad, an' the piece come off within a week.

Son—But look at the scenery!

Dad—I 'ave looked at it. A theayter ain't a peep-show, don't you make no mistake.

Son—An' then there's the dresses. Gorgjus, I calls 'em!

Dad—Nor a theayter ain't a church parade, wot's free.

Son—The guv'nor's got a fine fat part.

Dad—E talks a lot. I'm with yer there.

Son—An' it's all bin written by a leading hauthor.

Dad—Yus, an' when 'e was puttin' dahn all that muck, 'e knew as they'd got ter spah it. Thet's the trouble. Give me the man as does 'is work with the fear o' Gawd in 'is 'eart.

Son—Then you don't think we've struck a winner, dad?

Dad—I don't think nothing at all, abaht it. Seems ter me as we can see more from up 'ere than they can from the blooming stalls. I could 'ave told 'em a week ago as this piece was no carlin'.

W'y? Becos it's a blinkin' rotter, an' thet's all there is to it. . . . I'm off fer a wet. . . .

Heard in the Wings Nor is the dialogue heard in the wings to be passed over:

Second Ingenue—Isn't it going splendidly!

Experienced Old Actor—Better than I anticipated.

Second Ingenue—I never thought it would be a success. Did you?

Experienced Old Actor—We may pull it out of the fire. I'm playing my part quite on my own lines, you know.

Second Ingenue—Are you really?

Experienced Old Actor—Oh, yes. I intended to all along when it came to the first night, but it's better to give way to the so-called "producer" at rehearsals.

Second Ingenue—Oh, much better. You never know. They might get somebody else.

Experienced Old Actor—Hardly that, but it saves a fuss. For example, take that exit of mine with the card tray. You remember he made such a point of my opening the door and going straight out?

Second Ingenue—I should think I do! It kept us all waiting 20 minutes!

Experienced Old Actor—Very good. That's what they are pleased to call the realistic method. A fig for your modern realism! I know two of that. What did I do? Tumbled over an imaginary ruck in the carpet and got the best laugh of the act. That's experience, my dear.

Second Ingenue—How splendid! You're sure to get notices!

Experienced Old Actor—Oh. I never trouble my head about the critics. Make good with the public—that's my motto.

Second Ingenue—But it's so difficult to know if they like you or not. There wasn't a hand when I came on, and I've been on the stage nearly three years.

Experienced Old Actor—My dear child, I've been before the public 33 years, and never had a reception in the West end yet. What does that signify? Nothing! You should hear 'em when Yours Truly steps on to the stage at Stockton!

Second Ingenue—On-Tees or the other?

Experienced Old Actor—Good old Stockton-on-Tees! They go mad, my dear—simply crazy! These people here don't know what a reception is!

Second Ingenue—I've never been on tour. All my friends say it does you harm.

Experienced Old Actor—Ha! That's good! I must remember that! Does you harm, does it? Splendid! Ha! Ha!

Second Ingenue—I do hope I haven't said anything silly.

Experienced Old Actor—That's all right, my dear. Make your mind easy. Ha! And never spoil your style by—

Stage Manager—Clear, please!

Experienced Old Actor—Now for it! . . . Business with footstool. . . . If I can save this piece, I will.

Adeline Genee as La Carmago Adeline Genee has appeared at the Coliseum, London, as the famous Marie Anne Cuppli, known on the stage and once worshipped as La Carmago.

A biography of the Carmago appeared in Paris a few years ago it is entertaining, at times purely, or impurely, imaginative; a book for an easy chair rather than an antiquarian's desk. There was a Carmago epoch. The Baron Grimm wrote solemnly about her putting the muse of the dance into short skirts. Collifurs, hats, shoes, short petticoats were worn a la Carmago.

In this new ballet the scene is her boudoir in the palace of Versailles! There is the elegant furniture of the period, the glimpse of a garden between the curving and gilded bars of long windows. The dresses are of soft colors—cream and rose pink and lilac, black purple and pale blue. Mme. Genee wears

...and what is a rook but an old world crow with the feathers of the face lost in the adult, a bird noted for its gregariousness. Here is a recipe, and why might it not serve for the proper preparation of a young crow? Remove the backbone which is apt to be bitter. Reject the neck and use only the breasts, which should be steeped in milk over night. Season them the next day with pepper, salt, a couple of cloves and a glass of claret. Then put them in a deep dish, with water enough to cover them, and a piece of butter the size of an English walnut. The dish should be covered with a rather thick crust and baked for 40 minutes. Some add a steak, but this is not to be applauded. Others put in an olive or two, or mushrooms.

De Senectute.

"I find it a sign of old age," said Mr. Ferguson, at his ease in his accustomed seat at the Porphyry, "when a man goes from shop to shop seeking what he calls 'a really comfortable shoe.' It is not so much a matter of corns, which, as Thomas Walker believed, depend largely on the digestion. The man does not wish the shoes to be full of feet. He longs for a shoe without a box toe, and with low heels. There should be no cap that sooner or later frets the flesh. The leather should be of the softest kind. He is careless as to the outward appearance. Do you think that he easily finds shoes of this description, made to order or ready-made? There are men who go through life comfortable in everything except as to their feet. Their bedroom closet is full of experiments and failures. They have exhausted the skill of last-makers and the patience of shopkeepers. They draw the line at prunella or any sort of cloth. Congress gaiters are of no avail. They were doomed from birth never to be fitted at any price. The alluring titles, 'Comfort,' 'Ease-wear,' 'what-you-will,' are a delusion and a snare. Alphonse Karr said that we begin to die with the first loss of a tooth. We begin to grow old when we are nervously fussy about our feet; when we look at the shoes of Brown, Jones and Robinson, and ask them where they buy their boots. And if Smith urges you to try his man, the only one in Boston who has common-sense, really comfortable shoes, and you follow his advice, lo, your feet are chafed, there is a skinless joint, a corn appears on the sole of a foot, you are irritable at home and at the office, and there is one more pair for the janitor or the ash barrel."

Alice Lloyd AT TREMONT

"Little Miss Fix-It" Is Real
Summer Show and Star Is
Charming.

HER SINGING IS FEATURE

Lionel Walsh Shares in the
Honors as Percy Paget,
English Swell.

TREMONT THEATRE—Alice Lloyd in
"Little Miss Fix-It," a musical comedy
in two acts by William J. Hurlbut,
Harry B. Smith and George V. Hobart.
Della Wendell, Little Miss Fix-It.

Billy Wendell.....Frank Shannon
Marjorie Arnold.....Grace Field
"Buddie" Arnold.....James C. Lane
Percy Paget.....Lionel Walsh
Bella Ketcham.....Almira Sessions
Harold Watson.....Frederic Santley
Ethel Morgan.....Grace Brown
Edward Doolittle.....Archie Curtis
Mary Ann.....Annie Buckley
"Little Miss Fix-It" is an innocuous
dramatic trifle, a mildly interesting
specimen of the summer show variety.
Many of the jokes are old. The songs
are insipid rather than melodious, the
dialogue drags for the most part, the
plot is slim.

Half a dozen couples married, engaged or about to be, quarrel over slight matters while Little Miss Fix-It in her endeavors to set things right only succeeds in making matters worse. But this served to introduce Miss Alice Lloyd, last evening, as a musical comedy star.

Miss Lloyd is personally charming, persuasive rather than aggressive, while her buoyancy, unflagging vitality and apparent joy in the stage life were irresistible. She played with delightful humor and spirit, danced prettily and was pleasing both in song and dance.

The feature of the evening was her singing of "Have You Ever Loved Any Other Little Girl?" "What Are You Getting At, Eh?" "I'll Build an Eden for You" and "Cupid," during which she

...shot arrows from her bow into the audience.

Mr. Walsh was excellent as Percy Paget, the cadaverous English swell with his droll and unctuous ways. Mr. Lane was laboriously amusing as Buddie Arnold. Mr. Santley danced gracefully and Miss Field was an effective Mrs. Arnold.

The settings were picturesque, especially that of the second act.

June 13, 1912

And now we hear from Vermont with regard to the couplet concerning which there is intelligent and informing dispute:

As the World Wags:

You do not have the quotation on inclosed cutting from last Saturday's (June 1) Herald just right and I am a bit shocked by it. It should read:

Car Dido dina dit-on
Du des d'uu dodu dindon.

Your rendering does not rhyme. The quotation is the ending of a verse beginning:

Du pain sec et du fromage
C'est bien peu pour mon dîner.
On me demand, je gage
Autre choses pour mon souper.

C. TURNER.

Rutland, Vt., June 8, 1912.

Mr. Turner writes that he has been a reader of The Herald since 1867. Now, will he kindly tell us where he first saw the poem from which he quotes, and is the reading "autre choses" in it? No doubt the lines to which he objects were incorrectly quoted by the London Journalist, but the fact that they do not rhyme is not of itself invalidating.

Thin Partitions.

The flimsiness of some of the "kitchenette" apartment houses which are springing up like Jonah's gourd in that part of Boston once characterized by Alexander P. Browne, Esq., counsellor-at-law, as "The small of the Back Bay" reminds one of a story told at a supper by one of the leading actors in "Pomander Walk." A builder, boasting of his houses, took a friend to see a row just erected. The friend stood in one house and the builder, going in to the adjoining one, said in a low tone: "Can you hear me, Jim?" "Yes," was the answer in a whisper. "Can you see me?" "No." "Them's walls for you!" was the proud reply.

We mention Jonah's gourd. To think that Jerome and Augustine, both learned and pious fathers, not only differed in words concerning the nature of the plant, but came to blows, and Augustine charged Jerome with heresy. The latter insisted the plant was an ivy, and quoted Aquila, Symmachus and other deep thinkers. Augustine swore it was a gourd, and appealed to the Septuagint, the Syriac and the Arabic. Was this gourd the elkeria or ricinus, known in England as the palm-crist? Was it the kiki of Herodotus and Dioscorides? Was it the plant from which the smoothest castor oil was drawn? Neither Jerome nor Augustine had ever seen the plant mentioned by Holy Writ. Neither was right. Let, therefore, as a voluminous commentator observes, the errors of these godly men teach us to think more mildly, if not more meekly, respecting our own opinions, "and not to exclaim heresy! or to enforce the exclamation, when the subject is of so little importance as gourd versus ivy."

Ambidextrous.

Here is an astounding statement. The editor of the Office Window, an entertaining column published in the Daily Chronicle (London), says that he has never met a man who deals cards, fills his pipe, lights a match, writes, bats, plays billiards and picks up a glass with the right hand—preferably. The writer says that he is right-handed; but he fills his pipe and deals cards with the left.

Now the really ambidextrous person uses each hand indifferently. He has been characterized as the man that can shave himself with either hand and then write letters or draw pictures with the left when the right is tired. The artist, Fred Walker, worked with both hands at once on the same drawing. In Leonardo da Vinci's manuscript treatise on the flight of birds (1505), which was first published in Paris in 1893, the handwriting goes from the right side of the page to the left. He wrote his treatise with the left hand.

There is a story about an English judge who could take notes with one hand and make unjudicial comments with the other. Down in Maine a brave toss-pot is admirably described as a good two-handed drinker.

"We Have with Us."

The kitchen staff at the Criterion Restaurant in London struck late in May because notice was given that the wine and beer allowance would be stopped on June 1. Sixty-six men walked out of the restaurant. More reasonable were the 50 waiters in New Haven who struck at a dinner of the Connecticut Society of Colonial Wars because they were told they must wait until the speeches were all over. This was clearly a case of cruel and, alas, not unusual punishment. First of all, the poor devils would have been obliged to listen to the toastmaster.

We hope that Mr. Herkimer Johnson has devoted at least one chapter in his colossal work (as yet unpublished; elephant folio; sold only by subscription) to the toastmaster from the time of

the Egyptian host when the mummy was brought in as a memento mori. In London the profession is regarded as a mysterious one. An ideal toastmaster in that city, one that, after he felicitously introduces a statesman, explorer, churchman, does not take the slightest interest in the speech that inevitably follows, was many years ago a railway porter at Slough, who announced the departure and arrival of trains in a voice that boomed like a deep-throated bell. He was discovered and with his voice brought to London, where he was trained for duty.

Our own opinion is that the toastmaster is born, like the poet, the chairman of a committee, the man whose head is used for a postage stamp. Too often, a scrofulous person, he has the gift of gab, and anticipates in his introduction what the wretch about to speak had painfully prepared. Other varieties, as the laboriously factitious and the smiling dispenser of subtle insults, will no doubt be described with Flemish minuteness by Mr. Johnson.

June 14, 1912

Nothing so foreign, but th' athletic hind
Can labor lute blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or ailments too indur'd.
By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labor thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate, and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
Avoid the stubborn ailment, avoid
The full repast; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Strange Foods Again.

The scarcity of conventional food in London owing to the troubles in transportation spurred naturally restless persons to recommend strange meats and dishes. Some have had much to say about the hedgehog, and praise it stewed or spitchocked, toasted or roasted. We have been told that the one way to cook this interesting beast, the method practised by the Gypsies, a race never to be mentioned without respect, is to bake it in clay and in a wood-fire. The adhering spines and the skin come off with the clay coating, and there is a delicious meat, appealing to the eye, the nostril and the palate. The white and tender flesh is said to remind the eater of "anything from hare to young pork."

Frogs, the Daily Chronicle states, are neglected in England except in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, where they are served up whole, fried in bread crumbs! On the European continent and in American cities only the legs, the hind-quarters are eaten, grilled with bacon or served in an omelette. The Canadians are your true frog eaters. Frogs were sold to the value of \$200,000 in Montreal in one year and at the average price of 40 cents a pound. Plump frogs in Paris sell at wholesale for from 40 cents to a dollar a pound. We remember reading about a dinner given at Monte Carlo by some lucky gamester where a frog pie that cost the host \$120 was included in the bill of fare.

Acquired Tastes.

In Central Africa they do not shout "Swat the fly!" They eat the fly. They pound the insects together in a mortar and bake them in little cakes, which probably resemble our currant and fruit cake. The author of "From the Cape to Cairo" tasted the African cake and did not like it. It was too rich for his blood. Capt. Amundsen found dog flesh palatable, though rather tough, and seal flesh as good as first-class beef. Epicures during the siege of Paris did not object to well-nourished sewer rats. If we were only less squeamish, the problem of flies and rats would find a pleasant solution which would lessen household expenses. And yet such is American shrewdness—there would soon be Rat Barons and a Fly Trust—and again prices would soar skyward.

A traveller reminds us—for men grouped at ease are never more happy than when talking about food and drink—that the Cape bushmen eat spiders, grasshoppers, white ants, moths and grubs; that anteaters are found in various parts of the world, while Australian natives relish snakes. Some one, anxious that the world should go better and men and women be happier living the natural life, wrote a book entitled "Why Not Eat Insects?" According to his testimony, caterpillars taste like almonds, spiders like nuts, and ants with butter and sugar are an exquisite sweetmeat. But Anton Filz, an esteemed virtuoso on the violoncello at the Court of Mannheim, died from immoderate indulgence in spiders, which he ate with a passionate zest because they tasted to him like luscious strawberries.

Many of us are fond of oysters, clams, crabs, lobsters and yet will not endure the thought of a snail, although the daily consumption by polite Parisians of snails, fed on green stuffs, and on bran soaked in wine, sometimes reaches 50 tons. Truly this is a little world of great wonders!

Progressive Dinners.

While we are engaged with this matter let us not overlook the proposition of a French journalist interested in the dinners organized by the League of Gourmands. He believes that aviation

will enable guests to eat dishes where they are served the best and within a reasonable time. Here is his route: At Marseilles a plate of bouillabaisse and also a red mullet. Then they will fly to Bourg for chicken, to Toulouse for green peas, to London for roast beef, and back to Valognes for a salad. The last flights will be to Montreuil for a peach and to Emmmenthal for a bit of Gruyere.

Australia is a little out of the route, otherwise the guests might take a "barmaid's blush" as a digestif; and a "barmaid's blush" is a drink compounded of British beer and raspberry vinegar.

Truly Civilized.

Mr. Filsom Young does not join rashly in the cry that the fly is a shameless and dangerous insect. As in old times, ingenious authors wrote the praise of the ass, the praise of folly, the praise of anything that was customarily abused, so Mr. Young marvels at the fly, who has been for thousands of years one of the two masters of the world. "He goes where he likes, by train de luxe or ocean liner, and eats at the best; whatever mankind has laboriously constructed or contrived, the house fly simply makes use of and enjoys. He has no house—his home is everywhere; he has no youth or time of ignorance, but springs full blown into existence; he travels all over the world at the expense of man; and in the intervals of these pleasant activities, begets a family of twenty-five millions. Talk of civilizations—there is one perfect indeed without labor problems or problems of any kind; and it is to be swept away because mankind has suddenly awakened to its existence! ... Do you not see the flies writing articles, and holding meetings about the 'unrest in the human world'?"

June 15, 1912

Choose leaner vlands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes;
Choose sober meals; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling
down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whose bones are thinly
clad
With cheerful ease, and succulent repast,
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect sanity.

A Cheaper Diet.

As the World Wags:
I was much interested in your remarks about ants as a table food. I have only eaten them by accident, not with deliberate intent. I am aware that the termes or white ant is a common article of food among one of the Hindu tribes, and I have been informed that the Panches of the N. Reyno de Granada subsist chiefly on ants which they crush into cakes. Dr. Winterbottom, a cold, stern, dispassionate observer, says that he has eaten them dressed this way several times, "and think them both delicate, nourishing and wholesome" (Vol. 1, p. 314, note). I doubt if the ants that have thrown up so many hills near my summer cottage would satisfy the appetite of the Hindus or the Panches, for they are rather small and meagre, probably on account of their indefatigable and applauded activity. By the way, here is a fine touch of irony. The ant has long been held up as an example to the sluggard. The Hindus and the Panches are constitutionally lazy, and they fatten themselves on the industrious object lessons.

In the course of the war against the busy, thirsty, curious fly, Uncle Toby's little friend, alarmists have recommended a certain fly-trap. Let me remind you of the fly-takers of Cape Colony. They dip a large wisp of straw in milk and hang it to the beams of the roof. When this wisp is covered with flies, they put a large bag slowly under the straw and getting it in to a certain depth shake it so that the flies go to the bottom of the bag. In this way a bushel may be captured daily. At present, I am eating beef, mutton, ham, fish, and now and then a utility chicken, as they call it on the Cape; that is, chicken that runs about and gets its food where it can; but, unless the prices go down, I may be obliged to experiment with ants, in cakes, or in a puree.

ZENAS FIELD.

Mashpee, June 13, 1912.

Summer Reading.

Publishers in New York talked with a reporter of the New York Times about the sale of books in summer. They think that this season is the most convenient to many for reading, and there is now a general desire to read improving rather than merely entertaining volumes. Littering in a book shop a few days ago, a clerk said: "Here's an order you will be interested in." It was from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist. "Pretty stiff list?" We naturally expected to read titles of works on folk lore, the new edition of "The Golden Bough," with the complementary volumes, James's "Essays in Radical Empiricism," Prof. Rand's discussion of classical psychologists, the latest French and German publications concerning sociological problems, etc., etc. The clerk smiled. Mr. Johnson had ordered 40 French novels in the illustrated editions at 95 centimes a volume, novels written by those stern analysts, Messrs. Courteline, Herment, Bernard, Lavedan, Boylesve, Veber, Willy and Regnier. And Mr. Johnson has written a postscript: "If you have any new head-t detective or 'mystery' story in English

derby at the Porphyry declared that he was going to do some "solid reading" this summer, and named some of the books he had chosen for lamp-lit nights. "Wilhelm Meister," Emerson's "Society and Solitude," Plutarch's "Moralia," Dryden's "Dramatic Essays," "The Significance of All Things" by Jacob Boehme, Mill on "Liberty and Representative Government." And said the fatuous youth: "I think I'll tackle as a starter 'Gibbon's Rome'; they say it is a corker."

A Veranda Traveller.

On the other hand, there is old Hunkerton. He has not been to New York for seven years, and then he took a day train to avoid perils at night. He has never been west of the Mississippi, south of Norfolk, Va., or north of St. Albans in the course of his 60 years. By dint of saving and scraping, he managed to buy a little summer home on the South Shore. For a month before his departure he prepares himself as though he were going to the Antarctic or to the northeastern corner of Siberia. We suspect him of putting pemmican in a handbag, in case of an emergency. The day before he takes the train—it's a journey of two hours—he buys an accident policy. He, too, was in the book shop, and what was he buying? Hakluyt's Voyages, Capt. Cook's Voyages, Marco Polo's Travels and the story of Mungo Park's adventures. He was also trying to find a set of Herman Melville's sea tales. And who knows whether Hunkerton is not the wisest of us all? Rome is not what it was, even 30 years ago; Japan is Americanized; there is a railway on the Jungfrau; old Paris has disappeared; Heligoland is under the German government. Hunkerton sits on his veranda with his pipe and ponders the toil and dangers of others. He sleeps in his own bed. He fears no marauding animal, now that the skunks have almost all been exterminated. His doors and windows are screened. There is no Cook's tourist to bore him.

Take Well Shaken.

As the World Wags:
Can you turn your attention from the gifted Escoffier long enough to start a crusade against the practice that is rapidly destroying the interior arrangements of all those who love the cocktail when it is good and drink it even when it is bad? I refer to the stirring of the mixture with a spoon instead of the vigorous use of the shaker and elbow grease.

When the throat is seared by the passage of a harsh, rude mixture, and instead of a gentle glow of genuine warmth the stomach burns with fiery rage, we know at once what's the matter. A bad cocktail means a lazy bartender, professional or amateur. How can the elements of a cocktail, be they gin and vermouth, or whiskey and vermouth, and above all when bitters are added, be blended into a smooth, harmonious whole by wriggling a spoon in them amid a few chunks of ice? Few seem to realize that water is a most important part of a cocktail, the agent that smooths the rough edges, and the water should come from the ice, well broken, plentiful and vigorously shaken with the liquor. When this is done, a smooth cocktail will result and differences of individual taste may be satisfied by the different ingredients used and the proportions thereof. The main thing is the shaking. I suggest the formation, under the auspices of As the World Wags, of a Society for the Preservation of the Cocktail.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

Boston, June 11, 1912.

THE "KITCHENETTERS."

"Kitchenetto" has crept into the language, as leaderette, sermonette and other vile diminutives. And as the word has crept in, so the thing itself is driving out the respectable kitchen of the roomy and comfortable apartment. Not only in Beacon street, in Audubon road, and other streets of this standing are there apartment houses with only two or three rooms and a kitchenette, but the Fen district, which should be covered with stately buildings, is fast becoming a region of little flats. The district bounded by Haviland street, Massachusetts avenue, Huntington avenue and Hemenway street swarms with houses hurriedly erected and in many instances flimsily constructed.

It is now difficult for a man with a moderate income to find a flat of six, seven or eight rooms at a fair price. Real estate dealers, builders, agents give various reasons for the deficiency. "The building laws in Boston are too rigid and severe." "There is no money in an old-fashioned apartment house unless the rents are put at a high figure." "Hundreds want a little flat, where two wish a large one."

That hundreds are eager to live in cramped quarters is evident; otherwise these burgess warrens would not be built in such numbers. There should be these apartment houses. Two working women, for example, can thus live at a small cost. A breakfast is easily prepared; the mid-meal is obtained near the place or business, and at night the kitchenette is large enough and convenient enough for a supper. And yet the kitchenette suggests canned goods and the paper bag.

A flat of this size seldom holds a domestic servant. Some one may come in to do the scrubbing, the weekly wash but these women that work by the day are not easily found.

The servant question, no doubt, enters into the increasing popularity of the little flat with kitchenette. The servants in Boston are becoming more and more preposterous in their demands. The maid of all work will soon be as extinct as the dodo. This is an age of specialists. At some of the intelligence offices, as they are ironically called, the "second girl" is no longer to be found. The chambermaid will not wait on the table or answer the doorbell. And there are professionally philanthropic women in Boston who address the servants, dilate on their "wrongs," and encourage them to demand less work and higher wages!

No wonder, then, that husbands and wives, when the yearly salary is small, in desperation make up their minds to dispense with a servant and join the "kitchenettes." The wife often becomes a drudge. The night meal is a thing of shreds and patches, or it is eaten at a restaurant. Youth, health and strength are indispensable if there is to be any domestic comfort. There is little chance for any privacy, and if it is not good for man to be alone, it is not good for man and wife to be tumultuously and constantly together.

Foreigners used to say contemptuously of American couples that they lived in hotels. Many are now forced to live in warrens. The problem of healthful, comfortable life for citizens of moderate means has yet to be solved.

June 16, 1912

The Pioneer Players of London purpose to revive Mr. Bernard Shaw's censored play today, and up to the time that Mr. Christopher St. John's history of the play was published in the Pall Mall Gazette (May 23) not even a mild protest had been made. Mr. St. John tells the story of the play in the United States: how Mr. Comstock objected in New York; how the Yale students in New Haven behaved disgracefully until Miss Mary Shaw dropped the jolly vulgarity of the Shavian Mrs. Warren and began to play in the manner of Lady Macbeth, in loud sonorous, menacing tones, so that an undergraduate exclaimed in his disappointment: "There's no fun in this! This is a sermon." Nor does Mr. St. John forget the mayor of New Haven who finally said: "Well, I guess I'll have to shut this thing up. There seems to be a lot of noise about it, and the wisest thing is just to cut it out."

Where the Difference Lies
Mr. St. John asks pertinently: "Why all this fuss and commotion over this particular play?" The leading character is a woman "of the underworld," to us the euphemistic phrase; but this is the case in "La Dame aux Camellias" and many other plays. "The difference is that Mr. Shaw does not treat his 'unfortunate' romantically. He shows a woman content to accept the standards of society as they are—a defiant philosopher, with an awful knowledge of human nature as Mrs. Warren sees it. This might be shocking if the character were held up as a counsel of perfection. But opposed to it is the character of Vivie, a splendid, high-minded, finely-educated girl with a notion of pure morality, that is far to seek in the romantic Mrs. Warren dramas that cause no offence. 'Are you sure you are right to tell us this, Miss Warren?' says Praed to Vivie, when she mentions her mother's life and reproaches him for not having been frank with her about it. And Vivie answers,

"I am sure that, if I had the courage, I should spend the rest of my life in telling it to everybody—in stamping and branding it into them until they felt their share in its shame and horror as I feel mine. There is nothing I despise more than the wicked convention that protects these things by forbidding a woman to mention them." From this speech of Vivie's it may perhaps be gathered what a strictly moral play "Mrs. Warren's Profession" really is. If people are shocked by it when they attend its performance on June 16, it will not be because they are the guardians of public morals, but because they have, consciously or unconsciously, entered into a conspiracy to protect immorality by forbidding it to be named, much less to be scathingly denounced, as in "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

Jolts to Cheerful Optimism

The revival of "The Playboy of the Western World" by the Abbey Theatre Company in London also aroused discussion. The times have changed since the superb drama was first acted in that city five years ago, after the stormy reception in Dublin. Mr. Yeats then wrote: "Many are beginning to recognize the right of the individual mind to see the world in its own way, to cherish the thoughts which separate men from one another and that are the creators of distinguished life, instead of those thoughts that had made one man like another, if they could, and have but succeeded in setting hysteria and insincerity in place of confidence and self-possession." The "many" have grown in number. Yet "H. M. W.," the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, quoted the lines in connection with "Mary Broome," by Allan Monkhouse.

"More than one critic condemned it for its 'want of right feeling,' and showed anger at such an irredeemable cad as Leonard Timbrell being left the unpunished 'hero' of the play. But suppose that the author—if he had a moral

as well as an aesthetic purpose in view intended his play to produce that feeling of anger. How could he have better achieved it than by letting his cad go unpunished? Had Leonard's head been punched in the last act, and had he then been indignantly cast into the street, might not the spectator have come away with his sense of propriety soothed and his moral condition all the more comfortable in consequence? Instead of which, he came away wrathful, uncomfortable, with his conscience alarmed at the phenomenon of there being such creatures in the world as Leonard Timbrell. A much healthier frame of mind. 'The Playboy of the Western World' has a similar moral effect; so, also, has Hauptmann's 'Hande.' And, such plays as these and 'Mary Broome,' by stirring the moral sense and giving our cheerful optimism a blow between the eyes, may become, as soon as they are understood, more potent than many sermons."

Dramatic Notes from London

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" reached its 400th performance at the Haymarket May 30. We may see the comedy in Boston in 1914. Our "novelties" come, but they come late.

The Cabaret Theatre Club opens this month. Its aims are as follows: "We want a place given up to gaiety, to a gaiety stimulating thought rather than crushing it. We want a gaiety that does not have to count with midnight. We want surroundings which, after the reality of daily life, reveal the reality of the unreal. We want light, and we want song." Any form of art will be welcomed, "provided it brings with it, from whatever milieu it comes, either life or beauty." On the committee of the club are Arnold Bennett, Lord Dunsany, Albert Rothenstein, Granville Bantock, Leon Darel, Spencer Gore, Austin Harrison, Neric Hopton, Arthur Macken and others known in the artistic world. The proposed program of the first night includes Pergolesi's "Serva Padrona" and "Cards," a one-act comedy by Henry Becque.

Claret's "Spanish Lovers," produced at the Little Theatre, is based on the old Spanish satirically tragic romance, "Celestina," which translated into English by James Mabbe is included in the series of Tudor translations. Although the London critics do not allude to this romance only to "a Spanish play."

There is a rage for one act plays in London, and many of them seem to be flimsy or dull affairs. Cecil Twyford's "Isolde" (Claviers Hall, May 30) is perhaps better than the average. A rich artist while his wife is at Brighton, brings into his studio at night a married woman whose portrait he is painting. A young woman comes in and says she is a thief, who will denounce him to his wife unless he signs a check for £500 and hands over some jewelry. Incidentally she draws a parallel between herself as a thief and the artist as a philanderer, and to her own advantage.

"Beryl Ainsworth," by one unknown (Claviers Hall, May 30), tells of a pair of adventurers, supposedly man and wife, at Monte Carlo. They have lost everything at the tables and the man suggests that his wife should wheedle a young and rich friend out of £2000. She refuses, for she loves the young man. The husband turns out to be a bigamist. Four one-act plays by Harold Chapin were produced at the Court Theatre. "Innocent and Annabel," an object lesson on the danger of possessing "temperament," is said to be the best. Achille Innocent has a fatal fa-

Mrs. John C. Heenan in Boston

A frequent contributor to The Herald now writes in answer to the questions raised last Sunday: Whether the Mrs. John C. Heenan, who played in Boston on April 3, 1860, was Ada (or Adah) Isaacs Menken; at what theatre did she act in "Caroline" and "The Maid of Munster." I am far from old newspaper files. No doubt a visit to the Boston Public Library would settle the questions, but the play bills for 1860 in the library give no information.

Editor of The Herald:
I did not see the performance set forth in the playbill to which you alluded last week, but I think it must have been at the old National Theatre at the corner of Portland and Traverser streets. I know that Tom Hampton was the low comedian at that house for some time. He was the Jerry Blossom in "The Three Fast Men," and some old playgoers will recall Lucille Western's saying in that piece, "Blossom, my boy, a chair for my right leg," varying the command until all her extremities found similar resting places. The actress, it may be observed, was dressed in masculine garments. Another member of the cast to which you refer I recognize as George Parks. He was a Charlestown boy, and his right name was either Osborne or Osgood. He was afterward a member of Augustin Daly's company in New York, and was noted for the faultless set of his pantaloons. As an amateur, I played for a benefit he got up for himself in Roxbury. If I mistake not he died in the Forrest Home for old actors near Philadelphia.

Mrs. John C. Heenan was undoubtedly a double-edged sword. She became doubly celebrated by her impersonation of Maseppa. She went abroad later to bewitch Charles Dickens and Alexandre Dumas. I know she was in Boston about the time referred to, and recall that the late A. Wallace Thaxter, then the dramatic critic of the Saturday Evening Gazette, informed me that she was an incessant smoker of cigarettes. In those days few women followed her example. Now it is different. The Menken published a volume of poems which were far from had in their kind, but, alas, some mouser says they were not original. Adah nevertheless was herself unique.

Way should not that name suggest Stuart Robson singing in his squeaky voice "Oh, how I love my Ada, charming little Ada" at Selwyn's Theatre? This was when I was at least four decades younger than I am now, and he was playing the rotund Capt. Crossree in F. C. Burnand's burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan." It was the concluding attraction of a bill which included Charles Reade's "Dora," with Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau in the title part. And how prettily she used to interpret Tennyson's "Brook" in this idyllic drama! The singing was not great, but it rippled along right pleasantly. Frederic Robinson, too, was good as the dogmatic Farmer Allan. It was the best thing that this mannered actor ever did in this city.

Dorchester.

I have not been able to find any record of Ada Menken playing elsewhere as Mrs. John C. Heenan. This bill is dated April 3, 1860. Heenan fought Tom Sayers at Aldershot on April 17, 1850. Some still remember the excitement before and after the battle. Is it not probable that Ada Menken, then in Boston, was advised by the manager to play under the name of her gallant husband, the Benicia Boy, that profits might accrue? Heenan was the second of her four husbands.

The story that this one or that one wrote the poems attributed to this singularly talented and brilliantly beautiful woman has often been told. Mr. G. R. Sims had much to say about it in the Referee a few years ago. No proof of any weight has been brought against her authorship. Probably 50 years from now there will be articles alleging that Emily Soldene did not write her memoirs; that Ellen Terry's reminiscences were put into book form by some friendly journalist. Ada Isaacs Menken was a romantic creature; she shone in conversation, according to the testimony of all who had the honor of knowing her; she was well versed in literature, and the best of the poems that bear her name are unmistakably original in thought and form.

And now we are told that she smoked cigarettes. Coming from New Orleans, did she roll them of clear perique, or did she prefer the cigarettes imported from Havana—what were they called? Honradcz?

Variety Theatre

Miss Annette Kellermann has been at the Oxford, London, in "Undine," and Idols Mr. Titterton, always delightful, has this to say about her. "She is, the advertisement assures us, admitted by the medical profession to be the Perfect Woman. I think that is rather cheeky of the medical profession. What the dickens! We keep them about the house to cure us of the measles, but we do not ask their opinion on the beauty of the Venus de Milo, and we are aware that though they know something about disease they know nothing at all about health. In spite of all that, Miss Kellermann is really quite a well-built young woman, and dives very neatly. I could have wished she had appeared simply as the Diving Beauty, with an inclined mirror above her pool to show her to us when she is actually in the water, without the pantomime Mr. Manuel Klein has built around her. It is very poor pantomime, and has nothing to do with Undine." And what, pray, did "Uncle Richard" say to this?

And here is Mr. Titterton's admirable note about Marie Lloyd: "When they first put me into breeches and I started to visit the Music Hall, Marie Lloyd was its lady paramount. And now when I am middle-aged and rheumatic, and they are putting me into clothebacks, she is still supreme. Nay more, she is still young! Violent persons from America froth at the mouth and hustle around to simulate the energy of adolescence, while our Marie walks calmly onto the stage and winks at us, and we know Time for a phantom. Her pretty lips pout to show her perfect teeth, her broad, good-humored face smiles and reveals its dimples, she struts and sways and twirls and curvets with grotesque dignity and audacious impudence. Faultlessly elegant in apparel, perfectly poised in carriage, unconstrained yet reticent in gesture, bubbling with fun and innocent naughtiness, surely this is the goddess of eternal youth. And nevertheless, she is a matron. She is not the silly filly that the youngling bloods adore; she is more—far more. She is splendidly grown-up and experienced. She is the one music hall singer who has succeeded in reaching the age of 21 without losing her charm. She is not versatile (genius is rarely so). There are a dozen Vesta Tilleys; there is only one Marie Lloyd. Whether she masks

herself in Parisian attire or in Sunday boater and crumpled mackintosh, it is Marie we troop Pavilionwards to see, to see her killing the theatre with her presence, full-blooded, electric and happy. The songs she is singing just now are not quite good enough for her—not as good as the Hobbie and the Flare songs; but they will pass. They go with a swing, and they give her the opportunity of being herself and of saying many wicked, audacious things. How splendidly she says them! Every little phrase, every little movement has its meaning."

The Stage

"Perceval" says that Mme. Bernhardt in Musset's "Lorenzaccio" is younger, more active and more boyish than ever. "She fell downstairs the other evening, and the stair bruised her back. Any other lady of 68 would have gone to bed for a week and made her will. Sarah was so rude to the doctor that he only docked her (really sorry!) of a matinee, let her play 'La Dame aux Camélias' by way of a rest for a couple of days, and then let her go ahead and fence and run about the stage in 'Lorenzaccio.' If she goes on like this she will be playing the name-part in 'Buster Brown' by the time Willie Clarkson has taken to bath chairs and gruel and got a new story about Queen Victoria."

"Moritur," at the Comedie Royale, is the story of two patients suffering from heart disease, who meet at Royat. "The subject is not promising, except to a French humorist, but the author manages to make us laugh, in spite of ourselves."

In Pierre Grasset's "Jeannine" (Theatre des Arts), the heroine has an intellectual love for one brother and a physical passion for the other brother. M. Grasset is "a beginner as a dramatist, but a master in psychology."

Mr. Dawbarn of Paris says of "Sumurun," which those who saw it in Berlin say Londoners did not see, and those who saw it in London say we did not see in Boston: "A ballet, a farce, a drama, a nightmare, 'Sumurun' is all these. It is wonderful; full of the color and savagery of the east. Its wings were clipped in London; here the realism is real enough to leave nothing to the imagination. And yet the artistry of it carries away offence. Fresh to the vaudeville stage, the company here lacked confidence the first night, but with a little practice the production will be as good as that in London. Paris can be curiously provincial. I am not referring to the noisy bands that turned it into a village festival, but to that strange spirit of hostility often manifested toward a foreign work of art. Thus 'Sumurun' is characterized in certain quarters as stupid and barbarous, lacking the spontaneity of the English pantomime or the charm of the Russian ballets. And yet, if London and Berlin had not pronounced in its favor, Paris would have found it good. I am speaking of the experts, of the attitude at the 'generale.' The public regard it as a marvellous evocation of the orient, with fantasy, grim humor and wonder mixed."

But Mr. Dawbarn does not care for "Le Feu de la Saint Jean," by Messrs. Fonson and Wicheler. A young Belgian dramatist wins the love of a Parisian actress. She is the older, and since she knows that the hour of separation will come, when he will treat her respectfully and with gratitude, because she has helped him in his career, she sacrifices herself. "She allies herself with an old admirer (how convenient these creatures are upon the stage!) and he marries the girl friend of boyhood days."

"La Derniere Heure," by Jean Jos Frappa, is a newspaper play. Two journalists, apparently friendly, hate each other because of a woman, and the younger kills himself, driven to it by the tactics of the elder, the husband of the woman in question. "The immediate cause of the quarrel is the editor's alteration of an article. How particularly human. M. Frappa knows the kingdom of the printing press down to the junior devil. Moreover, the play is powerfully written, with its exciting atmosphere of ink and high pressure, and would be better even if it were not for the melodramatic end. Young newspaper writers nowadays do not kill themselves for so little. Besides they have not the time."

Mr. Dawbarn, from whom I have freely quoted, because he is entertaining, looked cynically on the retirement of M. Le Bargy, once the proud husband of Mme. Simone. "The meek shall inherit the earth" has never been held to apply to actors; they seem to inherit a good deal without that quality. After 20 years at the Comedie Francaise, M. Charles Le Bargy has retired with a benefit 'gate' of 34,000 francs in his pocket. And the irony of it is that he walks over to the Porte St. Martin and gets engaged at a large figure. In the hard business world things are managed differently. The retiring member of the firm is not invited to take a benefit, amidst tears and bouquets—especially when he is going to join the rival shop.

I am really relieved at the retirement of M. Le B. The strain was too great. From the very first I said: 'Let us know the worst.' One week we were told that there was a possibility that he might withdraw his resignation. Alas! No. "Negotiations failed," was the announcement, after an agonizing period. Though

the director had spoken and the manager had spoken, and all was in vain. "Come back to us, Charles, stay with us yet awhile," sobbed the under-secretary of state for fine arts, but hard-hearted Charles refused to listen. And now he has gone, and much gold with him. Transfer the scene to a merchant's office. "What! you intend to leave us? . . . The dickens you do! . . . Well, you can leave now, if you like." No flowers, no crowns—only a month's salary."

Notes About Opera and Opera Singers

There was only a small audience at the second performance of Massenet's "Don Quichotte," at the London Opera House, and yet it is said that the opera is full of melody and contains much that is charming, while M. Lafond's impersonation of the Don is one of the finest character sketches ever seen on the operatic stage. "Lancelot" of the Referee says of it: "A further acquaintance with it deepens my esteem for the artist and admiration of the completeness and subtlety of his portrayal of the character. It is really a wonderful presentation of a mind obsessed with one idea—the power of right to overcome might; and it is rare indeed that such a perfect combination of humor and tear-compelling pathos is to be witnessed. I do not think it possible for anyone who sees this opera ever to forget the weird, gaunt figure of the Don, his sublime confidence in the righteousness of his cause, his faith in himself and in the purity of womanhood. There is no opera which presents a hero whose projects are so utterly absurd and yet who impresses you with the irresistible power of good. The embodiment also shows the tremendous influence an artist can exercise over an audience by intensity of imagination. This is specially demonstrated in the scene in the robbers' cave. It is really farcical, but such is the force of Mr. Lafond's personation of the knight that one is always impressed by the earnestness of his mission, and incidentally it forms a curious instance of an actor obliging an audience to take him seriously."

Miss Victoria Fec, taking the part of Gounod's Marguerite, stopped spinning and apparently hid her wheel behind a bush, after she had sung the first verse of the "King of Thule," and for this was censured by acute London critics because the composer "has illustrated the whirr of the wheel in the second verse of the song." "Lancelot" of the Referee says that it is one of the traditional absurdities that the old Faust sings as lustily as a young man would. Mr. Harrold did not do this. "Some day, perhaps, a tenor will have the courage to go a step further, and in defiance of traditions and the stage manager will show Faust's rejuvenance by demeanor and change of wig, and not call upon Mephistopheles to be a mediæval tailor." Would "Lancelot" really have the old man sing the fortissimo passages, as the invocation to death, in a quavering, senile voice? It will be remembered that Mr. Constantino in "Faust" refused to make any quick change in costume and left the stage as an old man.

Miss Felice Lyne introduced the "Shadow" song from "Dinorah" in the lesson scene of "The Barber of Seville" and for this was commended, "for the scene is the same style as 'The Barber.'" And so the style of Meyerbeer in this opera is that of Rossini! Here's richness! Also an unerring ear and a lively comprehension!

Ippolito Lazaro, a tenor, sang for the first time in London May 25 at the London Opera House as the Duke in "Rigoletto." He sang freely and effectively within the range of his somewhat limited vocal gift. His voice is essentially agreeable in quality, and the top notes (he went to D flat in the duet with Gilda in Act II.) have resonance."

Haydn Coffin has returned to the stage in "The Boy Scout" produced at the Birmingham Theatre Royal. Marie George has the leading female part. A scene on the Thames at Henley is made realistic by "30,000 gallons of real water," live water fowl and pigeons.

Rossina Gall of Milan and Chicago danced for the first time at Covent Garden May 25 to music by Bizet, Delibes and Fumagelli. Her technic pleased.

Amy Castles, the Australian soprano, whom Mme. Melba brought to London several years ago, has been engaged by the Vienna Opera House for five years and will make her debut there in September as Mimì. Her sister, Dolly Castles, the principal boy of Drury Lane, the season before last, will appear in a musical comedy in New York next August.

Miss Destinn again excited the liveliest admiration as a singer at Covent Garden as Floria Tosca May 31. Mr. Marcoux took the part of Scarpia. The Pall Mall Gazette justly remarked: "It would greatly improve the force of the second act of 'Tosca' if the aria 'Vissi d'arte' were sung immediately after Cavaradossi's exit; in its present place it grievously hinders the action; nothing could be weaker at so critical a moment for Scarpia to have to fill in time by drinking a cup of coffee. Mr. Marcoux's impersonation was enthusiastically praised."

The Pall Mall Gazette said of "The Jewels of the Madonna," produced at Covent Garden May 30: "It is a story of cleverly contrived situation and incident rather than one of important character development, but with the serious

drawback that the title is meant in the whole thing, the robes of the jewels is not seen. There is great difficulty in taking Gennaro's action seriously. . . . The characters are very tiresome and uninteresting people, and the so-called realism is so unrelieved by romance that, the divine art of music should have been called in to take part in their misdoings becomes as regrettable as it seems to be unnecessary. Wolf-Ferrari's musical ability is not to be dismissed lightly, all the same. He is at his best in the ensembles, which are handled in the liveliest and most effective style. . . . There is a good deal of suave and quite pleasing melody and harmony, which, for the most part, moves into the expected places. There is an undoubted sense for theatrical effect, but, dramatically, the music occasionally suffers from its lack of warm feeling; it is too much on the surface, too mild and polished for the expression of the passions of those primitive characters. On the other hand, the clarity of the writing is refreshing, and so is the impressions of its neatness and generally discriminating use of the noisily emphatic method rather in vogue today."

Concert Doings in London

Leopold Stokowski, late leader of the Cincinnati orchestra, conducted an orchestral concert for the first time in London last month. He was said to have a marked command over the London Symphony Orchestra, and it is expected without exaggeration, in the direction of extravagance of gesture. His interpretation of Brahms's 6 minor symphony and the "Mastersinger" overture was "masterly, but not great, the reason seeming to lie in the effects being obtained by calculation rather than being the result of emotional impulse. Power of climax may so easily go for less than it should if there is just something wanting in the moment chosen for the small, but important, details of rubato or the placing of emphasis or the feeling of the phrasing."

Arthur Nikisch conducted the closing concert (May 23) of the Philharmonic Society's 100th season. The program included the Ninth Symphony, the "Leonora" overture No. 3, Elgar's "Dirge" in memory of the King of Denmark and Beethoven's violin concerto played by Mr. Zimbalist. The interpretation of the symphony was on a very romantic plane. "Rather too much changing of the tempo lent a disturbing element to the rhythmical flow of the first movement, and in the last one found something to cavil at in the treatment of the famous recitatives for the basses—it was overdone. The truth is there is so much natural expression in the Beethoven phraseology that it almost only needs just playing correctly to speak for itself; had the four soloists attempted less their share in the performance would surely have gone better."

The Pall Mall Gazette liked a violin sonata by Georges Enesco played May 20. His music has "great character, fancy and charm. It suggests the right kind of 'modernity,' the employment of more recent experiments in harmony as a means of widening the resources of the composer rather than merely creating 'atmosphere,' of which one so quickly tires. The truth is M. Enesco has really got something to say, and this means that any formula he may employ is vivified and made a convincing thing."

They have been giving concerts "amid twilight surroundings" at the Court Theatre. The singing of Mme. Jeanne Rarney (Mme. Andre Beaunier) was more interesting intellectually than emotionally. "She shows a perfect grasp of the mental and moral contrast of everything she sings, but the quality of her voice is a little hard, and there seemed a want of the indefinable thing called 'temperament.'"

Culture in the Gallery

One more dialogue from the Pall Mall Gazette.

This was heard in the Paradise of the London

Opera House:

Bill—Wot's the opera tonight, Dick?

Dick—Avn't yer looked at the posters?

Bill—No, I never looks at 'em. I just comes every night.

Dick—Well, it's "Rigoletto."

Bill—Ow, lor! Weel, never mind. That Donna e Mobile's a bit of all right, an',

as for the quartet, well, you simply can't beat it.

Dick—Can't beat it? Rot! The ole opera's all old-fashioned tosh, an' the only reason I'm 'ere is that little Felicia Lyne. She's got the bel canto, my boy, an' don't you forget it. Mark me, the bel canto ain't Art, an' don't send yer 'a'soarin' to the 'ighest 'ights; but some'ow or other it kinder makes yer 'appy an' sad, all at once; an' as the notes come pourin' out o' that little slip of a thing's mouth, howed if the tears don't come arollin' dahn my cheeks like a bloomin' Niagara.

Bill—Same 'ere! I've told Emmer so

—you know—the wife. But it's no good.

The sex 'av no culchur. Shall I ever forget the night I brought Emmer to

was "orrible" at the time. I took it as a mere thing to say, but it was not. It was a disappointment where the ideal steps in.

Dick—Was "Tristan" her first opera?

Dick—Yus.

Dick—Ah, that's where you made the mistake, sonny. You should 'av started 'er on somethin' easy. "Maritawna" or "The Bo. Girl," an' gradually worked 'er up. Wy, even I didn't take in "Tristan" properly till I'd seen it nine times, an' I reckon as there ain't many chaps in London as can grasp the spirit of Wagner better than wot I can.

Dick—I'd as soon tyke a wife o' mine to Rosherville as I would to "The Bo. Girl." I leaves all that to the middle class, just as I leaves modern Italian opera to the syndicate an' the upper ten. Art don't exist for them. They're aht for sleep after dinner. We're aht for music after tea. That's the difference, matey.

Dick—Sure! Mayfair an' the Subbubs—they're the blights on English Art. An' wy? 'Cos, as my pal, 'Emery Straker, sez, they ain't alive! Moribund Mayfair an' cataleptic Clapham. That's abaht the size of it, an' don't you forget it.

Bill—The Provinces is worse. I was readin' somewhere, the other day, that, when the tourin' opera companies gets to the Provinces they 'av to let the curtain drop at five to eleven, or the audience 'ud walk aht!

Dick—Wot! Not because the pubs closes at eleven?

Bill—Abso-lutely. Don't matter wot the op'r is—"Don Giovanni," "Melisande," "Carmen"—it's all the syme. That curtain's got to drop at five-to, or out march the pytrons!

Dick—Ha! An' we calls ourselves an artistic people! Why, if they wos to cut a bar aht ov' the score dahn Mile End, for the sake of a bar ahtside, the audience would 'owl the 'ouse dahn!

Bill—Sh! There's the owerture beginnin'! Mum's the word nah, sonny. (And mum is the word.)

Clipped The best-dressed judge ever seen on the bench," says the "Referee" critic of Mr Charles Wyndham, in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." And that suggests the injustice to the tailor, who has been scandalously neglected on the program. Where did Sir Charles buy those clothes? On theatre programs we find the names of the tradesmen who supply the frocks of the ladies, the furniture of the stage, the "floral decorations," and even the names—sometimes—of the author, producer and provider of the music and lyrics and scenery. But never the name of the tailor who designs those supermannish coats and trousers. At least let us know where Sir Charles bought the ideal clothes for a man of middle age. —Daily Chronicle (London).

There are two Rosenthals, both pianists; there are, or were, a score of Strauss's, even more of Richters. But for sheer complexity of nomenclature commend me to Leopold Stokowski. Of him there seem to be no less than three, all bearing the same Christian and surnames. One of them appeared as conductor in Queen's Hall last week. He hails from Cincinnati, where he has established a fair fame. I am told that another was at one time organist of a church in Piccadilly, where he went after having studied at the Royal College of Music under Dr. Walford Davies. Yet another, according to the contemporary papers, made his first appearance as conductor in May, 1903, at Queen's Hall, at a concert given by Mr. Francis Macmillen, the violinist. (Incidentally, it is interesting to note that at this concert, if I am not very much mistaken, was produced Ivanow's "Caucasian Sketches," a work which Safonoff directed in London last January, when it was again labelled "first performance"! Really, it is all very perplexing. In such cases as these it is clear that there may be very much in a name.—Daily Telegraph, London.

Can any one tell me what precisely is meant by the "Orb of Life"? I saw the expression in a newspaper a short time ago when it was used in connection with a concert notice, to the effect that the Orb of Life prevented people from attending concerts. Does any one know in what opera occurs the "Lemon" scene? I read that Miss Lyne was to sing the Shadow song from "Dinorah" in the Lemon scene! Again, is this a part of the new legislation that "conductors may not sing with their choirs"? From two accounts of two of the greatest dancers in history it seems that the world has been laboring under a delusion. Thus a London paper stated a day or two ago that "another cause of disappointment is the rare appearance of the remarkable dancer, Nijinsky. . . . She appears, however, as a blue god in the ballet of that name." In the case of Mme. Pavlova matters are even worse. When the famous Russian was at Richmond some time ago a lady drove up to the theatre to purchase seats for the performance. Having obtained them, she asked more or less surreptitiously of the box office attendant: "Do tell me, please, what is this Pavlova and what does he do?" Is there not something a little subtle in the announcement of a "coach" for musical examinations who

been published in England since Harman's "Caveat for Common Cantors," vulgarly called Vagabones, newly augmented and enlarged" which contained a canting dictionary.

In 1859 one George W. Matsell of New York, special justice, chief of police, and one of the proprietors of the National Police Gazette, published the "Vocabulum; or the Roguo's Lexicon, compiled from the most authentic sources." It is a little book of 130 pages, full of curious and entertaining matter. There is the dictionary proper, or improper, of 97 pages. There follows a "Scene in a London Flash-Panny" (a house resorted to by rogues of both sexes), letters and conversations in rogues' cant; a dictionary of words "frequently used by gamblers among themselves, sometimes in general conversation, and sometimes while at play"; a list of technical words and phrases used by billiard players; one of brokers' technicalities; a list of technical words and phrases in general use by pugilists; and other entertaining and instructive matter, including a poem in three stanzas entitled "A Hundred Stretches Hence," written in the manner of Villon.

Oh! where will be the culls of the bing
A hundred stretches hence?
The bene mortis, who sweetly sing,
A hundred stretches hence?
The autum-cacklers, autum-coves,
The jolly blade who wildly roves;
And where the buffer, bruiser, blowen,
And all the cops and beaks so knowin'
A hundred stretches hence?

Let us interpret. Stretch, one year; cull, a man and sometimes a partner; bing is possibly allied to bingo, liquor; bene, good; mort, a woman, generally a loose one; autum, church, and so an autum-cackler is a married woman, as autum-cove is a married man; buffer is about the same as bruiser, though a bruiser is a fighter, and not necessarily a pugilist; blowen, mistress of a thief.

Oh! where the swag, so bleakly plinched,
A hundred stretches hence?
The thimbles, slang and dangles
fetched,
A hundred stretches hence?
The chips, the fawnies, chatty-feeders,
The bugs, the bouns, and well-filled
readers;
And where the fence and snoozing ken,
With all the prigs and lushing men,
A hundred stretches hence?
Swag, plunder; bleakly, handsomely; thimble, watch; slang, watch chain; dangles, bunch of seals; chips, money; fawnies, finger ring; chatty-feeder, spoon; bug, breastpin; boun, purse; reader, pocketbook; snoozing-ken, bawdy house; prig, thief.

Played out their lay, it will be said
A hundred stretches since!
With shovels they were put to bed
A hundred stretches since?
Some rubbed to whit had napped a
winder,
And some were 'scragged and took a
blinder,
Planted the swag, and lost to sight,
We'll bid them, one and all, good night,
A hundred stretches hence?

Played out their lay, their particular kind of rascality is at an end; rubbed to whit, run into prison; napped a winder, sentenced for life; 'scragged, hanged; planted the swag, hid the plunder.

Of the cant words in this poem published by Matsell, the following are in Harman's book of 1680. I do not change the original spelling: autum, church; beck, a constable; bene, good; cove, a person; ken, a house; mort, a harlot; prigger, horse stealer.

And how many words in the poem now live in Mr. Sullivan's dictionary? "Slang," "watch chain," is there, as in the song once popular in vaudeville shows, "Since Terry First Joined the Gang." The afflicted father, mourning the waywardness of his boy, exclaimed:

He wears a gold watch and chain,
And he calls it a super and a slang.
"Thimble" remains, but all or nearly all of the less familiar words are out of date.

"Criminal Cant" would have been the more appropriate title of Mr. Sullivan's dictionary, for cant is properly restricted in usage to certain classes of the community: thieves, vagrom men—and their associates, as Mr. J. S. Farmer euphemistically puts it. Cant is frequently more enduring than slang, which is ever shifting. We know the limits of cant and these and its place in philology are defined. Slang generally defies precise definition; it is universal; it

contains the element of respectability; it often makes its way into genteel speech and is admitted into literature. Mr. Farmer in the preface to his collection of cant-verse—not a book for the squeamish—remarks that the use of cant continues without variation of meaning for many generations, while slang "present in force today, is either forgotten tomorrow or has shaded off into some new meaning"—a creation of chance and circumstance.

In other words, to quote from the preface to John Camden Hotten's "Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words": Cant, apart from religious hypocrisy, "refers to the old secret language, by allegory—or distinct terms, of gypsies, thieves, tramps and beggars. Slang represents that evanescent, vulgar language, ever changing with fashion and taste, which has principally come into vogue during the last 70 or 80 years"—this was written in 1859—"spoken by persons in every grade of life, rich and poor, honest and dishonest. . . . Cant was formed for purposes of secrecy. Slang is indulged in from a desire to appear familiar with life, gayety, town humor, and with the transient nicknames and street jokes of the day."

Compare with this the remark of Victor Hugo about the "argot" of criminals: "It is wholly a language within a language, a sort of morbid excrescence, an unwholesome grafting that has produced a parasitic vegetation with its roots in the old Gallic trunk, while its sinister leafage creeps over a side of the language." Words in good repute are inoculated with the virus of the deceitful and vicious spirit of the canting criminal.

Yet certain canting words suffer a change in time. Compare definitions given by Matsell and Mr. Sullivan. Let us at the same time cite words that are found with unchanged meaning in both dictionaries.

Mole buzzer: a thief that devotes himself to picking the pockets of women, or stealing from them.

Swell mob: well dressed thieves with good address, who appear like honest gentlemen, or as Mr. Sullivan puts it, with good financial backing and able to hire the best legal talent. Promoters of certain trusts might well be included.

Bit: sentenced; now a term in prison.

Bug: in Matsell's always a breastpin; in Mr. Sullivan's, a trollope.

Buck: a hack driver, or bail; now, a priest or a dollar.

Booby hatch: station house; now city jail.

Barker: one who patrols the streets for customers in front of his employer's shop; now auctioneer as well.

Bouncer: in Matsell's a fellow that robs while bargaining with the storekeeper; now a keeper of order in a low resort.

Benjamin: a coat; an overcoat.

Bull: in Matsell's a locomotive; now a policeman.

Casa: a house—but this is very old and comes directly from the Italian. In cant, this house may be respectable or otherwise.

Crocus: a doctor. Matsell spells it crokus.

Capper, a confederate in cheating; Mr. Sullivan adds "a flatterer."

Chivey, to scold. Mr. Sullivan gives chivy, a face.

Doss, a bed or sleep, and doss house, lodging house are old.

And so is dip, a pickpocket.

Daisy-roots, boots and shoes. Now daisies.

Finiff: \$5 in Matsell; Finif in Mr. Sullivan's book, five years.

Flash: Matsell defines "knowing"; Mr. Sullivan, "gaudy."

Flicker: Matsell, to drink; Mr. Sullivan knows the noun, a faint, and also the verb, to faint.

Gaff: a theatre, a fair, a penny playhouse, is now mental or physical punishment.

Gun, once a pickpocket, is now a clever thief.

Guy: a dark lantern (from Guy Fawkes?); now means too familiar.

Gabbey: a foolish fellow. Gabby, a

gossip or tale-bearer.

Jug: in Matsell's time a bank; now also a lockup.

Kip: a bed, also half a fowl; now a lodging house.

Leather was and is a pocketbook.

Peter: in Matsell's time a portmanteau, trunk, iron chest, cash box; now a safe blower.

Push: then and now a crowd.

Reefing a leather: still means raising

the lining of a pocket or drawing up the pocket until the purse is within reach.

Shakedown: Matsell defines it as a paucal-thief or badger's crib; now "the process of paying for protection against the will."

Stall is still the same: a thief's accomplice.

And togs still means clothes.

Tricks: anything stolen from a person at one time by pickpockets; now a trick is a theft.

Queer is still counterfeit money, and wire is still a pickpocket. But "wood" in Matsell's time meant "in a quandary," and now means a policeman's billy.

Going back to Harman's list (1566) we find these canting words that are still familiar, though the spelling may not always be the same:

Abraham men—in the phrase "shamming Abram," (feigning madness).

Beck, constable; bowse, drink; bowsing-ken, an alehouse; cranke, cranky, foolish; doxes, harlots; drawers, hosen; dudes or duds, clothes; fylche, to rob; lap, a beverage, as milk or whey; lubbares, country bumpkins; lycke, to beat; mortes, harlots; prat, a posterior; prigger, a horse thief; quier, bad, as in bad money; Rome (Rum), good; stow you (stow it), hold your peace; strom-mell, straw; the high pad, the highway; to cutte it, be quiet.

Those interested in English cant should read Thomas Dekker's "Bel-Man of London," with "Lanthorne and Candle-Light." They abound in curious descriptions of rogues and their language, although as a compier of rogues' cant Dekker lifted shamelessly from Harman. These books, printed in 1608, are easily and cheaply obtained today, being published with Dekker's "Grills-Horn-booke," by J. M. Dent & Co. as a volume of the Temple Classics.

The other leading English slang dictionaries, and there are many, are Capt. Francis Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," Hotten's dictionary already quoted; the dictionary of which Charles G. Leland was an editor; and, above all, "Slang and Its Analogues," in seven volumes, edited by W. E. Henley and J. S. Farmer, a monumental work, rich in quotations, including obscene words and phrases.

William E. Henley died, alas, before he wrote two essays that were eagerly anticipated: one for the edition of the Holy Bible in the series of Tudor translations; the other, to serve as a preface to "Slang and Its Analogues." The short "Note on Slang" that Henley contributed to the Pall Mall Magazine of January, 1903, shows what the world might have had; a worthy companion of his prefaces to editions of Fielding, Smollet, Burns and Hazlitt. Mark this extract from the "Note" in question:

"And when the time came, and I ascended into the enjoyment of my part in the common inheritance, and there were laid open to me all the potent, various, far-flaming, high-gyring ambitions of our incomparable speech, I found to my great grief at first (for in my innocence I thought myself eternally damned to vulgarity), but afterward to my lasting joy, that Milton had not spoiled me for Jon Bee and that poor creature, Pierce Egan, and that I relished Herrick none the worse for a certain intimacy with Tom Hudson and Tom Brown. Came the advent of Shakespeare, and the discovery that this Titan, whose English made you drunk as you read, had not disdained to march through

Cockney with the gamsters and slip strings, the ramps and ruffians, the roasters and snudges and way-halters (so to speak) of the language which he handled with so heartening a zest and so wonder-working and astonishing a mastery; but on the contrary was (as I suspected then; as I know now) a curious and exquisite adept in those very parts of speech which the Middle-Victorian man of letters did most carefully eschew. And with it I grew reconciled to my lot, and was no longer ashamed of my vocabulary."

Furthermore, Henley had already written delightful poems in old French forms and in the language of cant and slang, and to him we owe a marvelous translation of Villon's "Ballade de bonne Doctrine, a Ceux de mauvaise Vie." Here is the first verse of "Villon's Straight Tip to all Cross-Coves":

Suppose you screeve, or go cheap-jack?
Or fake the broads? or fig a nag?
Or thimble rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? or nose the lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the multy swag?
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

There are two more verses and then the moral:

It's up the spout and Charley-Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not.
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

(Cross-coves—thieves. Screeve—provide or work with begging letters. Fake the broads—stack the cards. Fig a nag—play the coper with an old horse and a fig of ginger. Knap a yack—steal a watch. Pitch a snide—pass a false coin. Smash a rag—change a false note. Duff—sell sham smugglings. Nose and lag—collect evidence for the police. Get the straight—get the office and back a winner. Multy (expletive)—"bloody." The blowens—women. Up the spout and Charley-Wag—expressions of dispersal. Wipes is handkerchiefs. Tick-ers—watches. Squeezer—halter. Scrag—neck).

Mr. Andrew Lang translated the refrain: "'Tis all to taverns and to lasses," and this led Henley to remark in the "Note" above quoted: "Villon wrote in plain French, and if I 'transmogrified' him as I did, it was that I was tired—so dreadfully tired!—of the Wardour street English in which his fervents insisted on presenting him to an alien and unsympathetic public. The man was a ruffian, a kind of lettered hooligan, and should he come to life again and 'dine out,' as of course he would, like the Boer generals, the best pleased of his hosts would be that one who best looked after his spoons. But, thief or not, the man was an artist, and I believe that my 'Booze and the blowens cop the lot,' as a sportsmanlike equivalent to 'Tout aux tavernes et aux filles,' would please him vastly better than the 'Tis all to taverns and to lasses'—(why does one feel all Roedean and all Girton in the line?)—of another admirer, indeed, than most of the Postlethwayte-with-a-jemmy men, who tried, in a burst of Wardour street sentiment, to show the wretch to English readers exactly as he was not."

In the "Musa Pedestris," the volume of flash, cant and slang songs compiled by Mr. J. S. Farmer, we find specimens as early as the beginning of the 17th century. It is a strange collection with grisly pages, from "The Maunder's Praise of His Strowling Mort" to Mr. Chevalier's "Old Kent Road." There are verses by Ainsworth, Reynolds, Egan, Sims, not to mention earlier ones, some horrible in their coarseness, as James Bruton's "My Mugging Maid." "Bon Gaultier" is represented with his "Nuttty Blown."

She wore a rouge like roses, the night when first we met,
Her lovely mug was smiling o'er mugs of heavy wet.

Nor is "The Chickaleary Cove" (1864), sung by the Great Vance forgotten.

Nor is Dr. Maginn's version of the once famous song quoted or written by E. F. Vidocq, once a thief and afterward a famous thief catcher, omitted:

As from ken to ken I was going
Doing a bit on the priggling lay;
Who should I meet but a jolly blown,
Tol, lol, lol lol, tollerol, ay;
Who should I meet but a jolly blown,
Who was fly to the time o' day.

This song, a masterpiece of translation, was first published in Black-

wood's in 1829, but Vidocq himself gave two versions of "La Marcan-diere." The one begins:

J'ai roulé de vergne en vergne
Pour apprendre a goupiner.
The other begins:
En roulant de vergne en vergne,
Pour apprendre a goupiner.

The former is in "Les Voieurs, Physiologie de leurs Moeurs et de leur langage" (2nd Ed., Paris, 1837); the other, which Maginn translated, is in Vidocq's "Memoirs."

Columns might be written about French cant and slang. M. Yve-Ples-sis, in his "Bibliographie de l'argot" (1901), gives a list of 363 French works that deal with cant and slang, and since 1901 several voluminous dictionaries have appeared in French, among them the cynical volume edited by Aristide Bruant: "French Argot." The second volume, "Argot: French," has not yet appeared.

We find this sinister speech in Victor Hugo's "Le dernier jour d'un condamné" (1829), and in the section of "Les Misérables," entitled "L'Idylle de la rue Plumet," four chapters are devoted to argot. It is said that there was no slang in French literature before the 15th century, and it first received attention about 1550.

M. Adrien Timmermans contributed an interesting article, "L'Esprit de l'Argot," to the *Mercure de France* of December, 1903.

Did cant come from the gypsies? There are English writers who insist

that beggars and thieves were indebted to his race that landed in England early in the reign of Henry VIII. and it is believed that the gypsies then spoke Hindoo. We owe these words, they say, to the gypsies: bamboozle, bosh, cheese (that's the cheese), daddy, gibberish, jockey, mammy, mort, mull, pal, rig, ruin (good), slang, jabber; but learned etymologists might dispute this and smile at statements made by Borrow and Leland. Is it not more reasonable to think that cant and slang have been co-existent with the more respectable language in many countries? Was slang unknown to Aristophanes, or Plautus? We know that Apuleius did not disdain these "footpads and loafers" of speech, to use the phrase of Mr. Whibley. Spanish rascals have their Germania, or Robbers' language; in Germany there is Rothwalsch; Neapolitan beggars and brigands have their Gergo.

Nor should it be forgotten that Martin Luther edited "the Book of Vagabonds and Beggars" ("Liber Vagatorum: der Bettle-Orden") with a vocabulary of their language, and contributed a preface. The first edition appears to have been printed at Augsburg as early as 1514; and in 1528 there was an edition published at Wittenberg with the preface by Luther, who declared that the cant language of beggars comes from the Hebrews. There is an English translation of this queer book, which contains a Canting Dictionary.

June 17, 1912

It is said that M. Edmond Rostand objects to any opera founded on his "Cyrano de Bergerac," and will attempt to prevent the performance of the operatic work of Messrs Henderson and Damrosch at the Metropolitan in New York. Meanwhile Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross of Chicago, who claims that M. Rostand stole his drama from "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," is strangely silent. He has already written two books showing the amazing wickedness of the Frenchman; here is the opportunity for a third.

M. Rostand is not the first dramatist to protest against an operatic adaptation. Victor Hugo for many years kept "Rigoletto" out of Paris. M. Maeterlinck stormed against the production of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande" at the Opera Comique, especially after the manager chose Miss Mary Garden as the impersonator of the heroine instead of Mme. Georgette Leblanc, the well-beloved spouse of the dramatist. The late Catulle Mendès raged when "Pagliacci" came to Paris, saying that Leoncavallo had stolen the libretto from his tragiparade "Tabarin's Wife"; but the story had been used long before, and we have seen a version of it, entitled "Yorick's Love," in this country.

Another American Opera.

It has been the fashion for some years for librettists to seek material in novels or plays. "La Bohème," "Madama Butterfly," "Tosca," "Tess," "Fedora," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Clarissa Har-

low," "The Girl of the Golden West," are only a few of modern instances. M. Damrosch's first opera, produced by the way, at the Boston Theatre, was founded on "The Scarlet Letter." It was a thick, muddy work fashioned reverentially after the Wagnerian model, and it was sung in English by singers whose speech was unintelligible. Let us hope that "Cyrano de Bergerac" will fare better, provided M. Rostand allows the production. Mr. Henderson, the son of theatre managers, brought up in the theatre, is well known as a singularly intelligent and acute critic with a biting wit. He is a versatile newspaper man. He can write a vividly descriptive "story." He is an expert reporter of nautical events. He has written books of abiding worth. Furthermore, he has written poetry of no mean order. As a critic, having for many years pointed out to the readers of the New York Times, and afterward the New York Sun, the failings of librettos, he has undoubtedly constructed a text that will be critic-proof. Mr. Damrosch has learned much since he wrote the music of "The Scarlet Letter." He has heard much music—conducted by himself and others. He no longer thinks that Wagner is the only operatic composer worthy of consideration. He has even said pleasant things about certain ultra-modern French composers, for he saw they were coming into fashion. Will he adhere to the system of typical themes in this new work? Will there be an impressive "Nose-motive"? At any rate, "Cyrano de Bergerac" cannot possibly be duller than "The Scarlet Letter."

Tough and Bitter.

As the World Wags:

In the list of birds and beasts offered for food at a game supper at Taft's Hotel, West Roxbury, in 1853—the list published in *The Herald* of June 10—I note Canadian spruce partridges. If the people who sat down to that meal ate the partridges, they certainly were game men. I was dumped out of a rabbit-scow once on the Albany river in company with a Hudson's Bay auditor and six squaws. The only food saved was 10 or 12 pounds of flour, which was wet and which soured, and about two pounds of bacon. We drilled seven days through the woods to the nearest post and the only addition to the grub pile was one porcupine and two spruce partridges. Even under the spur of hunger my stomach refused the birds. The spruce partridge lives on spruce and

hemlock buds and his flesh is tough as leather and bitter as gall. I'd sooner eat whiskey jack.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

P. S.—Just heard from Joe Bush again. Guatemala this time. Joe had just paid \$60 in depreciated currency for a hat. Probably Mr. Knox's famous brand of dollar diplomacy hasn't begun to work yet.

Boston, June 12, 1912.

The Good Old Times.

Alfred Bunn, Esq., sitting at Taft's table in 1853, said nothing about the quality of the Canadian spruce partridge, but in the final chapter of "Old England and New England" he praised American beef, which was then sold in New York and Boston at 13 cents a pound. "We unhesitatingly say that one of the finest joints of beef ever thrown in the path of a consuming appetite was placed before ours at Washington, and its price was 9 cents per lb. as the obliging hostess stated, in reply to an inquiry we, with many apologies, ventured to make." Mr. Bunn declared that there was no mutton "in the States fit so to be called." Pork did not suit the English taste. It sold at 12 and 14 cents, and New Jersey and Cincinnati hams at from 14 to 15 cents a pound. "Their sausages are filthy. We never tasted a good piece of veal in any place we visited that would bear a moment's comparison with that of England; but then, its price, per pound, is at least one-third less." He praised enthusiastically our shad and oysters. The butter, even at 20 or 25 cents a pound, was rank; the poultry was good; some of the game was excellent, thus canvas back ducks "defy comparison," but the venison was coarser than in England. The fruits, grown in orchards, did not have "that refined taste which better cultivation would give, and their vegetables, raised in fields oftener than in gardens, are by no means so delicately flavored as ours." Oh Mr. Bunn! Are there any more tasteless vegetables than in England? And how badly they are cooked! But perhaps he was fond of vegetable marrow.

Chowder in 1853.

"There is an American soup called chowder," says Mr. Bunn "a title bestowed upon many things of first rate quality," which will bear comparison with some of the best efforts of Ude, Soyer, Francatelli and others." He then gives Commodore Stevens's recipe: Four tablespoons of onions fried with pork, 1 quart of boiled potatoes well mashed, 2 pilot biscuits broken, 1 tablespoonful of thyme and summer savory mixed, ¼ of a bottle of mushroom catchup, ½ bottle of port wine, ½ a nutmeg grated, a few cloves, mace and allspice, 6 pounds of fish (cod or sea bass) cut in slices. The whole put in a pot, with water enough to cover it about an inch; to be boiled for an hour, and carefully stirred. N. B.—To be washed down by iced punch.

Mr. George W. Jones was the
Herald from Salem a report of
boy blinded published in the
column "If you would like to see a
particularly lord 'lawyers' I like to
be you to an article by Mark Twain
'English as Sue's Talent' - the Cen-
tury Magazine for April 1885.

At Sidney Low of London has written a long and serious essay entitled "Ought the Working Man to Dress for Dinner?" Mr. Low begins by saying, "We should not be so harsh person, or at least he should not be called by that name. 'It is cruel to be an insult to those who are still entitled to the definition, and a still greater insult to those who are excluded.' Why is the man who mends wooden chairs a working-man, while the person who mends broken bones is not?" The carpenter is a gentleman who works in wood with tools, and the Royal Academician is a working man with paint brush and pigments. Nor does the definition that a working man works with his hands and is thus distinguished from the person that works with his brains a sound one; for all work is done by the brain and the hands. "It needs a brain and, of its kind, a pretty good brain to shovel ballast into a tramp steamer." The mental worker has to express himself by the use of muscles. "Even the brain of a politician, who is, perhaps, of all people the one least entitled to be called a working man in any sense, cannot express itself without the employment of the muscular apparatus connected with the use of the jaws and the vocal cords."

Yet Mr. Low is obliged to admit the existence in England of the unskilled laborer who approximates to the stage of the brute creation more closely than is desirable. The unskilled one is a lamentable anachronism that should disappear. He should be elevated into the ranks of the skilled. "Machinery has superseded slavery." This statement might easily be disputed. Mr. Low. Machinery in factories often brings in slavery, and particularly the slavery of women and children. But let us grant Mr. Low's proposition. He argues that all the disagreeable and inconvenient accidents of work could be removed by better management. "We choose to go into sentimental rhapsodies about the horny hand of the honest artisan, as if there was anything particularly admirable in growing callosities upon the thumb or palm. We might as well praise the ink-stained wristband of the literary gentleman." Mr. Low looks forward to the time when an artisan will have his hands manicured once a week, and an engine driver will put on a pair of gloves before he takes up his oil can. "We have no more right to rejoice over the blackened hand of the artisan than we should have to boast of the broken nails of the wicket-keeper, or the weather-beaten neck of the lady who follows the hounds."

It follows, according to Mr. Low's argument, that if the workman should don a dress suit for dinner he would be fussy about his hands. This would involve the invention and adoption of machinery for doing the dirty work. "When I see a human being, with presumably an immortal soul, and possibly a vote, an elaborate and highly specialized product of a million years of evolution and 20 centuries of English history, a human being who has been to school and seen pictures by the Old Masters, and has read novels and newspapers—when I see such a creature shovelling mud 'into a part, I feel myself in the presence of a profound piece of stupid waste." The time will come provided this laborer wears a swallow-tail coat at dinner—when the working man, "clad in a neat suit of serge," will control this shovelling by "manipulating certain nicely polished handles." Did not Aristotle point out that mechanical drudgery is inconsistent with the cultivation of virtue and the habits of a free citizen? The citizen dressed for dinner. The unskilled laborer was a slave, by preference a barbarian, or at least a foreigner with a negligible claim to humanity.

The working man would have to live up to his dress suit. He could not sit down with a slatternly wife and unwashed children. His wife would "dress up." There are bathtubs in the newer cottages and flats. They should not be used only for storing coal or potted plants. The unskilled laborer has neither time, nor money, nor baths; but he is an anomaly, and the sight of his superior fellows in clawhammer coats at dinner will spur him to a higher life, until he no longer will endure the anomalousness of his position. More than this, he will not regard himself as a working man. A highly competent mechanic has higher wages than the less effective professional or mercantile person; yet a little curate or "even the young gentleman who rakes up sovereigns over the banker's counter is regarded as belonging to a superior social grade." This is all wrong. His income is often smaller; he is not better educated; he does not do more work with his brains, "for it needs as much trained intelligence to understand the tricks of a

Ab, Mr. Low, a swallow tail coat and the things that go with it are not always within the reach of what is known as the higher social class. When the boulevardier Bachaumont urged Emile Bergerat, as art critic of *La Vie Moderne*, to meet the Marquise de Gallifet at the palace of the British Ambassador—poor Bachaumont was not all right in his upper story—Bergerat thanked him and answered: "There's only one black coat in the whole office. That was given by Georges Charpentier, our managing editor, and the society reporter is in constant need of it."

Mr. Low's proposal, made in good faith and pronounced admirable by the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, in which the article appeared, reminds us of a statement made by A. Bronson Alcott. We heard him make it in Cosmian Hall, Florence, Mass., about 45 years ago. A free religious society held meetings in this hall. A lively stable keeper in Northampton read Pope's "Universal Prayer" and Mr. Alcott spoke at great and fatiguing length. In the course of his remarks he said that the laboring men throughout this country would be happy and prosperous as soon as there was a complete set of Plato's Dialogues in every house.

CAPITAL BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Bringing something quite new and altogether charming to the vaudeville stage, Wish Wynne is the star attraction in a star bill this week at B. F. Keith's. For her first appearance here she has chosen a series of English character studies, full of humor and innocent of vulgarity. Each little sketch is a gem, distinct from the rest in setting, cut and sparkle.

Miss Wynne's first impression is that of an English school girl who snuffles out a tale of woe as she savagely wipes the dishes in her tenement kitchen. Other impersonations are that of a disgruntled "slavey" whose mistress flew into a rage merely because the slavey didn't wash her face, and that of a country lass. The latter is an extraordinary study of coquetry, rustiety and shyness unlike everything except real life. Miss Wynne is well named "the pet of London." She ought to head her own company.

The rest of the bill is of such uniform excellence that it is difficult to select one feature as better than any of the others. The "Old Homestead" octette, which was the original double quartette in that rural play, makes its first appearance in vaudeville. With splendid blending of tones it sings many popular selections—concluding with a cheerful ditty about "Who'm I? Why, I'm the guy that bites the holes in cheese" and "puts the noise in noodle soup" and performs many other marvels that convince the audience. Alf Grant and Ethel Hoag, "something doing all the time," have an act so delightfully crazy that their hearers grow pop-eyed and wuzzybrained in the pleasant effort of keeping up with the fun.

Another first time in Boston" is that of the six Brown brothers. They are called "versatile musical comedians" on the program—and they are all of that. They do it with their little xylophone and saxophone—manufacturing real music and real comedy at the same time. Cook and Lorenz, late principal comedians at the New York Polles Bergere, make their bow as two millionaires. Among the millionaire nothings which they utter is a little quip about a "new name for a barkeep—Phillip McCann," and the observation that, although George Washington was a notably honest man, "yet they always look up all the banks on his birthday." Cook and Lorenz also do some remarkably funny dancing and piano playing.

It is likewise the "first time here" of Chapman and Berube, the wonderful hand balancers. Their balancing is ex-

Rawson and Claire give an unusual skit entitled, "Yesterdays." It is a boy and girl sketch of especial sweetness. Manning and Ford, the dancing dandies, execute some very clever clog steps. And the "upside down" Zeraldas give surprising demonstrations of strength and agility.

June 19, 1912

G. C. L. asks: "Why is a certain steak called Chateaubriand? Did the author of 'Atala' and 'Rene' invent the dish?"

This question is often asked, and bloggers of Chateaubriand are ingloriously mute. Many understand by the dish a double steak. There are French dictionaries that give the curt definition "rump steak." A cook book that bears the name of this city contains a recipe for "Chateaubriand of beef: Trim off fat and skin from three pounds of beef cut from centre of fillet and flatten with a broad-bladed cleaver. Sprinkle with salt, brush over with olive oil and broil over a clear fire 20 minutes. Remove to serving dish, garnish with red pepper, cut in fancy shapes, and parsley." It should be served with Espagnole sauce. But this is not what some of us understand by a Chateaubriand.

Villemessant, who founded *Figaro* in Paris, has something to say about this steak in the third volume of his *Memoirs*, a man singularly well informed as to matters of the table. "The Chateaubriands have replaced the classic beefsteak and have double the thickness. Let us say, by the way, that the name of the author of 'Genie du Christianisme' has been given to this kind of steak because, when he was ambassador to England, his cook, a most remarkable person, imagined a new manner of cooking the potatoes which accompany the piece of the fillet, the thickness of which he had doubled. Who knows if the name of Chateaubriand will not be more familiar to posterity by reason of these beefsteaks than by his literary baggage?"

A book about Chateaubriand in England has just been published in Paris. Is there any reference to the steak?

Cockroaches, commonly known in England as black beetles, did not invade that country until the 16th century. They came from venerable and mysterious India.

The Italians occupying the Sparides group are masters of Kustos, renowned for sponge fishing. The custom still prevails on the island of allowing a young man to marry only after he has undergone a severe diving test. This recalls the old song, "It Is the Time for Disappearing," and a husband among these simple people should be well prepared for an emergency.

A statue in memory of the renowned bull fighter Lagartijo, whose real name was Rafael Molina, has been erected in a public place in Cordova. This torero—for the word "toreador" appears chiefly in opera and fiction—was a public idol and a favorite of King Alfonso XII. He says that Queen Ena does not enjoy bull fights and sticks discs of black paper on her opera glasses so that she sees nothing, although apparently interested. Pugilists in England may well boast that one of their profession, John Broughton of the 18th century, has his monument in the west cloister of Westminster Abbey. The body, we believe, is in Cambeth churchyard. There is a blank line on the stone left for these words: "Champion Prizefighter of England." These words were omitted at the last moment because the Dean and Chapter were "beastly particular." It should also be said that Broughton was abbot of the abbey for some years before his death, a sort of pious

A Londoner proposes the word "ollter" for describing an oll-engined vessel. "'Ollstir" would be more correct, because 'stir' means 'to put in motion,' but for the purpose in question I prefer boiling it as pronounced."

A red-headed lady was seen at high noon round about Charing Cross early this month. She wore no stockings, no hat, but a sort of Greek pepum in black with a heavy fringe, and sandals. At first she was suspected of belonging to the talented Duncan family, but the police looked, admired, and did nothing, passing her as one of the esoteric cult.

As the World Wags:
A number of things are not as they
should be in this town of ours.

The insidious "New York style" clam chowder is breaking into Boston. Anybody who is acquainted with this thin, watery, cheap imitation, this merely clam flavored Coney Island tomato soup, dipped with mock turtle, mullsgatawny, and the rest from one and the same kettle, and tasting like the rest, knows that it is dietary sacrilege to offer it on the altars which have been graced by real chowder. Chowder is not known in New York. They think it a stimulant, not a food; they always use stimulants there, food seldom. "New York style" chowder is 10 per cent. half spoiled fish and chop suey diluted with hot water and charged with cheap catsup.

Another importation to be related is the New York idea of hat checking. Why should I pay a snipe at the door for the privilege of entering a restaurant, where I may further act the booby by paying twice what it is worth for double as much as I want, cooked in a way I do not like, and served by an uncouth waiter to whom I pay higher wages than I get myself for bringing it to me and watching me eat it? "New York style" hat-checking should be drowned in a ocean of New York chowder. I lived and suffered for four years on Forty-fourth street, near Broadway, and I know.

Now these are matters relating to just plain victuals and the serving of them. Nothing Lucullian or poetic, or historic, nothing that the cognoscenti, the World Waggers, discuss in their Olympian way; nevertheless, these things should be set right.

Another thing: clerks, street railway employees on holidays, canoeists, college students and some others, should be informed that the customary and standard method of saluting a lady is not based upon the theory of making a gesture at her with a hat, like an automatic figure, worked by springs and hinges. The idea is, remove your hat, then bow to the lady, not in separate, detached processes, but with a solid continuity of action. There are other things which should be looked after, but at the moment I do not recall them. And maybe I am too fussy anyway.

W. CAMPBELL.

As the World Wags:
The three versions of
Dido dina, dit-on
Du dos d' un dodu dindon
have given me a keen, new pleasure.
You ask for the original version. The
probable source comes instantly to
mind. Have the boys forgotten all of
their Latin and their classic history?
Apropos of the great queen's dinner,
what could be better authority than
the statement of the greatest of Latin
authors? He accredits the queen with
an exceptional appetite; he makes first
use, doubtless, of phonetic spelling; he
assents to the use of a certain past
tense by us unappreciated; and all em-
bodied in the simple menu: Dido et
dux."

ELIZABETH B. SAMPSON.
Hancock Point, Me., June 14, 1912.
We asked where our correspondent
found the original French verses.--[Ed.]

June 20. 1912

We mentioned a few days ago the treatise of Leonardo da Vinci on the flight of birds, which, written in 1505, was among the papers found at his death. It went to Paris with other manuscripts by the order of Napoleon in 1796. It did not return to Milan with the Codice Atlantico, but remained at the Institut de France. It was then stolen—Leonardo has been unfortunate in Paris—taken to Italy, bought by a Russian and published, for the first time, at Paris in 1893. Thus we see the truth of the old saw: Books have their fate!

On the 24th of this month, the anniversary of the battle of Solferino, the memory of Leonardo will be honored by France and Italy together. (It would be the day of days for the restitution of the Monna Lisa.) This painter, who dreamed of the screw as a propelling force, invented a paddle wheel, devised a musical instrument, made plans for a breech-loading gun and, as it is said, was the first to demonstrate the principle of the parachute, was also, men say, the author of the first work on mechanical flight. His manuscript contained a design for imitation wings. The aviator occupied a horizontal position and worked flying strokes with arms and feet by means of ropes which passed over pulleys. The wings were like unto those of a bat; several parts flapped together when the man took an upward stroke, and spread out when he took a down stroke. There was a tail surface between the parted legs.

And Leonardo wrote: "The bird should, with the help of the wind, raise itself to a great height, and this will be its safety, because, although all the revolutions mentioned may happen, there is time for it to recover its equilibrium, provided its various parts are capable of strong resistance so that they may safely withstand the fury and impetus of the descent, being provided with the safeguards mentioned, with their ligaments of strong tanned leather, and their tendons of very strong raw silk; and no one need trouble to use iron points, because they split under the strain of a twist, or wear out, so that there is no need to trouble about making them."

Leonardo considered the subject of flight in other manuscripts, including seven of the twelve that are now in Paris. He believed that a man could manipulate wings with such speed that he could raise his own weight in air. It is not definitely known whether he ever made an attempt to fly. The Pall Mall Gazette, considering this question, quotes Cardan's "De Subtilitate." "It (flight) has turned out badly for the two who have recently made a trial of

Leonardo da Vinci, of whom I have spoken, has attempted to fly, but he was not successful. He was a great painter.

Who was the other man mentioned by Cardan? The Pall Mall Gazette does not name him, and Cardan's treatise is not a book found in the catalogue of a village library. Cardan was born in 1501, and died in 1576. Now, before he was born, an Italian made a brave attempt. His name was Giovanni Battista da Ponte, a citizen of Perugia, an excellent mathematician. His curious adventure is told in the Dictionary of the celebrated Mr. Bayle, and the irony of the original is well preserved in the old translation edited by Bernard, Birch and Lockman. Some will remember Bernard and Birch as leading members of the original San Francisco minstrels, but the two were not the same.

One Dante.

"One of his most subtle inventions was to make a pair of wings so exactly proportioned to the weight of his body that he made use of them to fly with. He made the experiment of it several times over the lake of Trasimene, and with such success that it inspired him with the boldness to divert the whole city of Perugia with the sight. The time he pitched upon was the solemnity of the marriage of Bartholomew d'Alviano with the sister of John Paul Baglioni. When the crowd of spectators was assembled in the great square, behold, our Dante at once shooting from the highest place of the city appeared all covered with feathers, and moving two large wings in the midst of the air. He directed his flight over the square, and struck the people with admiration. Unfortunately the iron with which he managed one of his wings broke, and then, not being able to balance the weight of his body, he fell on the Church of our Lady, and broke his thigh. It was set by the surgeons and he was afterwards invited to profess the mathematics at Venice. He died of sickness before he was 40 years old. There is no need to say why he was surnamed Daedalus." This Dante flourished toward the end of the 15th century.

Some, vexed by the present political disturbance, and weakly despairing of the republic, seeing as from a tower the apparition of the strong man ready to play Caesar, or his cheap imitator, Napoleon III, or the still cheaper Gen. Boulanger with his trick horse, openly say that they will move to England or Switzerland or even Canada. There are trials and tribulations in Switzerland, as in this country. The natives do not look smilingly on automobilists, and foreign owners of real estate groan under taxation. No one, native or foreigner, is allowed to cross legs in the passageway of a street car. On the other hand, there are advantages. Thus, on application at a police station you are supplied with a tag bearing your name and address, and this printed request: "If I am found in a condition which renders me incapable of going home alone, kindly conduct me to above address." Furthermore even the small towns are making careful provision for the disposal of corpses. Thus Aarau, which has about 9000 inhabitants, has spent \$30,000 in American money on a crematorium, which has been dedicated with great and public rejoicing. The building is in the Rose Garden, and is surrounded by green trees and shrubs. The imposing hall with its huge dome, its crematorium in the rear with ample space for urns, is now one of the things worth seeing in the canton. The day of the opening there was a "blow out" at the chief hotel, and afterwards there was fine example of "Gemuetliche Vereinigung," a form of amusement that begins at 9 P. M. and ends any time the next day. There is only one thing more to be added; the architect's name was Herr Froehlich, that is to say, Mr. Jolly.

June 21-1912

It was very good, whenever there is any play exhibited upon the stage in a frequent theatre, where there is assembled a great audience to hear and see some worthy matter for to pass by it, and to go thither with them, for to see either one dance excellent well, or to act a comedy; nor so much as to turn back when thou hearest some great shout and outcry, either from out of the race or the grand-cirque, where the horse-running is held for the prize. For like as Socrates gave counsel to forbear those meats which provoke men to eat when they are not hungry, and those drinks which incite folk to drink when they have no thirst; even so, we ought to avoid and beware how we either see or hear anything whatsoever, which may either draw or hold us thereto, when there is no need at all thereof.

Changed Endings.

Mr. Balfour not long ago toasted the "literature in particular which serves the great cause of cheering us all up." He, too, apparently longs for a "happy ending," but would he with his literary taste stand by consenting when a work of art is ruined by an author, novelist, dramatist, poet, deliberately consulting the good humor of the public? "Clarissa Harlowe" was issued periodically, and at the end of the sixth volume the heroine was left dying. A reader was so moved that he offered Richardson a

thousand pounds to restore her to health in the next and final volume but Samuel refused, he knew that in art Clarissa should die as she would have died in real life. Dickens spoiled one of his best novels, if not the best, by yielding to the wishes of publisher and public. We refer to "Great Expectations." He did not intend to have Estella and Pip marry. As he imagined the character of Estella, and she is more strongly and reasonably characterized than are the majority of his women not constitutionally comic, it would have been impossible for her to wed Pip. But the public demanded a happy ending, and so we read the final and sentimental sentence: "The evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her." Whereas the novel should end: "And will continue friends apart," said Estelle."

Undramatized Dramas.

An interesting article might be written on novels and plays that have had more than one ending. Mr. Kipling wrote two different endings for "The Light That Failed," and it is said there is a third. But there are more instances, perhaps, in the drama. We have seen in theatres of this city plays ruined, wholly and absurdly ruined "to suit American taste." There was Bernstein's "Israel." In the original, the Jewbalter, when he learns that his father was a Hebrew, kills himself. In the foolish "American" version, a gospel eyed young woman is lugged in by the heels to "save" the hero at the end. Bernstein's "Samson" was weakened by a change in the last act, as though the selection of Mr. Gillette to play the leading part was not sufficiently harmful. "The Lily" was made almost ridiculous by a miserable change in the ending. And so in years remote Cordelia

was not allowed to die, and there was a version of Rossini's "Othello" in Italy in which Othello and Desdemona were reconciled in the last act and Iago confessed that he had acted mischievously. Mr. William Archer has touched, but only lightly, on this point in his "Play-Making," recently published, but chiefly in relation to the carrying forward of interest from one act to another. "In plays of the type of 'The Worst Woman in London,' it appears to be an absolute canon of art that every act must have a 'happy ending'—that the curtain must always fall on the hero, or, preferably, the comic man, in an attitude of triumph, while the villain and villainesses cower before him in baffled impotence. We have perfect faith, of course, that the villain will come up smiling in the next act, and proceed with his nefarious practices; but, for the moment, virtue has it all its own way."

Poet—Pugilists.

The Herald last Sunday published extracts from poems written in cant, poems by Henley and others, including the unknown author of "A Hundred Stretches Hence." It might also have quoted a stanza from Byron's "Dun Juan."

Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
Booze in the ken, or at the Spelken bustle?
Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bowstreet's ban)
On the high-toby-spice so flash the mazzle?
Who on a lark with black-eyed sal (his blow-
ing)
So prime—so swell—so nutty—and so know-
ing?

"Blown," by the way, is the preferred spelling. And Byron wrote a foot note to these lines: "If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism." Byron, himself, was a spirited boxer with a long reach of his left arm, although his foot work was unavoidable deficient. We note that M. Maeterlinck, in spite of flamboyant advertising, did not appear in Paris as a boxer at a show for charity. Another poet that was fond of the ring was John Keats, who as a boy and a young man, was always fighting and with a surprising fierceness.

His Royal Nibs.

Not long ago a London journal complained that neither Queen Victoria nor Edward VII. had been fortunate sitting for portraits; that they had been flattered beyond recognition by timid or obsequious painters and the portraits were not creditable or authoritative as likenesses or works of art. Three new Belgian postage stamps were issued recently; one of them a red 10 centimes stamp with the face of King Albert. This is to be, or has already been, withdrawn, and for this reason: It depicts the King "with eyes of unequal dimensions, giving the impression of a squint." The question comes up: "Is King Albert pop-eyed, bug-eyed, with the suggestion of squinting?" However this may be, the stamp will excite the eagerness of collectors, and it may also be said that postage stamp portraiture is often more faithful than the work of court painters.

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Seeing another of the company taste of several dishes with the same piece of bread, "Can any cookery be more extravagant," said he, "or more adapted to spoil dishes, than that which he practises who eats of several at the same time, putting all manner of sauces into his mouth at once? For as he mixes together more ingredients than the cooks, he makes what he eats more expensive; and as he mixes what they forbear to

London Dressing.

There is important information from London concerning the orthodox London suit of this season. The ends of the trousers should be turned up permanently. While there are the usual two side pockets, little should be put into them, lest the "hang" be ruined. The trousers should be wide from the tops to the knees and taper slightly but gracefully to the ends. The opening of the waistcoat is rather deep and narrow. "Only a good tailor can cut a waistcoat in that way." True, O King, and only a good tailor can cut a waistcoat so that it does not climb arrogantly above the collars of shirt and coat. The coat is neither absurdly long nor absurdly short, and the lapels, which should roll, are of "the same happy medium kind." The coat should have an outside handkerchief pocket and only two buttons, and it should be cut away below the top button, so that if it is fastened at all it is with that button.

Now let us look knowingly at our neighbors' new suits. By the way, there are highly respectable tailors in Boston who do not now provide an extra and alternating pair of trousers. They give as an excuse that they cannot get sufficient cloth. Without this alternating pair a man is soon left with coat and waistcoat, but with trousers to get.

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Mr. William Archer's "Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship," is published in this country by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston. As was expected, the book is mighty interesting reading, as Horace Greeley used to say, but it is doubtful whether any young dramatist will be benefited thereby in mastering his trade, except by lessons of indirection. Indeed, Mr. Archer begins by saying there are no rules for writing a play. "It is easy, indeed, to lay down negative recommendations—to instruct the beginner how not to do it. But most of these 'don'ts' are rather obvious; and those which are not obvious are apt to be questionable." And then Mr. Archer excuses himself for having set forth on a fruitless and foolhardy enterprise. "Rules there are none; but it does not follow that some of the thousands who are fascinated by the art of the playwright may not profit by having their attention called, in a plain and practical way, to some of its problems and possibilities." * * * It is easy to name excellent treatises on the drama; but the aim of such books is to guide the judgment of the critic rather than the creative impulse of the playwright. There are also valuable collections of dramatic criticisms, but any practical hints that they may contain are scattered and unsystematic. On the other hand, the advice one is apt to give beginners—"Go to the theatre; study its conditions and mechanism for yourself"—is, in fact, of very doubtful value."

The Education of a Dramatist

Take, for example, the matter of construction. Mr. W. L. Courtney recently said that professional dogma on the construction of plays is so much waste paper. Genius goes its way. The constructive differences between "Electra" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" are great, as great as those between Pinero's play and one by Mr. Shaw. Yet Mr. Courtney admitted that certain laws should be followed; and in all that is great and abiding genius will be combined with "convention." Another has said that the only two qualified instructors in the business are intuition and experience. "Only these two between them and these two together can complete the education of a dramatist." Mr. Archer's book contains so much that is valuable, so much that should aid and enlighten a theatregoer, that we shall review it at length next Sunday. Meanwhile let us wonder at his objection to the word "denouement" and his desire to substitute "interact" for "entracte."

Mr. Charles Dawbarn

Mr. Dawbarn, finding the theatrical season in Paris on the wane, or in Paris, practically dead, names these successes in six months: "La Flambee," "Primerose," "Le Coeur Dispose," "L'Assaut" and "Le Petit Cafe." He thinks the success deserved. "La Flambee" has a loudly patriotic note. "Primerose" is a little bit of everything, a little humor, a good dose of tenderness and a good bishop, high society, the baying of dogs and the atmosphere of the chateau, also a pretty romance. "Le Coeur Dispose" is the triumph of a sentimental Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock is "almost superhumanly clever and devotes talents which would win him fame as a forger or philanthropist to the good of the family." He confounds the knaves and wins the heiress. "There is novelty in making the good young man a sharp man of business instead of an amiable idiot and in depicting the prospective bride as hostile to her lover until he wins her by force." Hearing "L'Assaut" is like listening to an autobiography, "which gives always a subtle pleasure to the audience." This drama was an "unexpected and poetical" Bern-

Again at Table.

Thus, for example, Mrs. Bishop was astonished at the stew of the Ainos—see her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan"—a stew of "the most abominable things—sea weed, slugs, fish, roots, putty like clay, and what not." They, on the other hand, supposed close to nature, were disgusted when they saw her "pollute" her tea with milk.

Buckland's enthusiastic defence of the rat is known to many naturalists and riders of hobby horses. Did he ever eat one? He mentions members of an Arctic expedition who escaped scurvy by eating the cook's well-seasoned rat soup. Forty years ago rat pie was a delicacy in Nottingham, and there was an inn famous for its rat suppers.

The Daily Chronicle, discussing "unconsidered trifles which some consider good to eat," mentions "bracksey" mutton and "jump short" pies. The former is eaten with relish by Cumberland shepherds. "The sheep dies on the hills, the shepherds put it in the chimney and make hams of it." Jump short pie is a dish of eastern England. A parishioner explained the name to his clergyman, the Rev. R. H. Barham, as they were eating the pie. "Well, sir, it is lamb. You see, the young lambs in the mesh try to get over the drains; a good many of 'em jump short, tumble in and get drowned. Then we hooks 'em out and puts 'em into a pie. Have another help, sir?"

Here is a story from Zurich, Switzerland, that might well be in any volume of Table Talk. A creditor wished to lay a debtor's wages under distraint, but there was nothing to distraint. It appeared that the said debtor was in the habit of spending a certain amount daily in order to go home and have a hot dinner at noon. The creditor complained. He said that the debtor should take a cold snack with him and economize his train fares. But the higher court decided that no one should be expected to be satisfied with a cold mid-day meal. "Even a debtor has a right to his hot soup."

And here is a question that might have been discussed at the Courts of Love, if tobacco had then been known. Mrs. Nikola Lazarevitch of Yagodina, Serbia, vexed her husband by stealing tobacco from his pocket and declaring that she had as much right to his pipe as to his roof. He finally put out her pipe by suffocating her. The court sentenced him to 13 years' hard labor. He is necessarily a haunted man, in or out of prison, for every time he fills his pipe he will think of her; he may even feel her fingers at work in his pocket.

Perverts in Australia.

There are extreme and violent vegetarians who insist that man was by nature

designed to eat only nuts, grain, fruits, vegetables, grasses, hay baled or from the mow. Let them consider the behavior of the kea or mountain parrot of New Zealand. We learn from a Melbourne newspaper that this bird, originally a conservative vegetarian, suddenly began to kill sheep and lambs and devour certain choice morsels. And now the owners of flocks and the government are trying to exterminate the pervert. Meanwhile Australian sheep now attack each other and eat each other, as well as rabbits. These carnivorous sheep are found in the southern district of New South Wales. A Melbourne humorist looks forward to the evolution of a "wild, man-eating merino" that will attract the attention of big-game hunters, among them Col. T. Roosevelt, unless he be otherwise engaged.

Nasal Greetings.

The Milwaukee Physicians' Association, preparing a bill to stop the practice of kissing, which is "a blot on civilization," also "a menace to health and decency," should consult the wisdom of the ancients. Xenophon represents Socrates as saying: "This pleasure is not like others, which either lessen or vanish in the enjoyment; on the contrary it gathers strength the more it is repeated; and flattering our souls with sweet and favorable hopes, bewitches our minds with a thousand beautiful images."

These physicians offer as a substitute the rubbing of noses or foreheads. The rubbing of noses seems to us far more indecent, and it is doubtful whether the practice would be more healthful than the one condemned. There are men whose Bardolphian nose would frighten any woman from an amorous or even friendly demonstration, and there are women whose red or catarrhal nose is a sad trial to them. Furthermore there are noses otherwise irreproachable that would not lend themselves gracefully to this form of salutation as the nose of the prince's daughter in "Solomon's Song," a nose "as the tower of Lebanon which looked toward Damascus."

These remarks are not new, says Mr. Dawson, "but they are still true. There is still room for the good play and none for the bad. It must be a play of wide appeal, not enclosing the atmosphere of the Boulevard, which is scarcely understood even at Versailles. But the real drama, as distinct from high or low comedy, is in a bad way. The cinema is killing it. People want to know what happened to the heroine as quickly as possible, there must be a situation at the time and no waiting; and you get that at the cinema. Melodrama is even more a victim of the picture palae. There is positive difficulty in recruiting actors who can play good blood-curdling parts of tragedy and passion. 'I'hand me, villain!' or 'Now to save the girl!' requires some saying nowadays. Even the gallery won't stand it unless it is sung to music by a blonde 'prima donna' or a broad-chested tenor. The public turns its back on the melo, and its face to the film factory. Only the monotony of sales of wobbly pictures will send it once again to the theatre. Nor does the operetta, which might save the situation to some extent in France, show signs of life. One wonders what has become of it, of the joyous family of the 'Pettit Duc' and the rest, which awoke the smiles and enthusiasm of a former generation. If the foreign-made article pleases, it is because of the gaiety and spontaneity which are lacking from the French production. . . . Whether it likes it or not, Paris has learned enormously from Russian ballets. Free exchanges are absolutely necessary to art, especially to Parisian art, which shows a tendency to stifle."

Compare with this the remarks of the Paris correspondent of the Referee: "There are Russian ballets at the Chatelet. There doesn't seem to be any Parisian French at any of the theatres once you get past the box office, and I believe the three noblemen with dirty shirt fronts who sit at the controle desk in the Gay City's theatres this week would faint if (as in normal times) anybody came along with a free ticket. The theatres are xenophile, of course, because foreigners and provincials pay for their seats, and Parisians so very rarely comply with this formality. But it is no use trying to get relief from the polyglot musicians—I believe there are 45,000 of them—who are thronging all the cafes, the streets, and most of the hotels by taking refuge in a theatre."

Opera and Operetta in London

The Pall Mall Gazette heard Mme. Tetrazzini with moderate rapture when she appeared at Covent Garden for the first time this season in "The Barber of Seville." "If one must have trick singing, let it be in comedy rather than tragedy. Certainly Mme. Tetrazzini's spontaneous method (and complete self-assurance) carries more conviction vocally in the part of Rosina than elsewhere." Yet when she sang later in "Rigoletto" the critic observed that "subtle voice modulations in the low register helped to emphasize the poignancy of the situation."

Mr. Marcoux was an impressive Father in "Louise" when it was revived at Covent Garden.

The story of Oscar Strauss's new operetta, "The Dancing Viennese," composed expressly for the Coliseum, is a slight one. Miss Lizzi Flora, the Viennese waltz queen, refuses to sup with an admirer. A wager is laid that she will change her mind. Angered, she resolves to avenge herself. She accepts, but makes her maid, masked, take her place. Lizzi appears later on the scene, and as he swears that he loves her and offers her his hand like a gentleman, there is a happy ending. The score contains a number of waltz tunes, "which, if lacking, perhaps, in the inevitability attaching to certain famous examples, yet possess the Viennese character one finds so attractive." The singers were Viennese and the performance was in German.

We saw Lehar's romantic "Gypsy Love" at the Tremont with Marguerite Sylva as the heroine. It has been produced at Daly's Theatre, but how changed in form and spirit! Basil Hood, adapting the libretto, has turned Flora's dream into fact, made the girl run away with the fiddler and return, repentant, to her much enduring lover in the third act. There are other detrimental changes: The malicious and fiery flirt of a Roumanian landlady is now an estimable English woman, and the doddering rake of a nobleman is a stalwart man of middle age. Mr. Titterton went to the theatre prejudiced, because he is "a frenzied partisan of British musical comedy." It has been for years "the one live form of dramatic art on the English stage." Nevertheless he wrote an entertaining and apparently fair review. He had heard the opera in German at Munich. "This was not the Lehar operetta I was used to—that whirl of sensuous and cynical gaiety round a waltz, with a thin orchestral accompaniment. . . . The orchestration was sometimes too pompous, too elaborate, and the snatches of charmed dialogue too pretensions for their dainty theme."

Mr. Hammerstein's revival of "Les Cloches de Corneville" brought with it memories. Mr. Walbrook remembered Kate Monroe, "a limber little person, not strictly pretty, but very piquant" as

the Violet Calceola. St. John as Germaine, tall, but not so was Laura Clements, tall, pretty, and with a charming voice. I used to think what beautiful, long, golden hair she had. I fancy now, with a pang, that it must have been a wig. Shiel Barry's Gaspard was "by common consent one of the really great pieces of acting of its time." Frank Cell's impersonation of the Marquis could hardly be surpassed. But the English lyrics were something strange and wonderful. Here is an example.

Dost thou remember (twas in September),
There is the rock, and there is the wave;
O, come again, love; solace my pain, love,
Tell me not vain is the hope that you gave.

And how could even English audiences of the late seventies endure this dialogue:

The Bailie: I am a great man.
Gobo: A great man.
The Bailie: A man of dignity.
Gobo: A man of dignity.
The Bailie: A man of authority.
Gobo: A man of authority.
The Bailie: Yes—No, no! Certainly not!
Gobo: No, no! Certainly not!
The Bailie: I float on the sea of glory like a cork.
Gobo: Like a cork.
The Bailie: Like a large cork.
Gobo: Like a large cork.
The Bailie: Like an enormous cork.
Gobo: Like a bung.
The Bailie: Yes—no, no! Certainly not!
Gobo: No, no! Certainly not!

Mr. Adrian Ross thought Mr. Walbrook too hard on the writers of these lyrics. "French verse," he said, "differs from English in having no rhythm that compels the composer to follow the accent of the verse. The same words may be set in many different rhythms, and most of these will not be rhythms of English verse. Consequently, the adapter of French operettas is frequently unable to write anything that will fit the music, except what, by the rules of English versification, is sheer doggerel. With German verse this is not the case. Its laws are much the same as those of English poetry, and hence what scans in German will also scan in an English version. The late Sir W. Gilbert, in his earlier days, adapted the lyrics of a French light opera; so did I. I do not think Gilbert shone in his task; I am quite sure I did not in mine. Some of the past versions of French light opera might have been better than they were; but to make the lyrics into decent English verse was physically impossible." Mr. Ross, by the way, was not responsible for the lyrics in Planquette's operetta.

There were old theatre-goers who protested against Mr. Hammerstein's introduction of his own minuet and gavotte into Planquette's score. "Anyhow," wrote one of them, "minuets and gavottes were not danced by fisher-folk in Brittany, or elsewhere, round and about Corneville." This is a sweeping statement.

Mr. Titterton did not care for the music of "The Dancing Viennese" of which we have just spoken. He found no sparkle, no throbs. "The barrel organ tunes ripple along amiably. There is nothing jarring, for Oscar Strauss knows his trade, but there is nothing arresting; one may well believe the operetta was composed to order."

Revivals

Sir Herbert Tree ended this year's Shakespeare festival at His Majesty's Theatre by producing "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Some of the critics wished that his "business" had been less. "There is of course a section of the public who will always laugh at a sight of a fat man prodding a lean one, or rolling about on the floor, or being chased round a room by a comic female." The keynote of the general performance was boisterousness and there was extravagant acting. Shallow was a pantaloon, and Slender a brainless phantom, "while the Mistress Page, in the exuberance of her contempt for Falstaff, went so far on one occasion as to 'put her thumb unto her nose and spread her fingers out.' We believe Miss Ellen Terry initiated this piece of 'business.' If that is so, Lady Tree need not have troubled to continue it. The humor of the situation really does not need that particular form of emphasis." As for Anne Page, one of the sweetest apparitions in all drama, she giggled.

Miss Horniman's Manchester company in London revived "She Stoops to Conquer," and there was no gagging, no clowning. The play was performed as Goldsmith wrote it, "with the character of Tony Lumpkin, stripped of the accretions of more than a century's 'acting versions' and with Digory and the rest of Mr. Hardcastle's servants, for the first time in our experience, allowed to be naturally amusing." There was no forcing of points, no underlining, and the enjoyment of the audience was great. Charles Bibby as Tony won special praise, this Tony was so "loutish, mischievous, sly, yet with a touch of good nature in him all the time."

The Abbey Theatre Company began its engagement in London (June 3) with "Kathleen ni Houlihan" and "The Playboy of the Western World." Plays and performance won glowing tributes. This "Playboy" has been called "a drama of decadence and of pessimism." Nietzsche said that here may be pessimism of strength as well as of weakness, an intellectual predilection for what is hard, awful, civil problematical in existence, owing to well-being, to exuberant health, to fulness of existence. "We are not going to say," remarks "H. M. W.," the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, "that 'The Playboy' and one or two other seemingly pessimistic pieces in the Ab-

bey are such a sell, but we do say that there is more of this 'pessimism of strength' in a piece so vitally and sincerely written and so strongly constructed than of any pessimism of weakness. In spite of its grim shadows and its murderous humor 'The Playboy of the Western World' is the work of a man who could laugh and who had what Peglen called 'a gamey heart.'

Only a strong man could have written such a work." Miss Magee, Miss Allgood and Messrs. O'Donovan, Sinclair, Morgan and Kerrigan were rapturously praised.

In a hundred matters of minor circumstance the whole performance was rich in significance and truth, and the audience sat fascinated. Let us hope that we shall see this admirable company in Boston next season. Its performances last season were among the few, very few, brilliant features of the theatrical year.

Sir Herbert Tree revived "Julius Caesar" on the evening of the King's birthday, and Basil Gill was criticised adversely for making Brutus only brooding and melancholy and very good, while Lyn Harding as Cassius lectured Brutus as "a buoyant schoolmaster might encourage a timid boy."

Prof. Peter Raabe, custodian of the Liszt Museum at Saxe-Weimar, has discovered two manuscript works of the Hungarian abbe. One is a cantata. The other is "Les Morts," an elegy originally composed for orchestra, then enlarged by the introduction of a male choir to sing the text: "Beat mortal qui in Domino moriuntur." It is said that this work dedicated to Bosima, his daughter, was written for his own funeral but for some reason his wish was not carried out.

An oratorio, "The Resurrection," by Stevan Christitch, met with great success at Belgrade. "It is a striking departure from the traditional style of Servian national music, which is of the nature of light opera. The brilliant Wagnerian orchestration in the bursting open of the tomb was effectively rendered. After the manner of Strauss's 'Salome' the composition deals in a powerful and descriptive manner with the dramatic incidents of the Christian resurrection." Thus writes a Belgrade correspondent. Pray, what does he mean by "after the manner of 'Salome'" when the subject is the resurrection?

Paderewski's symphony was played again in London early this month by the London Symphony Orchestra led by Mr. Nikisch. The Pall Mall Gazette cannot call it great musically; for it thinks it too much lacking in originality. "In this respect it is curious how the composer has been very strongly influenced by other writers, and yet has succeeded in coloring the derived music with his own method almost to the extent of creating an individuality of effect. There are not a few moments, all the same, where one feels something new. The opening is a good instance, and one, too, of real emotional beauty. The brilliance of the extended finale also has novelty of treatment, in spite of the fact that the variations of the Polish National Anthem persistently remind the hearer of other things. The 'chivalric' theme, on the other hand, is strong and fresh. It is, perhaps, an idle pursuit to trace M. Paderewski's melodic origins, and they are only to be referred to because a reminiscence is a disturbing thing, apart from the arguing of want of invention. For this reason the slow movement loses much of what would otherwise have charmed and impressed. One could hardly keep the prelude to Act III of 'Lohengrin' out of one's head. Similarly, a passionate theme much used in the first movement took the hearer to the Venusberg music in 'Tannhauser.' Apart from this the symphony has real power, it is splendidly scored, the climaxes are notable masses of sound, and never for one instant is there a suggestion of weakness of touch, except perhaps in the use of the sarrusophones and thunder-machine, which now and then seem to be rather dragged in."

Mr. Busoni gave a concert in London June 5 as pianist, conductor and composer. His "Turandot" suite, extracts from which have been played in Boston, was picturesque enough, but eastern coloring palls after a time. "M. Busoni's"—but why "M"? He is an Italian by birth and a German by education—"M. Busoni's" orientalisms are exceedingly well managed; he has a phraseology which strikes rather a new note, and it is sustained successfully. Sometimes this effect is due to orchestration rather than material. "The frequently observed failing in this class of music is not altogether avoided; working in an alien atmosphere seems to tend inevitably toward a lack of expression, and the hearer is attracted by quaintness and the picturesque rather than stirred in any way." Mr. Busoni also brought out his "Berceuse Elegiaque," which, as an orchestral work, has not been performed in Boston. It is ultra-modern, and "the vagueness and indefiniteness convey a certain 'atmosphere' especially as there are some very curious orchestral effects, and, given the title, the hearer can exert his imagination and obtain whatever musical impression seems to him appropriate."

Pen Portraits

Mr. Titterton has been drawing pen-portraits in London theatres and music halls. He has a bold, free hand.

"We are wont to think of the Latin people as dreamy loungers in shadowed places. How false the notion is the

Spanish male dancer might show us, and the acting of Grasso. Grasso is not a man, he is a force, he is not an actor, he is an elemental impulse. I have seen him in many plays, but they were all to one purpose—he was a man whose wife betrays him, and who revenges himself. Sitting still, and with downcast eyes, he suggests power. He allows the workmen of his mine to shout and chatter around him, and gives no sign; and then suddenly he springs up and scatters and stills them with a quick, electric gesture—with all the nonchalance of an avalanche. His slow sailor's stride is like the stride of a tiger; you could not face those curved, open palms and that lowered head. The most terrible thing of all is, he takes so long to spring. Sometimes he never springs. I do not call this acting; this is unclothed, temperamental power. And it is a sort of power I rebel against with all the nervous force of my sophisticated intellect."

"The distinguishing feature of the dancing of Spanish men is a stern rigidity of face and trunk, and a tense waving and gesticulation of the arms accompanied by grotesque twirls of the legs and by sudden and unexpected stabs and rattles of the feet upon the floor—the movement ending as suddenly and unexpectedly in a grotesque pose. La Malaguenita gives all this, but she lacks the subterranean fury of the male dancer; you feel she is using the movements so perfectly learnt as a cloak. She toys with them; the rigid body sometimes begins to sway (as the body of a Spanish woman sways), but the artist restrains it. There is a hint of feminine softness in the gestures of those graceful hands which yet writhe and clack so savagely, and the pitter-patter of the feet is a mocking echo to the laughing sly aloofness of the eyes. A woman of passion, you would say, but of passion banked inexorably under. The severely masculine garments and poses find a fitting background in a whirl of glancing eyes and flaming petticoats."

Adeline Gence in "La Camargo" used the conventional pantomime of the ballet, "but she used it as a grand lady at the court of Louis Quinze would have used a fan."

"Mr. Tom Clare is quite without electricity, quite without exuberance; but he has a fine dry flavor of his own. Marie Lloyd takes possession of you without an effort, the American singer strives to take possession by assault and battery, but Tom Clare does not seek to gain such mastery, does not strive to impress himself upon you; he utters his jokes in a dry, cool manner, and with imperturbable composure; you may take them or leave them as you choose. This, to a blasé critic suffering under the tricks and violence of outrageous mountebanks, is refreshing. But the modern hall is too large for Tom Clare. He needs an intimate mill-u."

"At the Palladium I liked best of all Eugene Stratton and Liane d'Eve. Mr. Stratton is one of our true minstrels. He has been fortunate in a composer, for Mr. Stuart's music has a very tender, graceful sentimentality, but it is Eugene Stratton one always thinks of when one whistles those taking tunes. He is so restrained, so light (on his feet and on his tongue), so simple in his gestures, his emotion is so obviously sincere and so comfortably superficial. And yet, howsoever light he trips across the stage, I fear rather than feel there is a certain stiffness in the limbs, and in that great hall even his well-trained voice did not carry as it would have carried 10 years ago. But, still, he can set his audience pulsing to the old familiar tunes; still he is one of our few true singers. Yet need he paint his face so like a Nugget-polished grate? A nigger does not look like that, and, anyhow, Mr. Stratton's art is essentially Anglo-Saxon."

"Liane d'Eve can do one thing; she does that perfectly. She dances the Matchiche! The Matchiche is a passionate Spanish dance which has been adopted by the Parisians, and is danced by them quite coldly, but with a laughing eye. Instead of being alluring it is tantalizing. Instead of being passionate it is piquant. And how merrily piquant is this dolly-faced, impudent Liane d'Eve! How audacious, how provoking! How she taunts and torments us as she strides forward with jaunty hand and foot in her wickedly-abbreviated feather-tailed costume! Surely she is the very spirit of Paris, for whom wickedness is a bon-bon and a shuttlecock."

The Perfect Playgoer

Mr. William R. Kerr, a London journalist, discusses the character and the caprices of the perfect playgoer:

"In this country your perfect playgoer, who is waiting for the autumnal epauisement in stageland, is not the perfect epicurean, as might be hurriedly concluded by your perfect politician (if he has kindly accompanied us so far), with his ill-disguised contempt for mere mummery. The appetite of the perfect epicurean is notoriously fastidious, his palate dainty, his digestion ill-adapted to cope with violent contrasts. Now, your perfect playgoer is more robustly constituted. If he has a fault, it is his lack of discrimination; he is, perhaps, too prone to plume himself on being, theatrically speaking, all things to all men; he is like a harp every string of which is broken except that which vibrates to the many-motifed melody of

the Dramatic Muse of whom he asks, like the singer of her poet, "How, dear, wilt thou have me for most use?" He is a treasure to theatrical managers.

A distinction may be drawn between the theatrically minded person and the perfect playgoer. The former is elect, his creed is severely intellectual, being the active motive which is intended to give unity to a well-apprehended form of self-culture; and it thus demands from the theatre a combination of art and philosophy and 'realism' in order to produce a sort of sustained intellectual emotion. But he is so essentially, even pedantically, 'intellectual' that one sometimes doubts whether art acts with sufficient strength as a solvent on his creed. He has hopes in Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw, although the latter may sometimes mystify him. * * * He is, briefly, an enthusiast, a vendor of thaumaturgic medicine which shrewd theatrical managers with a healthy dread of the bankruptcy court decline to stock. So he carries his consciousness to the Sunday theatre, realizing that that awful Gosh, John Bull, can never enter the shadowy penetralia of his problem-haunted spirit.

The years for the establishment of a national British drama which should blend together all the vital currents of the life of the people. Consequently he is entitled, as a pioneer, to be a little extravagant; and the optimistic sympathiser might convey to him a not altogether gratuitous sense of elation by assuring him that to some extent his mistake consists in being before his time, and encouraging him in his self-constituted role of prophet and teacher by reminding him that in this matter the British democracy, like the image in the poem, must 'toil onward, pick'd with goads and stings.' Even at present he may still cherish the subtle intellectual pleasure of feeling that he can 'Bo' to the British goose.

That there are plays produced of almost incredible ineptitude, both ludicrous and imported, even the most catholic and optimistic playgoer will frankly admit. But even so, the perfect playgoer can claim that he pays his money cheerfully and takes not his choice, but the whole bunch. Unlike Sir Thomas Browne, he is thoroughly convinced that the world is an inn, not a hospital; a place not to die in, but to live in. The same genial spirit of humanity takes him to the 'halls' conscious in his own way that, to quote Walter Pater, 'art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, simply for those moments' sake.' In fact, he is one of the great compact mass of the British public who go to the theatre and the halls to be entertained—only his artistic sensibilities are more acute. Equally with the theatrically minded person, he may perceive, and therefore despise, the 'momentous momentariness' of much that is solemnly debated by the average Briton in the name of politics; but that is no reason for incontinentally damning his amusements because they are too sensuous and minister to his sense of the delectable, thereby committing the mistake of disapproving of their essential quality. Accordingly he extends an equally warm welcome to the art of Shakespeare, Mr. Pellissier and Mlle. Pavlova. Recognizing the relativity of art, he seeks to discern the best quality in the artist; and thus he can find room in his theatrical consciousness for Medea and Cordelia, and the Bad Girl of the Family, for Little Tich, and the noble Brutus and Agamemnon.

"Wisdom and experience together keep

the playgoer on a lee shore when violent gales of enthusiasm are suddenly let loose. They teach him that the dramatic muse is neither a Medusa, nor a Pallas Athene, nor an Aphrodite, but a sprightly, not too robust lady of varying moods who does her best and confounds their politics. But she does not profess to play the part of the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the President of the British Association all rolled into one; has never done so, in fact, since 'the mellow glory of the Attic stage' shed undying lustre on the age of Pericles; and an easy-going, forgiving British public is serenely contented to approve that attitude, as if afraid lest anything approaching such a dread apocalypse of soul might prove disastrous to the lady in her present state of health."

Notes

Prof. Alfred Koerte, the learned antiquarian, has established the Random authenticity of a Greek comedy written by Eupollus, Aristophanes' contemporary and rival. The work was discovered by M. Lefebvre in Kom Ischkaou, and was held by him to have been written by Aristophanes himself. It is a political satire on events of the time, such as the Peloponnesian war, and of the highest literary and historical interest. It appears to have been written about 412 B. C., a year before the author died fighting for his country.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 4.

Mr. G. R. Sims remembers that when they put on the Adelphi stage an exact reproduction of dockside labor in "The Last Chance," the late Charles Warner appeared as a dock laborer with a diamond ring on his finger, and told J. D.

Deveraux, a Broadway Pole, that he was starving. "Whereupon a young gentleman in the gallery suggested there was no necessity for him to do that, as he had only to step round the corner and pawn his ring."

The production of "The Butterfly on the Wheel," of which Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K. C., is joint author, makes one more play with a legal origin. They are many. There was Talfourd, for instance, who wrote "Ion" (produced by Macready with considerable success), "Glencoe" and two other plays. Talfourd not only wrote plays, but went to see them, when they happened to be his own. "Talfourd will not be down here tonight," Dickens, his intimate friend, once wrote from Broadstairs, "because I see 'Ion' is to be acted at the theatre. He is never absent from any theatre, far or near, when that is the play." Fielding was a playwright, but his "Interlude Between Jupiter, Juno and Mercury" was produced five years before his appointment as a London stipendiary magistrate. In our own day we have Judge Parry, perhaps the first to produce dramatic work while holding judicial office, and also Sir William Gilbert, Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Sydney Grundy, all of whom have practised at the bar.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

When we contrast the intellectual and artistic qualities of the plays now being offered in London with those of that season 35 years ago, the difference between then and now comes even more pronounced. Theatrical London in 1912 is almost incredibly ahead of Theatrical London in 1877. Thirty-five years ago even a great writer like Charles Reade felt that in writing for the theatre he must "write down" to a lower taste than he appealed to in his novels. Had he been writing for the stage today he need have felt no such necessity. The dramas of Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Masfield and Mr. Barrie are on quite as high a plane as their novels.—H. M. W.

"Back from the road?" queried the town mummer. The faded manager of the touring company nodded. "Business good?" asked the urban mime. "On the contrary," said the returned traveller. After a pause he added, "We took out 'Our Boys' and 'Hamlet'." "Ah! Farce and tragedy!" "All the time, dear boy," was the reply. "The nights we played 'Hamlet' the box-office receipts were a farce. When we played 'Our Boys' the takings were a perfect tragedy."—*Daily Chronicle* (London).

J. T. C. has addressed a letter to the New York Sun: "I have written a drama. I give you a synopsis: The villain has a phonograph. The heroine is distracted. The hero comes with a vacuum cleaner which sucks in the music of the phonograph. The heroine revives and weds the hero. The villain then joins the Salvation Army, where he plays a trombone. Can I get this staged?"

"S. A. M." writes to The Herald saying that we misquoted in this column the final sentence of "Great Expectations" with reference to the marriage of Estella and Pip. We copied the sentence verbatim et literatim from the copy of Dickens's novel that was then before us.

Take Us the Foxes.

As the World Wags:

Last Saturday, while in the North end negotiating certain small purchases of garlic, peppers and the like comestibles, I ran across a young fox chained up in an Italian grocery. He was a pretty little fellow and might have been the original of the old Irish saying "As cute as a pet fox." I found on inquiry that he was one of five or six which had been dug out some weeks ago in Franklin Park. Personally I hate to see any wild animal in captivity, but it seems strange that this family was not placed in the new Zoo, as there is nothing more interesting than a litter of young foxes, unless it is bear cubs. These youngsters would have been particularly attractive as they were a purely local product and their parents had no doubt eaten a large number of valuable pheasants and water fowl.

Roof Views.

The same afternoon I lunched at the top-floor restaurant of a hotel in the same locality, and, as always, got a good deal of fun watching the roof-life below. It is frequently busy and sometimes picturesque, though the Italian seems to lose something of his color sense when he leaves the Mediterranean. On Saturday I was amused and amazed to see a large flock of geese living in a roof depression behind the false front of a three-story building. However, as the board of health is not equipped with aeroplanes, they can hardly be expected—and, besides, what business is it of mine, anyway? One may see many strange things in the dear old North end of a sunny afternoon.

Nasal Reminiscence.

I like to ramble up from the wharves and view the district through a gradually accumulated opalescent haze of anisette diluted with whiskey at 10 cents a throw. With certain people, I believe, the sense of smell is more strongly reminiscent than any of the other senses. It is so with me. Once I was lost for two days in a Yucatecan desert without any water, and it was hot, and towards the end I was pretty well located. Strangely enough I seemed

to smell a trace of whiskey awfully. Along in the dead dark one morning, just before the crack of dawn, we hit a trail and presently got an overpowering smell of anise. At daylight we came up with a burro train of 50 or 60 animals, all loaded with anise seed, and the water I sucked out of a dirty goat skin was the best drunk ever. Today I can shut my eyes, take a sniff of anisette and hear the burros rattle the stones ahead in the darkness. Anisette and whiskey is an excellent appetizer for the exotic and ravishing ravioli which is found in its full luxuriance only in the north end; and one may gorge to repletion for two bits.

Boiled or Fried?

Do you know anything of the edible qualities of the squid, which is always displayed for sale on the sidewalks of lower North street? I used to poke him out of rocks at Plum Island 35 years ago; but does anyone eat him, and if so, how should he be cooked? He's a repulsive-looking piece of vermin when out of the water.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

June 19, 1912.

Chowder in 1751.

As the World Wags:

It will perhaps not be uninteresting to compare Alfred Bunn's—that is, Commodore Stevens's—recipe for chowder, quoted by you yesterday, with a recipe almost exactly two centuries earlier. Moreover, this recipe furnishes us with the earliest known certain example of the word by nearly half a century. I say "certain example" advisedly, for when Smollett in 1762 wrote of a head that "sings and simmers like a pot of chowder" we cannot be absolutely sure that he meant our well known American dish. On the other hand, Smollett was up in the "local color" of the West Indies, and more than once introduced into his novels words unknown in the English of England, such, for instance, as "vendue." But however that may be, it is time to give our recipe, which is copied from the Boston Evening Post of Sept. 23, 1751:

"As a number of gentlemen were out upon a Water-Campaign a few Days ago they found the following Lines at the Bottom of a Basket which contained their Stores: 'Directions for making a Chowder.'

First lay some Onions to keep the Pork from burning.
Because in Chowder there can be no turning;
Then lay some Pork in Slices very thin.
Thus you in Chowder always must begin.
Next lay some Fish cut crossways very nice.
Then season well with Pepper, Salt and Spice;
Parsley, Sweet Marjoram, Savory and Thyme,
Each present next, which must be soak'd some Time.

Thus your Foundation laid, you will be able
To raise a Chowder, high as Tower of Babel:
For by repeating o're the same again
You may make Chowder for a thousand Men.
Last Bottle of Claret, with Water eno' to
smother 'em.
You'll have a Mess which some call Omnium
gathier 'em."

The two recipes are so surprisingly alike that one might almost think that Alfred Bunn, Esq., had seen the earlier one. A. M.

Boston, June 18, 1912.

Let us hear from our correspondents.

The Herald has received a long letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, a rambling, desultory, inconsequential letter, expressed in familiar rather than scientific terms. There have been so many inquiries concerning him, that we feel it our duty to publish this letter, and yet it contains opinions and records whims and prejudices that reveal the man himself in all his weaknesses and not the sociologist whose colossal work—sold only by subscription—has long been anticipated by learned academies throughout the world. Tomorrow! and to-morrow—and, to-morrow!

Those Spruce Partridges.

As the World Wags:

I have read with interest and profit the various letters written by Mr. Halliday Witherspoon. It seems to me, as it must to other readers of The Herald, that I have known him for a long time, that we went to school together, that he may drop in at the office on his way home, "just to see how you are." I say all this that I may not be accused of any lack of appreciation when I dissent emphatically from his opinion handed down concerning the Canadian spruce partridge as a bird for the table. I recognize the many admirable qualities of Mr. Witherspoon as traveller, observer, author, man, but, judging the said bird, he argued from the particular to the general. He said it was tough and blither. So is any old partridge eaten at a time when he should not be eaten. So is venison. So is bull-beef or ram-mutton. Mr. Witherspoon evidently ate an old bird—and, by the way, how were the two partridges divided among the two whites and the six squaws?

No, the Canadian spruce partridge, caught young and eaten in the autumn, is delicious, preferable, in fact, to your ordinary partridge.

Tougher Than Lobster.

Mr. Witherspoon asks how the squid he sees in the North end is cooked. I suppose it is fried. When I was in Naples some years ago there was a sea animal closely resembling the squid, if not precisely the same. The fishermen of Santa Lucia caught them by day and night, and natives served them whole,

fried to a golden brown. To me the food tasted like very tough lobster. Into the ideal Neapolitan "fritto misto pesche," the polype, rings of the cuttle fish, garnets, mullets, butterfly fish and others not familiar to us entered to the enjoyment of the native and the wonder of the foreigner.

I have seen Italians in their own country eat lizards but I never had the courage. I remember some years ago an Italian laborer, in the Reddington district in Maine, remembering home and home cooking ate a lizard of the kind known to us all, brown with red spots and although he cooked it carefully he was poisoned and he died.

Melville's Squid.

And now a question about the "great white squid" described by Herman Melville in "Moby Dick." It was seen by Ishmael and others from the vessel captained by mad Ahab. It was stretching its beautiful and fearful length under a cloudless sky, and they that saw the squid shuddered, knowing that those who looked upon it at any time were doomed to perish and that soon. Not long after the white whale, pursued relentlessly, turned on his enemies and Ishmael alone was left to tell the wondrous tale. I can find nothing about this variety of squid in any book of reference.

An Earlier Witherspoon.

Again, I repeat, I write with full appreciation of Mr. Witherspoon's talent. I like to think of him as connected possibly with John Witherspoon, D. D., L.L.D., a lineal descendant of John Knox, and for a time president of the College of New Jersey. He, too, wrote for the public. I remember his "Humble Attempt to Open Up the Mystery of Moderation"; "Serious Inquiry Into the Nature of the Stage"; also his "Letters on Marriage." And Dr. E. Williams said of him that his works were "sound, sensible, perspicuous, argumentative, and often eloquent."

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Marblehead, June 24, 1912.

The Progressives' Symbol.

So the bandanna is to be the oriflamme, the gonfalon of Mr. Roosevelt and his Spartan band, because, forsooth, the bandanna is carried by the plain people and distinguishes them. What nonsense! Or rather the symbol is as fallacious as the declaration that all this rother and eloquence is in behalf of the plain, poor, honest, oppressed people, including Mr. Perkins.

In the good old days the bandanna was associated with the uncle from India with the yellow nankeen waistcoat, spats, gold snuff box and pockets full of rupees. The old gentleman mopped his head with a bandanna. If he went to church, he put his silken in the aisle and into the hat dropped his bandanna, which he would from time to time pull out, to blow a clarion blast after the clergyman had scored a point against Satan, or to keep the flies from his bald pate. It mattered not whether the bandanna—from the Hindustan "bandhnu"—was dyed blue, yellow or red; the handkerchief was never peculiarly associated in this country with the poor and the plain except in the case of negroes who used it, and still use it, as a head-dress.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Morrison stock company, in "The Third Degree," a play in four acts, by Charles Klein.

Howard Jeffries, Jr. James S. Barrett
Howard Jeffries, Jr. Wyrley Birch
Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr. Rose Morrison
Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr. Edna Oliver
Richard Brewster Howell Hansel
Capt. Clinton Edward Sweeney
Robert Underwood Dudley Hawley
Dr. Bernstein James Burrows

"Charley's Aunt," which is the farce-comedy chosen by Mr. Craig to bring the season at the Castle Square to a close this week, is very much like an old friend to the regular theatre-goer; and being so, the parting handclasp between patron and manager is genuinely fraternal. That is considered good ethics, and pretty fair business—a combination said to be more honored in the breach than, etc.

Anyway, "Charley's Aunt" is a most suitable hot-weather "piece." Its familiarity relieves the jaded brain of the necessity for any effort in grasping and holding plot; it's comical, if sometimes bolsterous, situations make for wholesome entertainment and recreation.

The story, it need hardly be said, revolves around the loves and the antics of two Oxford undergraduates. Charley's "aunt"—the spurious one—who is pressed into service to save the conventions of exact society, was literally a scream all the way through, as enacted by Donald Meek last evening. His highly farcical delineation, in its way excellent, served to emphasize the poise and grace and seriousness of the real character, Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, which was taken by Miss Mabel Colcord. It was indeed light and shadow (a beautiful shadow); and withal playwright's art.

The two college boys, as portrayed by Carney Christie and John Meehan, reflected with little exaggeration the traditions of English university life, sociably. On the whole, it was a most creditable performance.

"Charley's Aunt" is certainly a theatrical valedictory with no touch of inherent sadness.

The fifth season of the Castle Square under Mr. Craig's management will begin early in August.

for his inches in the... liner of a uniform... Keith's this week... no longer than the proverbial pint of peanuts but bright as a steel trap... at the head of his own little company which is presenting a funny comedy entitled "Little Kick." There are several other characters upon the stage in addition to the star but interest at all times centres about the young man.

Rutler Haviland and Alice Thornton, who have frequently visited Boston without ever failing to please, are here again and in their comedy "A Question of Policy" they have a clever little sketch that made an instant hit. The scene is laid at the Utopia Country Club with a widow and a life insurance agent as the principal characters.

Another good team of two was Maud Hall Macy and W. J. Drumier, assisted by Bessie Carleton. Miss Macy is the Bowery girl who has gone up the Hudson to marry Jay Bird, a typical country fellow. She talks about the minute she sees him and talks again and much more determinedly when she sees his sister Nancy. But in the end, of course, the peach from the Bowery realizes that Jay Bird's heart is in the right place, that Nancy Bird isn't the worst sort of a sister-in-law and having arrived at these conclusions the rest is easy.

Henry and Francis in "Now I'll Tell You," a jumble of songs and of stories, pleased everybody, while Wentworth, Vesta and Teddy, a combination comprising two clowns and a cleverly-trained dog, did some excellent work with Teddy the dog getting his full share of the honors. Harriet Burt gave several new songs, while Morris and Kramer, in blackface, made things lively. The program opens and closes with trapeze and parallel bar work. Clara Ballerini, who has the opening number, does wonderful feats of balancing, while the Mario-Aldo trio make the stationary parallel bars and the giant swing their greatest assets.

Eternal silence laughs along the shore, and spectral negroes bleach upon the floor.

A Born Duffer.

As the World Wags:

I saw yesterday in Capt. Nickerson's store a colored print that made me sad. It portrayed two boys putting hands one on top of the other around a baseball bat, while other urchins looked on. There was this legend: "First Choice." The print was of course an advertisement of some breakfast food or brand of tobacco—I don't remember, and I cared not at the time. The print brought up unpleasant memories of my boyhood.

For as a boy, although I had the will and the ambition to shine in sports, I was a duffer in action. I was always "it" in every game: duck, yard-sheep, any game in fact whether it were one of skill or cunning, strength or wits. I could not skate backward or cut figures on the ice; it was all I could do to stand on my skates, and the girls snickered when I thought I was skating fairly well. I could not swim, either in the Mill pond or in the Connecticut. I was afraid, and to excuse myself I used to tell a story about going down for the third time and being rescued by a bank clerk who grabbed me just in time, and pulled me ashore by the hair.

I was especially fond of baseball, but I never could throw straight, I often muffed a fly, I did not like hot balls, and as I was nearsighted I could neither bat nor catch. And so when there was game after school, and slides were chosen as in the picture. I was among the last, and a captain would say: "Herik, I suppose you can go into right field," which was in those days a despised position. And even there I excited hoots and groans.

How it all came back to me, as I saw that picture in Nickerson's store! I never got over the mortification. In winter I was the one to be patted as to my ear by Ed. Damon or George Pratt, unerring marksmen, with iced snowballs. I could hardly hit a hitched horse across the street. Today, known throughout the world as a sociologist, I would gladly give up my reputation, my medals, ribbons, certificates of honorary degrees in various languages, if I could skate as boys on the absurd pond in the Public Garden now skate, or spit through my teeth, as the youth who a few minutes ago threw a fine spray over an empty sugar box. Perhaps the Admirable Crichton had his outs, or at least one out as Achilles had his heel; but what is to be said of a boy, who, not crippled in any way, was easily the duffer among his playmates at the district school, at the Intermediate, at the Grammar and at the High? And when by some irony of fate, I was chosen left field of the Exeter nine and much to my surprise and by sheer accident made a brilliant catch in the second inning, so that even the other nine applauded, I muffed ingloriously in the succeeding innings and lost the game. The next morning I thought, I was sure, that "Bull" Wentworth in recitation looked at me with more than ordinary contempt, and called me to the board to complete my discomfiture.

Are these the confessions of a super-sensitive soul? No. I met a schoolmate

and he said he had come to Exeter for the sake of the air and the lake. He asked me to join him in a game, and when I said I did not play golf, he answered: "Of course not. You always were a duffer."

Falsus in Uno.

I remember that one of the teachers at Exeter—was it the venerable Soule, or "Brad" Cilley, or "Bull"—once said to my class: "The best men in baseball and football"—for we played a simple football game in the early seventies—"are excellent scholars," and the class wooded up and looked at George Canfield. I was dropped that year for deficient scholarship, and at college, where I neither rowed nor played ball, I was graduated the second lowest in my class. It was then that I determined to be a sociologist. And, although as a sociologist I am named with Herbert Spencer, whose letters to me have not yet been published, I still envy the lusty boyhood of others, who are now merely in the catalogue as men, but are still boys. They are fond of the woods and they fish and hunt; or they are at home in a boat; or they are limber in the tennis court and indefatigable on the links. I have practised with a golf ball in the back lot where no one could see me. It was no use. I could not hit the ball, or, if I did, I had no idea of force and direction. The women folks at home say I am not handy; they will not trust me with an axe or with hammer and nails; but Sunday mornings I am allowed to turn the ice cream freezer, and then I often bark my knuckles. Much has been said recently about the necessity of ambidexterity. What is the word that defines a man who can do nothing well with either hand?

I have been busied of late in the observation of my fellows. Some of my observations should lead to discussion, and I should welcome this before putting my notes in scientific and definite form. These observations are on sheets numbered 7, 8, 9, 10, which I now inclose.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clampport, June 23, 1912.

Burn me these men who are afraid of the Flesh! Water-drinkers also, and caterwauling cutters, and turnip mumbler, enemies of beef, treasonable to the immortal ox and the tradition of our human kind! Piffers and sniffers, and servants of the meanest of the devils, tied fast to halting, knock-kneed Rhapsomet, the coward's god, and chained to the users as is a mangy dog to a blind man!

An Autobiographical Note.

As the World Wags:

Many have written asking for information about me as a man and citizen. "Why are you not in 'Who's Who in America'?" Your name should be found between that of Henry V., ex-mayor of Denver, and that of Herrick Johnson, clergyman and educator." Another apparently searched the "Social Register" in vain.

I feel it therefore my duty as a sociologist, as a corresponding or honorary member of all the learned societies and academies from California to Bulgaria, from St. Petersburg to Buenos Ayres, to acquaint the legitimately interested world with a few of my personal characteristics. This is a period when complete editions of authors' works are published while the respective authors are still alive; a period of autobiographies, of reminiscences often committed to paper when the writer has partially lost his memory, and then the souvenirs are the more interesting. I am therefore emboldened to publish from time to time a chapter of my autobiography, which, if I receive encouragement, will form volumes 24 and 25, supplementary to the original 23 of my colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription).

Whims and Prejudices.

I read this question in a recent number of the Pall Mall Gazette: "Who is it who decrees whether men should wear flowers in their buttonholes or not?" The King and his father before him habitually adorned their coats, but for some time flowers have been taboo. What power behind the throne issues the decree? Who is the arbiter delictae-rum? I am too fond of flowers to endure them in a buttonhole or on a dinner table. Let Mr. Joseph Chamberlain have his orchid; Mr. Lawson his pink; disciples of Mr. Wilde the green carnation. The weakness may be an amiable one; but it is a weakness, especially when the lapel conceals a tiny phial for water.

Why should it be hid from admirers, rivals, foes, that I am a creature of whims and prejudices? As a boy I could not endure the sight of a man wearing congress gaiters, nor could I eat an egg in any form. Not till I drank ale from the wood and in its native pewter at Frank Morlarty's in New Haven, could I brook the thought of eggs, poached, scrambled or in the shell. When I read that Col. Roosevelt at Chicago ate four soft-boiled eggs, I shuddered for the moment. Did he break them all into one glass and then pepper and salt vigorously and add a piece of butter the size of an English walnut? Did he rise superior to an egg

spiasit on his pliable chin, or on an otherwise fatigued shirt?"

Exterior Decoration.

There are men even now, men of sterling worth and integrity, faithful spouses and judicious parents, who arouse antagonism by the nature of their exterior decoration. To me they are in a class apart, although they are

not necessarily to be ranked as among the superfluous or the undesirable.

Many are obnoxious as to their watch chain. A foolish gold pencil will dangle from it. Jones insolently displays a Phi Beta Kappa watch key and thus shames all low stand graduates and revives old disappointments. Smith sports a lucky piece, or a jangling lot of talismanic trinkets and has a long and tedious story for each one. There are chains that are intrinsically common, and I have heard that Charles Dickens snined ostentatiously in this respect. A man may err in the other direction. Thus, my Uncle Jabez, lawyer and member of Congress in the sixties, used to wear a silver watch of the species known as turnip, and it was fastened to his waistcoat by a leather shoestring. He liked the question, why does not a man of his wealth and position carry a more valuable watch, and he would answer in a long-distance, carrying voice: "Sir, a gold watch is vulgar." It should not be inferred from this that Uncle Jabez discarded socks and wore adickey. Then there are men who prove their domestic devotion by flaunting a huge family locket with portraits of the dear ones which they exhibit even to strangers in a smoking car, with anecdotes concerning the wife and amusing stories about the sayings and doings of little Jane, Betty, Harold and Eugene.

Philosophic Intolerance.

Nor am I drawn toward the man whose upper left hand waistcoat pocket is stuffed with lead pencils of various shapes and degrees of hardness together with a fountain pen, a rule, and a bone nail-cleaner. I admit that this prejudice is wholly unreasonable, but I cannot shed it as I grow older and more tolerant in matters of scientific import. Nor do I like to see an eyeglass hung on a waistcoat hook over the left breast, any more than I like to see a watch exposed in a similar position on a woman's bodice. And what, pray, is to be said of the person that passes his eyeglass string tightly over an ear for supposed convenience and safety?

Tu Quoque.

It is not easy for me to view any of these sights with the composure that should characterize an eminent sociologist. I am told that I have mannerisms and treks that are disagreeable to others. My manner of sneezing has been severely criticised by those of my own family whose attitude should be one of adoration. I cannot go to sleep unless I have my right arm under a pillow. When I was a boy I read a ghost story that was almost as awful as Bulwer Lytton's "Haunted and the Haunters." In this story a man sleeping in an old country house was awakened at intervals by a cold, spectral hand that clasped his which hung over a side of the bed. From that day I have not dared to stretch a hand from beneath the bed clothes. The tearing of cloth sets my teeth on edge. In spite of many endeavors I cannot eat tripe, and I secretly prefer lettuce with vinegar and sugar to what is vaguely known as salad dressing. I am not shocked when I see a visitor from Chicago putting sugar into his claret and water. He is simply a survivor from Elizabethan years.

This must do for today. I trust that I have not been unduly egotistic. A public man belongs to the public. My next letter will have for a subject "Great Men Whom I Have Avoided."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clampport, June 23, 1912.

Our friend Sommerton has much to say about the salt marsh that squats between his few acres and the bay. Asked whether his cottage is "right on the water," he at first answers "Yes," then adds: "I'm as near as I wish to be. There's only a salt marsh between us, and that's more beautiful than any sea." It ravishes the eye in the late summer and in the fall. The succession of colors, the various faces of the marsh under sunny or clouded sky and with the sun rising, sinking or at the zenith—these are aesthetically admirable. To quote the too-much applauded Beau, the marsh does it very well. But when Sommerton first steps on his veranda late in May this marsh is as one recovering from a debauch. Nature has her hours, her weeks of reckless dissipation. Barrels and all sorts of drift wood are scattered here and there. The marsh is mottled, speckled. Its grass is ragged, scraggly. It has been the dumping ground of the people in the air and of the sea. The creeks are greasy and sinister. The crows at early morn are not honest and outspoken as they perch on the boundary rail. They mumble and snicker as they recall the dead woman washed ashore.

About the Marsh.

When Sommerton bought his lot the villagers shrugged their shoulders. No one, they said, could live there. The "marsh" was unwholesome. It bred malaria, typhoid fever, tonsillitis, diphtheria, and so on, through as many

diseases as those figured in Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death," which used to be seen by anxious patients in the waiting room of the old family physician. Sommerton has looked at the marsh for nearly a dozen years and the villagers have looked at him. "It will get him yet," they say at the store. Meanwhile they buy the salt hay for bedding, and it is whispered that the cows are persuaded to adopt a low diet.

The marsh is also useful in promoting conversation. Does it, or does it not, breed mosquitoes? This question is debated while the mail is distributed and the mosquitoes are raging furiously, although they are a mile and a half from the marsh. "Yes, but they are blown from there." Why argue the point? Why refer to mosquitoes swarming among the scrub pines and not near salt or stagnant water? Ah the curve of least resistance!

It is curious, the amount of pleasure Sommerton derives from seeing, or merely thinking about that marsh. You would infer that he were the Cleon in the Standard Speaker. He would not be more enthusiastic if there were squirting wells of oil in his lot or inexhaustible mines with railway and steamboat connections. And it's nothing but the "old salt marsh" next Eldridge's cow pasture.

Refreshing Frogs.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of "strange foods." Francis Hinds Groome, in his "Two Suffolk Friends," tells of an old acquaintance who was not conservative in his diet. "In summer time he loved to catch small 'freshers' (young frogs) and let them hop down his throat, when he would stroke his stomach, observing (for he stuttered badly): 'B-b-b-b-cautifully cool.' At the time of this strange diet he was a middle-aged man, yet it did not appear to hurt him in any way."

Milton, June 25, 1912. E. F. W. The Herald published this story some months ago, but it is a good one and will probably be new to some of our readers. The gypsies recommend the swallowing of live frogs as a remedy against "phlegm on the chest," and the prescription runs as follows: "Catch a dear little dotted frog and tie a bit of string to one of its back legs. Then keep on letting it go down your throat and pulling it up again, and it clears the phlegm out of your throat beautiful. It's the dear God's truth."

According to the report of Drs. Thomas and Wilson, there are mothers in London who think children can be cured of whooping cough by taking them near gasworks or through a tunnel. But in Cornwall a little sufferer is fed on bread and butter which has been passed thrice under the belly of a piebald horse.

Better Than Beef.

We have received other letters about strange foods, and the London Chronicle, still dismayed at the price of beef and other meats in England, mentions foreign dishes that might be found palatable by all classes, jukes and costermongers. There is the durian, a fruit enjoyed by natives of Java. It has several flavors, and among them are those of cream cheese, sherry, onion sauce. When it is ripe it breathes out a smell of decayed vegetation. "It has the most complicated savor and the worst smell in the world." Multum in parvo! Let's import it by the box.

Football players and other athletes in Somersetshire eat snails, "wall fish," as a tonic and to better their wind.

We draw the line at the Burnese naple. A pit is dug deep by a river bank and crammed with all sorts of fish. The sand is pressed down over it and a pole erected as a reminder. Then come the rains of the monsoon. The river overflows the pit for six months. When the waters subside, the cache is opened, there is a horrible stench, and the villagers carry off the naple, which they eat as a rare delicacy during the ensuing year. "The Traveller," says Sir William Butler, "is conscious of a naple feast while he is yet at a considerable distance from the place of entertainment."

Readers of Gilbert White's "Selborne" will recall the boy to whom bees were amusement and food. He would catch them bare-handed, pull out their stings and suck the bodies for the sake of the honey bags. It is true that he was an idiot, but the great majority of men, women and children are idiots at table.

The Symbolic Bandanna.

As the World Wags:

The bandanna as a symbol of third-termism calls to mind words of Private Birdofredom Sawin. Writing to Hosea Biglow, back in the roaring forties, his reminiscences of "October trainin'" seem prophetic of recent events:

"A chap could clear right from there ef 't only looked like rainin', And the Cunnless [sic] tu could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners And send the insnes skootin' to the barroom with their banners. Fear o' gettin' o' em spotted." etc.

June 26.

J. E. B.

June 30, 1912

Thus you see that silence argueth deep and profound wisdom. It implies sobriety, and is a mystical secret and divine virtue; whereas drunkenness is talkative, full of words, void of sense and reason, and indeed thereupon multiplieth so many words, and is ever jangling. And in truth the philosophers themselves when they define drunkenness say: That it is a kind of raving and speaking idly at the table upon drinking too much wine; whereby it is evident that they do not simply condemn drinking, so that a man keep himself within the bounds of modesty and silence, but it is excessive and foolish talk, that of drinking wine maketh drunkenness. Thus the drunkard raveth and talketh idly when he is cup-shotten at the board; but the prattler and man of many words doth it always and in every place. In the market and common hall, at the theatre, in the public galleries and walking-places, by day and by night. If he be a physician and visit his patient, certes he is more grievous, and doth more hurt in his cure than the malady itself; if he be a passenger with others in a ship, all the company had rather be seasick than hear him prate; if he set to praise thee, thou wert better to be dispraised by another.

Amiable Chatter.

And yet many of us like to hear amiable chatter about books, the theatre, cookery and the delightful capriciousness of woman. Only yesterday two men at the Porphyry talked for an hour about Charles Lever and his novels. The one would begin: "Do you remember what Jack Hinton, etc.," and the other would reply: "Yes, but I'll never forget that scene in 'Lord Kilgobbin'—that novel with two of the finest girls in fiction—where—". And there was the rapid interchange, with battledore and shuttlecock dialogue of the Euripidean tragedy. No one of the listeners was bored, although the enthusiasm of the chatters was not contagious, and no one of us was consumed with the desire to purchase the complete works of Lever, who in his later years wrote biliously about America and Americans in Blackwood's every month.

The Joy of Dispersal.

The Herald discussed some time ago the problem of keeping a house library within reasonable proportions and praised the courage of those who, about to leave for their summer palaces, or changing their abode in the city, shut their eyes and pitch volume after volume out of a back window. Mr. William Whittem of London met a book-er, who prosperous and far from a tinge of what is euphemistically known as financial stagnation, had just sold his working library of about 5000 volumes. "Not, of course, the last score, or last fifty—the little band of brothers, so to speak, who had been with him on the St. Crispin's days of his youth, but all the rest." This lover and user of books was not dejected; he smiled; he looked younger—"like a man who has come from a Turkish bath." The passionate collector sells his treasures so that he can again experience the joy of collecting; but is it true that the lover of books, who reads them and not merely looks at the backs with pride, sells his library from time to time? We doubt it.

True Bravery.

Charles Lamb, as we all know, had decided views as to the worth of books. Presentation copies, suitably inscribed, did not appeal to him. He threw them away with a superb indifference. Thomas Westwood, who picked up some of the rejected volumes, tells the story: "A Leigh Hunt, for instance, would come skimming to my feet through the branches of the apple tree (our gardens were contiguous); or a Bernard Barton would be rolled downstairs to me from the library door. 'Marcian Colonna.' I remember finding on my window-sill, damp with the night's fog; and the Plea of the Midsummer Fairies! I picked out of the strawberry bed."

Mr. Birrell was not so generous to his friends, when he wished to dispose of his complete works of Hannah More. He did not think it the part of a benevolent man to give them further circulation. He felt that "the enervating fog of their impeccable dullness ought not to be allowed to creep into other libraries," and so he buried the morocco-bound volumes in his garden while his family stood about and cheered. Was he more to be commended than the owner of 100 or more volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine, who, finding out that he could not sell them easily as books or waste paper, took a couple with him daily on his way to town, jammed them in the railway car and, dismounting, left them in the hat rack?

Strange Favorites.

In the selection of books to be kept a man does not always regard the survival of the fittest. There are books that to some are stumbling blocks or utter foolishness, but to him are dear through association. Abject poverty could not drive us to part with "The

Pirate's Own Book," and not merely because Emerson mentioned it. We could spare the complete works of Bacon—and we do not include among them plays by a certain William Shakespeare—but we should keep "The Thousand Nights and a Night" with two or three novels by Mortimer Collins and Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." Then there are the old battered, dog-eared school books to be guarded as jealously as though they were Georgian and Abyssinian slaves bought at the highest price for the Sultan's harem.

On a Desert Island.

Not is the hot discussion as to what one book you would take were you to spend the rest of your life on a desert island bore some to those sitting near the disputants. It is amusing to note the insincerity that often is displayed. One man will name Pater's "Marius," another, Montaigne's essays, and so it goes from The Book of Books to a complete set of Balzac—reckoned as one—or Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." There is much to be said in favor of a good compact dictionary, even though the dweller on the island might not have occasion to verify his spelling. There are men who thus marooned might not feel the need of any book, and would exchange a volume of essays or a Shakespeare for a couple of packs of cards, so that the more elaborate games of solitaire could pass the time and soothe the soul.

June 30, 1912

The Herald alluded last Sunday to Mr. William Archer's "Play Making," published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston, and quoted Mr. Archer's frank confession that there are no rules for writing a play. While this book will be of little positive help to any one gliding up his loins to present a dramatic idea in dramatic form that an audience may be amused or moved, it may indirectly save him from grievous sins in construction and expression.

However this may be, the book is entertaining reading for those who are interested in the theatre if only as mere spectators; it will amuse all those who now find themselves bored in the theatre; it may confirm them in their resolve to read good plays rather than see them.

Furthermore, the book is in its way an excellent compendium of theatrical criticism.

Live Plays

Mr. Archer first considers the choice of a theme, whether

Dead Plays

it be an idea, an abstraction, a principle, an environment, a social phenomenon; one of temporary or abiding interest. Should the theme be abstract, or a character, a situation, a story? It would be absurd to lay down any rule. The plays of Brieux suffer from the obtrusive predominance of the theme. "A Pair of Spectacles" is witty and charming, yet it is a moral apologue. The idyllic atmosphere of "Shore Acres" is disturbed by the introduction of a melodramatic scene in a lighthouse. Often the original germ is unrecognizable before the play is done, and any play "will be of small account as a work of art unless character at a very early point enters into and conditions its development."

"The difference between a live play and a dead one is that in the former the characters control the plot, while in the latter the plot controls the characters." No one of a poetic nature should say, "Come, now, I'll write a play. Shall it be a Phœdra, or a Semiramis, or a Sappho, or a Cleopatra?" A drama conceived in this "reach-me-down" fashion will not have the breath of life in it.

Dramatic

and

Undramatic

but the place for the development of the human will, attacking the obstacles opposed to it by destiny, fortune or circumstances? In other words, there is a struggle.

Mr. Archer asks where is the struggle in "Agamemnon" or in "Oedipus Rex," for Oedipus, as a matter of fact, does not struggle at all; his struggles are things of the past. There is no conflict in "As You Like It"; not even in "Ghosts." No, conflict is not indispensable to drama. Mr. Archer finds that the body of "The Great Divide" is weakened "by our sense that the happy ending is only being postponed by a violent effort."

"The essence of drama is 'crisis.' A play is a more or less rapidly developing crisis in destiny or circumstances, and a dramatic scene is a crisis within a crisis, clearly furthering the ultimate event." And so drama is the art of crises, as fiction is the art of gradual development. In a novel there are often too many potentially dramatic crises, and in dividually too small for theatrical presentation, as, for instance, in "The House with the Green Shutters."

Mr. Archer gives examples of finely dramatic handling of detail, as when the cry, "The crutch is floating," assures the father and mother of Eyolf that he is drowned.

The word "dramatic" to some has become a word of reproach, synonymous with "theatrical," and they quote

Maeterlinck's famous sentence about the old man seated in his armchair living a deeper and more human life than the lover who strangles his mistress or the captain who conquers in battle. Mr. Archer reminds them that Maeterlinck in his own practice constantly deals with crises, "and often with violent and startling ones."

Routine

of

Composition

The young dramatist is warned against the "abhorrent jargon" of the early 19th century, when there were no box rooms or set exteriors on the stage. "When one comes across a manuscript bespattered with such cabalistic signs as 'R. 2-E,' 'R. C.,' 'L. C.,' 'L. U. E.,' and so forth, one sees at a glance that the writer has neither studied dramatic literature nor thought out for himself the conditions of the modern theatre, but has found his dramatic education between the buff covers of 'French's Acting Edition.' There is an abuse of stage-directions, amusing, brilliant as they are when written by Mr. Shaw. 'You cannot with impunity mix up two distinct forms of art—the drama and the sociological essay or lecture.' Mr. Shaw's directions are so brilliant that some day they will be spoken by a lecturer in the orchestra while the action stands still on the stage." Thus he will have begotten a bastard, but highly entertaining, form of art. The young have little chance of rivalling Mr. Shaw as sociological essayists, "but if they treat their art seriously, and as a pure art, they may easily surpass him as dramatists." The author should not think of "the idea of the stage" in visualizing a scene. He should see and describe the room, garden, etc., as existing in the real world.

A "Hamlet" could be written with only six personages, and Ophelia is then assumed to be essential. Then we should have Hamlet and his confidant; Ophelia and her confidant, and the King and Queen. The Queen might even be Ophelia's confidant. The play would then be after the manner of Racine. The Ghost is not essential to this scheme, nor is Polonius, Laertes or Horatio to the essence of the play.

The label-name is wholly out of date. "One feels that Eccles in 'Caste' could not possibly have borne any other name. How much less living would he be had he been called Mr. Soaker or Mr. Toss-pot!"

The Point

of Attack and Exposition

In the chapter "The Point of Attack" the author has much to say about the methods of Shakespeare and Ibsen. He quotes from a preface of Dumas the younger: "A situation is not an idea. 'An idea has a beginning, a middle and an end; an exposition, a development, a conclusion. Any one can relate a dramatic situation; the art lies in preparing it, getting it accepted, rendering it possible, especially in untying the knot.' It was Shakespeare's usual practice, 'histories apart, to bring the action of the play within the frame of the picture; he left little or nothing to narrative exposition. The two great exceptions are 'Hamlet' and 'The Tempest.' Ibsen, in his best work, instead of narrating his preliminaries in cold blood, dramatizes the narration."

There is no interest superiority in one method over another. Under modern conditions it is not easy to produce a play of complex psychological or emotional substance in which the whole crisis comes within the frame of the picture.

"To my personal taste, one of the keenest forms of theatrical enjoyment is that of seeing the curtain go up on a picture of perfect tranquillity, wondering from what quarter the drama is

going to arise, and then watching it gather on the horizon like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand." Mr. Archer cites "An Enemy of the People," "Candida," "Don." And, by the way, in his chapter on "Exposition," Mr. Archer characterizes "His House in Order" as one of Pincro's greatest plays.

"So long as the fashion of late dinners continues, it must remain a measure of prudence to let nothing absolutely essential to the comprehension of a play be said or done during the first 10 minutes after the rise of the curtain."

Opinions

by the

Way

Mr. Archer does not hold that the act is a mere diversion of convenience.

There is nothing trivial when it comes to be placed under the powerful lens of theatrical presentation.

"However oft-repeated and much-discussed a play may be, the playwright must assume that in every audience there will be an appreciable number of persons who know practically nothing about it, and whose enjoyment will depend, like that of the first night audience, on the skill with which he develops his story." The playwright is bound to assume that the audience addressed has no previous knowledge of his fable. Mrs. Oliphant wished that in the screen scene in "The School for Scandal" Sheridan had deceived the au-

dience as well as the personages. "The real drama passes behind the screen." It lies in the emotions that course through Lady Teazle's soul. All this should not be sacrificed for "a single moment of crude surprise."

It was the opinion of Dumas the younger that a startling idea ought not to be sprung upon an audience wholly unprepared to accept it.

"Any scene which requires an obviously purposeful scenic arrangement is thereby discounted."

"I am much inclined to think that the dramatic effect of highly emotional narrative is underrated in the modern theatre."

Chapters

of Shrewd

Analysis

The titles of the remaining chapters are: Curiosity and Interest; Foreboding; Tension and its Suspension; Preparation: The Finger Post; the Obligatory Scene (that is, Sarcy's "Scene a Faire"); The Peripety; Probability, Chance and Coincidence; Logic; Keeping a Secret; Climax and Anticlimax; Conversion; Blind-Alley Themes—and others; The Full Close; Character and Psychology; Dialogue and Details. These titles give only a faint idea of the contents. The pages inquire into conspicuous merits or failings of modern plays without laborious and consequently dull analysis. One of the most instructive chapters is that entitled "The Obligatory Scene," with an examination of Sarcy's famous phrase, and in this one chapter there are quotations for illustrative purposes from "Les Fourchambault," "A Doll's House," "The Wild Duck" and other plays by Ibsen; "La Course du Flambeau," "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," "Candida," "Michael and His Lost Angel," "The Power of Darkness," "Agatha," "The Rise of Dick Halward," "Revoltée," "Othello," "Becket," "Iris," "Griffith Davenport," "Ben Hur"—"Crude and commonplace, but the conception is by no means inartistic"—"Le Maître d'Armes," "A Man of Honor," "Les Possibles."

And the other chapters are full of shrewd observations, concise expressions of opinions that are not dogmatic, yet convincing.

Mr. Archer's book should be read by theatre-goers, if only to furnish them with material for the formation of judgment based not wholly on personal whim or prejudice. There is a short biographical note, and there is a full index.

"Ion" in the

United

States

To the Editor of The Herald: In today's Herald I was interested to note in the Dramatic and Musical Review a quotation from the Pall Mall Gazette about Judge Talfourd and his play of "Ion."

I have here a manuscript journal of a younger brother of Judge Talfourd, in which, near the close of a long trip in Mexico and the United States, he records that he was in Buffalo and went to the theatre where the play was "Ion." The entry is partly this: "Monday, May 30, 1853. Buffalo is a magnificent city; streets wide; buildings solid and tasteful. Stopped at the Clarendon Theatre—Ion; poor house," etc., etc.

Now, what I want to know is this: Who was playing it there in that early day? Later he mentions a Mr. and Mrs. Plunket in the same entry, but I can't gather whether they had anything to do with the play or not. The whole journal is written in the briefest and most concise way possible.

Field Talfourd was a portrait artist, and his pictures of the Brownings are the best known of that illustrious pair; but he does not appear in "National Biography," though the judge and his son Frank (who also wrote plays) both have notices of some length. Field knew the Brownings personally and is mentioned in Hawthorne's "English Note Book" and also by Mrs. Hawthorne in a letter written to Mrs. Peabody, her mother, included in a book called "Some Memories of Hawthorne" published some years ago by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. I have given one of Field T.'s photographs to the Browning society's collection at the public library. It was at Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd's (the judge's) house that Browning met Kenyon, who was the means of introducing him to Elizabeth Barrett. How I came by his journal and picture, "Is another story" too long to bore you with.

I hope you may be able to tell me who played "Ion" at Buffalo in 1853 in some of your stage notes.

F. L. JOHNSTON.
Boston, June 23, 1912.
The Herald will publish a note on "Ion" next Sunday.—[Ed.]

Notes

About the

Stage

Max Reinhardt has acquired the German performing rights of "The Playboy of the Western World," which will be produced in German at the Kammerspiel in Berlin next season.

Mrs. Radford's "The Ransom" was produced at the Little Theatre, London, June 8. "A battle was fought between the conventional idea of love and the Shelleyan idea that 'to daunt is not to take away,' in the persons of a young man full of notions of loyalty to his newly betrothed, and a woman on the borders of middle age, cooped up with

elderly husband and Miss C. so much love as the youth must still have spare her. He reverts too late for he has already crept at dawn to the beechwood where they were accustomed to meet, and has taken poison. He has many true and beautiful things to say (and Miss Penelope Wheeler said them for her musically and sincerely), but we were wondering all the time whether this particular woman was a mouthpiece for great thoughts, and whether those who are strong enough to kill themselves for a love are not too strong to kill themselves for anything. Perhaps we should have had more sympathy with the case if we had been able to hear more of what Mr. Hunter Nesbitt, as the youth, had to say, and if what we did catch had betrayed some rudimentary notion of the art of speaking verse."

The Paris correspondent of the London Era says that an absurd fuss was made over the "sensuality" of Nijinski's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." "I dare say you think that the story is improper. Not a bit of it. Young girls ought take their maiden aunts to see it. At the same time the correspondent admits that on the first night what Nijinski did to a veil was 'fierce' and afterwards the Russian took the penny out of the business so that those who had paid \$5 for a seat were bitterly disappointed."

The Third Degree is known in London as "Find the Woman."

Senora Marthe Trevino, the oldest actress in the world, celebrated her 112th birthday recently at a village near Barcelona. When she first appeared on the stage, at Madrid as a child, Joseph, the brother of the great Napoleon, was King of Spain, and he presented Senora Trevino with a gold medal, which she has preserved religiously.—The Era, June 8.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph (June 15) wrote: "The performance of 'Salome' pleased the paying public only too well last evening. Where the critics only tilted the general public guffawed. That is to say, when Herodas henpecks Herod, M. de Max (Herod) stopped suddenly in a fine fury that out-Heroded his own Herod, and told the spectators what he thought of them. 'We have a different right to play; we can't go on if a parcel of fools interrupt us.' Well said, M. de Max. We are coming back to the five old days when actors and audience called each other good round names. The members of the audience were so pleased at being called idiots that they stopped laughing, and the play in which M. de Max's Herod is the best thing by far could go on to the end."

Sir Herbert Tree revived "Oliver Twist" (June 11) at His Majesty's and was at home in the part of Fagin. "He toasted his saveloy and dipped it in his beer, pulled his beard, smiled and snarled, coughed and called everyone 'ma' tear,' cringed and bullied, and raved in raptures, as if he had been playing the part for 100 consecutive nights; indeed, he seemed now and then to be embroidering it with jesting besides and scraps of grotesque and horrible 'business' in sheer high spirits." Miss Constance Collier took the part of Nancy. The play "went a little slowly." It is said that "The Women of France" by Arthur Shirley and Ben Landon (Lyceum Theatre, London, June 12), is free from the sickness which has flavored one or two recent melodramas. "The story is of De Villeroi, an aristocrat who masquerades as a Republican, saves the Dauphin from the Temple and conducts him to the coast. 'The weak spot of the play is its pervasion by a heroine of extraordinary stupidity and doubtful manners.'"

Mrs. John C. Heenan Again The Herald has received the following interesting letter from Mr. William Seymour:

To the Editor of The Herald:

Is it possible that the Mrs. John C. Heenan referred to in the inclosed clipping—she played in Boston in 1860—was Miss Sara Stevens, a popular actress of the late 50s and 60s? I know that she was at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, in 1859, a member of John E. Owens's stock company, of which my father and mother were also members. I remember meeting Miss Stevens in New York city several years later and my mother telling me that she was the wife of "the great prize fighter, John C. Heenan." She played Bertha, the blind girl, in "Dot" or "The Cricket on the Hearth," when Mr. Owens produced it in New Orleans. Miss Stevens was a member of the company at Wallack's Lyceum, New York city, in 1856, and with Laura Keane at her theatre in New York in 1858, playing the part of Mary Meredith in the original cast of "Our American Cousin," produced Oct. 18, 1858.

I find her name as late as 1873 in a cast of "Diplomacy" at Wallack's Theatre, New York city.

I have no record that she ever played under the name of Mrs. John C. Heenan, and I have no biographical data of Mrs. Heenan at hand. A reference to his life, however, would show when he married Miss Stevens, and if she was Mrs. Heenan in 1860.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

Glamavi Towers, South Duxbury, June 14, 1912.

From Concert

Halls and

Gossip Shops

Handels' "Hercules," with orchestral accompaniment by J. Reiter, has been performed at Eutin.

The Linden tree in the valley of the Werra, which led Mueller to write the verses preserved by Schubert's music, has been uprooted by the wind. The tree was thought to be at least 650 years old.

Don Lorenzo Perosi will direct a series of sacred concerts in South America.

The price of an orchestra seat in the Stuttgart Opera House will be \$12.50 when Richard Strauss's new opera will be performed. No wonder that the Signale says: "And so Strauss becomes dearer and dearer to the German people."

Frank Tomastik of Hollerschau in Moravia has invented a contrivance to augment the sonorosity of a violin. He will give a concert in Vienna next season to convince doubting Thomases.

The body of Tamagno has been moved to a magnificent mausoleum in the Turin cemetery. This tomb, designed by the Milanese architect, Arcanhi, at the request of the tenor's daughter, Mme. Margherita Tamagno-Talamona, is said to have cost \$250,000.

Mr. Nikisch on June 14 kept the London Symphony Orchestra "in sympathetic touch" with a planola when it played Grieg's concerto.

At Mme. Pavlova's garden party on Hampstead Heath, June 13, she "performed a new measure" on the lawn, while over 300 spectators, among them two live swans, looked on enchanted.

In presenting the prizes at the Glasgow Athenaeum School of Music last week, the Lord Advocate modestly disclaimed any intimate knowledge of music. But it may easily have surprised him to read next morning, in a report of his speech, that he cherished memories of classical chamber music played by "Joachim, Siati, Strauss, and Miss Fay Davies."—Daily Telegraph.

Mme. Nordica sang at the Queen's Hall, London, June 14. There was "a veritable avalanche" of bouquets, and "her singing appeared to have lost little of its old spirit."

On June 14 Miss Maggie Teyte gave a recital in London. The Daily Telegraph said that the program claimed to be the first ever framed with the express object of introducing to a London audience a representative list of songs by the best American song-writers. It was a good idea, and one to convince any unprejudiced hearer that there are plenty of composers in the United States who take their art very seriously, and studiously avoid whatever is cheap, commonplace, or vulgar. Some numbers in Miss Teyte's scheme were admirable. Notable among them were W. M. Rummel's delightful "Ecstasy" and some settings of French verse by C. Engel and C. M. Loeffler. The two last-named composers have clearly studied the modern French school thoroughly, and without consciously imitating any particular composer or yielding to the fascination of eccentric tonality they have learned from their models the elusive art of suggesting atmosphere by simple, unobtrusive means. Most of the other songs on the program showed a conscious desire to avoid the obvious without the ability to put anything very stimulating in its place. Consequently the attention of the audience was often diverted from the songs to the singer, whose interpretations had all the freshness of tone and sincerity of feeling for which Miss Teyte has long been famous.

Charles Anthony of Boston gave a piano recital in London on June 11. The Daily Telegraph said that he is an American pianist "whose art has reached a more mature stage than that generally associated with first appearances, since he has not been content

merely to graduate in technique. His program covered enough ground to indicate a wide sympathy with music of all schools, and—in some of some more or less negligible inaccuracies—his performance showed considerable power of expression. His version of the Etudes Symphoniques of Schumann proved that he could produce a tone of great volume when he desired it. Occasionally the desire seemed rather unjustifiable, but Mr. Anthony did not always exalt above insight, while he was quite competent to steer a just course between mechanical rigidity and emotional licence. It was a strong, confident performance, designed rather to elucidate the music than to advertise the interpreter."

Cantor Gerschon Sivota of Warsaw sang in London on June 11. He has "a resonant, not to say lusty, tenor voice, with a predilection for portamento."

At this cantor's concert Miss Ipolyka Gyarfás of Budapest, a pupil of Hubay, a violinist of 12 years, made a marked impression.

Yet another prodigy! Jakob Helfetz, a Russian boy of 11 years, who has studied with Prof. Leopold Auer of St. Petersburg, made his debut in Berlin last week before an invited audience of professional musicians and critics, and according to our correspondent, "proved himself to be a good deal more than the ordinary violin wunderkind. With a complete facility in overcoming technical difficulties he associates a remarkable maturity of feeling and a tranquility and assurance of manner very rare among even older instrumentalists."

his program included the first movement of the Tschalkowsky Concerto, which he mastered in a manner that positively amazed his hearers. It is said that the lad has been playing since he was 3 years old."—Daily Telegraph, June 1.

Debussy's quartet in G minor suffered from a certain roughness of intonation. That this was not the fault of the players was clear from their very accurate intonation later in the evening in Hugo Wolf's Italian Serenade. And one is driven to the conclusion that the "whole tone" method and all that it implies is not adaptable to the string quartet. It may have its proper place in the orchestra, even in a small orchestra, where with several instruments to one part the minute change involved in turning G sharp into A flat is merged in the general body of sound. But on a single string there must come a definite moment when that change takes place; and the accumulation of such moments brought about by an extensive modulation produces pain and not pleasure, at present at any rate. We shall accept it, no doubt, before long; and there will be some of them who will look back on the pure intonation of the string quartet with the same wistfulness with which others now regard the old church organs that were "tuned sweet." (London Times, July 12.) The Times should hear the quartet played by the Pionzeys. It would not then complain of rough intonation.

Robert Kothe, singer and lutist, is giving concerts in Germany in the hope of reviving interest in the lute.

Ernest Bloch, the composer of an opera, "Macbeth," has been appointed professor of composition at the Geneva Conservatory.

Marie Brema will teach singing at the Royal College of Music at Manchester.

Miss Geraldine Farrar has been named an officer of the Academy (Paris).

Queen

Tamar

Mimed

The London Times greeted hysterically the return of the Russian Ballet to Covent Garden. "The world was once more a world of fantasy, where Pierrot might sob and wave distracted sleeves and Harlequin spin lightning pirouettes before the laughing eyes of Columbine, but where neither tears nor laughter were allowed to scratch more than the surface of our emotion—just enough to tickle our sensibilities, but not to be a charge upon our senses."

"Tamar," a choreographic drama, was danced and mimed to Balakireff's symphonic poem, which has been performed in New York and Chicago in symphony concerts, but not in Boston. The Queen Tamar is a Russian Marguerite of Burgundy in her Tour de Nesle. The Times says of this ballet inspired by Lermontoff's poem: "The Queen looks out of the castle window and signals to a wandering stranger outside to come in. Once he is in, he falls a captive to her beauty and dances with her and her suite with ever-increasing ecstasy, till at the climax he receives a dagger in his heart at her hands and is hurled into the river. Tamar's passion satisfied, she returns languidly to her couch; another stranger is seen beneath the castle walls; she signals to him to approach, and so—da capo." The Times thought that Balakireff's music, "containing a good deal of Wagner, Berlioz and Liszt," except for "the pressing insistence of the oriental rhythms, is not very effective in its present form." Mme. Karsavina as Tamar was described by the Daily Telegraph "the picture of Tragedy, as she rises from one of the most luxurious couches we ever saw."

The

Laparra

Brothers

Raoul Laparra, who is known in Boston by his "Habanera," gave a piano and violin recital in London with his brother Edward on June 12. The program included movements from a sonata by Handel and French suites by Bach, an etude by d'Erlanger, waltzes by Laparra, pieces by Chopin and Raoul's violin sonata. The Times said: "Neither the curious eclecticism of the program nor the unfamiliar works which it contained were the chief source of interest, but rather the piano playing of M. Raoul Laparra. It had remarkable freshness, coming in the middle of a season packed with the recitals of conventionally trained performers. His playing is essentially that of a composer or of an amateur—it comes to much the same thing, since a composer is almost always an amateur in his attitude towards other men's music. This does not mean that M. Laparra is deficient in technical accomplishment; on the contrary, he has any amount of dexterity. But he plays what he likes in the way he likes; he lays tremendous emphasis on the features that appeal to him, and they are chiefly rhythmic features. He seemed to care very little about the actual quality of sound; at any rate, he was not afraid of a hard and thumping forte if it gave the energy

which he wanted to convey. Consequently his playing of Chopin's Impromptu Fantasia and Ballade in A flat gave a very strong impression of individuality—M. Laparra's individuality primarily, and only Chopin's in so far as it happened to coincide with his. The sonata for violin in A minor and major by M. Laparra lives entirely by its clear rhythm, and consequently is at its weakest in the slow movement, where

reiteration of simple rhythmic figures is apt to be tiresome. The rhythm gives strength, however, to the emphatic first movement, grace to the Intermezzo, and the finale, which has more melodic outline and freedom of style, is yet kept compact by its means. M. Edouard Laparra is an accomplished violinist, whose beautifully clean tone and finished style make a striking contrast to his brother's treatment of the piano."

Or, as the Daily Telegraph said of the pianist: "Certain angular violence of expression, resulting from temperamental exuberance, should yield with time to a more clarified restraint."

A

Pavlova

Rhapsody by Mme. Pavlova:

"You may as well try to describe sunlight as dancing. The charm of both is something which will not go into words. A thermometer is as capable of expressing what light is like as the most careful description of preserving the beauty in a dance. If you like to be pedantic you may talk aesthetics and analyze your sensations, so much for color, so much for music. But all this, even if you have the luck to make it interesting, will tell nothing of the dance itself. That is, if the dancer was an artist."

"The dancing which is not art can be described easily enough. More easily described than endured. If it is an athletic display, if it is acrobatics masquerading under another name, if it is an unholy mixture of sinuosity and ferocity, if it is groveling upon the ground which claims interest as the effect of something quite nasty, then a phrase will deal with it adequately, and one glimpse of it suffice for those who know what dancing can be. Of all these eccentricities we have enough, and as there will always be many people who want to see how queer their species can look, such performances will never lack an audience."

"But the best of dancing ranks with the other arts in its beauty and its power over the emotions. Just as music can give an *etat d'ame* which is not in the power of painting, and the painter express a landscape in a fashion beyond the poet's reach, so dancing has its own mission. That is the ultimate reason why description cannot describe it. No

one ever thought that Ruskin put all of Turner into words. No one ever expected a painter to show us the agony of Lear. The dancer, of course, calls the aid of the other arts to her finest work. Music and a fine scheme of color are needed for the thrill of Pavlova's Bacchanale. But the dance is itself a unity. Color and music are inextricably mingled with the dancer's own charm and mastery. You cannot describe it except by similes. You may find it in the cry and throb of one of Swinburne's rushing lyrics. It has the surge and laughter of a spring wind in sunshine. But the glowing life of it and its wild excitement are its own. Words only illustrate, they cannot express its beauty and its appeal."

July 1 1912

It was Walt Whitman who, nearly 60 years ago, considering the genius of American institutions, spoke of the "terrible significance" of elections.

Of Contemporaneous Interest.

Dr. Amos T. D. Baker, noting Mr. Thaw's mental condition from day to day, "found him laughing over the funny page of one of the New York Sunday papers."

Mr. Charles Klein's drama "The Third Degree" has been produced in London, and the title is "Find the Woman." The Times, we regret to say, did not treat the play with becoming seriousness. It spoke of Miss Violet Vanbrugh revelling in the part of Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr., and saying "Gee!" with as much aplomb as though she had lisped it in her cradle. "Let us, too heartily say 'Gee!' It is what another American of fiction, Jim Pinkerton, would have called a 'boss word,' and, anyway, the only one that fully expresses our feelings about the piece."

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton says that she will continue to smoke cigarettes wherever and whenever she likes. She said this to a Chicago reporter "in a quiet but firm tone of voice." She smokes because she enjoys tobacco, but even if the weed were repugnant to her she would smoke to show people her contempt for their "foolish old sentiment and prejudice." And so she puts herself with George Sand and Liszt's friend, the pious princess, who smoked ostentatiously cigars of extraordinary length and strength. Only a few days ago The Herald mentioned the case of a Serbian woman, so passionately addicted to tobacco that she stole it from her husband, who at last strangled her. This woman, however, preferred a pipe, and thus followed the example of many highly respectable women of bygone centuries. The "Statistical Account of Scotland," published in 1791, remarked that the chief luxuries in the rural districts were snuff, tobacco and whiskey. "The use of tobacco may almost be said to be excessive, especially among the

terrible sex. There is scarce a young woman by the time she has been taught to spin but has also learned to smoke. Smoking seems to have been introduced as an antidote to rheumatism and ague. The favorable alteration with respect to these diseases has produced only a greater avidity for tobacco. Yet many men dislike to see women smoking cigarettes for the practice stains fair features and fouls the breath. "Give me for marriage a sweet-breathed woman of whom I shall never tire!" yawned the good, gray poet.

A Few Personalities.

The income of Mr. Leslie Stuart has been for some time between \$20,000 and \$25,000 a year, for "Floradora" is not his only work that has been popular. Yet he has long been in the hands of a money lender, and is forced to appear in the bankruptcy court. The inference is that Mr. Stuart has been clothing himself in purple and fine linen, maintaining a steam yacht and faring "sumptuously" every day; but he may dress in sober tweeds, and live on fruits and herbs, with water from the spring. Years ago a composer was expected to be poor. We have changed all that. The income of prominent musicians, whether their name be Richard Strauss,

or Franz Lehar, is a very large one in the majority of cases. Nor do they now plume themselves on financial irresponsibility as an indispensable attribute of genius.

Mr. Florencio Constantino, the tenor, thrust his sword into a colleague's eye in a dramatic moment during an operatic performance in New Orleans. Such accidents have been by no means uncommon in the history of the stage. Within the last dozen years the story of "Pagliacci" has been played with grim intent in European theatres, and the leading man has stabbed or shot the heroine, or soubrette, or hated rival. It is not easy to think of the amiable Constantino as destructively passionate in action. He is first of all a singer, and one of the old school, expectant of applause from friends in the gallery, who have been thoughtfully provided with free seats, and from restless admirers on the floor. When he saw in Boston the triumphs of Mr. Clement and the histrionic progress of Mr. Zenatello he said to himself, "I, too, will be an actor," and as Radames and Edgardo he began to give an imitation of a man swimming against the waves. Or he would remind the spectator of an agitated semaphore. It is to be regretted that this excellent singer and courteous gentleman has met with a deplorable accident through his artistic zeal.

When Mr. Felix Weingartner conducted a performance of "Faust" at the Boston Opera House last season, the rap did not work, and Mephistopheles failed to appear, although his voice was heard: "Behold me." Mr. Weingartner, thinking that the stars in their courses were fighting against Miss Marcel, the Marguerite of the evening, left, in a highly nervous state, the conductor's desk and went behind the scenes. A few days ago he was conducting "Rheingold" at the Paris Opera House. The clouds refused to lift, whereupon he threw down the baton and again rushed behind the scenes. But it is the duty of a conductor to stick to his post. Why did not Mr. Weingartner call upon the orchestra to strike up "Push Those Clouds Away"?

In The Mouth.

Toothpicks have been banished from the commons of the University of Chicago, because the students are said to use them carelessly; but some say that the use of the toothpick is vulgar whether it be quill, wood, gold, bone, or the little blade of a jackknife. The use of the pick is old. Martial tells us what woods the Romans preferred. Admiral Colling was known by his toothpick, which, inactive, rested in his beard or over an ear, and there was a saying among Catholics and Huguenots: "Be aware of the Admiral with his toothpick." Is there not a little bird that attends to the teeth of the crocodile? And what has become of the case of toothpicks, bone, or ivory, that some men in the sixties sported as a watch charm, or carried in a waistcoat pocket? We forget the exact number of picks in the case. Was there one for each day in the week and were they all numbered or lettered?

The toothpick is not for public operation or display, and yet how many men and women returning to the office from the noonday meal are in our streets flaunting a wooden toothpick in the sight of the public!

How carelessly we all read famous books! How seldom we apply what we read to the solution of problems in the routine of life! There is Pepys's diary. Many of us will talk knowingly about Mrs. Knipp, the actress, or neatly imitate certain mannerisms of the diarist, or discuss the pronunciation of his name or look down on those who know the confessions only through Braybrooke's edition, or conjecture what Mr. Whateligh omitted and why he did not

omit the story to their own or elicit advantage.

The Cat Problem.

For instance, there is much talk at present about stony-hearted dwellers in the Back Bay, who, leaving town for a journey or for a sojourn in their humble thatched cottages, forget the household pet, and poor Puss is obliged to hunt garbage or to starve. We read of rewards offered for the detection of the heartless; of plans for putting the cats out of their misery.

New on Sept. 11, 1861, our Mr. Peypys made this entry: "To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes; and he did show me a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange, and he tells me, that he do believe that he hath killed above 100 cats."

Why should there be talk of special agents or shot guns or bags for drowning, or chloroform? Are there no descendants of Dr. Williams's dog in Boston? Or are there no skilled trainers?

In Prophetic Vision.

As the World Wags:

Reading "The United States: An Outline of Political History," by the late Goldwin Smith, I came across a passage which has peculiar significance today. Considering Webster's speech on the message sent down by President Jackson with his veto on the chartering of the National Bank, the learned and keen-witted author added these remarks:

"In a community so full of political life and of self-preserving power as the American republic, no man can seriously meditate usurpation. But if any man could meditate usurpation he would act as Jackson acted; he would stretch his power under pretence of asserting popular right; he would give himself out as the embodiment of the popular will; he would degrade constitutional assemblies and the judiciary; he would ostentatiously appeal from their judgment to that of the people *** and he would stir up the hatred of the poor against the rich."

Goldwin Smith's book was published in 1893. Is it possible that in this prophetic vision he saw the threatening form of Theodor Rex?

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

Beverly, June 30, 1912.

Better Than Beef.

The Daily Chronicle of London continues in its state of dismay, lamenting the exorbitant prices of food in England, and fearing universal starvation. It quotes from an article in the Technical Magazine which insists that the ocean holds a vast reserve of food in

its edible weeds. "In the Sargasso Sea alone sufficient nutritious vegetation flourishes and decays to support the entire population of Europe, if it were harvested and prepared in a manner fitting it for human consumption." We are also informed that there are enough proteids cast up on the sea beaches of the United States to replace the whole product of Northwestern wheat fields. Furthermore, there is a society in America to promote the use of seaweed as a food. There are "periodical banquets," at which it is served in many styles. Appeals have been made to manufacturers of canned goods, and there are proposals to put shredded seaweeds, dessicated dulse, malto-kelp, cream of sea moss on the market.

But where is all this doing? Gentle shepherd, tell us where. Boston is the home of societies, and circulars stuff the letter boxes. We were invited not long ago to join a benevolent association formed for the purpose of providing worthy working girls with birds and bottles. But as yet we have not received an invitation to join in the seaweed movement. The Londoner sees the day when a sensible woman will "take off her seaweed hat, eat her seaweed meal, light her seaweed cigarette, and toast her toes (clad in the seaweed slippers) before a seaweed fire."

Thrift, Horatio.

A plaintiff in a New York court asked that one Isadore Turk should not be appointed administrator of his grandfather's estate because he was improvident. The plaintiff's attorney argued from evidence given that Isadore, a western ranchman, arriving in New York, had taken two taxicab rides, spent a night at an expensive hotel and eaten a big dinner there. The surrogate pooh-poohed this evidence, and asked the attorney if he had never acted in like manner. The attorney virtuously said no, never; whereupon Surrogate Cohalan remarked: "Do it, because it will do you good. When a man has been out West as a cowboy, he has a right to celebrate on returning to New York. That is only youthful foolhardiness."

This advice might well be given to men and women who, after a life of thrift and self-denial find themselves in comfortable circumstances and yet do not know how to enjoy their money. They are reckoned as "near," "close," "tight-wads"; yet they are not necessarily stingy by nature. They walk under a burning sun, and will not take a

street car. "The distance is so short it will not pay." Though the rain fall in torrents, they shudder at thought of a cab. At the theatre an additional sum of 50 cents is a wild extravagance. Imported beer is only for the reckless. A woman will waste her strength in hunting for a cheap dressmaker or milliner, who, when found, botches the job and ruins the material. A man will be penny wise and pound foolish. There is the abiding dread of poverty. There is the unwillingness to be comfortable today and tomorrow, lest 10 years from now the income will be smaller. There is the old spirit of pinching, until death comes and the savings are left to indifferent relations who spend gayly without thought of the future, and live a joyous life to the end. Mayor Gaynor advises the reading of Epictetus. The surrogates might well have urged the attorney to read diligently the odes, satires and epistles of one Q. Horatius Flaccus.

SUMMER SCENES SEEN AT KEITH'S

Amid a bit of attractive Maine woods as their setting, "the Melstersingers," a distinctively Boston organization, made their annual summer appearance at Keith's yesterday, presenting, before two largely and genuinely appreciative audiences, their new production "Camping Out," so named, presumably because of the scenic effects, which are indeed beautiful.

The Melstersingers are 12 in number, and comprise the Harvard, the Weber and the Schubert quartets, making up together a chorus of voices that it would be hard to equal. The soloists for the present engagement are Harold S. Tripp of the Schubert quartet, who sings "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and A. Cameron Steele, also of the Schubert, who presents in effective bass "Roll on, Thou Deep Blue Ocean." Altogether, there are 11 selections upon the program that the Melstersingers are giving this week, and of the entire lot there was not one that did not receive an encore last night. "Mrs. Winslow's Lullaby," as ever, scored one of the biggest hits, "In Old Madrid" was another of the favorites.

There are many other good things upon this week's bill. James B. Donovan, a frequent and ever-welcome visitor to Keith's, with Charles McDonald as his partner, appears in "My Good Old Friend," a little Irish delineation that permits McDonald to bring in some of the clever dancing for which he is famous, while Donovan pleases with his songs of the old time, after complaining that the melodies of today are not like those his mother used to sing to him.

Isabelle D'Armand and Frank Carter in "Bright Bits"—the sketch couldn't have been more appropriately named—were a hit from start to finish. They are clever singers and clever dancers and showed a refreshing versatility and ability to get away from the stereotyped in song, speech and in dance.

In the line of acrobatic cyclists, and clever riders as well, nothing at Keith's has ever quite approached the trio direct from the London Hippodrome, of Mosher, Hayes and Mosher. For the greater part of their act a single machine suffices and they never have more than two bicycles upon the stage at the same time. Their specialty is pyramid work while a wheel.

Edward Barnes and Mabel Robinson proved popular singers of popular songs, Mr. Barnes presiding at the piano in addition to contributing his full share to the vocal end of the program. Gordon Eldrid & Co. get away with a sketch entitled "Won By a Leg"; Art Bowen sang ditties while drawing cartoons upon an easel pad, while the Ramsdell trio gave a novelty dancing exhibition.

Among those in the audience last night were the members of the Boston and New York American baseball teams, the players occupying boxes on either side of the stage as guests of the management. And of course they came in for a number of friendly raps from the performers.

Several persons have written to The Herald asking why Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, our valued correspondent, who, like the much-enduring Ulysses, has seen many cities and many men, also villages, beaches, forests, streams and deserts, not to mention mountains and hamlets, does not answer Mr. George P. Bolivar in the matter of the Canadian spruce partridge as an article of food. Mr. Halliday may be sound in his opinion, and we have no doubt that in good time he will answer Mr. Bolivar. Perhaps even now he is in Canada in search of a partridge or two. Meanwhile The Herald has received a singular letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

In the Sixties.

As the World Wags:

Although I am an American of old and approved stock, one of the eighth generation in lineal descent from a respectable English glover who assisted in settling the town of Newbury, I am not thrilled by the approaching Fourth. This absence of emotion is not due in any way to the present unfortunate political complications. Nor in looking over past

years I have not been of the Fourth. As a man I have never had enough Welsh rabbit at one sitting. When an amateur experiments with a blazer, the result is too often a mess, a sad waste of good material. When the rabbit is wholly admirable there is seldom enough to go round twice, and as you know, I am of a sensitive and shrinking nature. When there is sufficient cheese and it is skillfully treated, the rabbit is impossible because crackers have been substituted for this indispensable toast. Having reached man's estate, I never have enough rabbit, I say. As a boy I never had enough fire crackers on the Fourth.

Not that my worth rose slowly by poverty oppressed, for my father was blessed with a fair share of this world's goods, but every youngster in this village had more packs of firecrackers than I had. At the time, before my spirit of scientific investigation and analysis had been kindled, I simply sulked and whined. For this I was called "an ungrateful little wretch."

A Father's Pride.

Later I discovered this reason of my father's apparent stinginess. He wished to put more money into the purchase of fireworks which he displayed in front of the house. This house stood on a high hill, commanding a broad and noble view of the elm-shrouded town, the Connecticut river, with Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom, Amherst and Mt. Warner beyond it. My father's private enjoyment was therefore a public display. He himself set off the rockets, pinwheels, fiery pots, mines, and in gauntlets held fearlessly the Roman candles. Thus he thought to appear a heroic figure before his immediate family, visiting sisters, sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, and invited neighbors. No one was allowed to help him. Even Galus, the hired man,

was compelled to be a mere spectator. No doubt my sire was honest in the belief that for a night he cut a heroic figure, as a powder-stained marshal of France on the battle field. But sometimes a pinwheel would not revolve, sometimes a rocket would not soar, but would fizzle ingloriously and crawl feebly on the grass. Woe, then, to the child that laughed.

A Quiet Village.

I met a Bostonian yesterday at the store. He said he had come to Clamport for a "quiet Fourth." The boys in the store winked at each other, and one guffawed. I have spent many Fourth's in this village, and tomorrow I expect to go to Boston, so that I may have a comparatively peaceful night on the third, for the din at Clamport is only equalled by that at Marblehead or Annisquam. There are anticipatory explosions from 6 P. M. till 11:30. Then there is a lull, sinister to those who know the village. At midnight the bells of the Baptist and Methodist churches are rung viciously until the arms of men and boys refuse their office. Horns are blown, and they are not horns of Eliland. Those formidable instruments, the kazoo and the bazoo, are put into torturing operation. A cannon is distinctly heard. Torpedoes, crackers and gun shots lend resonant variety. And so it goes until after daybreak. John Adams wrote to his wife that the memorable day should be solemnized with pomp and parade, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations for evermore. No wonder that Jefferson and others of his time thought him a dangerous man.

Departed Glory.

I regret to say there are no improving exercises here in church or hall. There is no sonorous reading of the Declaration of Independence. There is no oration with the words, "eagle" and "bugle" introduced in one and the same sentence. No village maiden in red, white and blue sings the "Star Spangled Banner" with the aid of a friendly chorus cheered by repeated draughts of Jamaica ginger, bay rum, flavoring extracts, witch-hazel or any other rustic succedaneum for honest strong waters or soothing malt liquors. There is no patriotic dance around the liberty pole. No one declaims against the effete monarchies of Europe or points with pride to our national institutions. There is not even a Fourth of July picnic for perspiring scholars of the Sunday school. Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory is departed! And yet the little boys, sons of villagers or cottagers, have more packs of firecrackers than I had when I tried to steal from the house at night to join the young ruffians gathered on the plain near the burying ground or whooping in front of the Old Church, and the sight of their pleasure brings back memories of disappointments and wild regrets.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, July 2, 1912.

July 4 1912

"Old Boston" writes to The Herald, asking the origin of shaving soap, "when and where it was first used and why." He adds: "The question is prompted by interest that is in no way commercial." He also asks: "Do you think a litter of young foxes more interesting than a litter of young raccoons?"

The latter question should be answered by Mr. Halliday Witherspoon. The former one should appeal to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. It is stated in the Bible that the Lord shall shave with a razor that is bled (Isaiah vi).

but the first barber in Rome came from Sicily. Nor was soap unknown to the ancient Hebrews. "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." (Jeremiah II, 24.)

Forgotten Collectors.

Mr. Calvin Voorhis has been an engineer of the Erie Railroad for at least 40 years, and now his name is lettered in gold on both sides of the engine, for the Erie has adopted the system of naming its locomotives after faithful employees.

Years ago there were boys who collected the names of engines, from Atlas to Vulcan. They would haunt depots for railway stations were then then called—they would bore engineers and brakemen; they would sit on back benches to catch a name as a new engine passed. For engines in those days had generous smokestacks, and they had the individuality of a name. They were not condemned to a number like a convict or a hotel guest, and often the portrait of a Governor, a railway president, a superintendent, or some well known public man, was painted on each side of the tender. The whiskerage of the one thus honored was faithfully reproduced, and it was a period of whiskers—witness the contemporaneous photographs of generals, colonels, captains, lieutenants and privates in the Civil War. A shaven upper lip and luxurious zymos were not uncommon.

The names of engines were entered in alphabetical order in blank books and the name of the railroad to which each belonged was added. Boys used to swap names, and there was correspondence inviting interchange. And thus boys became familiar with geography, history, political and natural. Today the only interest that a boy has, when an engine draws into a station is to see whether the number can be twisted into the baleful "13" as in the case of "67" or "193."

For Bright-Eyed Boys.

A correspondent of the London Chronicle proposes this problem, which should not be beyond all conjecture:

"Two South American republics—let us say Peru and Brazil—indulging in a commercial war, refuse to regard one another's dollar as worth more than 90 cents. A thirsty traveller finds himself near the boundary with convenient inns one on each side of the frontier. He buys a 10-cent drink in Peru, tenders a Peruvian dollar, and asks for his 90 cents change in the form of a Brazilian dollar, with which he crosses the frontier and repeats the process in Brazil, getting a Peruvian dollar as change. And the problem is who is the loser by the series of free drinks he thus gets?"

Political Quids.

As the World Wags:

In winging the dust from my United States history I find that John Randolph of Roanoke, when he had lost control of the Democratic-Republicans in Congress, during Mr. Jefferson's administration, organized in that body a third party. He called it the "Quids" from Tertium Quid, a third something, a conjectural medium between two opposites, hence a nondescript. Why would not this be a good name for Col. Roosevelt's new party? Perhaps, however, the "Quids" would be better. AH THERE.

Boston, July 2, 1912.

In Bath Street.

As the World Wags:

Do you ever go through Bath street, the narrow little thoroughfare which runs from Milk street to Postoffice square? Its name has no special significance now, but when I was a kid between 60 and 70 years ago, there were baths there and people went thither to indulge in a hot water tubbing. Those were the days when even some of the more pretentious dwellings did not have the luxury of bath rooms. Now even the humblest flats have them, although they are sometimes used for coal receptacles and not for ablutinary purposes.

Soft water was scarce before the day of the Cochituate. The Jamaica pond aqueduct did not half supply even the wants of the then small city, and housewives when there was a rainfall were wont to set out tubs and hogheads to catch aqua pura for laundry purposes. There were, to be sure, sunken cisterns, here and there, but their contents were usually dirty, for they were the contributions of house spouts and gutters.

I remember I used to be bathed in a movable tin hat every Saturday night, in water that had been brought hot from the kitchen by a neat handled Phyllis, and in memory dwelling on each strenuous rubbing, I can still feel the smarting soapsuds in my eyes. Sometimes I was put into a shower bath, an unsubstantial thing with painted canvas sides, which was supplied with water lifted laboriously by hand to a little tank at its top. Hard water for drinking purposes was fairly plentiful in my neighborhood, with the old-fashioned wooden pump to deliver the bounty of a historic spring.

There were bathhouses on the bridges and elsewhere. You paid your money and you took your choice, but there were no free baths. Many of the boys used to go in swimming from the wharves as innocent of hampering garments as was the "Grand Old Gardener" when he breathed first the airs of

East. In the old days they used to make from fishes of merchant-disel. Roanoke Wharf (Russia was not in the limited vocabulary of these boys) used to be one of their favorite resorts, when they desired to cleave "the salt foam of the swelling waters" with Byronic facility. BAIZE.

Dorchester, July 1, 1912.

This Bath street was called Tanner's Lane in 1708, and in 1750 Horn Lane. It was also once known as Horse Lane.—[Ed.]

July 5, 1912

Your true man of business regards an author with mixed feelings, in which alarm and curiosity are blended with compassion.

An Airy Prelude.

We have not discussed things edible and potable for some time. Mr. Herkimer Johnson's remarks about Welsh rabbit were incidental and discursive. We are sure that he will revise and mould them in severely scientific form before they appear in his colossal work (elephant folio).

Some time ago The Herald published a statement made about 40 years ago by H. de Villemessant, the founder of Figaro, to the effect that a Chateaubriand steak is so called because the cook of Chateaubriand, who was then ambassador to England, invented—imagined is the more appropriate word—a new way of cooking the potatoes which accompanied the fillet doubled in thickness. We did not vouch for this statement. Villemessant was often brilliantly inaccurate, and something in our heart assured us that the answer was not the only, the inevitable one.

And now "F. S." of London, who writes most entertainingly about cookery and all that pertains to the table, tells his little story.

A La Chateaubriand.

Chateaubriand was French ambassador at the court of St. James in 1822. The steak a la Chateaubriand, an extra thick fillet of beef, the choicest undercut, was first cooked in 1802 at Chamepeaux's restaurant on the Place de la Bourse, Paris, at the period that Chateaubriand published his "Genie du Christianisme." It would seem, then, that the story of his cook inventing the dish in London falls to the ground.

The famous book was published in a profane and vulgar time, and the wits thought that "a good steak sent to the fire between two malefactor steaks was a fair parody of the title of the book." The fillet was cut so thick that if it were cooked in the ordinary way it might be burned on the outside and remain raw inside. The fillet was therefore put upon the fire between two other slices of beef, and they, if they were burned—and they should be—were thrown away.

"F. S." concludes that thus only is the authentic Chateaubriand cooked. "All other methods are spurious. The title has really nothing to do with the garnishing or the sauce, both of which are optional. But this story is true, and if one cares for the historical accuracy of one's dishes (which one probably doesn't), the correct method should be observed."

Immoral Tartlets.

Forty confectioners were brought into the Berlin criminal court last month charged with making "immoral tartlets." Not that the pastry itself was immorally soggy—there are some who say in their haste that all pastry is the abomination of desolation. It appears that a German youth who believes that some young woman is indispensable to his existence, does not woo her with a bouquet—not even one of red roses—but with a tartlet decorated with an appropriate inscription. Sometimes the phrase is only "Ich liebe dich," but there are poetically inclined confectioners who write amatory couplets to emphasize the message of pastry, marzipan and jam, and the more prosaic retain poets in their employ. Some of the couplets that appeared in June were of a too glowing nature, and some might have graced the immortal work of Rabelais. The niece of Fraeulein Arndt received a tart with a verse that caused her to ask embarrassing questions of her aunt, a staid spinster who worships the ideal. The startled aunt at once spoke to the police about it. The prosecuting officer asked the forty to explain the precise meaning of a certain couplet, and with commendable ingenuity each one gave an interpretation that breathed innocence. Nevertheless, the court held the inscription injurious to the mind, and 37 of the accused were condemned to pay fines varying from \$2.50 to \$7.50.

This brings up the question. Are motto lozenges still manufactured and passed by boys to their sweethearts? Are there motto poets and are they paid by the dozen couplets or do they receive royalties? Do Jackson balls still swell the cheeks of ingenuous youths, and were they named after the hero of New Orleans?

Assorted Notes.

Unfortunate men and women whose daily task in the journalistic sounding-

board is to compile a "woman's page" with recipes within the realm of the humblest household should at once procure "Recipes from East and West" by Euterpe Croles, just published in London and sold at two shillings and sixpence, so that the purchase need not necessarily cripple the journalist for the rest of this week. The compiler can then dilate knowingly on the Tuscan Aquelopes, the Lucumades, the Swedish Kaldomes, the Glon Barlakia, the Vineleaf Balls, the Chalva, and the Katalyi Katalphi—all simple and healthful dishes.

For June 26, Queen Alexandra day, Mr. J. H. Gerards created a new grill, "A la Reine Alexandra," and a new ice, "A la Danols," dedicated to the widow of Edward VII.

The fashionable breakfast in London for those leaving a hall between 3 A. M. and 4 A. M. is composed of kidneys, scrambled eggs, sausages and German beer.

The Agony Column of the Morning Post (London) contained this extraordinary advertisement a few days ago: "Wanted—Twelve unlucky people. Address —, Morning Post Office, Strand."

Two elderly gentlemen were seen of a Saturday morning last month on the threshold of a Pall Mall club exchanging pinches of snuff with the punctilio of a bygone century. Did they take the pinch with fingers of the left or the right hand? Richard Mansfield was fussy in matters of stage detail, but an old theatregoer swore that when Mansfield impersonated the famous Beau he erred gravely in taking snuff with his right hand and holding the box in his left. We should like to hear from antiquarians concerning this fine point. The Earl of Stanhope condemned snuffing as a waste of time. "Every professed, inveterate and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in 10 minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose and other incidental circumstances, consumes 1½ minute. One minute and a half out of 10, allowing 16 hours to a snuff-taker a day, amounts to 2 hours and 24 minutes out of every natural day, or 1 day out of 10. One day out of every 10 amounts to 36½ days in a year. If we suppose the practice to be continued 40 years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life are dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to his blowing of it." Truly a lightning calculator, this belted ear!

July 6, 1912

Words are born, live and die, like men and horses. They deserve gentle treatment in their youth, and ease in their old age. They are born because there is work in the world for them to do. They die when their work is finished, or when they are expiated by the foolish burdens put upon their backs. If they perish honorably, because the objects which they describe are no longer used, we may drop a sigh over their graves, confident that they will win the artificial immortality which a dictionary of archaeology confers. If they fall by the way, ill-treated and worn out, we can only hope that they will one day revive, when the generation which has cruelly handled them is gone and forgotten.

Cruelty to Words.

Mr. Charles Whibley, in his most entertaining and felicitous manner, discourses concerning foolish writers who through ignorance, idleness, or with deliberate intent, murder "many a poor, sad word." There is the pathetic case of "quant," which may be legitimately defined as "neat," "pretty," "exact," "subtly excogitated"—this last is to be found of course in Dr. Johnson's dictionary—"fine-spun." The step to "fanciful," "elegant," or even "witty" was inevitable, but then began the "centuries of misuse." The word "stripped of his associations, beggared of his past, was forced to express the imbecilities of aestheticism, and to descend at last to be the common hack of the lady novelist or the ingenious advertiser, a hack which should bear any burden or none." Mr. Whibley later speaks contemptuously of "strange follies from America—they cannot be called words"—but what American journalist of repute would use the vilely genteel phrase, "lady novelist"?

The outrage upon "weird" is still more violent, for this word was never one of many associations. It served as an accompaniment of the Fates, as when Shakespeare wrote: "I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters." The adjective has only one meaning—concerned with the unnatural; awakening superstitious feeling; uncanny; as the noun means one's allotted fortunes or luck; fate; a prediction; a spell or enchantment. Thus "to dree one's weird" is to suffer or endure one's fate. How loosely, how absurdly the adjective is used today even by those who should know better! To many it is synonymous with "queer," "foolish," "silly," "unusual," and we hear of a weird house, a weird shirt, or Miss Sloperton exclaims: "We had a weird time!"

The Overworked.

There's the word "charm," which originally meant an incantation, a magic spell. The Egyptian who gave the handkerchief to Othello's mother was a "charmer," that is, one who

almost read the thoughts of people. Today "charm," "charmer," "charming" carry little real meaning. "The hasty writer is content with a narrow vocabulary and a scanty bundle of quotations. When once he has found a word which seems to fit his purpose, though he knows neither its meaning nor its associations, he will never let it escape his clutch. He marks with a white stone the day he first encountered 'brilliant' or discovered that 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' He is a thrifty soul and is easily

contented. Of the harm which he and his fellows inflict upon an innocent tongue he is sublimely unconscious."

There is the writer who is "out for" something, or "up against" it. He speaks of the man who "bulks largely in the public eye." Mr. Whibley thinks that nobody "bulks" now. The favorite word is "materialize," for it possesses all the virtues. "It contains five syllables and means nothing. . . . 'Trend' is at once handy and inexpressive. It has long been impossible to discuss a man of letters without a tender reference to his 'output.' The verb 'demean,' in a degrading sense, still has its partisans, and when these specimens pall upon the appetite, let us be grateful that 'opalescent,' that highly colored epithet, is still left us." The word "proposition" is now an "expressionless maid-of-all-work."

Irritating Nondescripts.

But what would Mr. Whibley say to "defi," which being interpreted, means "challenge"? The "defi" is often "hurled." No one is content to win in these days; he must "win out."

Fully as objectionable is the use of "proven" for "proved." The past participle of the verb "to prove" is "proved." "Proven" is a highly irregular form found only in legal phrases, as "not proven," a verdict rendered in Scotland. We regret to say that this bastard participle may be found in editorial articles published in newspapers of high standing. We have seen it on the editorial page of the New York Times, and even in the New York Evening Post, for which William Cullen Bryant, when he was the editor, drew up an index of forbidden words for the guidance of the young lions of the press.

Fine Writing.

Certain phrases once in favor have no doubt disappeared. Fire is no longer known as "the devouring element." Unfortunate men fall no more with a "dull, sickening thud." Marriages are no longer "consummated in the presence of a brilliant gathering." Firemen are not necessarily "fire laddies" and there is dancing that does not last to the "wee, sma' hours." But men stealing flour or potatoes are still caught "red handed," and "willing hands" pull victims of a railway accident from under a car. In fact, we do not remember a single instance of "unwilling hands."

And there are still writers "in our midst," who begin by saying: "It is a far cry from turnips to the zodiac, and yet—" and there are others who oracularly assert "there are vacations and vacations," as well-meaning persons allude feelingly to a "departed brother who has gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Years ago in Essex county, New York, a shiftless man, who was constitutionally lazy and seldom earned a dollar, died and was buried. The clergyman was asked to say something at the funeral to assuage the grief of the mourners. We remember these consolatory words: "Our dear friend, my brethren and sisters, was not blessed with this world's goods. His whole life was a constant struggle. It was spent in toiling and moping so that he might obtain the wherewithal to avoid financial stagnation."

July 7, 1912

Several books concerning the theatre have appeared recently in London. Richard Northcott's "Royal Performances in London Theatres" is published by Percy Lindley. The brochure treats of the chief command and gala representations at leading theatres since 1736. How many know that at the first command performance at Drury Lane in 1800 George III. was shot at by a soldier?

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play, "The Likeness of the Night," in which the Kennells won success a year ago, is published in book form by Duckworth & Co. Mrs. Clifford states that a German version of the play has been accepted in Vienna, and there is a free translation into French. There was a revival last March at Manchester.

The Herald has quoted freely from Mr. W. R. Titterton. His volume, "From Theatre to Music Hall" (Stephen Swift & Co.) should be delightful reading. "The way in which he scatters the lightnings of his very original judgments rather reminds us of Canning's famous description of a battleship in action discharging its shot and shell in every direction." There are analyses of stars of the variety theatres, and they are often brilliant. Mr. Titterton is perhaps more severe toward a-

dances then toward each other. "The puzzle and he puts this in 'Mabel's'—it does not get what it wants but what it will put up with."

Mr. P. P. Howe, author of a book on the repertory theatre and of weekly articles on the drama in the Outlook, has written "J. M. W.," a critical study (Martin Seeker, publisher). He analyzes plays, poems, and descriptive articles in a most enthusiastic spirit and does not consider seriously the objections that have been urged against "The Playboy of the Western World" as a picture of Mayo life or the feelings that have thus far prevented a performance of "The Tinker's Wedding" in Ireland. Mr. Howe suggests that Sygne may have derived the idea of "The Well of the Saints" from Georges Clemenceau's "Le Voile du Bonheur."

Mr. R. Ellis Roberts has written "Henrik Ibsen, A Critical Study," published by Martin Seeker. It is said that he brings to his work the prime gift of enthusiasm, "not the purblind romantic enthusiasm that will see no spots on its central sun (such as we have been accustomed to from the earlier astronomers), but an enthusiasm tempered by sane vision and diligent pondering, yet lacking nothing of genuine warmth." There are some who say that he is more successful in treating the artist than in his estimate of the man. The pages devoted to "Brand" are a "little masterpiece in the hazardous art of constructive and interpretative criticism." "The poems and the plays he analyzes on a sound basis; he is no mere microscopist, peering over the use of such and such a word or the significance of a change of tense; he views with a wide embracing eye, and he announces his finding in a voice clear and sincere, in which one discerns the accent of the honest interpreter." Mr. Roberts concludes that Ibsen was first and always a poet, an idealist, a preacher "proclaiming love as the sole hope of a world in bitter need of regeneration."

AN Unusual Drama There has been much talk about Stanley Houghton's new play, "Hindley Wakes," produced by Miss Horniman's company for the first time in London on June 17. It is said that Miss Horniman purposes to bring to the United States this drama, described by fastidious critics as "one of the most realistic and original plays in the modern English repertoire." Little has been written in this country about the story of the drama.

Fanny, a mill hand, runs away for a week-end with Alan, the mill owner's son. The parents of the two, hearing of the escapade, agree that Alan should make Fanny an honest woman. Alan objects to the proposition, for he loves wealthy Beatrice, to whom he is betrothed. His father is obdurate, and swears he will disinherit him, and Alan finally gives in. But lo and behold, Fanny declares that she has no idea of marrying the young man. She had amused herself. Alan for a week-end companion was one thing, but a wholly different proposition as a husband. A fellow who at a father's bidding can throw over a woman whom he really loves is no man for her. Fanny's mother is furious, and threatens to turn her out. To which Fanny answers: "I am a Lancashire mill hand and can always earn money. I'll go my own way. You needn't be afraid. I shan't bring disgrace on you. But when I marry, I marry a man. That's all." Alan is free to go back to Beatrice.

"It is utterly impossible," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "to do justice to the humor, the freshness of observation, the strength of character drawing, the grim logic of moral comment, and the dramatic skill with which the author has built up this notable play."

A Review Worth Reading "Ann" by Lechmere Worrall (Criterion Theatre, London, June 18) also created comment.

The Times began: "When a young lady says 'Wal, I guess that's jest the him-mut,' and hides what she calls a nightie under the sofa cushion by way of practical joke on a young man whom she proposes to marry, she must needs be a very bewitching young lady to carry it off." And then the Times admitted that Miss Renee Kelly could carry anything off.

But "H. M. W." in the Pall Mall Gazette, seeing Miss Kelly, did not serve from his stern purpose. Here is his story:

"Ann Anning, a pretty young American lady journalist, found herself on a visit to a 'residential hotel' in London, where she discovered every one reading a new novel by a Mr. Edward Hargraves—a novel which, as one of its reviewers faintly observed, 'breathed the purity and fragrance of a white man.' So prodigious was the effect of this book upon Ann that she at once determined to discover for herself whether the author was a soul as white as the novel suggested, and, as she found him staying with his father and mother, the Very Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Hargraves, at the same 'residential hotel,' she promptly made her way up the fire escape and through an open window into

his room. And she proceeded to make love to him. She then made love to his mother, and, kneeling at her feet, told her in trembling tones and with an American accent, that she was 'just the loveliest thing in woman.' She followed this up by 'wheeling' the Very Rev. Sam and kissing him, and when she found that Edward was engaged to a certain Miss Franceline Lipscombe, the Irish daughter of a canon, she made herself so offensive to that lady that the engagement was broken off. Yet, in spite of all these soul-testing efforts, Edward remained shy in Ann's presence. As she expressed it, in a further attack of tremolo, he was a stranger to 'the most delicious shock of pure womanliness.' So she arranged one for him by dressing up in her nightgown, letting her hair down, placing herself in a recumbent position upon his sofa and pretending to be asleep. This particular 'shock of pure womanliness' proved effective. In coarser terms, it 'did the trick.' It caused Edward to cry with a loud voice, 'Ann!' and to catch her in his arms. And it brought down the curtain."

And Miss Renee Kelly, as Ann, said, "H. M. W." was probably as like such an American lady journalist as any human being on either side of the Atlantic could be."

Two Creepy Little Plays The Grand Guignol order which were produced in London last month. In "The Third Time," a tailor, Pierre, woos the widow of Marco, who had been his friend. The two talk about Marco's death and the legend of L'Ankon, the driver of the death cart. This Ankon may be seen twice without risk, but he that sees him the third time cannot escape. Pierre has seen him twice. As he sits by the fire and talks, the door opens but no one enters. Strange sounds are heard—un-greased cart wheels shriek, there are heavy footsteps, a dog howls—and Pierre dies in a mad fright.

The other play is "The Lips of La Sauterelle." She is faithless to her gypsy husband, who embraces her and, as he kisses her, slowly strangles her. People on the other side of the door knock loudly; the door is locked, and they cannot break through, although they know that the gypsy is murdering his wife.

T. C. Murray's "Maurice Harte" When the Irish Players were at the Plymouth Theatre last season—may they surely return!—they played T. C. Murray's "Birthright." A new drama by him, "Maurice Harte," was performed in London by the Abbey Theatre Company on June 20. The parents of Maurice knew that he was clever, and it was their ambition to make him a priest, so they starved and starved to keep him at Maynooth and they ran into debt for £200. Maurice, shortly before his "priest-ing," finds that he has no vocation and it would be sacrilegious for him to be ordained. He persuades Fr. Mangan, the parish priest, of this and the father bears the news to the parents. The mother frets, fumes, whimpers and cajoles. If Maurice is not ordained the bailiffs will be in the house, his brother Owen will miss a rich marriage, and there will be ruin and disgrace. The gentle, loving Maurice goes back to Maynooth.

In the second act it is the eve of the ordination. The brother's marriage is now sure; the father has bought a new suit; the mother rejoices because Maurice was first in the examination; but Father Mangan has heard that Maurice is not well; he has overworked, they say, and will come home to rest; the ordination is put off for a short time. "From that point (which Mr. Murray takes a thought too long to reach) there is a steady crescendo of horrible anticipation, until there enters an idiot, an idiot with a sly smile, an idiot clutching a book. The ambitions of the Harte family have toppled finally now. The twigs they were so fain to bend has snapped."

"In some ways it is a cruel little play, as plays with morals are apt to be, because every one was acting for what they thought the best, and the punishment seems almost too terrible for the blunder. Even that hard, loving mother, beautifully played by Miss Sara Allgood, acted for the best according to her lights; and for once it seemed possible to pity the stupid and the selfish."

The Editor of the Herald: **Mr. Ryan** at

Amelia Fisher's Miss Amelia Fisher's actor's boarding house in his recently published novel, "The Heart of Us." The place is presented under a thin fictional veil, but many residents of Boston during the last 40 or 50 years will recognize it as the home at 2 Bulfinch place where Miss Fisher, the quaint little retired actress, presided, and William Warren was the star boarder during the greater part of his professional career as a comedian in Boston.

It was my good fortune to visit this

unique establishment on three different occasions. The first time was after the play, when the late James W. Collier, a relation of mine, who was then supporting Maggie Mitchell as Landry Barbeaud in "Fanchon," invited me to a late supper, which was always spread informally in the old-fashioned kitchen at Miss Fisher's. The guests dropped in as suited their convenience, and as we happened to be the last to come in we had the room to ourselves. The landlady herself served the edibles, which had for their foundation a cold game or chicken pie, and she conversed with us pleasantly while she set forth her substantial fare. She had opened the front door for us, for she never allowed any one but Mr. Warren to have a latchkey, and always saw that all her boarders were in before she went to bed herself. If they were very late, she would be gently sarcastic, and, to the salutation, "Good evening, Miss Fisher," would reply: "Good morning, Mr. Blank," with an emphasis on the time which indicated that another day had come. She would give good advice, too, upon occasion, and I recall that when the English comedian, George Honey, was one of her guests, she reminded him that his habits were a little too convivial and said: "Look at Mr. Warren!" His reply was: "Well, I'm not so old as Mr. Warren." Considering that Mr. Honey was over 50 when he was playing Perky Middlewick in "Our Boys" at the Globe Theatre, the excuse might be deemed insufficient. The bed chamber that I occupied that night at Miss Fisher's was the place in which she taught dancing in her early days, for she was considered a good teacher of one, two, three and so forth about the time when the first Tremont Theatre, where she played Miss Squeers in a dramatic version of "Nicholas Nickleby," was in existence.

The Modesty of Wm. Warren Later I visited her house to interview William Warren, previous to his memorable benefit at the Boston Museum, for a sketch to accompany a full-page portrait of the comedian. It was for the New York weekly, Music and Drama, edited by J. C. Freund, who had been the founder of the Oxford magazine called The Dark Blue. I found Mr. Warren exceedingly modest in his statements concerning his career on the stage, and I had to call on my own recollections for much of the matter which I afterward used. Unlike many actors, he had not made a practice of preserving press clippings referring to his performances. One excerpt only he produced after leaving me in the cosy sitting-room on the ground floor while he went upstairs in search of it. He preferred to talk about the house and its surroundings and referred pleasantly to the yard, which he said was a kind of French court, where they sat in the summer evenings. After the article was published I met him one evening on the open horsecars—this was before the day of the electric—with Miss Fisher, and he leaned toward me and said: "That was a tremendous puff you gave me." I told him I had fallen far short of giving him his due as a dramatic artist who had no superior in this country in versatility and finish, but he smiled deprecatingly, with the remark: "Well, have it your own way." Then he turned the conversation by saying: "I am fond of riding in these cars, because I never could manage a horse myself, and it is my way of getting out of town for a draught of country air."

A Glimpse of Mrs. Lander Another visit that I paid at Miss Fisher's was to see Mrs. Lander (the widow of

Gen. Lander, before she produced a play founded on Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," at the Boston Theatre. As Jean Davenport she had been a popular actress years before and her record as a nurse during the civil war is well remembered by the surviving members of the G. A. R. She was not in the room, the front one on the second story, when I entered, but my letter to her was conspicuously displayed on the table, as if it had been the immediate thing in her thoughts. I thought then she was a clever woman and this impression was confirmed when she insisted upon my taking a picture of her as Cleopatra to illustrate a sketch of her, then a veteran actress, which I was about to write. It must have been taken when she was quite young, but she averred that she had no other portrait of herself, either in character or otherwise, and she called down stairs: "Miss Fisher! Miss Fisher! Have you a photograph of me anywhere?" The response was in the negative and I was obliged to take the one offered me, though I fully realized that the repentant Hester Prynne was not a bit like the sulcidal Serpent of the Nile, who, losing Mark Anthony, lost all.

I have never given much credit to the story that Jean Davenport was the original of Dickens's Infant Phenomenon, though she was undoubtedly at one time a child actress in the English provincial theatres.

Actors in Another theatrical boarding house was at Columbia Street on Columbia

Street. It was kept by a man named Thrins, who was, if I remember correctly, the stage doorkeeper of the Boston Theatre. It flourished in the early sixties, and I met there the eccentric George Pannecote, who was brought over to this country by Thomas Barry for his first company at our "lofty Academy" as Thomas W. Parsons called the Boston Theatre in his opening prize address. Pannecote later became a rajah in some oriental region, and I hope he played his part as well then as he enacted Glismond in "St. Marc, or the Soldier of Fortune," which Edwin L. Davenport brought out here on his return to his native city from his prolonged visit to England, whither he went originally with Anna Cora Mowatt.

Madame Ponesi, an impressive Lady Macbeth, was also a boarder at Thrins's place, when I first knew it, and it was also the temporary resting place of other histrionic celebrities.

Other Theatrical Boarding Houses Mrs. Mes-tayer's boarding house for players on Federal street in the latter forties and in the fifties I have already referred to in my reminiscences. Here J. A. Smith, popularly known as "Little Smithy," resided for a time. He was noted at the Boston Museum for his delineation of stage fops, artificial absurdities, by the way. His interpretation of St. Clair in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a much more natural performance, gentlemanly and consistent. He was employed by Van Nason, a well known fashionable tailor, during the day, and at one time he made a venture in the lace business, which did not prove a success. His death occurred at the Forrest Home, which has proved a blessing to many poor players.

John Davies, who was once the "heavy man" at the Boston Museum, after he left that house kept the Green Room, on Province street, opposite the foot of the steps that lead from what is now Bosworth street, though it was formerly, when Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes resided there and some years after called Montgomery place. Here the amateurs used to assemble to talk about the footlight heroes and heroines. Davies was originally a barber and eventually returned to his early calling.

James Lanergan, a sensible actor, kept a resort on School street similar to that run by Mr. Davies. He was one of the best lags ever seen in Boston. He lacked polish, but the blunt exterior of the villainous Ancient was admirably presented in his delineation. He drew a man that might have deceived Othello. Edwin Booth was, of course, a much greater actor, but I have always thought that he made the villain of Iago too perceptible. Mr. Lanergan for several years managed a theatre in St. John, N. B., with marked success.

JOHN W. RYAN.
Dorchester, June 29, 1912.

Talfourd's "Ion" A correspondent asked last Sunday who was appearing as Ion in Talfourd's tragedy at Buffalo, N. Y., in the fifties. Possibly the dramatic critic of one of the Buffalo newspapers might enlighten her.

The part of Ion was first played in this country by Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean). She appeared at the Park Theatre, New York, on Feb. 2, 1837, and was seen in Boston in the part March 15, 16 and 20 of the same year.

Mrs. Shaw took the part at the Bowers, New York, June 22, 1840. Anna Cora Mowatt played it late in 1852; Alexina Baker Fisher, in October, 1854, and Mrs. J. W. Wallach, Jr., in June, 1857. Mary Anderson appeared as Ion at Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in January, 1881.

Other women, who, it is said, impersonated Ion in this country, were Eliza Logan, Julia Dean and Charlotte Wemyss.

The tragedy was produced in London at Macready's benefit in 1836, and Macready took the leading part, though it was soon afterward taken by Ellen Tree and Helen Faucit. An old newspaper clipping spoke of John McCullough thinking of studying the part, which is by no means suited to a robust tragedian.

A Change in Public Interest It is declared that the reign of ballet at the Alhambra in London is over, and this entertainment will not be the leading attraction in future unless the public clamors for it. Ballet has distinguished the Alhambra for over 50 years, and in 1887 the Empire became a rival. The public taste for a long ballet with a story has waned, and revues and operettas are more in favor. There may still be short diversissements to allow the appearance of some celebrated dancer, as Miss Lydia Kyasht at the Empire, and there will be short seasons of Russian dancers at Covent Garden or at leading music halls.

Mr. Titterton, considering these Russian dancers and studying the methods of Bakst, declares that the Russians are fine in concerted dances only when they are "savage, at full tilt and gro-

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A Few
Pen

Portraits
Paris. She has "great natural advantages for the role of Salome. She is slender and sinuous like a lily, with a beauty that is haunting in its strange suggestiveness. But her Russian accent is guttural and unpleasant. One wonders now Paris stabs it. Again, her absence of diction destroys her best effects as actress, and yet she is wonderful for all that. In the last phase of the 'rascally' she is particularly impressive, when she embraces the dread symbol of assassination. As to the character of Salome, it is diversely appreciated by the critics. Some refer to her as Midnette, the triste heroine of a police court case. Others liken her to a 'perverse little English miss.' I think I know the type of mind that imagines it sees England through the brilliant monocle of Oscar Wilde."

By now I have seen a good deal of ragtime dancing, and I cannot say that I like it. It is, of course, the Matchitcha, with clumsy Yankee variations; it has no form or comeliness that it should be desired. Yet it was the excuse for a good climax to the "Empire" Revue and for some pretty singing by a young lady (Miss Irene Dillon, I think) at the Palace. Miss Dillon is probably American, and, if so, she is the only American woman on the music hall stage who knows the meaning of artistic restraint. I said this to an admirer of Miss Maud Tiffany—the blue streak of ragtime now blazing at the Hippodrome, and he told me my client knew more of restraint than of ragtime. He is probably right, and that is the reason, I suppose, that Miss Dillon sings "Everybody's Doing It" with so much more animation and charm than does Miss Tiffany. I am willing to accept as a fact the statement that the Hippodrome lady knows all there is to be known about ragtime, and I think it is a pity. That heavy wobbling of the trunk, that pushing out of the jaw, that sliding of the feet, that waddle and straddle—all that is not attractive.—W. R. Titterton in the Pall Mall Gazette, June 14.

Mme. Nordica, singing at a Wagner orchestral concert in London, June 14, excited the Pall Mall Gazette: "There are many aspirants to the roles of Isolde and Brunnhilde, but they may still go to Mme. Nordica to learn what can be done with them. For dignity and a true sense of the grand style, while neglecting none of the dramatic demands, she is wholly admirable. So, too, her interpretative methods as regards the concert platform represent the perfect adjustment of facial expression and gesture to the needs of the case. After all, concert singing is as much a convention in its way as an operatic performance, and only pedantry can demand rigid features and statuesque immobility from a vocalist." Mr. Stokowski, who conducted, was blamed for obtrusive accompaniments and inconsiderate volume of sound.

The
Theatre

A poetic version by Messrs. Silvani and Jaubert of the "Andromache" of Euripides was produced at the Odeon, Paris, June 13. "The large audience, the keen interest with which every line was followed, and the warm applause that punctuated each fine tirade, were proofs enough that poetical drama is still a force in Paris." Silvani took the part of Peleus and his wife that of Andromache. Laurent Leon wrote the music.

M. Ernest Feydeau's "Le Dindon" was the old Palais Royal back at the vaudeville this evening (June 18). The Paris stage is growing more conservative than ever. But at least the 10-year-old farce is of the best. It contains the model of second acts. Suppose an hotel bedroom and a bed, with two electric bells beneath the mattress. A middle aged army surgeon and his stone-deaf wife come to Paris to celebrate their silver wedding, and an "Englishman born at Marseilles," in pursuit of his guilty wife; an elderly Parisian notary, pursued by the same inflammable lady; the notary's irate wife pursuing him, and egged on by a gentleman who has hopes that out of revenge she may smile on him; and, finally, an independent lady, who, like all the others, has got by mistake into the same room, whither she is pursued by a young man who loves her, because she reminds him of the obdurate wife of the notary, of whom, like the previously-mentioned gentleman, he also is furiously enamoured; imagine all these, and then you can imagine that second act, which reaches its climax when the middle-aged surgeon, having gone to fetch a mustard poultice for his wife, who has a liver complaint, plants it on the chest of the elderly notary, who has got into bed. I was a little grieved to find that Parisian actors and actresses of today do not "make the boards burn" quite so brisk-

Charles Daborn notes the success of "Les Ames Sauvages" in Paris. "It is the work of a woman. Mme. Clement, assisted by M. Severin Mars, the actor I should say that the professional has supplied the technique and the lady the general ideas and characterization. The play reads like that. There are unmistakable feminine touches, and an intuition which is certainly of the sex that is supposed not to be able to write plays. This is another of the legends that the near future will correct for us. Nevertheless, her sisters may not be grateful to the authoress for unveiling the secrets of hysteria. The subject does not sound inviting; but the art of the authors and the art of the actress make it so. The woman pictured is amazing in her complexity; fascinating, perverse, wanton in her mischief. She entraps men, even the most serious-minded, and cajoles women. She is a liar—an artistic liar—but, happily, her memory is defective. Hence detection is comparatively easy. But whilst the spell lasts she is irresistible to her own as to the opposite sex. Her character has infinite shades in it, ranging from tenderness, poetry, and delicate intuition to outbursts of pure savagery, and a lust of conquest merely to satisfy the savagery. She is a modern siren luring men to destruction, and her conduct is sufficiently consecutive to render her doubly dangerous. The summer season enables one to make discoveries in Paris. My discovery is the great qualities of Mile. van Doreen, who plays the part of the 'hysterique.' Her acting seems as natural as Regane's, with something of the classic grandeur of Sarah Bernhardt, though her voice is less agreeable than that of either. Her extreme suppleness and variety of accent and gesture charm. Comparatively unknown yesterday, she has now sprung into prominence, and her long and willowy form and serpentine movements lend themselves to the delineation of the mysterious, complicated feminine. I hear that the play is to be adapted into English. The difficulty will be to find an actress for the leading role. Notwithstanding the great progress made in England of late years, our actresses, particularly in studies of passion, are inferior to the French; the difference is less marked in the case of the men; and subsidiary and composite roles are always well filled in London. Again, the physical attractiveness of the English company is unquestionable. Even the 'walk on' lady has something queenly about her."

What De Max really said at the Chatelet when spectators laughed at Wilde's "Salome" was this: From the middle of the stage he turned as Herod toward the audience and said as if continuing the dialogue: "We are in a terrible position; if the fools continue to laugh we shall not continue to play." That was all. The fools did not continue to laugh.

"La Maritza," at the Michel, is rather the English sort of sketch. The story is of a dancer in a cafe at Seville, and the role is mimed and danced by a real Andalusian, La Maritza and a member of the troupe are lovers, but he renders life insupportable by his jealousy. She leaves him. But the old life calls her back. Its gayeties, even its hardships, seem attractive in contrast with the dullness of wealth and luxury. And so she forsakes the house of the rich Frenchman to whom she has flown and wanders back again to the cafe. The lover is there, furious at his abandonment. But she will not stay, she tells him. He rushes out and, in despair, kills himself. She, staggering under this great emotion, is compelled to dance, for she has promised the proprietor to replace one of the performers, and he is insistent on the pledge being kept. And so, with quick, impatient foot, she beats the measure while her heart is torn with the tragedy of a love. Swooning, she falls at the last bar to the unconscious applause of the house.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 19.

Notes
and
Gossip

Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" was performed for the 500th time in London June 28.

The Kobe Herald describes a performance in that town of "Hamlet" with the scene in modern Japan. "The Prince of Denmark appears first in a silk hat and swallow-tail coat; then on a bicycle clad in a bright blue cycling suit and striped stockings; and then in evening dress again, with a flower in his buttonhole. This up-to-date collegian has little more resemblance to the Hamlet whom Shakespeare conceived than a Jew of the modern Johannesburg type would bear to the Shylock of ancient Venice." Ophelia, for the purposes of the play, was transformed into a fellow student of Hamlet at the Imperial University of Tokio.

The Pall Mall Gazette, mentioning a concert given by Miss Gerhardt and Mr. Nikisch in London, remarked: "This association is too familiar to need description."

Mme. Gvodeska, prima donna of the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg, fell dangerously ill from nursing a pet monkey which was thought to have bronchitis, but was found to be in an advanced stage of tuberculosis.

Josef Stransky, conductor of the

Fifth Avenue Society of New York, led an orchestra for the first time in London June 13. According to the Pall Mall Gazette, he gave a "straightforward" performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. "He has a firm control but not very much imagination, at any rate as far as the classics are concerned. The conducting in the Brahms (violin concerto) did not help the soloists in the direction of sympathetic expression."

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" will have a sequel in which the hero and heroine, who as children searched for the symbol of happiness, have grown up. The author, however, says not a word, and when callers inquire at his house in Nice, he becomes silent as a tomb, or he is invisible, studying, perhaps, the bees—the unfashionable bees that live by the Mediterranean in June.

There will be a performance of "Macbeth" in Maeterlinck's translation into French, at Orange in the Roman Theatre and Mme. Le Blanc-Maeterlinck will take the part of Lady Macbeth as she did at St. Wandrille.

Mr. Young
in the
Music Hall

Mr. Filson Young of London tells the expectant world why he goes to variety shows.

"I love the drama and dislike the theatre, which is one reason why I like the music hall.

"But latterly the theatre has been invading the music hall, and its old devotees are being driven out of it. The splendid spectacular displays given in the greater music halls have necessarily ousted many of the turns that are the proper entertainment of these places; and now that small plays have been added as a regular feature, these gilded temples are fast losing their ancient character. For that reason I have been the more delighted to find in the Victoria Palace what strikes me as an ideal music hall entertainment for those who are simple enough to like a breathless succession of clever, absurd, or humorous people working hard to amuse them.

"At this music hall the most expensive seat is half a crown and it is exactly as comfortable as that which costs half a guinea elsewhere, and though the entertainment costs less, it makes you laugh more. And as there are two performances nightly, at half-past six and a quarter-past nine respectively, you may dine in peace and then see the whole of the entertainment, and be sure that you will not miss those humbler turns that are placed in front of the program—the turns of people who are not yet stars, but have all the freshness and enterprise of those who are working to be stars of the future.

"And if you are a human being and not a prig, the happy laughter of a wholesome, intelligent, unfashionable audience will very considerably add to your enjoyment."

Clipped
from
Foreign Journals

Herr Sudermann's "Heimat" has been banned in Tokyo. The Japanese censor is a very austere personage, who yields his sway over books as well as plays. Three years ago he pronounced a translation of Moliere to be contra bonos mores. The offence lay, not in breaches of the Seventh Commandment, but in the lack of respect shown in Moliere by wives toward their husbands and by sons toward their fathers. That parents and husbands should be represented in an undignified position is contrary to Japanese ideas of morality.

With reference to the account which appeared in the Daily Telegraph of "The Children of Don," a correspondent, quoting the critic's remark that "on Saturday the singers might have been singing in Chocaw for all that the audience could hear," says: "I have been an opera-goer for a good many years, and I think it does not matter in what language the singers sing, for the words are nearly always ridiculous, and when they are not the singers generally make them so by not taking the trouble to memorize. So long as the voice manages to convey the emotion of the moment, the words seem to me to matter but little—so why this sticking for opera in English?" It would be rather interesting to know whether there are many other opera-goers in this country of the same way of thinking as this correspondent. Can it really be the case that the actual words of an opera are immaterial? If that be the view taken by the majority of the public, then, clearly, there can be no need to worry any more about opera in the vernacular. But how on earth, one may ask, is the voice "to convey the emotion of the moment" to anyone not conversant with the text? Surely a particular tone-color is capable of suggesting more emotions and meanings than one. And what does our correspondent—who may or may not be right as regards his main contention—mean when he says that the singers generally make the words ridiculous "by not taking the trouble to memorize"? On this point we confess ourselves baffled.—Daily Telegraph, London June 22.

But seven wise men the ancient world did know.
We scarce know seven who think them selves not so.

An English Summer Sport.

The Englishman seen by the continental caricaturists no longer declares his intention of selling his wife at Smithfield, but in the morning, rjolling in the weather, exclaims: "This is a fine day; let's go out and kill something." We now read that a fashionable sport in England this summer is wasp shooting. The mothers, daughters and sisters of the aristocracy, and the emulous women of the upper and lower middle classes, are providing themselves with little nickel-plated wasp guns which do murder without powder or shot. There is a trigger which, pulled, brings upper and nether jaws sharply together.

The sport is thus described by an enthusiast: "You allow the wasp or fly to settle. Then approach it with the gun sideways. When it is in front of the jaws you thrust the gun skilfully forward and pull the trigger. The unwelcome visitor is crushed in an instant."

True sportswomen find the gun a better weapon than the ordinary table napkin or jam-spoon, and with the traditional English love of fair play—that is displayed when an Englishwoman is winning—they say that the gun gives the wasp a chance. No wonder that there is talk of forming wasp-shooting clubs. The Queen has bought one of the guns. Some years ago Mr. George Moore wrote a delightfully irreverent description of the Royal Family, discussing after breakfast what should be the artistic employment of the forenoon. Will not a younger author now draw a pen-portrait of the Queen and her maids of honor shooting wasps for a slight stake? Killing flies has been an imperial amusement. Witness the case of Titus Flavius Domitianus, who, in the beginning of his reign, spent an hour daily in catching flies and sticking them through the body with a sharp pin. A skilful archer, he would have knighted this inventor of the wasp gun.

Eight Lines.

It is said that the race of poets is dead, and even Mr. Thomas Hardy made some discouraging remarks not long ago, but there is in England one Walter de la Mare, and among his verses are those, which Mr. Yeats himself would not blush to own: Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;
However rare—rare it be;
And when I crumble, who will remember
This lady of the West Country?

The Use of Poetry.

This reminds us that Henry Sidgwick, now dead, found that he could escape seasickness by reciting poetry as he walked up and down the deck. He told Mr. A. C. Benson that he could recite from memory for about two hours. His first experiment was successful. He did not feel a qualm. When he tried it the second time, the captain requested him to stop, inasmuch as women on board thought him insane and were frightened. The moment he desisted "his brain succumbed to physical sensations." It is said that 2000 lines will take any one across the English channel. The Daily Chronicle tells of an English princess crossing to Belgium in 1642 who was treated in anticipation. She was told to munch tubes of cinnamon, anise, ambergris, musk and sugar; to wear a plaster of gum mastich and laudanum; and to sniff at a compound of toasted bread, citron peel, rose leaves, cloves, canary wine and elder flower vinegar.

We remember the twin ship Calais-Douvres, built on the principle of a South Sea Islander's double canoe. It crossed the channel for many years to the comfort of passengers, but it was not easy to steer, and, if we are not mistaken, it had no successor when it was worn out. Before it, was the Castalia, with a swimming saloon which did not prevent seasickness.

When W. L. Winans died after a life of nearly 30 years in Great Britain because seasickness might have killed him, the story of his vain attempts to design a ship that would not roll or pitch was told.

Death in the Wash Tub.

The Bible tells us of death in the pot; the Lancet finds death at the telephone, in hair brushes, on door knobs, in or on everything that can be handled, tasted, smelt; and now Prof. Poncet of Paris, experimenting with the sweat of consumptives, is sure that it contains germs of the disease, and the garments worn by consumptives still show traces of the disease after they are returned from the laundry. Hence the headline: "Death in the Wash Tub." A Parisian bacteriologist suggests the necessity of laws compelling every laundry to use a steel sterilizing plant for every garment, and as the danger to the employees in a laundry is great all clothing should be handled only by those wearing rubber gloves.

When the story of Prof. Poncet's experiments was published in London journals, managers of "model laundries" wrote indignant letters. The

and woolen garments, which can be boiled, ironed and the iron drives away moisture in the form of steamed steam at a temperature of 200 degrees Centigrade. Other articles are boiled and the washing is done by machines, not by hand. Employees are required to pass a medical examination and maintain a high standard of personal cleanliness, etc., etc.

The Extinct Washer Woman.

Model laundries? Never mind about bacteria. If we could only find a fashionable washer woman who knew the use of corroding chemicals and took a personal pride in her starching! Are there none left in Boston? If there is one, whether she be a negress, mulatto, or from any European country, let her call at once. She will be paid promptly, and for her we will import from India the vegetable soap of India. Its nuts grow in clusters on a wild tree; its kernels are made into paste which lathers in salt water as in fresh.

And yet there have been complaints about washerwomen in bygone centuries. Reading Strafford's letters we note that Garrard in 1634 had much to say about a certain soap business. Commissioners were appointed, among them the Lieutenant of the Tower, the Lord Mayor of London, aldermen and several knights. "They have had two washing days at Guildhall; most of them have given their verdict for the new soap to be the better. Yet continual complaints rise up that it burns linen, scalds the landresses' fingers, wastes infinitely in keeping, being full of lime and tallow." Nausicaa, one of the most gracious maidens in fiction, one even to be ranked above sweet Anne Page, looked after the washing of the royal court. No doubt her father often made complaint and was not comforted by the sight and odors of his famous garden.

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By the old-fashioned last will and testament that began "In the name of God, Amen," the testator gave a snuff-box, a gold-headed or a clouded cane, one of his watches, a painting, Clarendon's History or the complete works of Mr. Pope to friends that they might carry, wear or read in memory of him. The description of the gifts enlivened the prosaic document. Thus Rawdon before Waterloo, remembering his Becky, named the captain who had been the target of his duelling pistols. There was courteous or affectionate particularity, not the empty and general honor of a mourning ring.

Unconsidered Trifles.

Today men are less sentimental and more careless. They forget that their friends would like some little memorial of small intrinsic worth: a match box or some other trinket associated with the one now dead; a book over which he laughed; a pipe that he had smoked, even though it be hard to clean and of an inferior wood. When "The Quick or the Dead" was first published and shocked many outside of the little Virginian county in which Miss Rives wrote and rode the passage describing the heroine's emotion at seeing the stump of a cigar smoked by her husband only a few days before his death awakened Homeric laughter from Eastport to Puget sound, for strange as it may now seem to the devourers of "quick sellers," there was a time when the name of Miss Rives was a household word and the morality, immorality or unmorality of her novel the prevailing topic of conversation for a week or more. Yet this scene was true to life and the heroine was very human. To the young widow this cigar stump was as the little and first shoe to the mourning mother. Not without reason did the poet of the barbaric yawp exclaim: "Now I will dismiss myself from impassive women."

"Remember Me."

Perhaps the most satisfactory way of thinning a library is to give books away after you have passed the Forties and to leave them, carefully specified in the last will and testament, to Tom, Dick and Harry. It is high time for you to set your house in order. The physician has given fair warning and sent in his bill. The women in the house and the servants are unusually solicitous. There's your edition of Shakespeare's poems printed by William Morris. In the auction rooms it has brought as much as \$150 or \$200, but your widow at a forced sale would receive much less, and, as you were well aware when you courted her, she is rich in her own right. Leave it to William Jones, who prizes fine books and has conscientious scruples about stealing them. There's the set of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" with the ingenious anthropological notes of Sir Richard F. Burton. The volumes will be sent to a bookseller as soon as you are no longer interested in the porter of Bagdad, the three Kalendars, the false Caliph, and the brothers of the Barber. You know how Smith has talked to you about this edition by the hour; how, calling on you, he has taken a volume at random and read while talking to you. Make him happy by dictating to the lawyer: "I give and bequeath to my dear friend Alonzo Smith, my copy of Burton's edition,

Your cigar case would be treasured by Robinson and Ferguson would value that old print of the fight between Heenan and Sayres that your conventional spouse begged you to keep in the stables.

Unfulfilled Promises.

Unless a son happens to be "bookish" or a daughter a blue stocking, your library will be scattered. You have talked of giving a volume of Joseph Keppler's cartoons, the Ring cartoons of Nast, old editions of Bayle, Lucian, volumes of scandalous gossip as "L'Esplon Anglols," entertaining memoirs as those of Sala and Leland to the Porphyry Club, but action did not follow the vague promise, and these books will be knocked down in the auction room to dealers or collectors who knew not Joseph. It does not follow that because you are fond of Brown, Jones and Robinson, your wife and daughter will remember the friendship and say to them: "Is there not some little thing that you would like? A book that you used to talk about together?" It is not impossible that she will think of them as the men that led you into temptation and kept you up nights.

For Children, Young and Old.

Parents do wrong in sending away children's books when the children are in college. They argue there are children that would in turn enjoy them; children of the coachman or chauffeur; poor children; youngsters in hospitals. But the older a man grows the more he dwells on the past, when his joy was to pull pickets from a neighbor's fence, or practise with a sling and buckshot on the schoolhouse windows—and then run. With these pleasures he associates his first reading of Jacob Abbott's stories, the Rollo and Franconia series, Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels. What became of these books? Those that he thumbed—not reprints. We still have five of the six Marco Paul: "On the Erie Canal," "The Forests of Maine," "Adventures in Boston," "Adventures in Vermont," "At the Springfield Armory," but, alas, the set is incomplete. Where is the volume with the alluring title "Adventures in New York," the first of the series? We would gladly read it, though Marco, under the care of the prudent Mr. Forester probably did not go a-slumming, and there were no lobster palaces in the fifties and early sixties; hence the narration might now be condemned as being deficient in local color by those who think New York was always a Babylon with roof gardens. The one shabby volume of the Rollo series now on the shelf is as the apple of our eye. We would not exchange it for a complete set of Mr. Kipling's works or the "Queens of England" bound in crushed morocco. Jonas is the commanding supreme figure in American fiction. Nor should Mr. Holiday and Mr. George be forgotten.

It is not easy to obtain these old books in a second-hand shop. We attempted not long ago to find the genuine English edition of "The Boy's Own Book" and only an American and expurgated copy was to be had, worn as to type and hideous in flaming red covers. Is it possible to collect in Boston a complete set of Dr. Charles Anthon's editions of the classics for use in schools, which were frowned on by the masters on account of the generous translation of all difficult passages? In one book shop there was a Sallust; there was also a Cornelius Nepos. What would we not give for the old little square copy of "The Adventures of Alexander Selkirk" in green boards? Well, that would depend on the day of the week. On Saturday afternoon \$2 would seem reasonable. On the following Friday afternoon we might offer 25 cents. Chill, penury has repressed the noble rage of others than those who were at peace in the celebrated churchyard.

B. F. Keith's bill this week is of the typical summer variety. It is light and entertaining all the way through, with comic jugglers, toe dancers, Scottish musicians and even trained animals doing their part to make Keith patrons forget the weather without and enjoy only the fun within. The most serious number on the bill is that provided by that distinctively Boston summer institution, "The Meistersingers," who entered yesterday upon the second week of a limited local run.

Their program of songs is in entire accord with the rest of the bill and is made up largely of popular airs. There is "Oh, You Circus Day" for one and "Nelly Was a Lady" for another. And it should be stated, en passant, that A. Cameron Steele scores heavily in the only really heavy number upon their program, "Any Old Port in a Storm." One of the hits of the bill is provided by Miss Dorothy Brenner and Joseph Ratcliffe, who have in "At the Flower Stand" an ideal summer skit. They are late of Lew Field's "Never Homes" and their specialty is singing, interspersed with pleasing bits of character work by Miss Brenner.

Leo Carrillo, the fellow who originated Chinese dialect stories, and can rattle them off faster than any native of Hongkong or Peking, always gets his share of applause and always has a clever act, usually new and ever clever.

Mr. Carrillo devotes the first third of the time while he is upon the stage to a bit of a symposium, reflection, or whatever you may call it, upon "Aeroplane-

ing," its joys and its dangers and its future as he sees it. Then he drifts upon his Chinese lingo and portrays a little "Prisco court scene with a couple of Chinese witnesses and a Chinese interpreter as the principals. As the concluding portion of his entertainment he launches into Italian dialect, taking off the President of the "International Hand Organ Grinders' Union" in his address upon the occasion of George Washington's birthday anniversary. And Carrillo is about as clever at Italian as at Chinese.

Then there are Newkirk and the Evans sisters, the sisters being clever dancers and seven-eighths of the team. The Sutcliffe family of bonny Highlanders, after showing their proficiency upon the bagpipes and other musical instruments of their native heath, proceeded to do some very excellent acrobatic and pyramid work.

Harry Beresford & Co. present "In Old New York," a typical sketch of the East Side, and typically staged, down to even the family wash of a half-dozen pieces upon the line. Juggling Nelson has some new hat tricks and other juggling stunts and the bill is topped off by Apdale's wonderfully educated dogs, monkeys and bears, the bears being especially good.

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Comrade of raftsmen and coalmen, comrade of all who shake hands and welcome to drink and meat.
A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thought fullest,
A novice beginning yet expert of myriads of seasons,
Of every hue and caste am I, of every rank and religion,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, Quaker,
Prisoner, fancy man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest.

A Little Liverish.

As the World Wags:

I noted in The Herald your comment regarding my reticence on the subject of spruce partridge. I have been so busy the last two weeks that Mr. Bolivar's remarks on the subject had pretty nearly slipped my mind. I have been engaged in the strenuous occupation of "coming back."

Let me explain. All my life, up to four years ago, I have been active, and have always kept in good physical condition. In 1908 circumstances forced me into a more or less sedentary method of existence. Results: Thirty pounds of overweight, mostly fat on the ribs and where the waistband used to be; a slight tendency toward shortness of breath; a dark brown taste in the mouth of mornings and an assortment of general symptoms that go with torpid liver. I needed exercise—a lot of it. Mrs. Witherspoon suggested that I go up to Muldoon's place for a month, but, as the privy purse is somewhat emaciated, and as Mr. Muldoon charges \$50 a week for plain food and the privilege of tossing a 30-pound medicine ball about, the plan didn't appeal to me. So by way of handling the problem for quick results, I bought a pair of overalls, went down on Atlantic avenue and got a job as stevedore.

Coming Back.

The first two days I worked on a banana boat, juggling branches of fruit weighing 60 pounds apiece. It pretty nearly killed me. The second afternoon I wanted to die. I discovered the unsuspected existence of about 600 small muscles in various parts of my anatomy and they ached in unison, but I stuck it out and at the end of 10 days was enjoying life. The old belt pulls up two extra holes. Fifteen pounds of too solid flesh have melted. Anything and everything tastes good and I sleep hard. I have rediscovered the keen old sense pleasures, the bite of the salt air off the harbor, the tingling warmth of the sun as one loafs on the stringer piece between boats. I love to watch the niggers shoot craps. Yesterday half a dozen big black Jamaicans got their heads together and sung that outrageously syncopated rearrangement of "Dixie" and they sure did mean it, and the voices were beautiful, if crude.

Jays of the Avenue.

There is a variety of entertaining new acquaintances, dock wallpapers, coal passers and deck hands, who have wallowed, passed and deeked from "Labrador to Guadalupe." The noon hour passes quickly with wild tales of wild days afloat and wilder nights ashore; also critical discussion of the maids and widows of a hundred ports. The other day I met an oldtime tramp on the avenue, one Rhode Island Red. Red listened to my story of the day's work, and looked me up and down with pity and almost with tears in his eyes. "Poor old sloppy Bill!" he said; "poor old Bill workin'" and he grabbed the light plectr offered and shuffled away to drink alone. Those Atlantic avenue

drinks, by the way—those huge mistics of about a quart each—have a flavor quite all their own. No bibber of vintage wines or monk-made cordials ever experienced the palate thrill of the dusty coal heaver when he hoists a bootleg. I've tried them all, and I know.

Danger Ahead.

About another fortnight of this work

thing and I have to stop. There's such a thing as being too healthy. Normally a rather mild mannered person I find myself developing a surprising truculence of disposition; a tendency to walk on my toes, shoulders hunched, arms a dangle with fists clenched, jaw thrust out, hat cocked over one ear. My conversation is interlarded with strange oaths and I hum again the ribald songs of the mining camps. I find myself thinking like a stevedore and today I referred to the process of unloading a vessel as "ripping the guts out of her." Six months would effect a complete reversion to a primordial type. Yes, I'll have to stop.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON

Dorchester, July 1, 1912.

P. S. I accept Mr. George P. Bolivar's testimony as to the flavor of young spruce partridge. No doubt the specimens I tackled were old. However, if I get up to Henry McKenny's number 4 camp at Jackman next fall I'll bring back a few spruce birds and send them to Mr. Bolivar with compliments. W.

"Kelley and Sheets."

Mr. Frederick Harrison arranged the first of two performances in London on behalf of the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in the Piazza di Spagna, Rome. The Pall Mall Gazette thought this performance gave tragic emphasis to the divorce established at present between the fashionable London stage "and even the most elementary principles of poetic and imaginative acting."

It was placed on record that two men assisted at turning "La Belle Dame sans Merci" into an operatic duet, with copious musical (and limelight) aids to the imagination "that a gentleman wearing a suit of modern morning clothes, with a cloth hat under his arm, and standing in front of an urn placed on a pedestal, recited the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' (called on the program, 'Ode to a Grecian Urn') in a scene painted to represent a gallery in the British Museum; and that a young lady recited the 'Ode to a Skylark' in a garden-party costume, including a large parasol, began it, 'O! hail to thee,' etc., and finished it up with a chuckle of delight and the words 'Ah! there you are!'"

The tribute of a rising young poet to "Kelly and Sheets" would have rounded completely this memorial matinee.

Never Too Late.

It's never too late to commit suicide. Mr. Janos Meryessi jumped off the suspension bridge at Budapest because at the age of 81 he thought he should soon be unable to support his father, who was 115, and his mother, who was 110 years old. Mr. Meryessi was pulled from the Danube, more dangerous to him than flowing Hunyadi Janos, and a public subscription was organized for the three. But in 1891 a Russian, one Mr. Bulan, killed himself at the age of 105. He left a letter bewailing the stupidity of modern days. The young Roman gentleman of classic times who killed himself because he was tired of doing the same things did not wait till he was over 100 to confirm his suspicions.

July 11, 1912

I am enamored of growing out-doors, Of men that live among cattle or taste of the ocean or woods, Of the builders and steers of ships and the wielders of axes and mauls and the drivers of horses, I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out.

Old Time Heroes.

The healthy and normal country boy of 50 years ago determined to be a stage driver or run a sawmill when he grew up. Comparatively few attained their ambition. Some are still on the farm, some went to the city with the traditional \$5, and now own a steam yacht without shuddering at the cost. The stage driver, when he is to be found, came from another village; the sawmill man may be a Canadian by birth.

At too many railway stations, where once the stage with four horses waited for passengers going to a hillside town or across the Cape, there are automobiles in public service, and the unthinking rejoice at the "steady march of improvement." The better the chauffeur, the less conversational and communicative he is. The old-fashioned stage driver was a mine of curious information. He had seen and done surprising things; he had met the great of this world; he had supreme authority on the road—when he carried the mail; yet how graciously he could unbend, how gallant his demeanor toward the ladies! The fact that he sometimes chewed tobacco and swore on favorable occasions only made him human. After all he was not Phoebeus relieved for a time from the task of driving "the horse that guide the golden eye of morn and blow the morning from their nostrils"—relieved, yet wishing to keep his hand in. He was not some demigod, some legendary Jehu, the son of Nimshi. On the box he was a superman.

High Honors.

To sit on the box by his side was an honor dearly coveted, even by the grave and unemotional. A seat at a sea captain's table was in comparison as dross. There were reckless souls who called the driver by his first name and dared to shorten it to "Bill" or "Jake." They were held in respect, envied by other passengers. How had the fortunate

three awards after long a contest? Was there continued bribery with tobacco and flasks? Were they all at school together? But was "Bill" ever a boy, subject to rule, whose hand had felt the ferrule, whose body had suffered sterner punishment?

The Other Side.

We look back on the stage rides of not over 20 miles. The ideal route was from eight to twelve. The long journeys in England inspired the eloquence of De Quincey and the humor of Dickens. The stage coach and the inn furnish two-thirds of the adventures in picturesque romance. On a long journey by stage in New England the company was often boresome, sometimes intoler-

able, and the nights were those of torture. Read De Quincey's "English Mail Coach" and you will be persuaded that Mr. John Palmer was a mighty benefactor if only because his government coaches first revealed the glory of motion. It was reserved for men like Mr. Shand, considering the changes in men and manners of England, to recall the horrors of the inside: The asthmatic passenger who would not have a window lowered; the old woman with many parcels; the fruitful mother with her squalling brood; the musty straw; the mingled odors of strong waters, sandwiches and stable litter. And for those who sat outside in stormy weather, ulsters had not then been invented. The outsider was wet to the skin; sleepy, he ran the risk of the hind wheel; a snow drift might isolate him for hours.

Poetry and Prose.

Men who have to do with horses are more generally disposed towards mankind than are those associated with machinery. Not that they are outwardly more romantic. We read from time to time of some young daughter or a wife eloping with papa's chauffeur. We do not recall any famous instance of the doctor's daughter or the judge's wife running away with a stage driver, and yet a man urging four horses at full speed round a sharp curve so that the coach is on two wheels is a more heroic sight than a chauffeur letting out his machine, scattering hens and sounding a dismal trumpet. There are no controlling reins, held deftly in one hand, while the long whip flourishes and cracks. Let M. Maeterlinck or M. Mirbeau chant in heightened prose the praise of the motor car; there is the stage driver glorified by Bret Harte; there is the Cyclops Diphrates immortalized by the Oplum Eater.

Stories by the Way.

It may be said that the stage driver was generally a liar. This is a harsh saying. He was a romanticist. As all men who live out of doors by day and by night, and whether on sea or on land, he saw things overlooked by other mortals or hidden from them. On the Cape the driver had sometimes been a sea captain. Wild were the tales he told of Surinam, Cape Horn and the South Seas. There were never to be forgotten rides with Capt. Burseley over the miles of sand before state roads were constructed and turned to powder by automobiles. Did the captain really "spread eagle" mutineers at Manila? Had he, too, caught a glimpse of the great white whale that sank the Pequod with old Ahab and all his crew save Ishmael? Who knew? Who cared? The yarn was spun as the stage passed through woods of oak and odoriferous scrub pine, as the horses, tugging through sand, were covered with lather. Nor was it ended with the final spurt that brought the listeners to the train just drawing out of the station.

July 12. 1912

Megabyzus the Persian, a great lord, went up one day into the shop of Apelles, where he used to paint; and when he was about to speak (I wot not what) as touching painting-craft Apelles, not enduring to hear him talk so foolishly, stayed him and stopped his mouth, saying prettily thus unto him: So long, sir, as you held your tongue, you were taken to be some great man, by reason of your chain, corquans, and brooches of gold; your purple robes also, which together with your silence commended your person; but now the very pretence boys here, who grind ochre and such-like colors, are ready to laugh at you, hearing you talk so foolishly, you know not what.

In Honor of Alexandra.

Nevertheless, though we must needs be content with herbs, fruits, vegetables and the plainest of water from the windmill or force pump, will we talk knowingly about roasts, sauces, soup and fish, wines of comet years, strange cordials and liquors. For example, The Herald recently spoke of two dishes invented in honor of Queen Alexandra, on her day of roses, and dedicated to her. We now are told what they were. The first was the "Alexandra grill sandwich (English blue peas and Danish Gammon)." The blue peas were in reality green peas, the best in the market, more to be valued than the marrowfat. These peas were contained in a folded grilled blanket of gammon. The other was the "Surprise Alexandra royale (an ice with the flavor of new-mown hay)." The liqueur in this ice defied detection, and "It was distilled by a secret process." And was that all they could do for the Sea King's daughter? (Tennyson here employed poetic license, for Alexandra's father was not conspicuously a sea king.) A species of ham sandwich and an ice that suggested new-mown hay! Why did they not serve the latter with a grasshopper or two for the sake of

would have added a piquant touch.

Two Soft Drinks.

We are also informed that everybody in England drinks barley water. It surely is a more sensible beverage in hot weather than the ice cold blends of waters, syrups, acids, gulped at the marble fountains. Here is a recipe from "The Cookery Book of Lady Clark of Tillypronie." "For three pints of water you will require a teacupful and a half of well-washed pearl barley, four lumps of sugar and the thin rind and juice of one lemon. Pour boiling water over it, cover with a saucer and let it stand till cold, then strain again and again till clear, and pour into a jug." This recipe is characterized by "P. S." as "authentic." How is it any more authentic than any one of the recipes in the clubs of London? for an Englishman is not ashamed to order a soft drink in a club.

Visiting Grandfather Porter in haying time, we boys thought switchel the nectar of the gods. How was it made? We find no recipe for it in "The Boston Cooking School Book." There was water with molasses and ginger, and was there not a dash of vinegar? It was drunk from a tin pail that stood in the shade of a tree, and there were farmers who put a hunk of ice in the pail, though the more thrifty had no ice house. We never hear the whetting of a scythe without thinking of switchel. Would it today have the same delicious taste? Or would it probably give the fond dreamer the collywobblers? Why should not switchel be on draught at the Porphyry? Strong drink is particularly raging in July. One draught of cooling gin with a lime is a temptation to another, and that way madness lies. Lemonade is usually too sweet and it increases thirst. Malt liquors raise the temperature. Let the switchel pail stand in the hall, and for the more fastidious a dipper might be provided.

Lightning Rod Man.

The Herald spoke editorially not long ago of the lightning rod, its vogue, its gradual disappearance, theoretically the rod is an admirable safeguard. The trouble was that, seldom adjusted with proper care, it worked for injury rather than safety. We should remember the lightning rod man gratefully if only for his volubility and display of scientific misinformation. If he had not gone about the country we should not have had Herman Melville's wild story "The Lightning Rod Man," which, first appearing in Putnam's Magazine, was included in "The Piazza Tales," published in 1856. Even admirers of Melville's sea tales do not seem to be acquainted with his short stories, except, perhaps, "The Bell Tower," which has been reprinted in various collections. But "Bartleby" and "Benito Cereno" are wholly admirable.

"The Piazza" is a sketch after the manner of Hawthorne; "The Eucantadas" is an impressive description of the Galapagos Islands. "The Lightning Rod Man" has no story. A stranger enters Melville's cottage in the Berkshire region during a thunder storm and attempts to sell him a lightning rod. "A lean, gloomy figure. Hair dark and lank, matted streaked over his brow. His sunken pitfalls of eyes were ringed by indigo halos, and played with an innocuous sort of lightning: the gleam without the bolt." And how he talked! "Say but the word and of this cottage I can make a Gibraltar by a few waves of this wand. Hark, what Himalayas of concussions. . . . I avoid pine trees, high houses, lonely barns, upland pastures, running water, flocks of cattle and sheep, a crowd of men. If I travel on foot I do not walk fast. If in my buggy I touch not its back or sides; if on horseback I dismount and lead the horse. But of all things I avoid tall men." Some sour-visaged critic of the Fifties referred to this story as "grotesque verbiage," yet we read it often and with delight—except when a thunder storm is over head.

Obsessed.

Has any one studied the eccentricities of Boston? Let no one answer flippantly that there are too many. For some years we have not seen in the street the amiable old gentleman whose coat blazed with all sorts of tin tags, medals, ribbons, and he was by far the most picturesque sight in Tremont street. A London journalist declares that his city is full of eccentrics and he tells of one whom he has met twice. First on a rainy day, their umbrellas collided. The stranger said: "Excuse me, but can you oblige me with the explanation of how to spell 'pronunciation'?" The writer began politely "pron—" and the questioner went away. Two years later they met in an omnibus. The stranger at once asked: "How do you spell 'pronunciation'?" The journalist began. "Why you are all mad," said the stranger. "It's 'pronunciation.'" Now, if he had only asked the derivation of switchel. But is switchel known to English farmers?

July 13. 1912

Now that Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema is dead, they are telling stories about him in London, and many of them are stupid. Here is an example. He was in the habit of asking new acquaintances a conundrum invented by him. As his English was broken, "vest" and "west" were to him convertible terms. He would ask: "Why is the sun like bread?"

Like Two Peas.

The story of his resemblance to Du Maurier has often been told and as often ruined in the telling. This version seems to us the best: One evening at a dinner a woman next to him remarked: "I think all this talk about your resembling Mr. Alma-Tadema is all nonsense, don't you, Mr. Du Maurier?" "Well, I can't say," was the reply. "You see I am Alma-Tadema." Were the two irritated when they were reminded of the resemblance? Tennyson and Leslie Stephen were mistaken for each other in spite of difference in years. When Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, visited Brussels, photographs of Edmund Yates were sold there as the Shah's. We all know that Mr. Hall Caine prides himself on his resemblance to a portrait of Shakespeare. Some years ago in Boston a musician and a public reader, who occasionally wrote for the newspapers, were frequently mistaken one for the other, and each one was indignant when he was called by the other's name. Was it in the Boston Herald or earlier in the Post that Mr. George F. Babbitt wrote his celebrated line: "It is said that Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Henry James, Jr., the novelist, look so alike that one is often mistaken for the other. It is seldom that two men have such hard luck?"

In Hot Weather.

It looks as though the "silly season" had begun in London. They are discussing the relation of the size of a man's fist to the length of his foot, the size of his neck to that of his waist, and one correspondent remembers that his estimable father used to say: "Twice round the wrist once round the neck." This correspondent also wants to know the complete table of measurements for the perfect man, the Apollo Belvedere. The hero of one of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new books "had heard somewhere that the stretch of a man's arms is about his own height," and the Daily Chronicle reminds him of Quasimodo and Mr. Daniel Quip. The Chronicle often asks whether there is anybody so perfect in stature that he can buy a fitting collar by calculating his waist.

And the old wheeze comes round again like a well behaved comet: "A box weighs a pound and half a box. What is the weight of two boxes?"

Meanwhile the Pall Mall Gazette bewails the fact that some words are losing their meaning. Two evening papers agreed that Macartney had "a tremendous reception upon retiring after his innings" in a Test match, and a morning journal, describing the Royal Visit to Cardiff, mentioned that "the King and Queen had a splendid welcome on leaving."

And in our own beloved country Dr. Alfred Joseph, temporary chairman of the National Association of Chiropractors, boldly stated at Chicago that a "corny foot" is a menace to society, and corns and crimes are "twin evils." It was our old friend Thomas Walker, a London magistrate and the author of "The Original," who maintained that corns were simply a matter of digestion.

Old and New Saws.

M. Wattville of Paris has a fine collection of pipes and studying them has come to several conclusions: The shorter the pipe, the more laborious the nation; the longer the pipe, the lazier the race; the more frugal the nation, the smaller the pipe.

And so in old times it was said that the conquering race had the shortest sword; that the tea drinkers would in the end overthrow the coffee drinkers.

We have seen dreamers who prefer, when smoking, a cutty or a bulldog. We know men of unusual activity who when they rest for an hour delight in a long-stemmed pipe. Were the Germans lazy when they affected the long pipe? Alas, the porcelain and characteristic type began to disappear some years ago and the learned professor and the turbulent student accustomed themselves to the incredible cigars made in Germany. The Turk is eminently frugal and abstemious; his pipe is not small.

One might as well argue that the cost of living is high in China because the peanut paste of that country, compounded of ginger jelly and a minute formation at the base of the peanut, costs about \$10 an ounce.

Good Melodrama.

Some days ago we read a strange story in a London newspaper. An evangelist, Mr. Frederick J. Haverley, was reported to the police as missing. About midnight of the second night he staggered into his home, covered with mud and ready to collapse, and on his forehead was an open wound where a great letter "H" had been traced with some caustic acid. He said that he was told by two men, as he was entering his mission hall, that his wife had met with an accident. He therefore got into a motor car. Drugged, he found himself bound hand and foot in a dark cellar. Long afterwards he was carried up to a room where black-hooded men questioned and tortured him and at last burned the letter "H" on his forehead. He fainted. When he came to

he was in the porch of an empty house in a district unknown to him. As yet we have seen no explanation of this incident. The veracity of Mr. Haverley is not questioned. He received a letter in illiterate Italian from his tormentors, threatening further violence unless he recanted certain religious views. But are Italians in London so exercised in 1912 over religious opinions that do not directly affect them? Were the incident related at the beginning of a newspaper supplement novel, the cry "Sensational! Absurdly melodramatic!" would at once be raised by realists and naturalists.

July 14. 1912

Mr. Filson Young, an experienced journalist, who contributes daily a short article entitled "The Things That Matter" to the rejuvenated Pall Mall Gazette, spoke last month of the Abbey Theatre Company of Dublin, then playing in London. And it may here be said that the leading critics of London rejoiced in the performances by this company and Miss Horniman's Manchester players and confessed that true enjoyment in the London theatres and in dramatic art now came chiefly from the provinces.

The London journals assured us that the Court Theatre, where the Irish players acted, was crowded. Thus one remarked: "The miracle lay in the growth of interest in the Irish repertory theatre from being a more or less intellectual luxury of a few to a thoroughly popular theatrical venture." But Mr. Young contradicted the statement of his colleague, and wrote as follows:

"Forevery Christian there are a dozen Pharisees; for every artist, a dozen Philistines, and for every genuine belief, a dozen superstitions."

"One of our superstitions is the Irish Theatre. Of course, every one who is interested in the drama pretends to a knowledge of the Irish Theatre and its work; but in fact they neglect it. This, by far the finest and truest expression of the dramatic art in our day, is supported by a handful of enthusiasts; and the great public that prates eternally of the theatre leaves it severely alone. And here is a curious thing: in London, at any rate, it gets no support from the Irish; whereas every theatregoing Scotchman rallies to the support of any dramatic enterprise which conforms even to theatrical standards of Scottish life and character."

"The plays of Synge, Yeats and Lady Gregory represent the only really national art of our race and time. Their glory in the eyes of Irishmen should be that, although Irish in their shape and setting, they are universal in their appeal. But they awake little or no response in the mass of the people who profess to be deeply interested in theatrical art; and the Irish people of London simply ignore them."

"Why? Because the average Irishman who has detached himself from his country thinks that he alone understands it, and (I am ashamed to say it) blushes for everything Irish."

Lady Gregory has the Floor

Lady Gregory took a more cheerful view when she talked with a reporter at a gallery where her son's paintings were exhibited. Mr. W. B. Yeats was also there. The reporter expressed his admiration of Mr. Gregory's "scheme of the parted curtain disclosing, without demanding too much of the audience's credulity in stage trees, the distant green of the forest stretching behind the kneeling figure of Deirdre in his sketch for the setting of 'Deirdre of the Sorrows.'"

"We are leaving the absurdities of realism behind," said Lady Gregory. "The setting of a play need not aim at relieving the imagination of the audience of all strain. A back-cloth can be a more valuable setting than a painted forest."

"But the clothes of your peasants—they are perfect in every detail!"

"Yes, we pay great attention to the details of attire," said Lady Gregory. "I bought a good many of the dresses in the pawnshops in Galway; others I had made in Kiltartan; and a spinning wheel used in one of our plays came straight from Aran, where it had been in use for many generations."

"And your players—are they carefully trained?"

"Yes, they have the best training—that of the repertory company, in which they are always changing parts, and this gives them the variety of having to speak in verse one night and in prose the next, as they change from one of Mr. Yeats's poetic plays to one of the peasant dramas."

"And they are natural," added Mr. Yeats, "because they are playing people that are known to them. They have no one to copy, for no one has played these parts before them. A man playing Michael O'Flaherty cannot pattern himself on George Alexander, or Sir George

has never played Michael O'Flaherty. They escape the influences which would make them follow a model instead of being themselves."

Opinions

Nor will Lady Gregory give in to influences or traditions. "Our public is getting to understand the principle, and to trust to us giving them something they will like. The theatre, and not the play, is the thing. Our Saturday night audiences at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin have sometimes been so at what we have given them when they wanted something else—and have shown their disapproval. But they are gradually coming to understand the idea of a repertory theatre in the way that the subscribers to a favorite magazine regard its contents; they may occasionally dislike the serial, but the spirit of the paper pleases them, and that is why they continue to take it. And some of the new plays by unknown writers get in this way a quick popularity that they would not if competing with long runs." Thus "The Patriot," produced in London for the first time, will probably be one of the company's big successes." Mr. Yeats chimed in: "And being a sincere play, it appealed equally to both parties. The Nationalists in Dublin found it to their liking, and a Unionist sitting next me the other night at the Court was so pleased with it that he said it might be a Unionist tract."

Mr. Yeats said to the reporter what he had said in Boston, that he was re-writing nearly all his plays. His "Countess Cathleen" was to be revived the last week of the London engagement this month. "From the beginning I determined that the theatre would not be allowed to want for technical art. Play-writing is a lost craft, and we are re-creating the rhythm of it and bringing into it the symmetry that is reappearing also in the painter's art, where you see the rediscovery of Oriental ideas of values." And Mr. Yeats said in conclusion: "Once there was a Dublin paper that thought it funny to call us 'The Ruined Abbey'—but that was a long time ago. The same paper calls us now 'The popular little house on the Blev.'"

Lady Gregory then had in rehearsal her new little play with two characters, "The Bogey Man."

Various Scattered Notes

Herbert Henry Davies, the author of "The Molusso," has completed a comedy, entitled "Anne."

The announcement is made that Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," performed in Chicago, New York and other places last season, will be produced at the Boston Opera House. This reminds us that a Londoner has completed a sketch entitled "The Jewels of My Donnan."

"The Rebel," libretto by John Saville Todd, music by the Rev. Dr. Collinson, to be brought out at the Court Theatre, London, is said to be the shortest opera ever produced. "The entire action, although the story is one of horrible tragedy, takes only half an hour."

The Archduchess Maria Immacolata, daughter of Archduke Leopold Salvator and Archduchess Blanka, is 18 years old. She is described as an accomplished pianist. She has composed a piano concerto. Her "Arabian Fantasy" scored for orchestra by a Viennese conductor was played as an interlude at the Deutsches Volks theatre in Vienna, and the audience, "although then unaware of its origin, received the piece with much sympathy."

During the Berlin musical season, 1911, 12, 1214 concerts were given, as against 1096 in the immediately preceding corresponding period. The months of greatest frequency were November, with 210 concerts, October with 187, February with 184, March with 182 and December with 154. Vocal recitals were more numerous than those of any other type, and of the 337 performers 237 were of the female sex. Piano concerts to the number of 269 were given by 175 men and 94 women. Of the violinists, who provided 90 evenings' entertainments, 64 were men and 26 women, and of the 12 cello concerts nine were furnished by males. There were 31 organ recitals. Other concerts: Orchestral 143, choral 94, chamber 161. Last season's record of concerts in other large German towns was: Munich 347, Dresden 275, Hamburg 271, Leipzig 269, Frankfurt 207, Breslau 185, Stuttgart 129, Karlsruhe 87. In Vienna 431 concerts were given, and in Prague 83.

The music critic of the London Times was soothed by Miss Fanny Davies, who played the piano. There was nothing perplexing or irritating on the programme: "It was delightful to hear music played for its own sake and not for the sake of what could be made of it. The themes of Schumann's Phantasies were stole about the piano as if they had just awakened like Rip Van Winkle and were blissfully ignorant of what had happened in the world during their long sleep. In Miss Fanny Davies's playing there was leisure to enjoy them. We were not hurried from crisis to crisis in the way in which some modern playing hurries us, as if nothing was being said unless some new point was being made. We were not particularly made conscious of crises at all, in the ordinary sense of rosy tone."

If Miss Davies's piano playing eternally Bennett's "Journ of Arc" sonata, the critic's cup of joy would have been full to the brim.

We are informed that when the Countess Montignoso, the Princess Louisa of Saxony, definitely forewelled her husband, Mr. Toselli, the pianist, the separation took place "under circumstances of a most cordial nature." The two "chatted affably" together in a "corridor of the law courts at 7 A. M., in hour when many well regulated lives are exceedingly disagreeable. And the princess's leave taking of her third husband was as hearty as her greeting."

Those interested in folk dances should know that part second of "The Esperance Morris Book," edited by Mary Neal, has been published in London by J. Curwen & Sons. It contains a selection of Morris dances, country dances, sword dances and sea chanties, also a delineation of the movements of each dance, with an introduction indicating the general conceptions and principles of Morris dancing. There are also photographs representing characteristic aspects of the new dancing which Miss Neal thinks will lift "a little of the burden which civilization, and commercialism have laid on the backs of the children of our cities, and some of the heaviness of the life in our deserted villages."

Mr. Dawbarn tells us that authors' ages are now discussed in Paris. "Happily for him, the dramatist is not finished at 40. Fame rarely comes to him before that age. But, alas! he cannot keep it. It is as evanescent as the champagne on a first night. And the great names no longer draw. That is another fact humiliating to 'arrived' success, comforting to ambition. Paris waits for a new and living dramatist, who will be found, probably, amongst the men of a certain experience who have not attained yet popularity."

Stage Superstitions in Paris

The superstitions of the theatre have often furnished material to light hearted feuilletonists, and writers of serious books about the stage have not disdained to note them. We all know that opening an umbrella in a theatre, the presence of a yellow clarinet and the name "eagle" or the effigy of one, are supposed to bring back luck. It is said that Jean de Reszke even now never hears a word said about bad luck without touching wood, and itachel touched wood whenever she came on the stage for a first night, while Madeleine Brohan on a first night always wore a blue dress, a blue bodice, or at least a blue ribbon. Jeanne Samary would never hear of a number that ended in seven. But let us speak of those living and their whims. Massenet, writing the score of a new opera, marks a page "12 bis" instead of 13. Blanche Toutain is never without an amulet which was given to her in Rome. Henriette Rogers always wears an opal ring when she is acting and thus defies tradition. You must never wish a French actor good luck on the night of a dress rehearsal or on a first night. Your wish is a bad omen. M. Hertz never has a bill printed for his theatre without putting in the name of "M. Totah." Thus in "Flambee," according to the bill, Totah takes the part of a domestic servant; but there is no Totah and there is no servant in the play. M. Antoine, director of the Odeon, carries with him a little leather purse which holds only his decree of appointment. M. Samuel wears a straw hat at rehearsals and on first nights. If he did not wear a hat of straw a play produced by him would have no luck. All this is important if true.

Zandonai and His Spanish Opera

Mr. Zandonai, the composer of "Conchita," is described as a man of 30, very short, very slight, and very dark, with a long serious face and sad, earnest eyes. "Conchita" is his second opera, and he is at work on two others. The scene of "Conchita" is in Spain, and opens in the workroom of a Seville cigar factory, but the opera is "nothing like 'Carmen'—it presents Spain from another point of view." The composer visited Seville before he wrote the opera, "to absorb the atmosphere and spirit of the place." He found the character of the country essentially sad. The story is founded on Pierre Louys's "The Woman and the Puppet," but the characters have been somewhat changed. The man is more sensitive and less forgiving. "The woman, who wants to be loved faithfully and spurns his money, is passionate and full of whims and moods, rather than one who callously plays with love. But she does play with love and it is only the avenging wrath of the man that finally conquers her. By his unexpected violence she is convinced at last of his grief at the thought of losing her and of the love that has filled his heart through months of suffering." There are several Spanish dances in the opera, also a prelude to the third act, which, according to a representative of the Ricardi house, gives an impression of a Sevillian night, "full of mysterious charms and perfumes." There is an intermezzo between the first and second scenes of the first act. Mme. Tarquini, the original heroine and also the one at Covent Garden, sang in Boston as a

young girl, with the San Carlo company and Schiavazzi, the tenor, visited us with Mascagni. This tenor then bleated lamentably in the more passionate moments of "Tris."

Open Air Theatre

Mme. Martel, having established open air theatres in the old Roman in Paris ruins of Arles and Orange, has founded one in Paris, the Arènes de Lutèce; for when Lutetia was a village on the left bank of the Seine, there was a small Roman circus. Paul Souchon's "Cesar et Cleopatre," in three acts, has been performed there. M. Souchon followed Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" rather than Mr. Shaw's ingenious play—But M. Souchon has little finds of his own, and displays a noble disregard of history. The drama opens with Caesar's triumphant entrance into Rome after his Egyptian campaign, and Cleopatra rides in her chariot by his side. He seeks the crown because it is her wish. He has driven his wife from their villa, so that Cleopatra may have a home. Republicans led by Brutus and Cassius fathom the purpose of Cleopatra and understand that she wishes Alexandria to be the capital of the world. Hence they conspire against him. Caesar, anticipating his fate, does not wish to go to the Senate house, but Cleopatra insists: Calphurnia, his wife, has heard of the plot, and tries to prevent him; but it is too late—the dead body is borne in on a litter. Cleopatra shrieks and urges Antony to be the avenger.

Here is a disregard of facts wilder than that shown by Victor Hugo in "L'Homme qui Rit," nor did Hugo in his famous eulogy of Cleopatra, published in "La Légende des Siècles," dare to think of such adventures in Rome, although he mentions Strophus not daring to write per intoxicating name and kings dying of love as they entered her chamber. But the ninth sphinx reminding Zim-Zizimi, Sultan of Egypt, that all kings are mortal, called passers-by to look at her on her bed where she rests forever:

"Mais bouchex-vous le nez si vous passez la porte."

And in M. Souchon's drama there was a pleasing interlude: a boxing match in which Caesar and Cleopatra saw young Carpenter show his sleek body and indisputable skill.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, by the way, is making a revised version of his "Caesar and Cleopatra" for Mr. Forbes-Robertson's use on his tour in the English provinces next fall.

Shockers and Revivals

There have been a few new "shockers" in Paris. "Soir de Paques" ("Easter night") was produced at the Varieties, a theatre associated with comedy. The frisky story is of a Roumanian who catches a thief that has come to rob him. He seizes his hand as it is thrust through the door and then applies a light to it and burns it. Messrs. Kein and Gragnon heard this story from De Max, who, a Roumanian by birth, plays the part of the old Jew in a terrific manner, so that Mr. Dawbarn argues, somewhat inconsequently, that he would be wonderful in Shagsepearian tragedy.

At the Grand Guignot there has been a version of Maupassant's pathetic story of the peaceful French anglers caught fishing within the Prussian lines. They are about to be let go, when the lieutenant asks them for the password. The bachelor says he does not know it. The other, though, thinking of his wife and children, refuses to give it and the two are led off to execution.

"Russia" is responsible for many things, and the Grande Alliance established by the ballets has extended to the drama. A madman, with a Slav atmosphere, is the latest notion, and there is something fiercely barbarous in his methods. He strangles a poor, pathetic victim just to prove that he is not kind-hearted. The accusation has jangled his nerves."

There were other plays of a pleasanter nature, as Mouzygon's "Amours d'Ovide," produced at the Varieties in which De Max took the part of the poet, who lectures on the art of love to such purpose that one of his pupils plays havoc in Ovide's household and attacks him in his tenderest affections. The little play is in verse.

Pierre Wolff's comedy "Les Marionnettes" has been revived at the Theatre Francais and applauded as fresh and delightful.

Mr. Titterton's Opinions

Mr. Titterton saw Grasso as the returned convict husband in "La Morte Civile." "This, say many, is his master stroke; I do not think so. Paroxysms of tears do not suit his robustious, dominating style; his sorrow was too bedraggled to be tragic, and the painful articulation of his death throes turned the audience performance on laughter for relief. It is becoming more and more clear that Grasso—great man as he is—can portray only his own experiences."

"I do not like Pavlova in her new ballet. This is inferior 'Alhambra' and emphatically not her style. And after having seen the Russians at Covent Garden

last time during ballet 'Les Sylphides' I have come to the conclusion that, far as they may go in pantomime drama, in the ballet proper Genée remains supreme."

"The W. S. P. U. should approve of Mr. Martyn Roland's sketch, 'What Every Woman Ought to Know.' To which conundrum the answer is—Jujitsu, to be practised on husbands when they come home late with all their money gone. Liz, the heroine, makes excellent practice, and the married women in the audience laughed to set the husband on the floor contorted and squirming. Apart from its sentimental moral, the play has merits; it has atmosphere, and, for all its violence, a certain artistic discretion. It is in some sort an Apache play with the devil left out."

"There is a queer sketch on at the Hippodrome, called 'What About It?' A writer, in his study, reads aloud a chapter from the manuscript of his latest romance, and as he reads all sights and sounds referred to in the inflated language of romance find palpable and literally exact dramatic illustration; the thunder rattles, the bold, bad baron stalks into the room, the heroine weeps—'her eyes fixed on the copper'—the father (or is it the husband?) scowls, kneels, arises another man. I have never before seen this fancy used in the theatre, but the Early Victorians used it up in black and white. It made one feel very pre-Dickensian. A better notion would be to let the figures of a writer's imagination become flesh, take possession of their creator, and bend him to their will."

Mr. Titterton having seen Grasso expire in "particularized agonies" was in great need of liquid refreshment. This was at the Hippodrome: "Mechanically I turned to beckon a waiter, checked myself, gave a sigh of resignation, and rose to adjourn to the bar. And then, as my brain recovered from the buffets of the Sicilian tempest, suddenly I remembered: There was no bar. No bar in a music-hall! Nothing to be got but hot tea-stuffs and cold temperance wash! To stop one drinking in the auditorium is a gross infraction of communal liberty, but to stop one drinking within the precincts of the hall is far worse. What an amount of bad feeling and secret dram-drinking must this ordinance of the London county council have caused! If our municipal authority has any consideration for the temper and physique of its ratepayers, it must see to it that the Hippodrome is shortly provided with a full-grown bar. Nathless the true music-hall feeling cannot be got without beer in the auditorium. For the want of it our audiences have become staid and waxen, and our performers shudder and draw back from their old jolly, reckless flight. Our halls have become Noneonformist; we go there no longer to celebrate our joys but to listen to a sermon. The devil take Geneva! The King will not know what it means to go to a music-hall if he takes it without beer."

An Old Friend in Opera

"The Cicada: a lyric fable," written and compiled by John Urich, was produced at the Savoy, June 25. Urich is a British subject, born in Trinidad, and a pupil of Gounod; but his music is colored, they say, with far later tendencies. In a prologue Aesop holds his school and the curtain falls on the supposed relation of the familiar fable illustrated in the scene that follows. The text is said to be rather naive and banal. There is pleasing music for the ants and butterflies and for the grasshopper, who begins the action with a gay song.

The last version seen in Boston of the old fable was "The Cigale" with Audran's music.

Lillian Russell was the light-hearted grasshopper and Louis Harrison enlivened an inherently commonplace part.

Art and Life

Comment us to the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette on writing something new about the art of Yvette Guilbert, who gave a recital in London, June 28.

"Did the evolution of society really connote the effective elimination of what Victorian poets termed 'the beast' in human nature, it would be difficult to discover any justification for the highest manifestations of genius in the sphere of art. What moral sanction could be found for the pleasure derived from the artistic delineation of vice—a pleasure that, subsisting as it does in a fellow-feeling on the part of the art-recipient, should, strictly speaking, be reprehensible to the last degree? The fact is that civilization only gives us a veneer of artificial sensibility and refinement, due to the fact that the complexity of modern life protects most of us from actual contact with gross and repellent things, and really the old virtues and vices remain in their essence much the same, both as regards quality and relative proportion. This being the case, one felt no twings of conscience in enjoying to the full the superb work of Mme. Yvette Guilbert at her second recital in the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. In accordance with her bidding the auditor lived the varying moods of the characters from her wonderful gallery, leading at length to the cold wickedness of the jealous husband in the old Oriental poem, 'Le Jaloux.' This little piece is of horrible brutality, but masterly and absorbing to a degree, and as deliriously by Mme. Guilbert came as the supreme climax to a marvellous performance."

A First Night in the Stalls There is a first night at the theatre, and the talk is in the stalls.

She—Bravo! Bravo! * * * Isn't it good!

She—Ripping! I do think she's awfully sweet! Don't you?

She—Oh, but she always is!

She—Yes, of course! But I like her ever so much better in this than in the last place * * * Those ducky paniers!

She—D'you really like them—honestly? She—Oh, well, it all depends. They'd be simply hideous, my dear, in anything but the softest of soft stuffs. * * *

She—Oh, quite. (Charmeuse or crepe de chine or shot taffetas souple. I saw some awfully cunning ones the other day arranged with underskirts veiled with flounces of fine lace. I do wish you'd been with me! I'm sure you'd have loved them!)

She—Another way is to make the gown with the panier and the underskirt of the same stuff, you know. The paniers are outlined with old-fashioned frills and ruffles—quite fascinating!—and then they have three or four funny little flounces round the hem, headed with scalloped strappings of silk.

She—Sounds rather jolly * * * That reminds me. Have you gone in for a "modesty" yet?

She—Literally or metaphorically?

She—Neither, Sartorially. Not bad for me, eh? No, but really. They make them of fine tulle, and they just "veil the form," as my person says.

She—I'll bear it in mind, but I shall have to go slow a bit.

She—Been very naughty?

She—Only a couple of evening frocks.

She—Oh, do tell me!

She—One's pale blue satin, partly covered with violet tulle—about the color of Russian violets, you know—and then the arms are bare except for the veillings of violet tulle, and there's a big splash of scarlet pointsettias from the opening at the neck to the waist * * * Rather nice!

She—Perfectly dinky! And what's the other?

She—That's in cerise mousseline de soie.

She—Oh, they're going on again! What a bother!

She— over white, with a line of black.

Earnest Student—'Ssh! ! ! !

She—Tell me after.

She—Right you are.

Stage Management Mr. Dawbarn, in a letter from Paris, mentions a public protest at the in Paris Opera against the indifference of the scene shifters, who interrupted incidental music with noisy explanations and clumsy manoeuvres. "The French stage hand is incredibly conventional, notwithstanding his intelligence. He has a strong dislike of innovations. He will tell you, as politely as he can, that you are a foreigner, hence barbarian, when you propose a better way of doing a piece of work. A certain celebrated actor explained to me how difficult it would be to adopt in Paris the methods of Gordon Craig or Max Reinhardt. A hammer from the flies would probably mitigate the reformer's zeal or his system, physical and artistic, would be jolted by falling down a trap, left purposely insecure. 'Before you reform the stage in France, you must reform its personnel,' he said. And so, because the stage hands of the National Opera House were asked to change the scene with the curtain up and the stage darkened, they made as much noise as possible to draw attention to the fact that traditions were being violated. It was abominable to deprive them of the bad puns and bandinage that have gone on behind the curtain from time immemorial. Is not the interminable entr'acte due to their leisurely ways?"

With a season extending into every month of the year, the Tremont Theatre closed its doors for the summer vacation with the engagement of Alice Lloyd in "Little Miss Fix-It" last evening. The year began in August with "Excuse Me," and it lasted to the middle of July, being the longest of the theatrical season in Boston. There were an unusual number of long engagements for novelties new to Boston and musical attractions were in the majority, as has been the policy of this house in recent years under the direction of Charles Frohman and William Harris, with John B. Schoeffel as proprietor and manager. Following is the summary of the season:

Aug. 21—"Excuse Me," by Rupert Hughes, nine weeks, first times in Boston.

Oct. 23—Lina Abarbanel in "Madame Sherry," by Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoshna, from French of M. Ordonneau, music by Hugo Felix, seven weeks, first times in Boston.

Dec. 11—Ralph Herz in "Doctor De Luxe," two weeks.

Dec. 25—Eddie Foy in "Over the River," George V. Hobart's version of "The Man from Mexico," music by John L. Golden, two weeks, first times in Boston.

Jan. 8—"Ziegfeld's Follies," by George V. Hobart, five weeks, first times in Boston.

Feb. 12—Jefferson de Angellis in "The Pearl Maiden," by Earle C. Anthony

and "Kinky," music by Harry August, six weeks, first times in Boston.

Feb. 19—"The Man from Chalk," by Henry Blossom, from the French of Maurice Ordonneau, music by Raymond Hubbell, three weeks, first times in Boston.

March 11—Marguerita Sylva in "Gypsy Love," by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, from the German of Willner and Budansky, music by Franz Lehar, five weeks, first times in Boston.

April 15—"Alma, Where Do You Live," by George V. Hobart, from the French of Paul Hervey, music by Jean Briquet, two weeks, first times in Boston.

April 29—Robert Hilliard in "The Avalanche," by himself and W. A. Tremayne, one week, first times in Boston.

May 6—Christie MacDonald in "The Spring Maid," by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, from the German of Julius Wilhelm and A. M. Willner. Music by Heinrich Reinhardt, five weeks.

June 11—Alice Lloyd in "Little Miss Fix-It," by William J. Hurlbut, Harry B. Smith and George V. Hobart, five weeks, first times in Boston.

The Tremont will reopen under the same management late in August with a musical production entirely new to Boston.

July 15-1912

Pacuvius, who appropriated to himself Syria by right of prescription, celebrated every night his obsequies in floods of wine and funeral feasts; and from the banquetting hall his comrades in debauchery bore him with pomp and ceremony to his chamber, and a thousand voices sang in chorus about him: "He has lived! He has lived!"

Mr. Levy's Obstnacy.

It is natural that Mr. Jefferson M. Levy should wish to retain Monticello. In the first place he owns it, and others, from reverential motives, are eager to take it away from him. Any man, worthy the name, can be obstinate on occasion. In the second place, he probably likes to think that he, too, can sleep and eat and loaf in the house made famous by Thomas Jefferson. There are persons, business men, professional men, not necessarily poets and sentimentalists, who are happy if they can obtain and inhabit the home of a celebrated man. Some time ago it was announced that an American plutocrat had bought Pope's villa at Twickenham, and would enjoy the associations—with the addition of a garage and squash court. Unfortunately Alexander Pope never lived in this villa. It was built by a daughter of Lord Howe, who pulled the poet's home to the ground. The late Henry Labouchere finally came into possession of the villa, and in his time remains of the grotto could be seen on the grounds. Jeremy Bentham lived for half a century in a house in Queen Square Place, Westminster, London, that was once John Milton's home, and meditated on utilitarianism, usury, state constitutions and legal reforms in the poet's garden. Living in Milton's home, he read the poems from a sense of duty, and put up a memorial slab in the garden; and, if our memory is good, Mr. Hazlitt made some peculiarly bitter remarks about the contrast between the house and garden and the philosophizing occupant.

Virginian Prejudice.

In 1837 we heard Virginians speak of Mr. Levy's purchase of Monticello as though a grievous wrong had been committed. Some of the older men in the Green Spring region used the word "outrage." They did not know Mr. Levy personally. They had nothing against him except that he, an outsider, as they said, had bought Monticello. They did not call him a "northern mudsill," nor could they justly rank him among the "poor white trash," but they resented the sale. They, themselves, had done nothing to maintain suitably the estate, by loan or subscription. The great majority were peculiarly unable, but they didn't want any man from New York coming down and interfering. A delightfully prejudiced, hospitable, honorable race, gallant, and parochial! Men who were better acquainted with the wits of Queen Anne's time and the novels of the G. P. R. James than with Hardy, Meredith, or M. Bourget. Women who thought it unwomanly to write for publication and could not understand the behavior of Miss Amelle Rives. "A girl of good old Virginian stock." They all mourned the sale of Monticello.

Irkable Responsibility.

Would it be a pleasure to live in an old house once occupied by a famous man? The rooms are often cramped and musty; the windows rattle; the cook complains of the inconveniences; there is no "sanitary" plumbing. The moment you make an alteration, the house is no longer the great man's. Then there is the sense of responsibility, if the purchaser has a sensitive mind. He must live up to the house, be worthy of it. If your predecessor were a poet, you are tempted to invite a sonnet, a ballad, possibly an ingenious charade, which you "happen to have" with you at a meeting of some literary club. If the illustrious one were a painter, you may not try a water color or dabble in oil, but you feel bound to be artistic and say the right phrase about Velasquez, Botticelli, Rodin. Write to

John, write an editorial still man, you use in town meeting, or in the city write to the newspapers about the misconduct of the government. How few would be honest and say: "Yes, Bonapartes owned this house, and died in that bedroom back there. Queer old guy, wasn't he? We had to do a great deal to the house or he wouldn't know it now."

An Adjective or Two.

Did Cobbett say: "When a man comes to his adjectives, I tremble for him," or did he tremble at the thought of a writer using the word "It"? The only book by Cobbett now at hand is his "Tour in Scotland," in which he says dreadful things against potatoes and shouts the praise of brose, oatcakes and oatmeal, a book delightful by reason of its vituperation, as when he described the Globe newspaper as "that rumble-tumble of filth and beastly ignorance" and Denman as the "dirty bill-of-indictment drawer" for the Broughams and the Greys. Probably the saying is in Cobbett's English Grammar. We were reminded of it by reading about John Walter, the founder of the London Times. That journal was at first printed logographically; that is, a number of words and phrases were cast entire, to save compositors the trouble of collecting type. Thus those phrases were on a single block: "Dreadful robbery," "atrocious outrage," "fearful calamity," "interesting female." There are writers today who always join the same adjective to certain nouns, just as it is easy to fall into the trick of characterizing a person or qualifying a thing by applying three adjectives, as the Irish lady was described in her epitaph as "bland, passionate and deeply religious." They says that Kinglake writing "The Invasion of the Crimea" worked for a number of hours and left spaces for adjectives. He then rode on horseback, meditated the fitting adjectives, and on his return inserted them. Was it not Daudet who said that the adjective should never be the legitimate wife of the substantive? Look through "Gulliver's Travels"; mark the sobriety in the use of these words, and note the strength and authority thus gained. Lafcadio Hearn's description of the Windward Islands is in striking contrast—the style is as lush as the tropical vegetation; the reader should don colored spectacles. Yet with a few adjectives Poe and Coleridge could work wonders, and Walt Whitman was often fortunate, as when he spoke of the "gorgeous, indolent sun"; the sun "so calm and haughty"; "mad, naked summer night."

July 16-1912

Let us then talk of something else; tell me then the just measure of the skip of a flea, for I hear you are a subtle geometrical and understand the mathematics perfectly well.

An Egoist.

The Bob White was exceedingly busy last week. It mattered not whether the wind were southwest, north or east, he kept shouting his name as though the dwellers in the house had never heard it or were not sure about the spelling. He is still at it. If he would occasionally call himself Robert in full, an honorable and Christian name, meaning, as wise men tell us, "famous in counsel," although others untruly turn it Red-head. And why should he be so proud of his surname, as though it were to be preferred to Black, Brown, Green or Gray? His visiting card is in his mouth and he is constantly presenting it, as a young man who has had one engraved for the first time; or he is like a youngster at school who scrawls his name with endless repetition on slate, textbooks and blackboard. There might be some excuse for the Bob White if his name were high-sounding, magnificent, like Marmaduke, Plantagenet Archag Toboanian, Charlemagne Tower or Bellamy Storer. If his name were only Robert J. White, or Robert Lee White! And after all he is a bird of aliases. Here he is also known as a quail; in southern states as a partridge. For this reason perhaps he has the assurance of a crook, and yet if a bluejay is discordant near him, Mr. Bob White will be ingloriously quiet.

"O, Say, Can You See."

In this country there are chauvinists that foam at the mouth and leap into the air and paw it, if they hear derogatory remarks concerning the words or the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner"; yet how many can repeat correctly two verses of this patriotic hymn or even give the first line of the second verse? The tune is not an easy one to sing. It lies no better for the average voice than Ewing's "Jerusalem, the Golden."

The London Chronicle, on the other hand, spoke most irreverently the other day of "God, Save the King." It called the tune "dismal" and "horribly easy." But it also asked the question: "Is there any authentic version of our own nation anthem, or any one who can sing it through?" * * * You might catch Turks, Frenchmen, Russians, Germans and others by the throat and ask them for their national anthem, and they couldn't give it.

"Kink," Not "King."

This fourth verse was found in an old Hanoverian music book:

God save great George, our King;
Long live our noble King;
God save the King.
Send us roast beef a store;
If it's done send us more;
And the key of the cellar door;
That we may drink

We quote this verse, in spite of its grossly materialistic sentiments, to show that the proper pronunciation of "King" is "Kink," as that of "Duke" is "Juke." The Kink of Denmark! Yes, most noble Juke! Thus should a romantic actor mouth it on the stage.

Opinions and Facts.

England is by no means so Americanized as some would have it. Witness this sentence from Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "Impertinent Reflections": "At all times politics is but a game. See to it that your team is composed of gentlemen; then the game will be cricket, and not baseball or rounders." Mr. Joseph Conrad, discussing the Titanic disaster in the English Review of this month, asks whether passengers really demand the banal and seaside hotel luxury on board ship. "It is inconceivable to think that there are people who can't spend five days of their life without a suite of apartments, cafes, bands and suchlike refined delights. I suspect that the public is not so very guilty in this matter. These things were pushed on to it in the usual course of trade competition. If tomorrow you were to take all these luxuries away, the public would still travel." Yes, Mr. Conrad, we fear there are persons who would be uncomfortable on shipboard if they were not seasick in a suite; if they did not dress formally for dinner, and hear a band. We fear they are? We have seen them; we know them. Among them are those who on land never walk on a city sidewalk or use a vulgar trolley car.

So many few things are old. The penny-in-the-slot machine was described by Hero of Alexandria a century before Christ. It was a sacrificial vessel from which water would flow when money was dropped into a slot. The coin fell on a lever which controlled a valve. A submarine was navigated from Westminster to Greenwich by Cornelius Drebel of Alkmaar in Holland. James I. gave him an apartment in Eltham palace and wished to go with him in this boat which was so constructed that a person could see "under the water and without candle light." We found these statements in a book and they are of course true.

Preventable Cancer.

The Hon. Rollo Russell has written a volume entitled "Preventable Cancer; A Statistical Research." It is an alarming book to some of us, in spite of its reassuring title; for the author, who is apparently more of a Jonas than a Rollo, speaks "knowingly" about "chronic irritation," and warns us against a jagged tooth, the hot stemmed clay pipe, hot cigar ends, tobacco in any form, even the mildest and supposedly soothing plug, "chewed betel composition," and our old foe, the demon rum. And must the "T. D." then be broken and thrown away forever? Is it more dangerous than a wooden "bull dog"? Shall ginger no longer be hot? the mouth too? Are there not victims of cancer in the mouth who have never tasted tobacco or chewed anything more fiery than lovage-or-slippery elm?

This book was reviewed by Dr. Saleeby in a London Journal, and it called forth the following letter, which should comfort those easily shaken: "Having a family history of cancer since 1838, I venture to suggest that before relinquishing alcohol and tobacco a man may profitably (1) get his teeth looked at and (if necessary) have false teeth, and bite well; (2) take a tablespoon of paraffin oil every night as prescribed by the doctor, and (3) sell out all his English investments and buy foreign securities. I have found the combination of intestinal calm and mental serenity due to these measures a splendid remedy for 'preventable irritation,' leading to 'preventable cancer.'"

"THEY DINED ALONE."

A dispatch from Cleveland, O., informed the world that on his seventy-third birthday "Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller dined alone." The New York Times commented on the fact that there were no guests; it called attention to "shall one say the pathos?—of the dinner at which only two sat down, the master of millions and his wife"; it argued in conclusion that Mr. Rockefeller "would hardly have done that had his career been a real and a complete success."

But what have millions in money to do with the nature of a birthday dinner? Why should a man on his birthday be called upon to invite, say, his golf companions of the morning, his pastor, his two physicians, or even the old time business

associate to dinner? Would the Times have had him dine with pomp and ceremony, with dishes of stewed meats, Burgundy, and champagne, with a swarm of trenchermen and trencherwomen and a fiery Hungarian band on the veranda?

There are men—also women—who after they have passed the fifties do not welcome allusions to their birthday. They may bless and not curse the day of their birth, but as they near the limit of life set by the psalm attributed to Moses, they shun reminders of the inevitable end, nor are they consoled by the windy assurance that they do not show their age; that they never looked younger. A birthday is to them as any Tuesday or Wednesday, as far as a celebration is concerned. They do not wish to hear on one particular day in the year the speech of the Trappist to his brother.

It might also be said that Mr. Rockefeller's stomach is notoriously weak, and his diet is simple. It takes a man of iron will to sit at table and persist in moderation or self-denial when joyous guests at a birthday dinner expect something more than a basin of gruel, or courses of herbs and fruits with water from the spring.

There is also a sentimental explanation, for even Mr. Rockefeller may have his sentimental moments in private life. Mrs. Rockefeller was the only one of his immediate family in the town. Was it not possible that on his birthday she may have preferred to be alone at table with her husband, who, whatever may be said or thought about him by others, has been for many years the man she knew best. Perhaps she wished to go over their life together quietly;

to tell old stories about early years, the children that came to them; to gossip about household affairs; to lay plans for the future. It would be hard to persuade Mrs. Rockefeller that her husband's career is not successful simply because they "dined alone" on his birthday.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Nance O'Neill with the Lindsay Morison Stock Company in Herman Sudermann's drama, "The Fires of St. John." The cast:

Mr. Brauer.....Edward Nannery
Mrs. Brauer.....Rose Morison
Gertrude.....Jane Marbury
George von Harten.....Howell Hansel
An old spy woman.....Edna Oliver
Haffner.....Wynley Birch
Mr. Paul.....James S. Barrett
Katie.....Frances Woodbury
Marikka.....Nance O'Neill

The part of Marikka seems to be specially suited to Miss O'Neill's genius. The German dramatist has put into "The Fires of St. John" some fundamental human passions, and in their expression Miss O'Neill proves herself not only an artist, but one who understands human nature.

She has gained in control and restraint and therefore in power in her portrayal of the part. She seems to revel in the subtle expression of those feelings which in the lives of most people come to the surface but once, if at all.

Her work has come to have an elusive quality. She does not slap her audience in the face with her passion or torture it with the spectacle of a soul in agony. Rather she induces subtly a sympathetic understanding of what is at best hard for anyone to understand in another.

With the humidity high, at the end of a long hot spell, Miss O'Neill went through an exacting part without a suggestion of weariness and with an almost flawless smoothness. She was real, alive, compelling the interest and understanding of her hearers.

"The Fires of St. John" is not a cheerful play. It deals with a situation which, no matter how frequent or infrequent it may be in real life, is not sought freely by anyone. It has passages which with less skillful handling than that given it by Miss O'Neill's might become repellent. But the actress succeeds in so enwrapping it in her own personality that the human side stands out and overshadows everything else, so that it loses all semblance to a disagreeable problem and becomes a section of living, breathing human existence.

Last night's performance was smooth and brisk. Even had there been any tendency to drag, natural for a stock company on a first night, Miss O'Neill, secure in the confidence of many performances, swept the action along in a resistless torrent and carried her support with her.

Mr. Hansel was careful not to allow the hint of coming tragedy to oppress him unduly during the opening acts, but he responded well to the long dramatic crisis of the third.

Mr. Birch made a very worldly and youthful person. Mrs. Morison was as

usual, wholly adequate and Mr. Nannery blustered about with refreshing fidelity to the character of the hot-tempered father.

Rita Gould, "queen of beauty and of fashion," so the program has it, is one of the stars at R. F. Keith's this week. On the beauty proposition the program statement is not far out of the way, while she has a bewildering array of gorgeous costumes, all of them of the clingiest sort. Miss Gould favored last night's audience with five different songs, covering a wide range, showing not only her versatility but also that she is the possessor of a remarkable voice. After each song Miss Gould made an entire change of costume, each gown seeming more beautiful and more "fetching" than the one before.

Another excellent number is presented by Lida McMillan & Co., appearing in a comedy sketch entitled "The Late Mr. Allen." It is the story of the husband and the private dining room and, of course, of the appearance of the wife just at the psychological moment—the moment when the husband's guest is kicking a champagne glass from his hand. Thereupon the wife declares her husband is dead to her. She adopts mourning and goes into ethical culture. The husband, however, longs for his home again, and his friend of the private dining room undertakes to smooth matters over. That she succeeds admirably goes without saying, merely by telling the self-appointed widow that she herself is in love with Mr. Allen and that if the "widow" has no objection she would like to marry him. The anticipated jealousy is immediately aroused and everybody is reunited and happy once again.

Miss McMillan plays the part of Bonita R. Blackstone, whom the husband was entertaining. Marie Young, looking truly charming in the deepest of mourning, is Mrs. Allen, and "the late Mr. Allen" is Cameron Clemmens, with Blanch Boyer as Maggie the maid. Miss McMillan does exceptionally well in her role, and her support is at all times excellent.

The Melstersingers, with a brand new program and effective stage scenery and settings, entered upon the third week of the annual Boston success yesterday. When the curtain went up upon the 12 singers of the Melstersinger organization there was long applause and after every selection, whether a solo, duet or chorus, the audience insisted upon an encore.

Wheeler Earl and Vera Curtis, new to Boston and to B. F. Keith patrons, have a new and clever act entitled "The Girl and the Drummer," the scene being laid in the corridor of a New York hotel. They sing and dance finely. "Les" Copeland of the Dockstader minstrel aggregation made his vaudeville debut yesterday, appearing in a number of songs about the colored folks, all of his own composition.

Muriel and Harris, two young women who can sing and dance well; Walter & Lester, who disclose, in grotesque manner, many of the mysteries of magic, and three Parelle Sisters, European gymnasts, complete the bill.

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Oh, thou then, whoever thou art, that dost seek happiness in thyself, independent of others, not subject to caprice, not mocked by insult, not snatched away by ruthless hands, over which Time has no power, and that Death alone cancels, seek it (if thou art wise) in books, in pictures, and the face of nature, for these alone we may count upon as friends for life!

At Court.

We are much interested in the new rules for guidance in the intricate matters of dress, orders, medals, decorations and general behavior on English state occasions, so that we look forward to the new edition of "Dress Worn at Court," by Mr. Herbert Trendall, M. V. O., chief clerk of the Lord Chamberlain's department. It seems that an expert court tailor is now posted at the entrance of the rooms in which the functions are held, and it is his duty "to scrutinize the clothes of each man attending the court and to draw attention to any irregularity." In these days the American sojourner in London may be presented at court or invited to a ball or dinner where royalty lends its gracious presence; he may be invited suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, and he should be well versed in matters of gewgaws and deportment. If he wishes to do credit to Terre Haute or Hockanum Ferry. Thus, to what an extent should the elaboration of the steelwork in the buttons and sword hilt be carried. A proper sword may be purchased for £3 10s., but the lum-tum thing, the true lollapalooza (there are many variants of this laudatory word) will stand you in £15 15s. And must an American citizen necessarily wear suspenders, when an Earl is belted?

Royalty Dines.

Is there no handbook, "Behavior at the Royal Table?" It is our impression that the American citizen, even though he be Mr. Dewey or Mr. Morgan, is not expected, when the King is at the head, to lead the conversation or indulge himself in monologue. There was a time in the history of French courts when the King and certain distinguished guests ate with their hats on. If this custom prevails in England, an American should be told whether a silker, bowler, Tyro-

se, or natty straw is the correct thing. At court the conventional cocked hat may cost from £2 10s. to £3 15s. No gentleman should "draw a boot" at the royal table even though his shoes are full of feet.

Zola's Break.

It is not always easy to learn what should and what should not be done at a royal feast. When Zola was writing "La Curee," he wished information concerning the customs and etiquette of the court at Compiegne during the Second Empire. He pumped Flaubert who had been a guest, and he learned certain things about the life at an imperial chateau from a book that included souvenirs of a valet de chambre at the Tuilleries. In "La Curee" there is a vivid description of the riotous talk, the laughter, the chorus of joy in which Napoleon III. took part. As a matter of fact, silence during any meal at which the Emperor was present was rigorously demanded, and the rules of the chateau were hung up in the chamber of each guest. Flaubert forgot to tell Zola about this rule, and the valet de chambre had said nothing about the customs.

Nothing was heard in the Imperial dining room but the rhythm of mastication and the music of the Guides without. And so, this realistic chapter in "La Curee" is absolutely inexact; nevertheless, M. Edmond Lepelletier, the sworn admirer of Zola except in the Dreyfus affair, exclaims that if Zola had known about this rule, he would have written an equally powerful description.

Louis in Good Humor.

Should the conversation led by the King be relieved by any jests, impersonations, surprising tricks on the part of a guest? The world has long believed that Louis XIV. was a stickler for etiquette, although he was an enormous eater, but Madame la Duchesse Mere, a natural daughter of the monarch, told the Duc de Luynes that at royal suppers spread at Marly the King often rolled balls of bread and threw them at the ladies with no mean skill. Furthermore, with infinite condescension he permitted the women to throw bread balls at him. Sometimes apples and oranges were thus gayly hurled; and on one occasion Mlle. de Viantais, maid of honor to the Princess de Conti, a merry lass, whose face had been hurt by a bread ball thrown by Louis, responded, picked up a salad bowl and in turn threw the mess, all dressed, at the bewigged sun of France. Something in our heart tells us that George V. is hardly the man for such table diversions.

The Untiring.

Let us now praise famous men. Mr. William Kendall, a pianist of South Africa, has accomplished the feat of playing the piano for 74 consecutive hours without change of cuffs. Thus he surpasses Signor Bamilio Baucila, who has 46 hours to his credit, and Mr. Napoleon Bird, who in 48 hours played 1500 pieces, accompanied at three concerts and twice obliged those dancing. The Pall Mall Gazette proposes a match between Mr. Kendall and Mr. McGurrian, an American typewriter, who wrote 4627 words in 30 minutes. And who, pray, is the author of those commemorative lines?

Keys flew off in a steady stream,
Levera got jammed and the paper tore,
Charles kept on like a man in a dream,
Only intent on that record score.

How they yelled when his task was done,
Never was heard such a hullabaloo,
Cheering Amurrika's greatest son,
Charles McGurrian of Kalamazoo.

In Memoriam.

A statue to Rolio, the Viking chieftain, has been unveiled at Fargo, N. D. When will a statue to the immortal Rolio of the Rolio books, a hero nearer and dearer to us than any Viking, stand in the Public Garden or in Copley square?

A villager died recently at Temesvar, Hungary, and his best friend, chosen to pronounce the funeral oration, began as follows: "Friends, the good man whom we mourn once borrowed 100 francs from me, but he died before he could repay it. Knowing your high sense of honor, I suggest that a collection be made on his account, so that his memory may remain unblemished for all time." The foreign journal adds: "The untimely exit of the orator obliged a second-best friend to conclude the panegyric."

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Some weeks ago a German newspaper referred to the invention of the paper collar and spoke with pride of the first as "made in Germany," and named the year, one later than 1840. Now Jules Janin in 1831 wrote a vivid description of Saint-Etienne, its coal mines, manufacturing and forges. In this essay he said: "Statistics and political economy next to paper collars and 'cannes a fauteuil' seem to me the two finest inventions of our epoch." Again we ask, When was the paper collar invented and by whom? How unsatisfactory are even the heaviest dictionaries! Here, for instance, is a dictionary of dates, and there is not a word about the paper collar. The information should stand between "Colchester" and "Cologne" or "Papacy" and "Paraguay." What to us is the fact that Colchester, originally

Camulodunum, received its first charter in 1183, or that Paraguay was discovered by Juan Diaz de Solis in 1515? Who invented the paper collar? Who first wore one, and when? Ah, these are vital, all absorbing questions.

Digged for Another.

We quoted yesterday from M. Lepelletier's book about Zola, the story of his seeking information concerning the life at Compiegne when Napoleon III. held court there. M. Lepelletier says, and twice on the same page (p. 251) that he wished to use this information in writing "La Curee." We happened to run over the pages of "Son Excellence Eugene Rougon" later in the day. Rougon is invited to Compiegne and sits at a dinner there, over which the Emperor presided (chap. VII.). Zola represents the guests as chattering gaily—a novelist saying to a painter, a fellow guest, "ordinary cooking!" To which the painter answered, "exquisite wines!"—whereas silence at the imperial dinner was commanded at Compiegne. We are unable at present to examine "La Curee." As the bookseller says: "We are just out of it"; and while the village library has many novels favorably known as "best sellers," it does not contain the works of M. Zola. We remember the opening pages of "La Curee" with the description of the return from the Bois de Boulogne; also the extraordinary scene in the conservatory filled with strange and morbid plants; and if we are not mistaken, the speculator Saccard gives a dinner to a pack of Bonapartists; but we do not recall any visit to Compiegne. It looks as though M. Edmond Lepelletier tolling through the mass of Zola's books had made a slip. If there is nothing about Compiegne in "La Curee," it is unfortunate for M. Lepelletier that he spent so much time in showing Zola's break. "He digged a ditch; he digged it deep," etc. Otherwise he might reply, in the words of Dryden: "There are a sort of blundering, half-witted people who make a great deal of noise about a verbal slip."

First Aid to Novel Readers.

This reminds us that Mr. J. G. Paterson has compiled "A Zola Dictionary," which is published, or about to be published, by George Routledge & Sons. It will deal with the various

characters and scenes of the Rougon-Macquart novels and there will be synopses of the plots. Probably the first dictionary of this kind in English was the Dickens Dictionary, in which the characters are alphabetically arranged, described fully and with quotations from their own speech. Balzac and Thackeray were among the first, if not the first, to introduce characters of one novel in another, though Balzac carried the practice to a far greater extent. Thus in the Frenchman's novels the banker is always Nucingen, Tillet or Keller; the typical dandy is Morsay; the usurer, Gobseck; the commercial journalist, Lousteau Blondet or Finot. And there is an edition of Balzac in which each volume contains an index of the characters who, figuring in this or that one, are also introduced elsewhere. Thus Claire de Beauseant is to be found in "Une Fille d'Eve," "Le Pere Goriot," "La Femme Abandonnee." There are a few characters in novels by Disraeli that are used for more than one volume. Trollope was loath to confine any one of his men and women to a single novel. There are country folk in Thomas Hardy's novels that moralize amusingly, while Fate is concerned with more than one noble dame or Wessex maiden; witness, Jacob Poorgrass. George Moore, in his earliest novels, led certain men through various scenes. The great novels of length should have an index, though it need not be so minute as the one Richardson provided for "Sir Charles Grandison."

Marco in New York.

And while we are discussing books, we gladly make room for the following letter:

As the World Wags:
Your column last Tuesday aroused many memories when you spoke of "Marco Paul." I recall perfectly my introduction to him. A boyish exploration in a chest of my father's revealed the complete set, and for a week I revelled in their fascinating adventures, a bit didactic perhaps, but very human, for Marco was a real boy. I still enjoy re-reading them, seeing Boston and New York as they were in the 50's, when he could hide his fishpole in the hedge on Franklin street.

The "Adventures in New York" begins the series. Marco was a somewhat wayward boy, who lived in a fashionable house in Waverley place, and at his father's request Forester was undertaking both his discipline and his education. Forester was riding up Broadway to the house when he was surprised and shocked to see a well dressed youth stealing a ride on the omnibus. This afterward proved to be Marco. They visited the Battery, crossed Fulton Ferry to the navy yard, took the railroad to the village of Harlem and by a stratagem induced Marco to have a tooth pulled which neither the threats of his father nor the entreaties of his mother had been able to budge.

How interesting are the pictures of travel, especially those of passenger travel on the Erie canal. To this day I cannot ride through Canton on the Boston & Providence railroad, without thinking how Marco remarked to Fore-

ter that they "train" a "town" when the train passed along the embankment and they looked down on the roofs of the houses.
J. M. B.
Boston, July 13, 1912.

July 19. 1912

Now I am terrified at the Earth. It is that calm and patient.
It grows such sweet things out of such corruption.

Mr. Johnson Loq.

As the World Wags:

I am not sure that it is good for an earnest student of sociology to live in the country for the greater part of the year. I find more to stimulate thought and quicken speculation in Blossom street or Shawmut avenue. Nor do I think that the country offers superior inducements to those who are preparing themselves unostentatiously for the grave. This ripening, commended by the poets, is rather a process of rotting. The dweller apart from men, and at some distance from the village store, grows slouchy in thought as in dress. His clothes seem to break out spontaneously into eruptions of grease, as the tablecloth at the Slap-Bang dining house, where Messrs. Guppy, Smallweed and Jobling met one day. His mind is soon sluggish and greasy. From his veranda he looks across the bay at Muguntic and accustoms his eyes to long stretches and broad sweeps. This possibly benefits his sight, but it does not encourage concentration of mind. Nature is lazy for weeks at a time. The sea at Clamport is seldom stirred into activity, and then only to oblige visitors from the West. The clouds yawn and do not find it worth while to shed moisture. Thunder storms approaching are discouraged by the prevailing apathy and wheel about to the northeast. No wonder that the natives smile when invited to do any work and say: "Next week"; seldom "tomorrow."

Rural Distractions.

Nor do I find it easy to read with any determined purpose. Books about the country, wild flowers, birds of New England, the pleasures of solitude should never be read in the country. It is almost impossible to read them. Thoreau himself does not stand the test. Jefferies seems to be only an amateur. A bound volume of some old magazine is more to be desired, or a story of life in London, Paris, St. Petersburg. "The Woodlanders" is best appreciated when read in a room commanding a view of brick walls and chimney pots. Nature herself puts these books about her to shame—all except "Leaves of Grass," which is for all places. Walt Whitman first read Homer on a Long Island peninsula, "In a sheltered hollow of rocks and sand, with the sea on each side." And Homer, some of the Greek tragedies, Montaigne, still go very well with nature. They do not deliberately invite comparison.

The attempt to read "solid literature," books that might be sold by the cord or hundredweight, is vain. For three summers I have begun "Greece Under the Romans," by George Finlay, and have never gone beyond the 25th page: "Macedonian Influences." Crows wrangling on the marsh, a squeaking windmill, the sight of a tortoise crawling toward the bay bushes, shouts of children on the sand spit, the whetting of a scythe, a cock crowing absurdly out of season, the Armenian supporting some oppressed or tortured family that nevertheless persists in needle work—there are a hundred distractions, interruptions. It would be easier to read Mr. Finlay's improving work in a car shop at Rome, N. Y.

Tumultuous Privacy.

In the country I miss the quiet that induces philosophic contemplation, the quiet of Bates Hall or the top floor in a high office building. State roads bring with them automobiles, and the signals of approach are more and more terrible in their warning. The railway engine whistle that disturbs Prof. Morse and his friends is in comparison as a horn of Elifland faintly blowing. The shallow harbor is no longer restful. The owners of the motor boats enjoy the "Chug, chug," which reminds the humble cottager that there are persons rich enough to own them. They would not put on a muffler for the world. And city folk, whenever they go into the country for a day or two, feel it their duty to be noisy. They talk abnormally loud, as though Nature were deaf. They cackle, they scream, they shout, they whoop, to assure themselves that they are having what is loosely characterized as "a good time." Grown persons outvie children in this respect. I do not refer to morning birds. You become accustomed to them as to a boiler factory or an elevated railroad.

Vain Endeavors.

There is the pure air, but this puts you in such a healthy condition that you are brought close to Nature; that is, you are without ambition. There is the sight of the stars at night, the stars that you cannot see in the city even from a roof. It is no doubt a glorious sight; but it is disconcerting. Realizing your own littleness, the ridiculous smallness of the great globe, you say to yourself: Why all this pother and commotion? Why inquire into the table manners of the Cave Dwellers or the introduction of bar-room towels? What matters it whether Greede were under, over, or against the Romans? Why should I, for example, scorn de-

tailor, and a laborer, as, merely to an applause from venerable academics, including that of Lagado, for my colossal work—as yet unfinished? Why should I strive to complete it? A battle of ants, or the battle of Waterloo? What is it all to the Infinite? The wisdom of the Seven Wise Men of Greece seems foolishness to the freshman at college. Will the wisdom of M. Bergson and Mr. James, the discoverers and achievements of our scientific men, seem any more reasonable to the quick-witted of the year 2500? Will the name of Herkimer Johnson be correctly spelled in encyclopaedias of that year? Will it not be wholly ignored?

The Inevitable End.

We are told that in the country we prepare ourselves more comfortably for the grave; that we accustom ourselves to the thought of lying in mother earth. But why should the constant sight of earth inspire a man with the wish to lie beneath the turf, or persuade him that such a disposal of the body is greatly to be desired, or comfort him for his permanent withdrawal from neighbors and associates? From battle, murder and sudden death, good Lord deliver us! We have changed all that, for we are no longer in an age when a sudden death is necessarily a violent one. A sudden death is now not due to poisoned cup or glove or torch, or to thrust of dagger. We live, often unconsciously, so that we may die suddenly from stroke or failure of the heart. And this death now seems merciful and to be envied. In the country the ground may look reproachfully at you and complain of your timorous delay. It is better to be taken for promotion when you are active, alert, even though you have not begun the 23d volume of your colossal work (elephant folio; sold only by subscription).

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, July 17, 1912.

July 20. 1912

A reader of The Herald has kindly sent to us a copy of "Marco Paul in New York," to which we referred a few days ago. Reading it carefully, we find it inferior in dramatic interest to "Marco Paul on the Erie Canal," "Marco Paul in Maine," and in fact to any other volume of the admirable series; nevertheless, there are two or three passages worthy of attention. It may be remembered by some that Mr. Baron, a merchant of New York, entrusted his son Marco, about 12 years old, to Mr. John Forester, Marco's cousin, about 19 years old. The story opens with a description of Mr. Forester "walking upon the sidewalk of a certain street in New York called Nassau street." The book was published in 1852, but the incidents occurred about 1837.

Mrs. Baron at Home.

Many and strange were the sights that young Mr. Forester then saw. He had an inquiring mind and was a close observer.

"As Forester was standing upon the sidewalk he observed that there was a round hole in the flagging near him, covered with a sort of grating of iron. He did not know what it was. It was, in fact, an opening into a coal cellar belonging to one of the stores."

In chapter IV. there is a delightful view of a fashionable home in New York in the late 30s. Mrs. Baron was evidently in the swim. Her husband had invited Mr. Forester to dine with them, and named 3:30 P. M. as the hour. The busy merchant had forgotten that he and his wife had accepted an invitation to dine out at 4:30. Mr. Forester was punctually at the Baron mansion and Mrs. Baron came into the parlor "very handsomely dressed" with her bonnet on and a parasol in her hand. In the middle of the parlor stood a circular table with a "very handsome marble top." (The Rev. Jacob Abbott was not afraid of the intensive "very.") On the table were a tall lamp, surmounted with a cutglass shade "of splendid workmanship," large books bound in morocco and highly gilded, and various other articles, among them a little alabaster cup supported upon a pedestal of black marble. This cup held visiting cards, "for it is the custom in cities that, when persons call to see a lady and find that she is not at home, they leave a little card with their name upon it, so that the lady may know when she returns who her visitors have been." Mrs. Baron looked over the cards. "Mrs. General Stuyvesant! How sorry I am I was out when she called. Mrs. Williams. Mrs. John Murray. It is such a pleasant day everybody is out calling."

A Howling Swell.

Thus did we country boys and girls in the Fifties and Sixties learn manners and customs of the Metropolis. At the time we should have preferred "Marco Paul in New York" to Charles Astor Bristed's "Upper Ten Thousand: Sketches of American Society" reprinted from Fraser's Magazine in 1852; and yet in the Rev. Jacob Abbott's book we are not told how Mr. Baron dressed, while Mr. Bristed gave the following description of Henry Masters as a bridegroom. "His mulberry-blue coat, resplendent with gilt buttons, and white satin skirt lining, fit him as if he had been moulded and cast into it. His white watered-satin waistcoat, which descends about three inches lower than if it were the work of an English tailor, is set off by a heavy gold chain, streaming down from a little watch pocket under his left arm to the lowest buttonhole, into which

it hooks. Surely he has appropriated some of what should be his wife's jewelry, for in that very embroidered cambric shirt of his sparkle three splendid diamonds set in dark blue enamel. He

must have stolen a bit of her laces to finish off that flourishing white tie. His pantaloons are a triumph of art, and his supernaturally fitting boots are—not patent leather, but (a wrinkle worth noting) thin French calf, carefully varnished afresh from day to day. He has pulled off one glove, and is playing with it to show his little white hand and a fine sapphire which he has had cut into a seal ring." And this same Masters in his country house at Devilshoof was disclosed, as the old playbooks say, in a shawl-pattern dressing gown, orange cashmere without and rose silk within, wide light blue trousers, blue slippers embroidered in gold, a blue and white silk cravat and a red smoking cap. "From his whole attire emanated a combined odor of French sachets, German cologne and Turkish tobacco." A swell indeed, a prodigious, a howling swell, fit to figure in an early novel of Bulwer or Disraeli.

Two Cents of Philanthropy.

Mr. Forester had a kind heart. He saw as he walked on the sidewalk of Nassau street a little girl with a bundle of sticks on her back, and lo, a rude boy, creeping up behind her, cut the string with a knife. (This boy turned out to be young Marco.) The good Forester gave the girl two cents to buy strong string, and he said, somewhat recklessly for a gulde, philosopher and friend to one of the Rev. Jacob Abbott's boy heroes: "If two cents won't buy a string long enough, come to me, and I will give you another cent." Little Liddy bought a long piece of twine and gave back a cent to Mr. Forester, who nobly said: "Very well, you may keep the other and buy something with it for yourself and your sister." Saying this, Mr. Forester walked on, "thinking to himself that he never knew before that so much relief and happiness could be procured by the expenditure of two cents," and as he passed into Wall street and saw heaps of bank notes, dollars and doubloons in brokers' windows, clerks carrying little trunks full of money, and merchants making "bargains which involved the transfer of vast sums" he doubted whether there would be a single operation more successful in its character than his investment of his two cents. Here we have the true Jacob Abbott. This touch is inimitable.

Critical Notes.

The Rev. Jacob Abbott was often happy in his openings. "Marco Paul in New York" begins: "One morning in August about 15 years ago, a young man named John Forester," etc. This opening is more circumstantial than usual. In the Rollo books we are often thrown directly into the thick and the heat of the action. Nor is Mr. Forester the equal of Jonas, although in "Marco on the Erie Canal" he informs the boy that "a trunk is a great incumbrance on an excursion in search of the picturesque." The volume describing the adventures on the canal is one of the best for vividness of narration, although the author has considerably softened the speech and actions of the "canallers." "The boy whipped up his horses, the musicians commenced playing the grand march in Abaelino, the boat began to glide swiftly along, washing the banks with the swell which followed in her stern—and behold, Marco and Forester fairly embarked on the canal." What could be finer than this? But how does the grand march in Abaelino go, and does any band play it today? Is it more impressive than Gen. Persifore F. Smith's grand march which Aunt Lucinda used to play on the piano with great expression when James Buchanan was President of these United States?

July 21. 1912

The Herald has spoken editorially concerning the erection in Berlin of a great building for the "segregation and scientific treatment of patients who are afflicted with that distressing disease known to the faculty as pianitis." The idea of confining musicians, young and old, who play the piano, loud sounding instruments as cornet and trumpet, far reaching instruments as violin and oboe, to a particular district in a city is not a new one. It has even been suggested that danger signals should be placed in the avenues of approach, as though this district were set apart for a powder factory, or a smallpox hospital.

Goethe, who prophesied the construction of the Suez and Panama canals, foresaw the necessity of protecting the more peaceful citizens against players of musical instruments. When Wilhelm Meister went over the province governed by the Mysterious Three, he was surprised, because, hearing song in the fields, and observing that the boys accompanied with singing whatever labor they were carrying on, he heard no note of instrumental music. The overseer answered: "This is by no means neglected here, but practised in a peculiar district, one of the most pleasant villages among the mountains; and there again we have arranged it so that the different instruments shall be taught in separate places. The discords of beginners in particular, are

banished into certain solitudes, where they can drive no one to despair; for you will confess that in well regulated society there is scarcely a more unhappy boy suffering to be undergone, than what is forced on us by the neighborhood of an inept player on the flute or violin. Our learners, out of a laudable desire to be troublesome to no one, go forth of their own accord, for a longer or a shorter time, into the wastes; and strive in their seclusion to attain the merit which shall again admit them into the inhabited world. Each of them, from time to time, is allowed to venture an attempt for admission, and the trial seldom fails of success; for bashfulness and modesty, in this as in all other parts of our system, we strongly endeavor to maintain and cherish."

A Royal Patron of Art

The English take their music-halls seriously. Years ago Mr. George Moore sounded the praise of the halls as a revolt against the plays with Mrs. Kendal in them, against the hideous respectability of the villa and the club. Then Mr. Arthur Symonds wrote beautifully about them in prose and verse, and even likened his soul, or mind, or life to a music hall.

Now that the King and Queen have attended a variety show at the Palace Theatre, the event is characterized by Mr. Filson Young as "the most popular social occurrence of the present reign." Mr. Young, not content with this, also says: "No wiser method could well have been found to deepen the personal influence of the Throne, or to win a personal attention to its more serious ambitions from some who otherwise might have been little disposed to further them."

Yet there were some who could not overlook the fact that Mr. Albert Chevalier was not invited to take part in the ceremonies of this august occasion. A correspondent was amazed that Mr. Chevalier was not included in the list. "The man who has had more to do in improving the tone of the music hall—more to do in making it what it is today, 'fit for a King'—than any other public performer living or dead." This correspondent reminded the public that when Mr. Chevalier made his debut at the London Pavilion in 1891 one of the best applauded songs at that hall had this refrain:

We was all boozed, every blessed one of us.
All boozed, every mother's son of us!
We drank four 'alf and any think we could grab;
There was four-and-twenty on us, and we all went 'ome in a cab!

"But," says the correspondent, "Chevalier had not been on the halls for long when the patrons of variety, educated by his influence into higher desires, demanded a better class of entertainment than that which was made up chiefly of 'beer' songs from the men, and 'blue' songs from the women, and from 1891 onwards the condition of the music hall stage went on steadily improving."

Mr. Boyle's New Comedy

We saw one or two of Mr. William Boyle's comedies last season when they were performed by the Abbey Theatre company of Dublin. They were amusing in the portrayal of character and in the dialogue, but they were too often sluggish and long-winded. Mr. Boyle's new comedy, "Family Faling," was played in London by the Irish Players June 27. The falling of the Donnelly family is laziness. Dominic and his brother Joe let the farm in Ireland go to ruin and are unconcerned while their energetic sister Maria waits on them. Their Uncle Robert comes back from America. He wears a frock coat, sports a gold chain and is continually talking about the value of energy. Maria concludes that he is rich and urges Dominic to follow his example, to be lively and industrious if only to please the uncle. By the end of the second act Dominic is the busiest man in the country round. In the third act it is disclosed that Uncle Robert hasn't a penny and is as lazy as the other men of his family. "As soon as he has grasped these facts the philosophic Dominic puts on his coat again, settles himself slowly and luxuriously in his armchair by the fire, and then addressing his uncle and his sister, says in his slow way: 'Well, Uncle Robert, the blessin' o' God on ye, but the story of the riches got us all another three months' credit; so now, sister Maria, ye'll have three of us to wait on instead of two!' And on the picture of the three men prostrate in penitential comfort, while poor Maria stares blankly at them all, the curtain finally descends."

Maria is the most mothering and lovable of drudges. "Lord help the race of women!" says some one of her. "They all want to be mothers!" Another character finely portrayed, the critics say, is the sister Kate, whose share of the family laziness has been knocked out of her by a hard-working husband and 11 children. Dominic would discharge the slatternly maid servant if he did not owe her wages for several years. It is impossible for him to understand the morality of business. When he is told that the grocer refuses to trust him any more until his bill is paid, he exclaims sadly and in "rebuking" surprise: "What? After all the

things we've had from him!" The part of Deminle was taken by Mr. Arthur Sinclair.

By the way, the Pall Mall Gazette of July 5 announcing the performance of "Countess Kathleen" said the drama was by Edmund Yates! Did Mr. W. B. Yeats smile at this, or did he regard the announcement as another blow aimed at the Abbey Theatre?

Notes

About Plays

"Buntz" celebrated her birthday in London last Thursday, and on that date more than 450 performances had been given. The manager of the Haymarket attributes the success of the play to its human nature; and the actors play naturally and not theatrically. "I remember so well a man whose opinion I usually value say-

ing after the dress rehearsal—I was not present myself—that he thought it might be a great success if they made more of their points. But as soon as I saw it I knew that its great success would be due to the fact that they were not going to make points. Its a play that has attracted every kind of person—statesmen, soldiers, all classes."

As a consequence of "Buntz's" success, the production of Ibsen's "Pre-tenders" which has long been waiting, is still waiting indefinitely. When "The Pretenders" (1864), "full of barbaric color and the shock of vims" was performed at the Neues Theatre, Berlin, in 1904, the now famous Max Reinhardt took the part of a wicked ecclesiastic. The drama had been previously played in Berlin by the Meiningen Company and also at the Schiller Theatre. Mr. Huneker compares some of the episodes to scenes in "Goetterdaemmerung" and thinks that the drama, like Wagner's "Ring," should be given in sections.

Mr. Van Blene who goes about acting and playing the cello, is appearing in England as the shabby hero in "The Concert" but he has changed the title of the play to "The Music Master."

"Submarine F7," performed at the Palladium, London, is a weak version of a French play that made a sensation in Paris a season or two ago. The story is described as crude and sentimental. "The men behaved too much like heroes, discipline was too easily master in the face of the stupendous catastrophe." Mr. Titterton wrote: "I am glad the French version was varied. I do not believe that the fear of death, in however strange a shape it came, would turn disciplined men of any nationality into a grabble of frantic cowards. And if there be such situations, where brave men would behave thus vividly, it is not for us to look upon them, and certainly the columns of a newspaper rather than the boards of a theatre are the fit place for their portrayal. The right of the stage to a mission has been questioned, but if it have one, then surely it is to inspire and not to dissipate men. Nevertheless, drama must not lie even that good things may come, and there would have been more than that trifling resistance to the orders of the commander of the sinking submarines, and the commander himself would have been not quite so unshaken in his heroic resolution. The drama saves its face by saving the submarine and not allowing you to witness a scene of actual death agonies." Mr. Titterton forgets that the French original was produced in Paris at a time when there was talk about the demoralization of French naval officers through the use of opium and other drugs, and strange stories were told about the lack of discipline at Toulon.

"The Touch of the Child" was also produced at the Palladium. The sensation is a duel between two men seated together on a sofa. A child is about to come into the room. He who is first touched by the child must go out to die. "You can imagine the conclusion; it is neat and inevitable and an enormous relief."

"Ben-My-Chree" has been revived at the New Princes Theatre. "Every one knows that what Mr. Caine does not know of the sentiments of the human heart is not worth calling knowledge." We have a brother fighting to avenge his sister's honor (he is hasty in his conclusions, but his haste ennobles him); the wronged lover slaying his sweetheart's brother; a father sentencing his son to perpetual silence, a doom worse than death (think, for instance, of the effect of such a sentence upon Mr. Caine); the lover dauntlessly overcoming his terrible fate and winning atonement and the girl of his heart; every one acting in a splendid frenzy of nobility, except the villain."

Mme. Lobel appeared at the Coliseum in "Between the Acts." A woman married off the stage by a straight-laced husband is torn from her child by "the imperative need to express herself." The husband blots her out of existence; "she is dead," but in this play she returns to town, a dazzling operatic star, "high above censure and applause." The husband takes the child to see her—and takes her away.

The Theatre will produce a one-act play in verse by Maurice Rostand, son of the poet. Marcel Prevost's new play will soon be

produced at the Renaissance. This will be his first appearance as a dramatist. There will be new plays next season by Bernstein, Batallie, De Porto-Riche, Pierre Frondale.

Max Reinhardt will produce "Oedipus Rex" in a version by Gabriele d'Annunzio next spring, and De Max will take the part of Oedipus. Mr. Dawbarn writes: "The performance is curiously illustrative of the spirit of Paris. Could anything be more cosmopolitan? The producer is an Austrian who lives in Vienna; the translator from the Greek is an Italian author who writes in French; and the leading role is played by De Max, who is a Roumanian. I suppose that the audience at the Trocadero will be mainly Anglo-Saxon." But does not Prof. Reinhardt live much of the time in Berlin?

Isadora Duncan is to have a theatre in the Montparnasse region, where she may give a series of performances instead of detached appearances.

The elder Dumas's famous drama, "Antony," was revived recently at the Comedie Francaise. "Ah, what glory and enthusiasm attended the first night! Dumas's green coat was shorn of its lower lengths by hunters after trophies, and the proud author returned home in the early morning as tall as a Manx cat. But today, alas! we no longer weep over the tragedy of this d'Artagnan, who killed Adele, for whom he had an unhappy passion, because she would not abandon husband and child to follow him in his adventures. It is indescribably old, this Dumas play, and if it has any charm at all it is the melancholy charm that sometimes attends decrepitude. One wonders why it has reappeared at the National Theatre. Surely there are other plays more worth while than this pretentious evocation of the romantic period of the drama? It lacks simplicity; the language is extraordinarily inflated, and it lacks also human verity, that verity that preserves forever the plays of the Greek masters, of Shakespeare and Moliere." The critic is probably young and impatient. He does not remember that this drama, extraordinarily audacious in the early thirties, exerted a great influence for many years; that it paved the way for modern ideas and tendencies. No doubt the dialogue seems high flown to those that demand first of all subtlety and super refined verbal revelations of curious psychology, but read even now it thrills, nor does it give the impression of insincerity. It would seem that Mr. Dawbarn were imperfectly acquainted with the spirit of romanticism in the thirties. Antony and Adele are not typical of 1912; but they were by no means grotesquely extravagant in 1831.

"Deburau," a one-act play by Jules Claretie, founded on an episode in the life of the celebrated Pierrot, was performed at an entertainment for charity. It was written of a man who was a superb mimic in his day. When he was dying, his thoughts were troubled by the fact that Paul Legrand had usurped his place in the public eye. To his son Charles, studying for the Comedy stage, he said: "Play pantomime, which is the highest dramatic form, and succeed me in my old parts." Pulling himself out of bed, he blanched his face and decked himself with his old Pierrot clothes and gave a final and wonderful lesson to his son. The special point in this performance was that Deburau was a living personage, and the actors who played the older and the younger man were father and son, the latter of whom had left the Comedy and now reappeared. The life of Deburau was written by Jules Janin, and while the original edition in two small volumes is rare, there is a handsome reprint in one volume, published by Jonast (Librairie des Bibliophiles). If we are not mistaken, Champfleury had much to say about Deburau in his reminiscences of the Funambules and there is a collection of scenarios of Deburau in Henri Riviere's strange story "Pierrot" which should be read by all that are interested in the word-less drama.

The 40th anniversary of Mounet-Sully at the Comedie Francaise was celebrated on July 5. He made his first appearance at that theatre as Orestes in "Andromaque," July 4, 1872, and he was then over 30 years old. Now his hair and beard are silvered, but he stands erect and walks alertly. Perhaps the secret of his strength is that he has not been in the habit of going to bed before 6 A. M.

The Paris correspondent of the Referee writes: Monsieur X., let us say, has an expensive troupe of good artists. His play has run its course. He changes the bill and casts the new play. Then if Mr. Macdonald Hastings will not mind my saying so, he commits "The New Sin." It is not a case of love and what then. It is rather the reverse. French actors are engaged not so often for the run of a play as by the year, and the breaking of an engagement entails a heavy penalty. So Monsieur X. resigns the management of the theatre for the summer and Monsieur Y. takes it on for a nominal consideration, Monsieur Y. being as a rule M. X.'s secretary. Then Monsieur Y. sends for each actor and each actress, calls them "Mon cher ami" or "Chere amie" (the equivalent in Paris of the "dear boy" and "my dear" of Romano's), and offers them an engagement for the summer season at half-price. It is too late to make other arrangements, the poor mummies have to submit their necks to the yoke of the oppressor, and, as we say in journalese, "Thus is the swindle perpetrated."

The Past London Season

H. M. W. thus sums up the past theatrical season in London:

"Comparatively barren as many recent London dramatic seasons have been, it is doubtful if any has seen the production of so many plays 'born but to droop and die' as that which has now come to a close. It has undoubtedly been a disagreeable and anxious one for some of the theatrical managers; and yet the fault, or misfortune, has been largely of their own making. They exclaim bitterly at the capriciousness of the public. 'It is utterly impossible to gauge popular taste in these days,' they say. And yet, in striking contrast with insipidity after insipidity and failure after failure, in the West end of London, we have the Irish National Theatre and the Manchester Repertory Theatre producing a large number of original plays, and every one of them giving a great deal of real pleasure to the public. We have also before us the prolonged London success of such pieces as 'Buntz Pulls the Strings,' 'Milestones' and 'Fanny's First Play,' as indications to the management of other theatres of what the public want. There are, indeed, many such indications; and if all our theatre managers would carefully study them, and note the general signs of the times, they should all be able to turn their playhouses into prosperous concerns."

"A list of the utterly ignominious pieces which have been brought out in West London during the past six months would no doubt be, after a fashion, amusing to read; but most of them are already forgotten, and it is better to have them in their quiet graves. Breathe, get their names, let them sleep in the shade! Let us, rather, recall such fine things as Mr. Galsworthy's fantasy 'The Pigeon,' one of its author's most charming pieces; Mr. Eden Phillpotts's powerful drama 'The Secret Woman,' the performances of which at the Kingsway Theatre in February may be said to have driven the last nail into the coffin of the censorship; the imaginative gaiety of Mr. Anthony Wharton's 'At the Barn,' still drawing large audiences to the Prince of Wales's; the intellectual cleverness of 'The New Sin,' Mr. Macdonald Hastings's first play, and, so far, his best; the hard sincerity of Miss Sowerby's 'Rutherford and Son,' one of the most promising first plays of our time; the masterly construction and ferocious realism of 'The Mind-the-Point Girl,' one of the most vivid of all Pinner's social pictures; Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's 'The Blindness of Virtue,' which was, at any rate, a fairly manful attempt to deal with what the author regarded as a serious defect in the education of young people; and that fine play, 'The Easiest Way,' by the American dramatist, Mr. Eugene Walter. Every playgoer who can say that he has seen all these pieces during the past six months must acknowledge that the money he has spent at box-offices has not been entirely wasted. In some of them he has seen some very bad acting, and in others some has been very good. In all of them he has seen work by dramatists which has merited his respect and applause."

"So far as what may be called the Classic Theatre is concerned, we have seen Sophocles's 'Oedipus the King' at Covent Garden, and Euripides' 'Iphigenia Among the Tauri' at the Kingsway. We have also seen 'Othello' at His Majesty's and 'She Stoops to Conquer,' acted by the Manchester Repertory Company at the Coronet. Of these four performances, that which showed most respect for the text and spirit of the original, was incomparably the last-mentioned. It was, indeed, one of the most admirable performances of a classic play—and by a long way the most admirable of any of Goldsmith's—seen in London for many years. Of the performances of the two Greek plays, it is undoubtedly true that they drew thousands of spectators; but how far these were drawn by the sensational realism of the stage-management, and how far by the more ancient grandeurs of the dramas themselves, is a question on which it is easier to form an opinion than to prove it."

"On the lighter side of the theatre's activities we have had the new Musical Comedy still brilliantly holding its own at the Gaiety, Shaftesbury, Adelphi, Globe and Daly's; while in the music halls we have seen that continued and wonderful improvement in the quality of the entertainment which receives its crowning acknowledgement in tonight's interesting event at the Palace Theatre. An extraordinary amount of enterprise, intelligence and artistic ability is concentrated on Musical Comedy and the Variety Theatre; and the result is a huge volume of public support. Their entire freedom from the various and serious limitations involved in the prevalence of the actor-manager system in our regular theatres is undoubtedly one of the causes of their popularity and progress."

Concert

Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona" was revived in London at the first Sunday Opera performance of the Cabaret Theatre Club June 30. The music was said to be as fresh as when it was first written in 1733. "It was interesting, too, to note how developed the opera form already was at that date. In fact, it is not so much immaturity as

poverty of materials that is shown. No chromatic harmonies, no orchestral tone-color, not 'left motives,' but otherwise Pergolesi had nothing to learn."

Mr. Reinhold von Warlich gave a song recital in London July 4. "His method is curiously dry. In spite of the sincerity of delivery, and one feels rather that the music has been studied too much from the intellectual point of view. What use to grasp the melody and intention of the verse if the purely musical side is left unexpressed?"

Who is Mme. Maria Tesli, "an American artist, despite her name," who sang in London, July 4? It is said that she has sung "a good deal abroad in opera" and has a fine and well trained voice.

Mme. Poldowski (Lady Dean Paul) gave a concert of her own compositions in London, July 4. The program included a sonata for violin and piano, and songs, chiefly with text by Verlaine, many of which were heard for the first time. Her melodic style is "elegant" and she shows fluency in setting phrases. Her accompaniments are interesting. "The expression is never at all profound; it skims over the surface, but there is a pleasing enough atmosphere. Now and again Debussy is reflected in the music; Debussy in his common chord moments." The sonata is less successful: "again something was owing to French music, notably the last movement, where Franck's influence was felt."

Alostopera by Rousseau, entitled "Les Muses Galantes," has been opportunely discovered. He composed it when he first came to Paris from Savoy, where he had been earning his living (in so far as he ever did earn it) as a music-master, but though it was tried over at a nobleman's house, he failed to get it produced. The story of its composition is fully told in the "Confessions," and the libretto has been printed among the "collected works," but the score was believed to have been destroyed or irretrievably lost. The other day, however, M. Fernand de Girardin, the present representative of the family of the Marquis de Girardin, who was Jean-Jacques' host at Ermenonville, lighted upon it among some old papers; and it is more than likely that we shall see it performed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"The Messiah" was given on the final day of the Handel festival at the Crystal Palace. "That the highest artistic results are possible under the prevailing conditions of presentment is, of course, out of the question. Sledge hammer methods can only produce sledge hammer effects—and except where an imposing volume of sound is required, the musical leviathan is at a continual disadvantage by reason of his own massiveness." Note this extraordinary sentence in the review published in the Pall Mall Gazette: "Moreover, the sheer numbers of aggregated living organisms not only entail too little mutual coherence for close co-operative effort; but actually suggest the existence of lesser centrifugal tendencies, and the music seems to propel itself entirely independent of any more human agency."

Zandonai's "Conchita," produced at Covent Garden July 3, made a marked impression. Some wished that the story—taken from Louys's "La Femme et le Pantin," were more decisive and the "psychology of the opera clearer," but all agreed that the music is remarkably mature and "well made according to the method adopted." The Pall Mall Gazette declares that the technic is accomplished in all directions save one—the writing for the voice; but this deficiency is largely part of the whole scheme. "Generally speaking, the music illustrates, rather than illuminates, the action of the play; whatever may be Zandonai's intentions, he but rarely succeeds in heightening the dramatic effect, in intensifying the emotional situation. In other words, there is a regrettable lack of the sensuous charm and appeal it is the province of music to supply; one is interested instead of being thrilled. There are moments when the composer seems to have been inspired and to have forgotten his technic. * * * If the composer, now that he has mastered the technic of his art, can apply it through the means of emotional expression, he will take a leading place as an opera writer. If the missing quality proves to be the direct result of the method of immediate illustration of the text, then that method must be modified; there are ways open doubtless to a man of imagination of overcoming the difficulty of making the music keep pace with the action, and yet at the same time, through the beauty of tone, touching the hearer." The Standard said: "In feeling, if not in idiom, the composer seems to have come under the influence of the French school, so perfect and refined is the workmanship, so reticently personal is the note." The Morning Advertiser spoke of "the vivacity of the rhythm, the clever painting of emotional situations, the well sustained contrast, the equally balanced distribution of each element, the fine musicianship displayed in the gorgeously colored instrumentation."

In London Music Halls

Mr. Titterton saw Adele Moraw at the Palladium, a gay lady who sings in a pleasantly broken English: "Her first number, with its long-trained dress and deprecious waltzing, mockingly deceives you; the second number comes as a startling revelation. I shall not attempt a detailed description of the dress, but you must know that my lady's nether garment is a sort of sack, pink in color, that changes its mind at the knees and becomes loose

lower ends. The audience, not for the least of a top, but for the least of a bottom, selects and rejects, and then with a wild outburst of gayety shouts "Ta-ra-ra-boom! diva! jumps high in the air, comes to the earth in the quaintest of postures and finishes her chorus with the gayest and most grotesque of antics." How Mr. Titterton enjoys life! And he is far more entertaining than Mr. Charles Whibley solely arguing in the same newspaper that Coriolanus was a Tory.

Chung Ling Soo at the Hippodrome, London, sees to it that on a clear stage six cases containing two dozen bottles of beer each are put, and then set one upon the other on an elevated stand clear above the stage. An empty cover is placed over these cases and immediately removed. "A mammoth bottle stands in the place of the beer bottles, and from the label, which is a door, emerges a handsomely gowned Chinese girl.

Mr. Titterton saw "Everybody" at the Oxford early this month. It is described as a "novelty in vaudeville," but the mediaevals knew it as a morality. "This morality has been re-dressed in modern clothes, which in itself is a happy trick; but the moral idea itself has been cut and tailored. 'Everybody' goes to the dogs because he trusts to luck and mates with pleasure, and he turns the corner when he joins hands with work (in shirt-sleeves), honesty (in a pot-hat), and advice (in a Tilly and frock-coat of old-fashioned cut). He becomes in the end, you are led to infer, a prosperous city merchant. Now, I do not remember that the old Morality ever promised temporal prosperity as a reward for good deeds, and certainly modern life does not grant that reward. A sublime belief in luck is a prime factor in the success of many of our most successful men. But the play abounds in quaint situations and clever snatches of dialogue, and the racecourse scene where 'Everybody' risks and loses his last penny was so exciting that I resolved to devote my first blank day to a sporting flutter."

This same Mr. Titterton thinks that Mr. Bransby Williams, known in Boston, has lacked personality. A master of makeup, he has been toying with masks and not speaking in his authentic voice. But a music hall comedian should have one manner: "to pour topical allusions through one gargoyle spout," if he wishes to succeed. Then he should abandon academic recitation: "As an amateur reciter of some notoriety, I could never bear the sonorous spoken delivery of any poems but my own. The ballad merger should sing. And he should not sit in an armchair in the limelight trifling with a seal. The elocutor is strictly in the tradition of the heavy lead. Mr. Crummies would have loved it. And this is Mr. Williams's true manner."

Appropos the Theatrical Tea Party, did David Garrick really pronounce "either" as "eether"? Mr. Cyril Maude made him do so, for when challenged which of the two he preferred, Comedy or Tragedy, he responded.

How happy could I be with either Were t' other dear charmer away. Dr. Burney has recorded how, like other natives of Lichfield, little Davy (as he was called) used to say "shupreme" and "shuperior," and Dr. Johnson's opinion that a fine gentleman was the only character Garrick could play is, of course, well known.—Pall Mall Gazette. "Place aux jeunes" is a cry that needs no utterance at the present moment. There is ample opportunity for young talent to display itself. Various societies produce plays by beginners and unknown writers, and the Theatre des Arts and the Odeon are ever open to untold originality. But the great new author is still to seek. The marriage of ideas, with the technical ability to express them, is rare in the race of writers for the stage. The majority fall in the presentation of their case. The defence may be admirable, but it is hidden under defects of style and arrangement. As we know, the boy's best friend is his mother. The amateur's best friend is the stage manager, but he has not always time to point out why that scene is impossible. And when the critics point it out it is generally too late.—Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette.

July 22. 1912

There is more humanity in the greatest poet than there is poetry, and in the greatest mathematician than there is mathematics, and in the noisiest customer more than there is customering, and my experience leads me to think that the same may be said of lawyers, stock brokers, critics and other abused classes.

A day or two ago The Herald referred to Jules Janin's description of "Saint Etienne, its coal mines, manufactories and forges." The name of this town appeared then in print as "Saint Saens." We make the correction lest some youthful geographer search the map in vain to find this town. Possibly there is a Saint Saens, some hamlet named after the versatile and busy composer, but it is not famous for coal, iron and steel.

The Late Mr. Jones.

Some months ago The Herald published an account of Mr. Demetrius George Lamannes of Norfolk, Va., better known in Norfolk and to hundreds, yes, thousands of visitors as Jimmy Jones, the proprietor of a restaurant famous for its oysters, its game and its mint juleps. The article, which was most appreciative of Mr. Jones as land-

lord, was based on the information furnished to our correspondent, "H. W." by prominent townsmen of Norfolk.

We regret that this article, written in good faith and in a fine spirit of enthusiasm, is now characterized by a member of the family as "a base fabrication," although she admits that the article was "evidently intended to be complimentary." A correction of this article was published in the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch of July 13. Comparing the accounts, we find only two contradictory statements. It appears that Mr. Jones died of Bright's disease, and not, as stated in The Herald, of cancer of the tongue. The other contradiction published in the Norfolk newspaper is as follows:

"The bet referred to in The Boston Herald was not \$50, but was for a bottle of wine, and was made by a leading man of this city. He wagered that Mr. Jones could not tell the difference between the Lynnhaven oyster and other bivalves when blindfolded. The challenge was accepted, and several different kinds of oysters, including Horn Harbor, Linkhorn, Broad Bay and others, were put before him, and without hesitation he was able to tell a Lynnhaven as soon as he tasted it."

These contradictions are the only ones published by the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch. Mr. Jones was for many years a public character, known throughout the land. It is not surprising that even now admirers in fond recollection differ in narration; that legends are already enwrapping his memory.

A Mineral Water Expert.

The unerring taste displayed by Mr. Jones in the matter of oysters—and never were there better oysters than those served at Jimmy Jones's, and we speak from personal experience, not from hearsay—reminds us of a feat performed by Charles Monselet at a banquet given to Victor Hugo in Paris by 600 of his "sons" in honor of the revival of "Hernani." The banquet was of the two loafs a plate order, but Monselet, obliged to be ascetic in his diet, had eaten his customary luncheon before he sat down with the Hugo worshippers, and at table he amused himself by distinguishing various waters—Saint-Galmier, Vichy, Vals, Evian, Brissang, Pougues and others—by the taste alone, as the Cid was said to tell the difference between the water of the Mancares and that of the Guadalquivir. Monselet won his wager, and Emile Bergerat exclaimed that this rare ability proved a deplorable condition of stomach, for Monselet could only have acquired his skill through many prescriptions of mineral waters, alkaline or sulphurous. "You should try the water of Lourdes," said Bergerat, "I know of no other one left to cure you."

By the Nose Alone.

There was a time when young women read George Sand's "Lella" behind a locked door in the garret, because they had heard it was entrancingly immoral. The mothers of some of us were also warned in their girlhood against "Jane Eyre" and read it by stealth. In these days "Lella" would no doubt seem boring to women young and old who are acquainted with contemporaneous and "problem" novels, especially those written by daughters of English clergymen. But in this old-fashioned and romantic "Lella" is a remarkable character, the Prince de Bambucci. Not only could he buy a horse or a picture without dickering and being cheated; he knew the price of everything to a sequin. His eye was as practised as that of an appraiser or a slave dealer. Seeing any actress walk across the stage, he could tell her age within six months, and no artifice, miracle of sentiment or coquetry could deceive him. Touching a hunting dog's hair he could trace back the purity of the breed to this or that generation. Truly a surprisingly accomplished person, but not a comfortable one as a constant companion.

And this Prince de Bambucci is to be classed with Jimmy Jones, Charles Monselet—less celebrated tasters of tea, tobacco, wines, etc. "His olfactory sense," says George Sand, "was so developed that he could tell by the perfume of the wine not only the name of the vineyard and in what degree of latitude the vines were, but also to what exposure of sun the slope of the hill that produced the grapes was situated."

The Perfect Man.

The Herald reprinted a question put by the London Daily Chronicle concerning the measurements of the perfect man.

As the World Wags: The bronze figure on top of the State House in Providence represents a perfect man. It took the architect, Mr. Charles F. McKim, weeks to satisfy himself, but there it is, and it speaks for itself, as interesting and as educational as the rest of the building, and no building in the world has a better monumental location.

HERBERT W. LADD.

Providence, R. I., July 13. Ex-Gov. Ladd also states that he was the president of the board in charge of the construction of this State House. "It is called Gov. Ladd's monument, and descriptive books refer to Gov. Ladd as 'The Father of the New State House.'"

Some deep thinker remarked that we should all read one good poem a day, not necessarily "Paradise Lost" or Chapman's "Homer," but a poem of distinction, even if it was only a quatrain, like Landon's Immortal "I Strove with None." Respecting the deep thinker's opinion, we print today these verses: Sister Anne in the lonely lane, The cry is far of the hungry sands, And the lamps gleam small in the long gray rain.

Where you come to soothe, with your holy hands, The weak old sailors from stranger lands. Oh, why do you weep where the lamp-light lies, Sister Anne in the lonely lane? The little dead children have closed their eyes, And the little white mothers have numbed their pain, And hark no more to the long gray rain.

And the weak old sailors with trembling lips Are dreaming the dreams that the days forget Or the white strong sails of the breasting ships— And only your desolate shadow yet Creeps over the pavement black and wet.

These verses are by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan and they were published about a fortnight ago in the Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. O'Sullivan once wrote some shocking stories intended to give gooseflesh to the bourgeois. The volume, entitled "A Book of Bargains," is chiefly valuable by reason of a frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley.

Reading this poem, more than one will undoubtedly inquire: "How old was Anne?"

Life on the Shore.

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags: Everything is lovely down in the vicinity of Marblehead. We have a swill man who is part of the outfit of the Village Improvement Society, but as he is anxious always to show his forensic abilities under a window where we all can hear him, I'm going to urge the society to organize a Village Conversation Improvement Society.

EZRA L. BEMIS.

Cliffereux, July 19, 1912.

Guilds and Guilds.

As the World Wags. A writer in a Boston morning newspaper regrets the dilapidated appearance of the old Guild house in Roxbury, and says that the father of ex-Gov. Guild moved from there to a quieter neighborhood when the electric cars became disturbing.

Curtis Guild, senior, never lived in the house referred to at the corner of Guild and Washington streets, and I do not believe he was in any near way related to the members of the Guild family of Roxbury, who were interested in the leather business as tanners and curriers. It is true that the elder Curtis Guild did live for a time in St. James street, Roxbury, after his marriage to the sister of Ex-Mayor Cobb, who was long a resident of the Highlands. Mr. Guild, the founder of the Commercial Bulletin, died in Mt. Vernon street in a house he purchased after he left Roxbury, many years ago. When I first knew him, he resided with his mother in Lincoln street, in the city proper, a little below Church Green. They afterwards removed to South street, where our present ambassador to Russia was born before his father took up his residence in Roxbury.

BAIZE.

Dorchester, July 20, 1912.

A Veteran Tenor.

The announcement has been made that Mr. Jean de Reszke will probably visit this country next season and sing several times at the Metropolitan and possibly at other opera houses. The announcement may be merely gossip. Mr. de Reszke may have said that he "should like to" revisit this country, where he was so highly esteemed—and well paid; yet more than once since his withdrawal from the stage he has refused flattering offers. His true friends hope that the recent announcement is without warrant. When he last sang in Boston he was short-breathed and his voice had lost much of the quality that gave it distinction. He then showed himself the artist by concealing in a measure the ravages of time. No doubt the women who swooned at the mere mention of his name would still be faithful, for while they have grown old with him, they still feel themselves with him in the Nineties of Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau. No doubt the critics, remembering gratefully his romantic Romeo, Raoul, Des Grieux and Lohengrin, would treat him respectfully, and write glowingly about his past. The younger generation would be curious to see him. But Mr. de Reszke should continue to be an artist till the end, and not be persuaded to exhibit his more or less "beaux restes," so that those who should hear him for the first time might not say: "And this is the tenor who was once the idol of the public!" He should remember the fate of Marlo; but Marlo needed the money and therefore allowed the pitiable exhibition of an extinct voice.

Notes at Random.

King George of England made a hit, a palpable hit at Henley. His hat was "a sort of cross between a Tilly, a Tyrolean and a Homburg," but in straw

and with a Guards' ribbon. A close observer swears it had a stiff brim for it was lifted with ease and did not bend. We also note that George wore white spats.

An English writer in the Railway and Travel Monthly prefers the British "four-masted harque" to the American "Shiptentine," a word he never heard used by Brits. According to him a "shiptentine" is "a four-masted wind-jammer, square-rigged on her fore, main, and mizzen, but fore and aft rigged on her jigger mast." This, to a landlubber sounds all right, but is it?

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch confesses that in his undergraduate days he wrote some "exceedingly bad verses" which were dedicated to the birth of the National Union of Fire Brigades. In proof he quotes these lines:

Now let us bless our gracious Queen, and eke the Fire Brigade, And bless no less the horrid mess they've been and gone and made; Remove the dirt they choose to squirt upon our best attire, Bless all—but most the lucky chance that no one shouted "Fire!"

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Nance O'Neill and the Lindsay Morison stock company in Herman Sudermann's "Magda."

The cast:

Schwartz Edward Naubery
Augusta Rose Morison
Franziska von Wendlowski Edna Oliver
Max von Wendlowski Wyrley Birch
Heiterding Howell Hansel
Dr. von Keller James S. Barrett
Theresa Frances Woodbury
Marie Jane Marbury
Magda Nance O'Neill

As a problem play "Magda" can have but an academic interest for the average American theatre-goer. This does not mean that it does not treat in the Sudermann manner of the fundamentals of human nature, which are the same the world over, but that its immediate problem centres about a parental authority that is practically unknown here now.

For this reason Miss O'Neill's work last night deserves the higher praise because she made the problem as real and vital as if it were a personal experience of the auditor.

A father as he is known here, does not attempt to control his children's actions after they are grown up, and the standards of family honor about which the tragedy of the piece is woven do not obtain in this part of the world. Miss O'Neill never allowed the audience to realize this. Had she been less of the wonderful artist that she is, one might have forgotten the play in watching the actress. As it was, almost in spite of her personal charm and in spite of the incomparable skill of her expression of emotional nuances, she always kept the attention on the dramatist's meaning. With her the play seemed the thing; her part in it but the expression of what it contained.

Miss O'Neill again gave evidence of a great gain in power and finish, in restraint and subtlety. She knows that real people in situations of actual tragedy do not rant or declaim; that emotional tenseness of expression is far rarer in actual life than crises which seem to demand it. And so she drives home the consciousness of her suffering all the more decisively because so much of it is done without the aid of the emotional appeal, which is the stand-by of the tragic actor.

Throughout the four acts Miss O'Neill sustained her high standard of work. If there was one scene which stood out above the others it was her denunciation of her former lover in the third act, when she was as natural and as convincing as would seem possible.

Miss O'Neill seems to have had a most gratifying effect upon her support. Not only was Magda well cast in relation to the resources of the company, but almost without exception there was a greater finish and a great snap to the work of the company.

Mr. Hansel had a peculiarly acceptable part in the pastor. He played up to Miss O'Neill in the more tense scenes between them most satisfactorily. It was not always easy to be sufficiently restrained.

Mr. Naubery, the exemplification of parental authority and family honor, the gruff old colonel, was for the most part admirable, though he might well have spared the audience the unpleasant and wholly unnatural details of the closing death scene.

Miss Oliver lightened the action in a wholly delightful way with her faithful and effective characterization of the unspeakable aunt.

Mrs. Morison was quite naturally and properly Mrs. Morison, but Miss Woodbury might have been a little less Miss Woodbury with improvement to her part.

July 23. 1912. Donald Meek, who long ago established himself with Boston theatre-goers through his connection with the John Craig Stock Company, and his little company of equally popular favorites were the hit of the B. F. Keith bill last night in "The Edge of the Whirlpool," an exceptionally pretty and cleverly written little sketch by Ed F. Payne. "The Edge of the Whirlpool" tells just about the story its title would indicate. It is of Phyllis Grey, an American girl studying art in the Latin quarter of Paris. She has been induced to get a taste of Bohemia by attending the famous "artists' ball" with an American adventurer, who

in an artist's model of shady reputation to pose as the party's chaperon. The fourth member is a struggling American artist, more or less down and out, but nevertheless unwilling to see any girl, much less an American, in danger of being betrayed. He explains to the girl the latitude allowed at the ball, its attendant pitfalls, and induces her to refuse to go, just as the party is ready to start.

Donald Meek is, of course, Dick Cross, the young artist and the hero as well. Florence Shirley is the American art student, and Anna Cleveland looks out for Ed, the artist's model, chaperon for the evening and common law wife of Lord Alfred Carleton, the role being taken by John Meehan. The appearance of each of those in the cast was the signal for a round of tremendous applause from a capacity house, even the upper tier of the boxes being filled, and at the conclusion of the sketch Mr. Meek and his supporting company were recalled again and again.

Running a close second to Donald Meek and company in popularity last night were the Meistersingers, now in the fourth week of their annual engagement, and scoring even more heavily yesterday it seemed, than ever before. Harold S. Tripp's tenor solo, "All That I Ask Is Love," was one that met with greatest favor. Each week the Meistersingers change, in a measure, their program, retaining among their selections only the ones that have made the largest hits the week before, and adding each week a number of new ones.

A capital act here this week for the first time is that of Armstrong and Ford as the "Copper and the Dude." The "copper" is one of those genuine just-from-the-ould-country sort, while the dude is a monocled-Englishman and private detective as well. The Englishman's failure to readily grasp American humor and American slang is the basis from which the pair and the audience derive all sorts of fun.

In the line of slack-wire walking, running and dancing, Claude M. Roode is in a class by himself. He did all sorts of queer things on the wire last night, swaying it vigorously, back and forth, as unconcernedly as though he were upon terra firma. The laws of gravity are also defied by the "Cycling Brunettes," a troupe of pretty girls and graceful capable cyclists.

Alfred, the wandering wizard of the violin; Williams and Segal, novelty dancers, with a new costume for every dance, and J. Hunter Wilson and Effi Pearson in "At the Reception," complete the program.

July 24, 1912

Onward we move, a gay gang of blackguards! with mirth-shouting music and wild-flapping pennants of joy!

A Pompelan Bar.

They have recently excavated in the newly revealed section of Pompeii a wine shop remarkably well preserved. There is a counter or bar, with a surface of glazed white tiles. There are terra-cotta wine jars, a copper boiler with a hole underneath for the fire, cups of diaphanous glass, clay amphorae, a copper tap. There is a beautiful jar of opaline glass with a beautiful neck ending in a fine point, and the hole through which the liquor passes is so small that only a drop at a time can be had, which suggests the drip absinthe or something equivalent for the jaded citizens. There is also a barman's till, a square box of bone, and in it were found gold and silver coins, while copper coins were on the counter.

Unfortunately we are not told whether there was a rail of metal or wood to support the feet of those standing in front of the bar—the rail that encourages conversation on topics of the day, stimulates anecdote, and delays the homeward-bound. Were there hand towels in these old wine shops, or was there a jack-towel when there was no alarming talk about microbes? We know that ancient Romans, when they were invited to a feast, took their own napkins with them, or, if the food were particularly rich, wiped their hands on the curly head of a boy slave. Nor are we told whether any fragments of free lunch were discovered; nor are we informed as to the character of any fresco; whether pictured women in scant attire or wholly undraped recommended a particular vintage or some cooling drink prepared by the "Only Quintus" of Pompeii.

The Wickedest City.

The question has been raised more than once why sailors at Portsmouth, England, call that town "Pompey." It was said at the time of the late review that "Pompey" is a corruption of "Pompeii," as "Billy Ruffian" stands for "Bellerophon," and the term was applied to the port on account of its extreme wickedness, entitling it to the doom of the Italian city. But was Pompeii another city of the Plain or as the city of Ys? When St. Pierre was destroyed as in the twinkling of an eye, was it because the people were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly? At least once a year some sensational person, often a clergyman, lifts up his voice and denounces the town in which he lives as the wickedest one in the country. Is it not possible that tribal envy and hatred gave the cities of the Plain the infamous name that all distinguishes them? Do not vol-

luntarily earthquakes, floods and tidal waves work their will on the just and the unjust? The old idea that fatal accidents implied a high degree of sinfulness on the part of the victims is not wholly extinct even among Christians in spite of the question, "Of those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?"

Looking over the letters of Pliny the Younger to see if he alluded in any way to the recklessly joyous life at Pompeii, we found of course his description of the eruption and that of his uncle's death; but we also came across a story that should be pondered by any one who wishes to play the host. Pliny supped with a man "who in his own opinion treated us with much splendid frugality; but according to mine, in a sordid, yet expensive manner." "Very elegant dishes"—we quote from Melmoth's translation—were served to the host and a few of the guests; those for the rest of the company were cheap and mean. "There were in small bottles three different sorts of wine. Not that the guests might take their choice, but that they might not have an option in their power." The best was for the host and the few favored. The next for those of a lower order, and so on down the table. Pliny's neighbor asked him what he thought of it, and Pliny answered: "When I make an invitation, it is to entertain, not to distinguish my company; I set every man upon a level with myself whom I admit to my table, not excepting even my freed-men." The neighbor asked if this was not an expensive method. "I assured him not at all; and that the whole secret lay in being contented to drink no better wine myself than I gave to others."

We have known hosts in American cities who, entertaining at table, have their "distinguished" guests. Stories are told of one who has a more expensive vintage served for his sole enjoyment, while the others share in a cheaper wine. It was said that Nicolini, the second husband of Mme. Patti, made this distinction at their castle when giving a dinner or supper, and there was a similar distinction in the quality of tobacco smoked by the extinct tenor and his guests. We all know the man that has cheap cigars in his left upper waistcoat pocket for his friends and others in the right for himself.

"A Little Lunch."

The history of the free lunch has yet to be written; its origin, growth, decline, with a chapter or two on the rules of etiquette to be observed. As a boy we read in a Sunday school book that barkeepers put heating dishes within the reach of customers, victims of the Demon Rum, to increase their thirst; but we also read that early in the morning the barkeeper poured whiskey, rum or gin on the sidewalk in front of the saloon to tempt more vigorously the passerby. Was a German the first to establish the free lunch? Where was the first free lunch of any importance in Boston, and in what year, and did it affect the death rate? These are important questions. Mr. Herkimer Johnson appears to be depressed, otherwise we should refer to him. There is no information on this subject in the Rev. Jacob Abbott's "Marco Paul in Boston," nor did Mr. Forester go into a barroom in New York—at least for publication.

The hotel-keepers in Melbourne are now in revolt against the custom of providing a gratuitous mid-day meal for any one who buys a glass of beer. According to one publican, the Melbourne free lunch started with crackers and cheese, developed into sardines, sausages and sandwiches, and "has culminated in noble joints of beef, pork and muttons." Since the price of meals has been raised in Melbourne restaurants, the people flock to the free lunch counters and are said to abuse the hospitality, to eat heartily and drink only 6 cents' worth of beer. No wonder that some of the publicans call for suppression of the free lunch by legislative enactment.

July 25, 1912

The Herald discussed yesterday the revolt of Melbourne publicans against the free lunch system. Let us add that one of them says the free lunch costs him about \$3500 a year.

Mr. Lang's Flst.

Not long ago Andrew Lang admitted that his writings, "though many and meritorious," would not rescue his name from oblivion, but his handwriting would give him immortality, for it had been deemed "publicly infamous." Mr. Cecil Harmsworth in a speech at a dinner given in the interest of the Correctors of the Press had denounced Mr. Lang's handwriting as the most execrable of his generation, as that of Dean Stanley was the terror of the past. And then Mr. Lang made a defence of his disgraceful flst! The causes were congenital, hereditary on the male side. At school he was made to show his copy book to the class as an example of what to avoid. As boy and man he committed these faults. His letters did not run united, but were separated at uncertain intervals; "a small 'd' is written as a Greek delta, so imperfectly that, I acknowledge, it resembles no object known to science except perhaps a very rudimentary animalcule"; he did not

dot his "ts" and in making a "u" he made the cross stroke first and the long stroke was not always in the proper place; the tops of the "o's" and "a's" were usually left open; the "s" degenerated into a short, slanted line with a kink in it. Yet Mr. Lang insisted that newspaper printers scarcely ever made an error when they set his copy, while the copy of his typist was not so fortunate and she, copying his manuscript, turned all the "n's" of foreign or classical proper names into "u's" and the "u's" into "n's." "But most typists and printers do that without fail (whether in printing from modern or mediaeval or other script)." And Mr. Lang also insisted that two men—Prof. A. and Prof. B.—were less decipherable than he.

Bonny-Clabber.

As the World Wags:

I look in vain to you for a discussion of bonny-clabber. It used to be delicious when the milk was suffered to sour and solidly naturally with its top-mantle of cream, and the clabber was served very cold with sugar, nutmeg and plenty of sweet cream. Bottled milk doesn't "clabber," possibly because it is bottled, possibly because something preservative is bottled with it. I recall a Maryland lady of some social pretensions whose daughter was approached with matrimonial interest by one Claybaugh. This high dame dismissed him, with these words to her daughter: "I never knew clabber without some whey." You will observe that in the Maryland dialect Claybaugh and clabber are nearly identical in sound. Indeed, weren't we once taught to spell clabber "Cloughbaugh"?

Some weeks since I was pleased at the house of a learned scientific friend to note that his wife cherished the ancient heresy that thunder sours milk.

E. N. V.

Chestnut Hill, July 21, 1912.

Cacography.

Did Mr. Lang plume himself unduly on his wretched handwriting? Did Mr. Harmsworth flatter him basely at the dinner? We have been told that Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham, the author of "Mogrel-Akka," a delightful book about Morocco, and of "Thirteen Stories," which should be read by all who prefer wild life on pampa, desert or tramp steamer to the routine, respectable or cloaked, of the city—that Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham, who says disagreeable things about Americans and has been vividly described by Mr. George Moore and Mr. Bernard Shaw, wrote the worst hand of any living author. We remember that he once, vexed at the careless proofreading of a letter sent to a newspaper, remonstrated with the editor, who published the remonstrance with this comment: "If in future Mr. Graham will sit in a chair when writing, and not on horse back, and use a pen instead of candle-snuffers, we think we may be able to do him justice."

We refrain from telling any of the old stories about Horace Greeley's manuscript, or other stories concerning men of notoriously blind handwriting. There are persons who affect illegibility. They think it gives them a certain distinction; that it shows genius. They are unwholesome companions, if not wholly uncompanionable. We do not demand of a man that he write "a Spencerian hand" or be able to draw with his pen an eagle holding in his beak a scroll for a dedicatory inscription, but if he has anything to say in a letter, let him write so that it can be read.

At the Wedding.

There is talk of collecting material for a life of Phil May, the artist. This story has been sent from Sydney. May was at a wedding in that town, a gloomy looking man, who seemed lonely and distressed. The best man in appropriately hilarious mood wished to cheer him up, so he said to him: "Er, have you kissed the bride?" "Not lately," replied May. No doubt a reader will write at once, saying that he first heard this in 1859 or read it in Poggi or Erasmus, or that it is to be found in Plautus or one of the Iron bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi.

Two More Failings.

But let us go back to handwriting, good or bad. It was Dr. Nowell Smith, headmaster of Sherborne, who said: "There are two crimes against society which are responsible for more constant evil than any felony or even any vice, except perhaps untruthfulness and gossip—illegible handwriting and unpunctuality. We are always suffering from them; we could easily cure them; yet we almost universally condone them. Bad handwriting and unpunctuality are primarily moral failings, and belong to just the category of moral failings—bad habits—which ought to be prevented in the early home life of the child."

July 26, 1912

In the phantasmagoria we call the world, most things and men are ghosts, or at the best but ghosts of ghosts, so vaporous and unsubstantial that they scarcely cast a shadow on the grass. That which most abiding with us is the recollection of the past.

Reminiscent Mr. Johnson.

As the World Wags:

I happened to be at the railway station last Friday afternoon—although the natives and some of the more elder-

ly cottagers call it a depot—when the train from Boston came in and I saw young Ferguson who told me, somewhat boastfully as I thought, that he was "down for a week end visit," and then he was whirled away in the ostentatious automobile of the Gummerbys. As I walked toward my humble and shingled cottage, dodging motor cars, motor bicycles, ordinary bicycles, the stage and express wagons, I thought of the long visits known to my boyhood, and the curt and rather indifferent hospitality of today, when you arrive on a Friday afternoon and are expected to depart early on Monday morning if there is not a late train to the city on Sunday night.

Old Time Summer Visits.

When I was a boy there was talk all through the spring about the approaching visit. The summer cottage was then unknown. The two fashionable resorts were Saratoga Springs and Newport and beautiful women, among whom were Cubans and Jewesses, dressed gorgeously for the crowded dining room and the broad veranda. But it was not given to everyone to go to these places. The expense was considerable, although a salary of \$5000 a year in the early sixties was considered a "handsome sum." The parents went perhaps for a fortnight to Saratoga and saw the celebrities, drank the waters and brought back to the children bows and arrows and birch bark canoes made by the amiable Indians. The visits were made to relatives or to old friends in the country and were for a month, sometimes two months. Looking back, I wonder whether the hosts or the guests were the more uncomfortable during August or July. In the average village dwelling house the women of the family did most of the household work. The man was a lawyer, or the chief officer of the little bank, or the storekeeper, or the physician smelling of the drugs he carried with him; or he might have inherited enough to live comfortably, as comfort was defined in those days; it mattered not. The period was one of large families, and the wife had several daughters to help in the kitchen and do the chamber work. Often a neighbor's daughter would be willing to aid when there was company. The visiting women were expected to offer assistance in making up their bed room if they did not actually do all that was necessary.

Ho! for the Country.

Guests then took with them trunks, not suit cases; trunks and bags and bundles, and occasionally a pet cat or a bird in a cage. It was thought necessary that the women and children should have a change of air, and when they lived in a small town, where each dwelling had its own grounds and trees, they sighed for a farm house near the hills. The ocean village was not then in fashion. And in those days there were few in the larger New England towns who did not have a parent or an uncle or cousin living on a farm. The journey was long and tedious. A stage ride often followed hours in a train. The younger children usually arrived peevish, rebellious and with upset stomachs. The next day they recovered sufficiently to make personal remarks at table concerning the faces and behavior of their relations, also concerning the quality of the food and the manner in which it was served. I remember well how on a hot day Uncle Amos at the noon dinner helped himself to the butter with a teaspoon. There was no ice on the farm and the well and the cellar were the refrigerators.

Summer Boredom.

The life on a farm did not attract me, nor was I ever tempted to run away to sea. The life in a pretty and typical New England village was slow even to a boy in the sixties. There was the drive in a carry-all behind a fat plug decorated with asparagus boughs to keep the flies away, and the drive was a fearsome bore. There were picnics at which nearly everything went wrong. There were parties, on the lawn and in the house, when Copenhagen, postoffice and other microbic games, were played with infinite zest, and consequent ecstasy or jealous rage. There was swimming in the mill pond, but the enjoyment was marred by maternal fears, entreaties, threats. The game of baseball was in a primitive state. There was no tennis. After a week or two the boy began to count the days before the one of the joyful return. He would quarrel with the playmates in the neighborhood and they would accuse him of putting on airs. The blacksmith's son, a rude, coarse fellow, gave him a sound thrashing, which was undoubtedly deserved. Then there was Sunday, when the visitors were not expected to look at a profane book or picture paper, and were uncomfortable in their best clothes. The house was that day like a reeling tomb. For supper there was bread and butter, or a cooky with a glass of milk.

Pleasant Memories.

Yet I remember two things with exceeding joy, and they are among the pleasantest recollections of a long and varied life. One was the supper when company was invited. I see and taste the shaved beef, the hot biscuits with honey, the preserves—chief among them wonderful quinces and blackberry jam, the varieties of cake—jelly, pound, fruit, marble, sponge—do they make pound cake in these degenerate days? And I

The And what is to be
Neurotic said of "Countess
Countess of position should woe
a serving man is not incredible. There
are instances in the old dramas, as
the Duchess of Malfi stooped to
her steward. There is the old ballad of
Riche's Story:

The Earl of Wigton had three daughters.
One a wally, but they were unco bonny.
The eldest of them had the fur bravest
house.

But she's fallen in love with her footman-
nanny.

And when she gave up her lands, she
said:

What need I be sorry?" says she.
What need I be sorry?" says she.
For I've gotten my lot and my heart's
desire.

And what Providence has ordered for me."
Today it is the turn of the chauffeur.

But Jean, the valet in *Strada*, is a
horrible tragedy, is a contemptible
low and Julie is a neurotic woman with
tainted blood. She breaks off her en-
gagement, or her lover left her, fright-
ened at her training—for she made him
leap over her riding whip; she waltzed
wildly with the game keeper and Jean.
She incites Jean to mischief. Potiphar's
wife was timid in comparison, and Lady
Booby a stammerer, who did not know
her own mind. She takes Jean from the
pious cook who adores him. Jean thus
avenges himself on the nobility. After
Julie has thrown herself into his arms,
he waxes insolent. He asks about her
money. He persuades her to rob her
father who is out of the house. He
kills her pet bird. They will run away
to Switzerland and keep an inn. Julie
tells her plans to the cook. "I'll sit tak-
ing the cash while Jean greets the
guests—goes out and markets—writes
letters—that will be life, you may be-
lieve—then the train whistles—then the
omnibus comes—then a bell rings up-
stairs, then in the restaurant—and then
I make out the bills—and I can salt
them—you can't think how people trou-
ble when they receive their bill. * * *

Then we'll be rich—and then we'll build
a villa by Lake Como." But the Count
is now at home and rings the bell. Jean
is in a moment the obsequious servant.
Julie, now her blood is cool, and she sees
Jean as he is, grows delirious. She begs
him to save her honor. She begs him to
hypnotize her, and assures him she is al-
ready in favoring sleep. "The whole
room is like smoke before me—and you
are like a tall black stove, like a man
clad in black clothes with a high hat,
and your eyes gleam like the hot coals
when the fire is dying; and your face a
white spot like fallen ashes." Jean,
who has been stropping a razor, puts it
in her hand. "There is the broom, go
now while it's bright—out to the hay-
loft—and" he whispers in her ear. The
Count rings the bell loudly. The Count-
ess Julie goes out resolutely.

The drama must be read and seen to
appreciate the bitterness of the dialogue,
the horror of the scenes, the fierce and
pitiless irony.

Two A new version of "The
Irish Countess Kathleen" by
W. B. Yeats has been pro-
duced at the Court The-
atre, London, and the Pall Mall Ga-
zette of July 12, said that it differs in
many respects from the familiar version
printed in the poems, which in turn dif-
fers from the first version printed in
1891. Mr. Yeats in the preface to
"Poems" written in 1901 says of these
changes: "The goddess has never come
to me with her hands so full that I
have not found many waste places after
I had planted all that she had brought
me." The reviewer misses, in the new
version, the deafness of Oona and the
scene in which Kathleen repeats to her
the news of evil brought by the garden-
er and the herd, but the love scene
with Aleel, "never a waste place," has
new color and is still more beautiful:
"Her bidding him to go
And silently, and do not turn your head;
Good bye; but do not turn your head and
look.

Above all else, I would not have you look.
Is a fresh inspiration, like the depth of
feeling in her saying after she is alone:
I never spoke to him of his wounded hand
And he is gone.

"And the beauty of it made us all the
more angry, that the Countess Kathleen
should turn from her poet lover to her
little chapel, because all her heart was
possessed by the grief of others. What
had she left to give them but gold and
hope of a future life—she who could
not take her present joy to heart? In
the famine the peasants were selling
their souls for money to demons who
were disguised as merchants. The
Countess gives them money to save
their souls and at last being robbed of
her possessions, she, too, sells her soul
to the demons for 500,000 crowns. It
breaks her heart, and she dies. But
the demons have not got her soul; for
an angel tells her lover

The light beats down; the gates of pearl
are wide.
And she is passing to the floor of peace,
And Mary of the seven times wounded
heart.

Has kissed her lips, and the long blessed
hair
Has fallen on her face."

It seems that the entrance of this
angel was not well managed at the Court
Theatre. "There was first a flame of
light in the ground floor box, and some
whispering, then she appeared, holding

a bebble torch, and in utter the steps
from the stalls to the stage she made
her way across in a swaying line. The
arrangement completely failed to gain
any effect." Miss Maude O'Neill returned
to the company to play the Countess.
"She has a beautiful voice and fine
feeling, but has not the emotional power
or dignity of Miss Allgood." Mr. O'Don-
ovan disappointed as Aleel. "He did not
appear to realize the meaning of what
he said."

Lady Gregory's new play, "The Bogle
Man," was produced on July 8. "It was
a disappointment. Its little joke did not
quite come off. No actors could have
made the play as compact and clear as
it should have been. The idea is cap-
ital, but the working out of the idea is
vague and ineffective." Two chimney
sweeps meet in a shed near where a
coach stops. They tell each other that
each is to meet a well-to-do cousin, who
will probably come by the next coach.
The coach comes, and Taig turns Darby
out, as he does not wish his fine cousin
to see him with a sweep. Then Taig puts
on a plug hat and a smart coat. In
comes a fine little fellow in a wonderful
straw hat and a handsome suit. This of
course must be the cousin. They talk,
and it turns out that each is the other's
fine cousin and their two mothers have
used them as bogle men to each other.

"So they fly arms and troop out, glad
to face the world together as chimney
sweeps and full of self-confidence and
hopes of beating the world in America.
After it is all over you think how funny
it ought to have been. And it would
have been extremely amusing if it had
been worked with the neatness Lady
Gregory usually puts into her work. As
it was, the joke of it fell flat, and Mr.
Kerrigan and Mr. O'Rourke were not
really responsible for its flatness."

The Referee gives
an amusing account
of Zandonai's "Con-
chita," the opera to
which The Herald referred last Sun-
day. We fear that this account will not
please those who take grand opera seri-
ously.

The writer first states that the libret-
tists, Maurizio Vaucalre and Carlo Zan-
garini, who based their book on Louys's
"Femme et la Pantin," deliberately
toned down the character of the hero-
ine. "What in the novel is moral in-
sensitivity becomes, in this version, pride
in purity under the appearance of vice."

The only answer to this statement ap-
pears to be "How?"

"When the curtain rises, Conchita is
discovered (heroines are always discov-
ered) in the workroom of a cigar fac-
tory on a 'stifling day in August.' It is
necessary to insist on the temperature
to account for the costume of the girls
and other things. The work of the fac-
tory seems to be carried on under con-
versational difficulties and the oburgations
of a mezzo-soprano superintendent."

In the second act, a small smoky hall
in a low cafe, furnished with a little
stage, Conchita is dancing, but Mateo in-
terrupts her so brusquely as to put the
stage audience to flight. "There ensues
an animated scene between Conchita
and Mateo, in which she declares that
she never had a lover, and has been
true to him and is longing for a secluded
little house * * * just we two to-
gether." Mateo, who is evidently a man
of resource, produces the key of such an
abode."

"In the third act, Mateo, rebuffed,
sulks at home. Conchita comes in and
begins to mock him. He seizes her and
throws her on the floor. She attempts
to stab him, but, to quote the stage
directors, 'he belabors her with blows,'
acting apparently on the principle of the
old saying: 'A woman, a dog, and a
walnut tree, the more you beat 'em
the better they be.' At any rate the
adage proves perfectly correct in this
instance, for Conchita says: 'Oh, Ma-
teo, how you must love me.' Presuma-
bly they are married, but whether they
are happy for ever after is question-
able."

The London
Musical
Season

"N. C. G.," the music
critic of the Pall Mall
Gazette, looking over the
past season that closed
this month in London, declares that the
singing at Covent Garden has been gen-
erally of high quality, "an improve-
ment upon recent seasons." He men-
tions Mme. Agostinelli, "a new and
charming Mimi," Mr. Marcoux's study
of Scarpa, the satisfactory advance
shown by Mr. McCormack; and he pats
on the head Mmes. Destinn, Edvina,
Saltzman-Stevens, Kappel, Kirkby-
Lunn and Messrs. Franz, Hensel, Van
Rooy, Kless and Bechstein. There were
two "novelties": Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels
of the Madonna," and Zandonai's "Con-
chita," which show the latter-day ten-
dencies of Italian opera. "Wolf-Fer-
rari has undoubtedly the advantage at
present in the greater popularity of
his powers of expression, but Zandonai,
who is younger and less experienced, al-
ready possesses a sounder technique,
suggesting, in fact, that he is destined
to go further and leave a more perma-
nent mark upon operatic history. Both
composers, however, have failed to
show dramatic insight as regards
their libretti—that is to say, they have
not seen beforehand the somewhat in-
consequential nature of the texts
chosen."

The critic thinks that the chief event
at Mr. Hammerstein's London Opera
House was the production of Josef Hol-
brooke's "Children of Don." "No great
argument in favor of a national opera

house has met with. The scale
upon which it was written undoubtedly
tied the hands of both librettist and
composer. But so long as opportunities
for the production of native works re-
main few and far between so long will
the want of experience be felt and the
possibility occur of such big conceptions
arising beneath the impractical light of
the study lamp." He also mentions Mr.
Hammerstein's production of Massen-
et's "Don Quichotte"; also the stage
version of "Eljah," produced by the
Moody-Manners company.

It was rather dull in the concert
world. The critic mentions by name
Messrs. Siegfried Wagner, Paderewski,
Busoni, with his "Turandot" suite; La-
mou, also a pianist with a symphony;
Gräuber, who has sworn undying de-
votion to folk music; Miss Gulomar
Novacek, who made a successful debut
as a pianist; Mme. Nordica, in Wagner
concert and recital; Mmes. Myszk-Gmeln-
er, Gerhardt, Woodal, Waterson, the
nieces of Joachim, the Misses von
Aranyi, Yvonne Astruc, Armide Sevatra,
Raoul Pugno, Pablo Casals. And there
is this conventional and complacent
ending: "A necessarily incomplete re-
view this, but sufficient to show that
metropolitan music keeps to its pro-
nounced character of quality and diver-
sity. It is only necessary for our stand-
ard to remain high (and there are no
indications of its falling) for a contin-
uance of conditions which give us the
best the world can offer."

Mr. Titterton How Mr. Titterton
in Music loves the halls! Note the
Halls high pitch of his pre-
lude to a review of the
week.

"Today I can afford to be merry. I
have been to the Palladium; I have
heard Albert Chevalier sing 'The Old
Kent Road.' When I read reports of
British defeats at the Olympic games,
of French triumphs in aviation, when I
consider how the English statute-book
is becoming overlaid with laws made
in Germany, when I watch the hordes
of foreign dancers who possess our
stage, then my heart sinks, and I wonder
whether or not the English race is
played out. But when I hear Albert
Chevalier (the sturdy Cockney with a
foreign name), when I see his strong
humorous face and watch his vehement
gesture and his light-tripping feet mov-
ing to the tickling lilt of that splendid
tune, then I know that we are safe, and
that no enemy shall rise up against us.
A week or two ago I visited the Horse
Show at Olympia and saw the costers,
glorious with pearls, parade in their
donkey-barrows. And the tune that
burst from the band when the great
doors opened and the barrows bumped
sedately in was 'Knocked 'em in the Old
Kent Road.' How the blood leaped to
it! The music hall singer at his best is
the minstrel of the people, and the min-
strels of London are Chevalier and Marie
Lloyd. In the best sense of the word
they are our representatives; if we had
a truly democratic government, it was
these great artists we should send to
Westminster. Chevalier is not perfect.
He has a marvellous equipolse, an ab-
solute command; his brusqueness, his
quick, electric gestures, his comical
posture, his tender, almost ecstatic, sen-
timentality, are quite admirable; and,
when he will, he follows as infallibly as
Harry Lauder the lyrical lilt and rhythm
of his tune. But he will not always fol-
low; he has an unhappy knack of
spoken monologue in the heavy manner
of Early Victorian tragedy; even in
'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road' he
has that. But that exhausts his fail-
ings as a coster, and I paint in the
shadow only that his excellences may
shine the more brightly. He is the
prince of costers, the pride of our va-
riety stage."

It was Mr. Titterton who wrote of
Miss Marie Lloyd in an article on "The
Rabclaisian Spirit": "How shall I de-
scribe her—that happy, healthy, bolster-
ous, magnetic coster girl! How convey
to you that she is all that Chaucer
meant; all Rabelais meant; all the
comic Shakespeare meant; that in her
splendid frankness, her hearty laughter,
there is no touch of the luscious and
the impure!"

A Few
Little
Dramas

The Oncomers Society
of London produced four
new plays late in June,
and they were rather
gloomy. Miss Kathryn Rhodes in "A
Man's Wife" attempted to show that
divorce is too expensive for the poor.
The leading character is a convict out
of prison who finds his wife living with
a conscientious Nonconformist.

In "The Right to Die," by Riccardo
Stephens, a woman suffers from an in-
curable disease. She tries to take an
overdose of a drug. Her husband pre-
vents her, but is so overcome by her
agony that he himself administers the
drug. "We were cheered, further, by
the howls (off) of the woman's pet dog."

In Miss Olive Lethbridge's "Prime
Minister," a real leader of the people
gives up his political ambitions to keep
faith with a factory girl to whom he is
betrotted.

E. M. Thorpe's "An Unorthodox
Bishop" was a little more cheerful. "A
girl whose clandestine engagement is
discovered by her maiden aunts tells
them that her lover's grandfather is a
bishop, which delights them after the
manner of stageland spinsters. Their
transports receive a decided check when
they discover that the grandfather is
not in any way Episcopal, but is merely
plain Mr. Bishop. They are, however,
much cheered by the subsequent dis-

covery that he is really a bishop, and a
good one."

The hospitality dis-
crused by Sir George
Alexander at his "party"

There at the Automobile Club—

surely the most wonderful gathering of
famous folk ever brought together as
the guests of an actor!—should serve to
redress the omissions of certain other
great actor-managers. In his own age,
the meanness of Garrick was proverbial.
Alleyne was able to found Dulwich Col-
lege at his death only by the most
homely parsimony during his life. Mac-
ready, off the stage, was almost a re-
cluse. Even the more recent stories of
chicken and champagne to "kind friends
in front" are largely fiction. It was not
until Sir Henry Irving took a higher and
broader view of the actor-manager's
place in public life that the player really
awoke to his possible dignity as the
giver, and not merely the enlivener, of
the feast. As a social host, Sir George
has certainly gone far and away beyond
even his old chief in lavish magnifi-
cence. Is it possible that, with half the
peerage and the world of art and let-
ters dancing and banqueting at an ac-
tor's "party," an actor must still be,
by the statute-book, a "rogue and vaga-
bond"?—London Daily Chronicle.

The French music-halls have, as you
know, adopted the sketch pretty largely
of late. But there is trouble in the camp.
Owing to the existence of that useful
French Society of Authors, music-hall
managers in Paris cannot acquire
sketches at twopenny a week. When a
sketch is played in a French music-hall
it is treated as a one-act play, and the
management has to pay the author two
per cent. of the gross receipts. On Sun-
days and fete days this sum has to be
paid twice over, and altogether a sketch
brings quite a considerable sum into the
author's pocket when played at a Paris
music-hall. One or two managers have
just been trying to avoid paying the
price by refusing all sketches which
have been registered at the French Au-
thors' Society. The society's agents can-
not, of course, object to this, and they
have not objected. But they have gen-
tly reminded the managers that if they
play an unregistered sketch they will
not get any from members of the so-
ciety in future. As these include all the
best men (I am a member myself, don't
cherknow), the managers of the Paris
music-halls will have to climb down. It
sounds a bit arbitrary. But why, oh,
why, is there not a Dramatic Authors'
Society with some of these powers in
London?—The Referee.

July 29, 1912

Nothing so tickles a man's vanity as to look
back upon his semi-incredible past, and talk
of the times when he had to live on sixpence
a day, and to recount his breakfast on a
penny roll and glass of milk, and then to put
his hands upon his turtle-bloated stomach,
smile a fat smile and say, "Ah, those were
the days, then I was happy!" although he
knows that at that halcyon period he was
miserable, not perhaps so much from poverty,
as from that envy which is as great a curse
to poor men as is indigestion to the rich.

A MACEDONIAN CRY.
As the World Wags:
The purist, asked to take some lunch,
Would say, "My friend, pray make it lunch-
con."

Invited to a glass of punch,
Would he reply, "Ah, make it puncheon!"

Apropos of the article, "A Little
Lunch," in "As the World Wags," this
(Wednesday) morning's Herald, I venture
to submit the above verse for Mr.
Herklimer Johnson's learned considera-
tion. HERBERT LAWRENCE.

Dorchester, July 24.
We have attempted to communicate
with Mr. Johnson, and as he has no tele-
phone—he is distinguished for his con-
servatism, and he really believes that a
telephone in a cottage draws the light-
ning—we called up Eldridge's store in
Clampart. When we asked for Mr. John-
son, the man at the other end laughed,
in a coarse manner as it seemed to us,
and we learned that the Distinguished
Student of Sociology had gone crabbing
for the day.

Lunch and Luncheon.
We looked up this matter of "lunch"
and "luncheon" a year or two ago, and
wrote a piece about it which was duly
printed in The Herald. At present we
are far from newspaper files and books
of reference—as dictionaries, orthodox,
dialect, slang—books that have helped
us—nevertheless, in Mr. Johnson's ab-
sence we venture to answer our cor-
respondent.

Personally we have long preferred
the word "luncheon" and regarded
"lunch" as the abomination of desolation.
We examined into the origin of
the two words, confident that we should
be able to bring the advocates of
"lunch" to confusion; but we found out
that "lunch" was as respectable a word
as "luncheon," and if not the same
age, perhaps a little older in the re-
stricted meaning, viz., a meal between
breakfast and dinner; and that the
two words have been used indiscrimi-
nately by writers of good repute. In
certain English provinces "nunch" and
"nuncheon" were, and perhaps are, the
terms for the intermediate refreshment
between breakfast and dinner, corre-
sponding with lunch and luncheon, and
"contradistinguished" to the afternoon
repast called "four o'clock." We read
in "Hudibras":

Laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfast or their nunch-
ions.

In Somersetshire, the word "nummet"
designates the short meal between

of England "men" is a... There is a curious passage in... "Heretofore there hath been much more time spent in eating and drinking than commonly is in these days; for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after dinner, and thereto rear suppers generally when it was time to go to bed—now these odd repasts, thanked be God, are very well left, and each one in manner (except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper only." Now in the time of Holinshed dinner was eaten between 11 and 1 o'clock, before or at noon by the great majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen; therefore a "nuntion" as this old writer understood it was more like a "four o'clock," which is defined by some as an "afternoon luncheon."

A Sensitive Plant.

In spite of the books we prefer the word "luncheon." If a man invites us to "lunch" we think of a sandwich, hot dog, something eaten standing, fragments, hurry, the night cart. An invitation to "luncheon" means a pleasant hour at a club, well appointed restaurant, or sometimes at a private house. There is the thought of a few courses, tempting dishes served in a quiet, orderly manner, not thrown at you like "guts to a bear," to use the sturdy old English phrase. And although the books are against us and do not restrict the word luncheon to the intermediary meal, luncheon is always intermediary as far as we are concerned and is not eaten after 3 P. M. Yet you often hear a man saying that after the play he went to the Auvergne or to Chris Bierbaum's to "get a little lunch." There are sensitive persons—perhaps too delicate for this rough world—who class the word "lunch" with "phone," "photo," and, worst of all, "wire" for telegram.

Breakfast, Real or Meagre.

In the old days, when it was the custom to dine at 12 or even at 11, the breakfast was to some an inconsequential meal, no more substantial than that taken by the ancient Romans. We learn from "The Complete Angler" that Cotton and his friend were most moderate. "My diet," says Cotton, "is always one glass (of ale) so soon as I am dressed, and no more till dinner," and a little later Viator says: "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast, too." On the other hand, my Lord and my Lady Percy during Lent had set before them a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets (small loaves of fine white bread), a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six "bacon'd herrings," four white herrings or a dish of sprats, and their breakfast on flesh days consisted of the same amount of bread, beer and wine, and a chine of mutton or else a chine of beef boiled.

This reminds us that Englishmen were upset a fortnight ago because the mercury climbed to nearly 90 degrees. The newspapers published articles on hot weather diet. Here is a "simple summer luncheon" recommended by our old friend, Mr. Frank Schloesser: "Cold poached eggs with prawns, soured mackerel, corn salad, iced cheese soufflé." The prawns should be fresh, not canned or bottled, and it was solemnly urged that the mackerel should be above suspicion.

July 30, 1912

The Herald has referred to the excitement of Londoners over what they are pleased to call hot weather. "The Captain," who writes about men's clothes for the Pall Mall Gazette, urges his readers to have their thin underclothes made for them. "Then you will not get a lot of stuff bunched up in places where it is not wanted." This is said in all seriousness, for he is the sartorial editor of the paper and not a professional humorist who is paid by the week or the column. He has miscellaneous opinions concerning the material of summer underwear, and realizes that some prefer Indian gauze, some thin wool and others "fine silk things," but in the matter of waistcoats he is adamant, as was young Mr. Smallweed in the matter of gravity. "The Captain" has heard that men were going about without waistcoats; fortunately he saw only one or two so lost to shame and was prepared for the shock. Well bred, as it behooves a writer on men's clothes to be, he does not rage and curse; he argues. "Those I have met have seemed to me to be rather warmer than those men who have been wearing their waistcoats, for the simple reason that the waistcoatless men have had to wear their coats buttoned up." It appears that "brown shoes" are now considered "quite correct" in town, and they are cooler than the more conventional black, but spats, even when they are white, are heating.

Heated London.

On July 13 it was 77 in the shade at 10 A. M. in London. On July 13 the mercury climbed at 1 P. M. to the dizzy height of 87 deg. On July 8 of 1911, "the hottest day of that summer of phenomenal heat," the mercury reached 85 at 1 P. M. We spoke yesterday of Mr.

Frank Schloesser's advice concerning diet in such "tropical" heat. "Avoid heavy brown meats," says Mr. Schloesser, all poultry except chicken breast, new bread, pastry and pudding; anything abounding in sugar or butter; but there is nothing objectionable in light meats, plain fish, salads, fruit "in strict moderation," jellies, and most vegetables. Here is a bill of fare for a "practical dinner" that met his approbation:

Cantaloupe Rafraichi.
Consomme Double et Froid.
Truite au Rieu.
Chaud-Froid de Pigeons.
Sole de Mouton Froid en Tranches.
Petits Pois en Aspic.
Salade de Tomates.
Bombe au Surprise.

One of the London journals thunders editorially against the scarcity of ice, and describes ice as a necessity not a luxury. How times have changed! When we were in London in 1878 it was well-nigh impossible to obtain a drink that was regarded by an American as cold. Ice was little used in restaurants and inns, and we remember seeing a small block of ice exhibited on a counter in the St. James restaurant as a radium might be shown today.

Here are the highest temperatures of the Greenwich Observatory records: July 5, 1846, 93.3; July 22, 1868, 96.6; July 17, 1876, 94; July 15, 1881, 97.1; Aug. 9, 1911, 100. But nothing has yet been said about the advisability of transacting business in London at night, as markets were held at Aden, nor has it been proposed to follow the example of dwellers in Ormuz who, while the land wind blew from nine till noon, immersed themselves to the chin in water.

A good many years ago Gabriel Peignot wrote a book about extraordinarily cold winters. Has any one written a book about extraordinarily hot summers, or uncommonly late springs, or severe autumns?

A Radish or Two.

Perhaps Mr. Dawson is a devout vegetarian; perhaps he had a sincere regard for the health of Mrs. Dawson in hot weather; however this may have been, he fed her on radishes and lettuce and on Sundays and festival occasions allowed her the full enjoyment of onions. Mr. Dawson is a huckster and is supposed to carry nothing but the freshest vegetables and fruits. We regret to say that Mrs. Dawson went into the court at Atlantic City and sued her spouse for divorce on the ground of desertion. Yet did not George Meredith speak of husband and wife defying the world with "mutual onion"? An aunt of Mrs. Dawson appeared before Judge Jagmetty and swore that Mr. Dawson "wanted the poor girl to live on grass." The judge, who is evidently not in sympathy with the more modern dietetic theories, held that it is the duty of a husband to furnish his wife with meat and potatoes. This is a sad story, and we tell it solely for the purpose of illustrating the force of tradition and deep-rooted prejudice. It is true that radishes do not agree with some stomachs, and perhaps Judge Jagmetty quoted from Bullen's "Boke of Simples" (1562): "Of radish rootes there be no small store growing about the famous cite of London, though they be more plentiful than profitable, and more noysome than nourishing to man's nature." But Holinshed in his "Chronicle," saying how certain herbs, fruits and roots were unknown or supposed till the time of Henry VIII. to be food more meet for hogs and savage beasts than mankind, spoke of "melons, pompons, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, skerets, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, newewes, turnips, and all kinds of herbs," as "dainty dishes at the tables of delicate merchants, gentlemen, and the nobilitie, who make their provision yearlie for new seeds out of strange countries, from whence they have them abundantly." And if Mrs. Dawson tired of radishes in their season, there was always lettuce. But perhaps Mr. Dawson did not provide her with olive oil of the first pressure.

A Suffragette Composer.

Miss Ethel Smyth, an English composer, whose opera, "The Forest," was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House as well as in Germany, was arrested recently in England and charged with being concerned "in the alleged suffragette attempt" to burn the historic dwelling house of the colonial secretary. Instead of hymning a passionate address of her own composition, something martial and in 4-4 time, she took refuge in the old device of wretched man and said she could prove an alibi.

Miss Smyth once visited Boston, and some of us cannot forget her. She was naturally anxious that her opera should be heard here. On a Sunday afternoon she gave a description of "The Forest" and played parts of it and also sang in the music rooms of the late B. J. Lang, which were then on Tremont street. A petition was signed by leading or led citizens asking that the opera manager whose company was then in town should not deprive Boston of this artistic enjoyment, but the manager—was it not Mr. Grau?—was firm. "The Forest" is not the only opera of Miss Smyth; she also composed "The Wreckers" and is now apparently endeavoring to live up to the title. We remember her as an energetic person with a determined nose and jaw. Tschakowsky met her at Leipzig and described her in a letter or in his journal. At that time she declared her undying devotion to the works of one Johannes Brahms.

THE LILLY MORRISON STOCK COMPANY in "Leah, the Jewess," a drama in four acts adapted from Dr. Mosenthal's "Deborah."

By Lorenzo. Frederick Murray
Joseph Nathan. Howell Hansel
Fr. Ignatius. Edward Nanney
Abraham. W. J. Larch
Lena. James S. Barrett
Mother Lena. Jane Marbury
Dane Groschen. Edna Oliver
Leah. Elizabeth R. Hall
Rachel. Florence Doherty
Leah, the Jewess. Frances Woodbury
Nance O'Neil

Dr. Mosenthal's drama is a play of elemental emotions strongly contrasted, of love and hate, terror and joy, tyranny and oppression, bigotry and meekness.

The sombre part of Leah has been interpreted notably by Miss Bateman and Mme. Janauschek. Miss O'Neil's characterization last evening was admirable. Her haunting voice, harmonious gestures and emotional intensity were equally effective in her portrayal of the strange, wild woman whose fierce nature was swept by stormy passions. She emphasized the ferocity of Leah's love for Joseph as well as its clinging tenderness. She was both submissive and imperious, while her eloquent facial play expressed not only pleasure, expectation, indifference and hatred, but suggested the womanly affection for her lover which caused Leah's transient happiness and subsequent misery.

The actress rose to tragic heights in the third act when, crazed with despair and ungovernable rage, the Jewess hurled imprecations at the quaking Joseph.

Mr. Hansel bore himself manfully in the ungrateful part of the impetuous and easily led youth. Miss Marbury was appropriately ingenuous as Lena, while the Father Lorenzo of Mr. Murray was carefully composed and commendable for its courtliness and distinction.

The supporting company was particularly efficient and the costumes and stage settings were picturesque.

There was a large and appreciative audience.

Next week Miss O'Neil will be seen for the first time in Boston as "Trilby."

Sidney Drew and Kate Elinore, two old favorites, have the positions of honor upon this week's bill at B. F. Keith's. Mr. Drew brings to Boston this time a new and clever one-act farce entitled "A Model Young Man" by Jacques Futrelle. Mr. Drew, of course, the model young man, even though he does come home from a poker party, considerably the worse for wear and with but one white chip in his pockets. That same afternoon, while he has not yet recovered from his all-night session his fiancée calls upon him in his suite and about the same time a tailor drops in to press a claim for a balance of \$280. His lady love is desirous of a temporary loan of \$100 and rather than take chances of having his engagement broken by his failure to comply with her request he decides to blackjack the tailor in an adjoining room only to find that his creditor's cash assets amounted to but 15 cents.

Mr. Drew, it is almost needless to say, is capital in the part of Jack Hanley, the model young man. Miss Phyllis Rankin is equally good as Nell, the girl to whom he is engaged.

Kate Elinore, whose self-given title of "commander-in-chief of the army of fun" still holds good, gave one of her characteristic sketches, attired in her characteristic and grotesque costumes. She is "aided and abetted," so the program quite properly puts it, by Sam Williams, and together they keep up a running fire of dialogue that is both original and bright.

Halligan and Sykes, a new team here, scored an instant hit in some clever conversational work and singing. They were recalled several times. Miss Grace Edmond, possessing an exquisite voice, sang songs of yesterday and today and earned enthusiastic applause and was brought back again and again, finally ending by reciting one of Kipling's selections. The Four Regals in a spectacular novelty entitled "The Armors," in which one of the four bends 14-inch bars of iron with his teeth, Adonis, an exponent of muscular development; Lawrence and Armstrong in singing and dancing specialties; Schreck and Percival, tumblers and dancers par excellence, and the Lavine-Cimaron trio, presenting "Imagination," a travesty upon physical culture, complete the bill.

July 31, 1912

A print-shop has but a mean, cold, meagre, petty appearance, after coming out of a fine collection of pictures. We want the size of life, the marble flesh, the rich tones of nature, the diviner expanded expression. Good prints are, no doubt, better than bad pictures; or prints, generally speaking, are better than pictures; for we have more prints of good pictures than of bad ones; yet they are for the most part but hints, loose memorandums, outlines in little of what the painter has done.

A Famous Cosmopolitan.

As the World Wags:

You were once good enough to make public a chance remark of mine—that Monna Lisa in an Italian stamp looks like an Italian; in a German print, she looks German, just plain German, like Dr. Bode's idea of Da Vinci. In a French half-tone something of the demi-monde hangs about her, a Gallic perversity tinged, the eyelids. And, best of all, in

an American print she looks for all the world like a Yankee schoolmarm. Virtue informs those half-shut eyes; the smile is changed to a simper.

None of the prints, by the way, look the least like the real smiling one—our Lady Lisa of the lazily cruel smile—the tender sneer.

What is it that makes the change? Does it lie in the retouching? That must be it. Imagine some German lithographer improving on Leonardo! Or is it that we animate beings somehow do influence inanimate things? Do we not see it in pianoforte playing?

De Pachmann sits at the board, and pearls drip from his fingers. Miss Euphemia Scroggins bangs the box, and vipers, horned toads and all unholy things writhe from her loathsome flippers.

Illustrative Coffee.

There was once a lady who wrote a pretty essay on "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things." May it not be that we unconsciously influence lifeless tools in their depravity. List, list, O list!

We had never been able to have decent coffee at our house. A long line of damsels made it in varying styles which all attained the same detestable result. At last in an interregnum, when the latest kitchen queen had gone to rain her curses somewhere else, we purchased one of those French contraptions for making coffee. You put your coffee into a sort of holy of holies in the middle. You put water in a kind of hinterland next the coffee. You sew everything down tight and put it over an alcohol lamp and let nature take its course. Presently steam gushes forth. The thing begins to drip. Quick, you turn it upside down and, hey, presto! your coffee is made, and excellent coffee it is, that sets you a-dreaming of Araby the Blest and of slim Javanese dancers.

Now, this process is absolutely mechanical. You add two and two and a four of admirable proportion results.

Pray observe, perpend. A kitchen mechanic was presently added unto us. The working of the coffee pot was explained to her. Next morning it appeared on the breakfast table. Duly it steamed, gushed, was turned over. A cup was poured out and eagerly tasted. Mon Dieu! It was the same old game;

the same old dismal, drab, bilgewater slop, smelling and tasting of Harlem flats, goats and tomato cans.

Now what do you know about that? What hellish curse did she mutter, what "devilish cantripstlight" did she perform as she added two and two?

SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

Dedham, July 27, 1912.

July 27, 1912

The Land of Perdita.
And where is Leonardo's picture this morning? Does Monna Lisa waste her smile for some thief who looks upon her merely as a thing convertible into gold? Does some madman smile back at her, worshipping her on his knees? Or is she the victim of governmental stupidity and carelessness, marred in the process of renovation? Perhaps she is in the wonderful land of lost things, of things that have disappeared, of men and women that we would gladly see. There are the missing plays of Euripides and Menander, the pages of Tacitus and Petronius. The court library of this country is the richest in the world. The Monna Lisa is the pride of the gallery—"our latest acquisition," said the curator to Helen of Troy, who heard rumors of this woman's beauty soon after Leonardo's death and had long been consumed with desire to look upon her likeness. Prester John, Vanderdecken, Baron Munchausen, Vivian, the three Kalandars and Scheherazade stood by when Helen first saw the painting. And Helen said to them, without any show of un ladylike vexations, that she thought the seductiveness of the smile had been greatly overrated.

Aesthetic Pyromaniacs.

There are destructive women in France, but they are not necessarily "suffragettes." The newspapers reported the case of the young woman who attempted to disfigure a picture in the Louvre because the coloring did not please her, and when called on to explain her vandalism she gave well-considered reasons as though she were a professor lecturing to a class. We now read in a foreign journal of Miss Georgette Vleillard, who is trying to improve the architecture of Chartres. She has been arrested three times for arson, and her defence is that she cannot resist the temptation of setting fire to an ugly building. We are not told whether she had studied at the Beaux Arts, or whether as an amateur she were incited to pyromania by reading the works of Viollet-le-Duc and Gustave Kahn's "L'Esthetique de la Rue." Nor are we assured as to the purity of her taste. So that we are not prepared to hail her as martyr in a cause. Who knows whether the aspiring fool that fired the Ephesian dome were really a mad egoist wishing his name to resound through the ages, or an aesthetic

who, not having read the *Illustrated* that Victor Hugo put into the mouth of Diana's temple as one speaking, found the architecture too florid, too Asiatic? Such estimates as Hierostratus and Mlle. Vieliard should not be wholly discouraged, although their methods may be condemned as too radical. Yet, what would Mlle. Vieliard not do were she to visit Boston?

POVERTY AND PRIDE.

A reporter of the *Matin* visited Henri Fabre, the distinguished student of insects, whose researches have won the respect of the greatest scientists; whose description of his investigations has put him high among stylists. The visitor was appalled at the destitution in which he found M. Fabre and wrote a pathetic account of it for the *Parisian Journal*. The *Matin* thereupon published the description with an appeal for help and also an article from the poet Mistral asking aid for this celebrated and honorable old man, apparently neglected.

And now M. Fabre has telegraphed to the *Matin* protesting against the article that represented him to the world as poverty-stricken, and declaring that he does not wish or need assistance. The reporter had spoken of M. Fabre's evident desire to conceal his poverty. Is it possible that both he and Mistral were deceived?

We read in fiction of elderly women who, wretchedly poor, are so proud that they prefer to starve rather than accept aid. There is a grim story in Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," and a shrewd observer of New England life when she was known as Miss Wilkins wrote a moving tale based on this motive. Alas, these instances are not only recorded in fiction; they are to be found in daily life and in many lands. It has been said that there is no poverty like unto that of women belonging to the class once characterized as genteel, before that word lost its real meaning; women who find themselves suddenly without an income that, sufficient to maintain them respectably, falls by reason of the rascality of a trustee or through the operations of railroad magnates. Pride rules their ways and these women suffer and make no sign. Pride has also kept men of science, inventors, authors, clergymen and others, from acknowledging their lack of means, their absolute penury.

The French are thrifty, especially in the country. Their wants are few and modest. Was the reporter surprised to find the house of M. Fabre maintained on so small a scale? Did he think a man of so great distinction should live in a freer manner? Or is M. Fabre spartan-like in his pride as in his way of living?

August 1, 1912

We would not for the world liken M. Henry Fabre to Mr. Harold Skimpole, for the former is beyond doubt and peradventure a most accomplished person, whose genius has long been recognized in the world of science, a man whose personal character has won respect and affection; yet, when he said at luncheon to a reporter of the *Matin*: "So long as I have, as at present, beautiful fruit, bread, my old cognac, and my pipe, I shall not think myself unhappy," we cannot help remembering Mr. Skimpole at breakfast: "Give me my peach, my cup of coffee, and my saret; I am content."

A Decent Limerick.

Who was the author of this limerick composed when the *Journal* of Marie Bashkirtseff and Mme. Sarah Grand's "Heavenly Twins" were subjects of daily conversation and embittering dispute?

There was a young girl called Amanda
Whose novels were thoroughly finished,
"Twice her Journal-Intime
That drove her papa to Uganda."

"Loafers of Speech."

There has again been discussion in London about slang terms for money. There is a long list of them in "Slang and Its Analogues," by Farmer and Henley. Some are very old. Mr. George R. Sims in his page of "Mustard and Cress," contributed to the *Referee*: "There are irreverent persons who call it 'Custard and Mess'—quotes these

terms from Shadwell's "Square of Alsatia"—his copy was published in 1688, cole (for coal), ready, rhino, and the magnificent word "rhinocerical," equivalent to flush, warm. But what is the origin of some of these slang terms. For instance: "Mopus," "bunt," "spondulica." The *Daily Chronicle* says that the last came into being with the issue of paper money in the United States; but we have our doubts. These Englishmen do not mention "Mazoomdar," which sounds as though it came from the Orient, just as "Simoleons" is distinctively Greek. Indeed, some have searched Liddell and Scott's dictionary for it in vain, hoping to find it as quoted from a *Philippic* of Demosthenes or as a sum refused by one of Plutarch's heroes tempted to betray his country. "Long green" is not baffling, but why "Insect powder"?

A little thief, brought before the late Montague Williams, and asked how he had spent the sum, replied: "Well, yer worship, I 'ad a pint o' mahogany, two doorsteps and a stinker, that was a steever; and then a London mystery, and a slice of spotted plain, and that's 'ow I spent the sprat." To which the magistrate answered: "I see. Seven days." The *Chronicle* tells this story and proposes a pleasant breakfast problem: How much did the boy spend altogether, and what was the price of each item?

Food for Thought.

In the pantry of Roger Williams's home "a corked bottle with a dark liquid" was found. "It will be analyzed." This shows the doubtful benefit of modern education. Fifty years ago the workmen would have drunk the contents without a question. "A dark liquid." Was it possibly rum and molasses?

When did the word "garden-party" first come into use in this country? The earliest use in English literature quoted by the *New Oxford Dictionary* is in Anthony Trollope's "Phineas Finn" (1869). While this form of party has long been known, it was at first characterized as a "fete champetre." Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave one at her cottage, which was "too small to live in and too big to hang on your watch-chain." Queen Victoria in 1868 invited guests to a "breakfast" in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and certain newspapers made much of a breakfast that began at 4 P. M.

The men and women who are bestowing an enlightened patronage on cats, deserted or pampered in the Back Bay, should note that a proposal has recently been made in Lucerne, Switzerland, for the introduction of a tax on cats, and the Swiss Society for the Protection of Birds and Birdlore is vigorously supporting the bill. "Each household will be obliged to register its cats at the police office, and each cat will have to wear a number attached round its neck." The owners will be obliged by this law to keep poor puss at home even on moonlight nights. We also read in foreign newspapers that Switzerland leads all European countries in divorces, with 43 for every 100,000 of the population in the year. And divorce is within the reach of the humblest Swiss for the average cost of the proceedings is not over \$10. When the strict rules against the reckless or undue use of automobiles in Switzerland is borne in mind, it must be acknowledged that Switzerland is a highly civilized country, without regard to its Alps; which Mr. Horace Walpole thought horrid and Hannibal crossed that he and his army might be painted by Turner.

Simple and Human.

Theatrical "novelties" come late to Boston, especially when they are worth seeing. Thus "Buntz," which ended its year in London on July 18 and has had a long and prosperous run in New York, is as yet unknown to the stay-at-homes in this city, except by hearsay. A London critic, assigning reasons for the popularity of this Scottish comedy, says that "Buntz" is simple and human, and reminds one of certain Sabbatical restrictions fast fading. "For example: one small boy had a passion for pretending that he was a dog. This was sternly forbidden on the seventh day; so he had to content himself with lying very staidly on the hearth rug and being a Sunday dog in his heart. So it is uncommonly pleasant to see Rab Biggar learning his catechism and being slapped for whistling."

"Steward!"

As the World Wags:

You published a paragraph not long ago about remedies—among them reciting poetry—against sea sickness. Can you tell me what become of Dr. Otto Schlick's gyroscopic apparatus for preventing the rolling of ships? I think it was in 1906 that this gyroscope was fitted to a German gunboat and tested in the estuary of the Elbe. When the gyroscopic wheel came into action the rolling at once stopped, and in still water the vessel was hove down by a crane to an inclination of 15 degrees from the vertical, and, released, the gyroscope then reduced the tilt to only half a degree in two oscillations. I know there are persons who do not appreciate or understand the gyroscope and its adaptation to means of locomotion, and class it vaguely with that interesting but ferocious animal gyscutus—but what has become of Schlick's invention?

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

New York, July 29.

August 2, 1912

That the seeds of aversion to particular things are deeply lodged in the very frame and constitution of some persons is evident beyond contradiction, though hard to be accounted for in a rational manner.

Sitophobia

Prof. George M. Niles of Atlanta says that persons who know they cannot eat this or that article of food, as garlic, cheese, brussels sprouts, without becoming sick, and feel that this repugnance is nature's warning, are victims of sitophobia and should undergo treatment. He argues that parents should "prevent children from falling into the idea that they thoroughly dislike articles of diet which they have probably never tasted." And he tells a pathetic story of a man who had disliked butter since he was a little child and made a nuisance of himself until some tactful physician proved to him that he ought to eat butter, that it would not harm him, that he would soon like it; and now this man has a passion for butter, print and tub, and no doubt in the winter time puts it into hot rum, especially if he has a tickling in the throat, or is a little low in his mind. There is also an agreeable fireside and veranda story told by Prof. Niles—one for all seasons—about the poor wretch in New Orleans who thought he couldn't eat garlic.

Certain Fussy Persons.

This sitophobia was known to deep thinking ancients as antipathy, such as existed between the salamander and the tortoise, the lamb and the wolf; and the statements that the sound of a drum made of a wolf's skin would crack a drum made of a sheep's skin and hens would run if they heard a harp strung with fox-gut strings were credited by certain writers or compilers of impressive fables. We read in *Henricus ab Heers* of a person of quality who would swoon when he saw an eel; "and what is more surprising"—no translation can do justice to the naïveté of the original—"whenever an eel pie was brought to table, though not opened, it put him into the same disorder." Then there was the unfortunate young man mentioned by Donatus, "a certain count's son," of whom it was related that his lips would swell on tasting an egg, and that he would foam at the mouth, and purple and black spots appear on his face; and the freshness of the egg was of no avail; nor did it matter whether it were hard or soft boiled, raw, poached, scrambled, and with or without toast. Schenkus, an honest chronicler, tells of a Norman peasant who fed only on eggs; he could not endure bread, flesh or fish; eggs kept him alive, upon which account he was commonly called the Weasel, and to show that sitophobia enters the palace and the cottage Schenkus also cites the case of the younger daughter of Frederick, King of Naples; if she did but put the least bit of flesh into her mouth, she immediately fell into a fit and would roll about the floor and shriek lamentably. The worthy Zacharias corroborates Schenkus in his story of the Flemish girl who was brought up to the age of 16 years or more without eating bread or any kind of food but milk, and what is more extraordinary, she could not endure even the smell of bread, which she could perceive, if it were put into her milk, at a considerable distance.

We also know that the smell of roses has been as disagreeable to some as the smell of cheese to others, and sometimes fatal, for the odor of roses occasioned the death of Laurentius, Bishop of Breslau, and Amatus Lusitanus, by no means an idle gossip, records the story of a noble Venetian who used to swoon at the smell or the sight of a rose, and was advised by his physicians to keep the house and not hazard his life in the time of roses. To others apples are as a cat in the room. There was a secretary of Francis the First who had such an antipathy to apples that when they were brought to the table he was obliged to stuff bread up his nostrils—not a pretty trick, and not one to be commended to the young; for the smell was so pernicious that if the apples were held near his face his nose would fall a-bleeding.

Look at the *Philosophical Transactions* (England) No. 29, and read about the noble lady in Ireland who shuddered at the sight of thought of honey. One of her legs was slightly hurt and the surgeon, without her knowing it, put a small quantity of honey in the application. The leg became inflamed and grew so bad that they sent for the surgeon again, "who, on his being acquainted with the lady's antipathy to honey, immediately removed that plaster and applied another with good success."

This is a little world, but one of great and surprising wonders. Happy villagers do not talk about sitophobia. They simply say "Old Jones is fussy about his food. Do you know, he can't eat liver?"

Fatal Pride

Much has been said of late concerning shocking crimes perpetrated in the country by persons of unsound mind, and we are told that in the country as in the city the law is held in little respect and there is dangerous sentimentalism in favor of men and women who should

be kept in confinement. This is doubt true, but it is also true that there are families, especially in the country, who do not wish to send an insane member to an asylum. They say that the son is "a little queer," or "moody," but their pride forbids them to make a public announcement of his insanity. They keep him at home, preferring to run any risk, careless of the neighbor's safety, nor does the neighbor complain, for he would follow the same course. Sometimes the afflicted one is kept in the house, and we know of instances where foolish or insane men have been chained in a farmhouse. A few years ago we saw one of these unfortunates looking out of a kitchen window and leering horribly at those passing on the highway. He had been thus chained for many years, for his parents did not wish to incur "disgrace" by sending him to an asylum. The treatment of the crazed is a curious chapter in anthropology; how in some countries they have been looked on as favored by the gods and in other lands scourged to rid them of devils. In some English provinces the mad lady of the village was one of the sights and the natives were proud of her when she would perform in the presence of a stranger. Then came the hideous abuses exposed by Charles Reade, which are still found wherever attendants are brutal by nature or through the indifference that comes from familiarity. Friends of a madman hearing of harsh treatment, say that he must be kept from such suffering, and one day when he is apparently most reasonable at home, he goes to a farm or a tenement house and does a deed of horror.

August 3, 1912

While England, including Sir Conan Doyle, is clamoring for greater activity and more thorough training in athletics, so that she can lead the world in Olympian games, the Danes, according to report, although they have something in common with the Swedes, are content to remain inglorious. Prof. Lyde of University College attributes Danish laziness to the development of dairy farming. Those employed in this calling live chiefly on milk and sandwiches, for they are unwilling to exert themselves to cut their food with a knife. And so the learned professor finds that this state of things "has produced a nation of housewives who excel all others in varieties of sandwiches which are bad for the teeth and can be munched all day long. The young men do not care for physical exercises, and prefer to knit stockings rather than dig. From one end of Denmark to the other you would not find a really thin man." These are bitter words, professor. Is it not possible that you exaggerate the pitiable condition? We have known Danes that were by no means fat and flabby, and were brave trencher men and two-handed drinkers.

Other Foreign News.

The Bey of Tunis abstains from all wines except champagne. He does not drink this from the wish to be ostentatious, but because he and other Mohammedans regard it as mineral water and therefore allowed by their religion. This reminds the *Daily Chronicle* of a Bey, who, visited by an English traveller late in the 18th century, would begin with bottled porter, then put down a whole bottle of rum, and end with many drinks of lavender water.

An anti-suicide campaign has been organized in St. Petersburg. One man, well along in years, is earning a little over a dollar a day by persuading people not to jump into the Neva.

The superintendent of a tea-room in London suspected a waitress of theft. "With his right foot he withdrew the girl's shoe from under her dress and found one shilling and seven and a half pence in coppers therein." Did Mr. Burns, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, M. Dupin or M. Lecocq ever perform a more subtly daring feat?

The Camorra trial is not the longest on record. A case about seigniorial rights in which there was dispute between the Comte de Nevers and the town of Donzy began in 1210 and was not finished till 1343.

At Heady, England, the landlady of a pub is accustomed to selling beer by the pound or half-pound.

There are three middle aged women who earn their living by blacking boots in Zurich. A "lady bookmaker" did a good business at the Sandown meetings in England. And a sandwichman at the corner of the Rue Caumartin in Paris is writing his memoirs during his luncheon hour.

Yet there are many who complain that foreign newspapers are dull!

Drawn from Life?

The *Herald* mentioned Mr. Harold Skimpole a day or two ago. How many know that the youngest daughter of Leigh Hunt is still living, sick and poor, at the age of 84? Her husband, Charles Smith Cheltenham, a journalist, died a few weeks ago. It has often been said that Dickens drew Skimpole's portrait with Hunt as the sitter; as Dickens's parents suggested Mrs. Nickleby and both Micawber and Dorrit, the prisoner for debt; as Landor is caricatured as Boythorn, but not unkindly; and we know that the child-wife and Flora Finching were drawn from the woman who rejected the novelist when he was not famous, as Mrs. Georgiana Ha-

by the original of Little Dorrit, who Mr. Ann Cooper, called that Dickens always called his Little Dorrit and promised to write about her under that name.

Mr. Skimpole, it will be remembered, was proud of his daughters and introduced them to Mrs. Emerson and Miss Clare in the following manner: "This is my Beauty daughter, Arctura—plays and sings odds and ends like her father. This is my Sentiment daughter, Laura—plays a little but don't sing. This is my Comedy daughter, Kitty—sings a little but don't play. We all draw a little, and compose a little, and none of us have any idea of time or money."

It is to be hoped that Dickens, drawing the father, spared Hunt's daughters. Hunt was much more of a man than Skimpole, and more than once as a journalist proved his courage in the defence of liberty. Is it not probable that Dickens made composite photographs of his characters from various sources and added fanciful touches of his own? Hugh Hunt may have talked as lightly as Skimpole and he was often peculiarly embarrassed, but he would not have acted as villainously as Skimpole at the end, nor is it necessary to recognize Arctura, Laura, or Kitty in Mrs. Cheltenham, for whom aid is now asked.

In the Silly Season.

We are all now well advanced in the silly season, although the Sea Serpent is swimming far beneath the surface and no wild man has of late been seen emerging from a cave in Connecticut or a dense forest near Stratton, Me. But in Italy Sig. Onorato Roux maintains that the majority of famous Italians are sprung from humble parentage, and the headline of his article, translated, reads "Brilliant Sons of Obscure Fathers," which reminds us of the series dear to Sunday newspapers, "Weak Aints of Famous Athletes," "Pious Sires of Rising Young Burglars," "Whiskers Through the Centuries" (Illustrated). In England they are debating whether a man should eat five, three or one meal a day. Dr. Sager advocates one meal. William Banting, who, like Gerry, Boycott, Harvey, Bright, Bessemer and many others, have lent their names for the coinage of nouns and verbs in English, maintained that fat persons who wished to grow thin should eat five. "I take the most agreeable and savory viands, meat and game pies, that my cook can concoct, with the best possible gravies, jellies, etc., and drink sherry, claret, brandy, gin and whiskey. I endeavor, however, to abstain as much as possible from bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer and potatoes." Doing this, Banting lost 46 pounds in 12 months. Much can be done in one meal. Some years ago we chanted the praise of Dr. Fordyce, who ate only one meal a day for 20 years. At 4 o'clock, which in the latter part of the 18th century was the fashionable hour, he dined at a chop-house on a pound and a half of rump steak, with bread, potatoes and a quart tankard of strong ale. While the steak was broiling he beguiled the time with half a capon or a dish of fish and a few glasses of brandy. After the steak he drank a bottle of port, and then was ready to give a lecture on chemistry to his class.

August 4-1912

Although our friend Ferguson has no intention of writing a play, and could not do it if he had the desire, he was strongly tempted, after reading a circular headed "Institute of the Drama," to gird up his loins and try his hand at the tragical, comical, serio-comical, purely pastoral, historical, "problem," in short, any sort of play. The remark that "the majority of young dramatists waste 15 to 20 years fumbling about in the dark trying to master the rules of the game" did not serve as a reminder or a spur, for he had never attempted to write even a monologue, but as a lover of literature he was pleased with the sentence that followed: "Can you afford this useless delay when Opportunity is holding out the torch of Science eager to light the way to the technic of the art?"

This led the way to light him to his prey.

Only One Man Can Do This
In this instance the torchbearer is "the one man in America qualified to perform this service." He tells us all what he can do. He has read and revised thousands of manuscripts and "blazed the trail for many a struggling author." If you or Ferguson will only send him a play, it will be "dissected by this great technician, its larger purpose accurately defined, and a plan of revision fixed upon, and executed under his personal direction." Let us hear him to the end. He will show you how to make the most out of the culminating moment—How to concentrate upon the cardinal essentials of plot—how to begin and end the acts to the most effective operation of the psychic law of illusion—how to classify and divide your raw materials into dramatic units or scenes—how to group these scenes in proper sequence—how to convert a stagey artifice into convincing situation, and how to paint your thoughts with graphic dialogue, making every moment scintillate with dramatic in-

the thought "Let there is one person in the country, we sent his circular to publisher of plays and received from him this sour marginal comment. "Why does not this marvellous man himself write the masterpiece that he is able to nurse to such perfection? What philanthropy! What wonderful self-abnegation!"

But, halt! This Institute will collaborate only with "advanced authors whose plays contain the elements of marketable success." This bars out Mr. Ferguson, and the following sentence is not for him: "If our experts render this verdict on your play we are willing to take a chance on production and defer settlement, for the most part, till your royalties are received."

A Pleasant Summer
The reason that hundreds who have the ability to become great playwrights fail, and others, "just ordinary writers, work their way to fame and fortune" is all "a matter of knowing, feeling and applying the principles of play construction."

These principles will be taught to Ferguson or another in one of two ways: either by mail, and the corresponding playwright will pay the ridiculously small sum of \$250 for the course; or by attending the Institute this summer, and this will cost the trifling sum of \$250 a week. The Institute is not conducted on graspingly commercial lines. "We take your note for the bulk of this amount, in either instance, payable upon production," and all you are obliged to pay in advance is \$100.

The town where this Institute is seated is near rivers and rolling foothills of justly celebrated mountains. We do not name the town, for only a limited number can be accommodated there on the personal plan, and we purpose to make up a little party which will include Messrs. Belasco, Kleyn, Mackaye, Thomas and Walter—we name them in alphabetical order that there may be no hard feeling over the question of priority. And what a delightful sojourn is promised! "All the elements of an ideal vacation are here: invigorating air, inspiring scenery, canoeing, vaudeville, out-door sports, wholesome food, communion with nature and an intellectual feast." And your play is tinkered while you wait.

But there is a preliminary step, the submitting the play; and this may deter the naturally prudent. The examination fee is \$10. "Paste the enclosed shipping tag on your package. Do not roll manuscript! Wrap flat!"

The London Cabaret Theatres
Mr. Titterton recommends the Cabaret Theatre Club in London as an agreeable sedative for persons unable to stand the excitement of the music hall. "But such persons must come at 9 and leave at 11:30; after that the tempo quickens, the singing gets more reckless and the audience more gay; something of the true spirit of the cabaret seizes it by the starched shirt-front and a straggly chorus begins to hop and wobble about the cave." It appears that the stage is too isolated from the audience. And as the room is large enough to hold about 200, there should be two stages, the chief one in the centre with the tables grouped round it. The first part of the evening is dull, chiefly because the audience is so horribly well behaved. "It sits in evening dress as though tasting waters of a sulphur spring at a fashionable spa. There is no atmosphere. "Almost all the performers at a Cabaret should be devils—wild or malicious—with one or two such delicate, macking angels as the charming lady from Copenhagen for a foil. A cabaret performance must be shocking, if only in the sense in which an electric current is so. I missed that wicked, deliberate chanting of mockeries which is of the essence of the cabaret." And lastly the performance is too little English.

Meanwhile Mr. Filson Young writes: "If the Cabaret theatre is to take a real place in the lighter life of London I think its committee will have to reconsider some of their views. "This statement made by a member at the gathering last Tuesday night suggested a tinge of snobbishness that would prove quite fatal to such an enterprise. He spoke of 'only members of first-rate London clubs' being admitted to membership of the Cabaret Club. Such a test would have excluded five-sixths of the people who were in the room at the time; but even if we take the advisory committee's modest estimate of what constitutes a 'first-rate' club, what on earth has that to do with a cabaret? If they want it to be smart and to 'catch on' they will find that Ragswater and Kensington are no lures to Mayfair. And why demand guarantees of respectability from people who are merely asked to sit up till 3 in the morning watching dances and listening to songs?"

"It is an old failing of ours, this idea that an artistic affair can be worked socially. It can't. There is only one way to success, and that is to make the cabaret a good cabaret. And while they are about it, the committee might eliminate that other piece of snobbishness which presents almost everything in a foreign language. That is a very amateurish notion. First or second rate French songs won't make an English cabaret a success; but clever English songs might."

"There is much courage and enterprise behind this little movement, and my advice is offered in a friendly spirit."

even to a cabaret, why on earth cannot we be like ourselves instead of trying to be like other people?"

Old Players To the Editor of The Herald:

The Wallacks were Imitators notable as members of a theatrical family during at least 50 years of the past century, and yet they are now well nigh forgotten. James W. Wallack was a popular star in this country before he established Wallack's Theatre in New York, which was a model of all that was good in acting. In London he was called an imitator of the great John Phillip Kemble, and if this were true he had an excellent teacher. He was, however, original enough to suit the playgoers of these United States who had no opportunities for seeing the leader of the Kemble family. His brother Charles appeared here with his daughter Fanny at the old Tremont Theatre, but "Black Jack" never deigned to visit our shores, probably because he was sufficiently prosperous abroad. Mrs. Scott-Siddons came to Boston within the remembrance of playgoers who were comparatively young in the early 70s, but she was no more like her great grandmother, Sarah Siddons, than Hamlet was to Hercules. I met on one occasion her husband, Capt. Scott, and he informed me confidentially that he bore a strong resemblance to the then Prince of Wales. Mrs. Scott-Siddons was considered a beauty, but I overheard a woman exclaim at the Globe Theatre: "Oh, I don't call her handsome. Her nose is too long."

Regarding the question of imitation, all actors copy their predecessors, more or less. The elder Booth was never a favorite in London after his early appearances there, because his method was so like that of Edmund Kean, but in America he was regarded as a great dramatic genius, as he surely was in certain tragic characters. Those who followed him closely during his erratic career were of the opinion that Edwin Booth was only his father's shadow. Critics, like doctors, will disagree. But to return to our Wallacks.

A Versatile and Finished Actor
I saw the elder James Wallack at the old National Theatre

when I was a youth, and I was much impressed with his portrayal of Martin Heywood in Douglas Jerrold's play, "The Rent Day." I thought it an entirely natural and pathetic performance in its way. There was another James W. Wallack, who was called "Junior," I never knew why, for he was not the son of his namesake, only his nephew. Henry Wallack was the younger man's father. James W. Wallack, Jr., was also an actor of mark. His most striking characterization was Fagin in "Oliver Twist." Nothing more blood-curdling could be conceived than his scene in the cell where the miserable old wretch of a thief-trainer awaits his doom. Mr. Wallack was also excellent in more legitimate parts. His Richelleu, which I saw at the Boston Museum in the early fifties, was a highly creditable effort, and he was grand in this title part in "The King of the Commons." He was likewise fine as Werner in Lord Byron's tragedy of the same name. He had a manly, musical voice, and his reading of blank verse, now almost a lost art on the stage, was admirable.

The Superb Lester
Lester Wallack was his first cousin. The histrionic beginning of this last

Lester named player was not promising. He had been an officer in the British army before he concluded to adopt the stage for a profession. I have heard very old New Yorkers say he was no actor at all, but this was a prejudice formed because he did not step at once into the prominence which his father held so long. J. Lester, as he was first styled on the playbills, was, however, always a studied actor, artificial and self-conscious, many believed, but as a light comedian he had few equals in his time. His Capt. Absolute and his young Marlowe were in the true vein of the old English comedies, and his Elliot Grey in "Rosedale," a drama which he adapted himself from the once popular novel, "Lady Leigh's Widowhood," was a finished interpretation in a more modern way. The women liked it, and the men that did not were jealous, some averred, because they could not strike graceful attitudes themselves. I once interviewed the elegant Lester at a prominent hotel in this city. When I arrived by appointment at his suite he had not quite finished dressing, but his valet, who wore his hair in Byronic curls like his master, admitted me to the sitting room. Presently, with a great deal of manner, the superb Lester, in immaculate morning costume, appeared, and going to a table immediately helped himself to a hard cracker, a glass of sherry and a cigar. Then he gave me an appreciation of himself as an actor, and it may be said that he did not hide his light under a bushel. I do not think he had a natural moment during the whole interview, which was ended when a visiting card was brought in. It bore the name of a man well known in the fashionable clubs as the receiver informed me, and I departed wondering if the magnificent poseur would unbend before the new caller.

Famous Henry Wallack, his son, was a man of less ornate bearing. He

Wallacks was, indeed, inclined to be self-deprecating. I once heard him recite the whole of the tragedy of "Hamlet" from memory. This was at the old Melbaon, between 60 and 60 years ago, long before any one else in this vicinity had attempted to interpret Shakespeare from the lecture platform without a book. Henry Wallack was stage manager for Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow during a short, but brilliant, comedy season she gave at the Howard Athenaeum, with a company of players of national reputation. He was no mediocre performer himself—even then, when he was no longer young, and enacted elderly characters with artistic smoothness. He played Falstaff with some success, though no one within my remembrance was the equal of the elder Hackett as the Fat Knight.

Of Fanny Wallack, the daughter of Henry, my recollection is rather dim. I saw her in John Howard Payne's play, "Clari," at the old National Theatre, where she also attempted to portray the title part in "Don Caesar de Bazan." She was accounted a good Juliet, and she even acted Romeo fairly well, though, of course, she did not approach Charlotte Cushman as the lovesick boy of Verona. JOHN W. RYAN.
Dorchester, July 29, 1912.

Theatre News from London
Mme. Lydia Yavorska produced John Pollock's new one-act play, "Mademoiselle Diana," at the King's Hall, London, July 14. It is described as "stagey and commonplace."

A circus rider takes to drinking brandy because her lover, an English lord, abandoned her. Four years afterward she confides the story of her love to her dresser just before the noble lord happens to come behind the circus scenes. This "does not carry much conviction and we expect her after a painful scene to go into the ring to ride wonderfully, to take a fall at a jump, and be carried in to die slowly on a last kiss from her lover's lips."

A ballet, "La Fille mal gardee," was performed for the first time in England at the Palace Theatre July 15. Miss Pavlova took the part of the vivacious daughter of a farmer's widow, "much given to frate gesticulation and evidently a believer in the wisdom of Solomon (chapter on the management of vivacious daughters). Pavlova loves a poor young peasant in preference to the son of a rich neighbor. "The romance takes its 50-minute course among cornsheaves, farmyards, harvest dancers and domestic poultry—these very vocal—and in the end the peasant, to escape the mother, conceals himself in a loft. There also, presently, the mother, unaware of the immediate tenant, locks in her idle daughter, and the natural and necessary consequence is the withdrawal of the rich suitor's claim and the happy ending proper to ballet divertissements." The music by Gerthel is "frankly pedestrian." This ballet has "charm of movement and color," but none of "the charm of poetry and imagination in the interpretation of which Pavlova is supreme."

Sir John Vanbrugh's "The Confedracy," with necessary cuts to suit the ears of the polite, was performed last month by "The Theatre in Eyre," at the town house of "Mr. Waldorf Astor, M. P."

George Edgard has written the life of Martin Harvey (London: Grant Richards). We are informed that Mr. Harvey traces his descent from "an ancient Breton family, which settled in East Anglia at the time of the conquest," but no beastly family pride was allowed to stand in the way of his career. We are also told that Mr. Harvey was the first Pelleas that M. Maeterlinck saw on the stage. Mr. Harvey tells the story himself; how the dramatist told Mrs. Harvey that "when he saw my Pelleas tears came to his eyes." That there might be no misunderstanding, Mr. Harvey adds: "To him I was Pelleas." And does not M. Maeterlinck in "a forward" to the biography write of this Pelleas: "It was the unlooked-for, but unmistakable soul of my dream, emerging suddenly from the most distant horizons of my thought, from the horizons most inaccessible to myself. There could be no doubt—although at first my eyes did not believe it—that the Pelleas of Harvey was incomparably more Pelleas than the Pelleas of my dreams." To which the Referee adds: "In plain words Martin Harvey's Pelleas is the Best. It is Worth More than a Guinea a Box." And now cannot Mr. Russell engage Mr. Harvey for a few performances of the play with Mme. George Leblanc-Maeterlinck as the Melisande? She might be persuaded to revisit us. Or is there to be no Pelleas and Melisande next season, at the Boston Opera House?

A one-act play, "Edge of Dark," by Gwen John, a native of Derbyshire, living near Sheffield, performed in London July 18, was called remarkable. It "might create a riot, such as Syngé's 'Playboy' did." Miss John writes of Derbyshire miners with great frankness and creates a brutal atmosphere. The husband gives the heroine to another man, who is killed by her lover. "But what would have been supreme to the girl—the jealous act of passion on

the part of a liver is in reality only the half-hearted accident of a Dick Gurdyl" (The reference is to a character in the "Tragedy of Nan.") "The liver loves her no more than her husband, and the girl, in scorn and despair, goes out to die, leaving the men to manage things as best they may with the police."

Miss Decima Moore, who was in Boston a good many years ago in a visiting English musical comedy, has been travelling in the wilds of Africa, shooting hippopotami and crocodiles, and observing the customs of the natives. She has returned to London to appear in "John Gladye's Honor," as Muriel, the part which her sister Eva made famous with Sir George Alexander at the St. James Theatre. Miss Moore says that although the part is a little bit against the audience, she finds it a sympathetic one. "She lies to save her lover from being killed, and I think she is quite right. It is man's boast that he never gives a woman away. Why should woman give a man away, especially at the risk of his life?" She also spoke entertainingly about the natives and the zebras, hartebeests, emus, giraffes, and herds of gorillas she saw.

"Hamlet," as played in the Yiddish Theatre at the Mile End Empire, is "modernized Hebraically," so to speak, the Prince being the son of a Rabbi who was poisoned by his brother, and he also married the Rabbi's wife, "Blimeley." played there, is a 17th century mixture of murder, merriment and music. "There were fetherings, stab-bings, shootings, stranglings, and a strong infusion of the wildest madness of the Tom o' Bedlam kind. All this was served up with songs, dances, choruses, etc., quite in the Gaity vein. The finale was a curious pasticcio. The leading tragedian having just delighted kind friends in front by extracting considerable "gelt" from enemies of the chosen, came in raving, vanquished some more enemies, foamed at the mouth, and died in agony! Whereupon the rest of the dramatic personae broke into joyous Jewish song and dance, and so ended 'Blimeley.'" The acting is said to be clever and spirited. Mr. Kessler, the leading man, is highly praised.

The Moffats

A new play, "A Scrape of the Pen," by Graham Moffat, author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," will be produced at the Comedy Theatre on Sept. 4. It was originally played in Glasgow at the Athenaeum Hall, but it has never been seen on a regular stage, and has been somewhat altered. There is more drama than in "Bunty," and just as much comedy. "More story and more pathos," said Mrs. Moffat to a London reporter. It's a story of farm life with real types of Scottish character. The two chief parts, played by Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, are an old couple, always bickering, yet fond of each other. The man is about 80, the woman about 70. The action takes place on Dec. 31, 1874, and Jan. 1, 1875, the bustle period. The title of the play refers to documents. "There are certain marriage papers—an irregular marriage—and the old woman says to her husband, 'You men folk think far too much of bits of paper and scrapes of the pen.' That is where the title comes in. Her point is that it is the real facts that matter." The Moffats will send a company to America to play this piece, which will be given in Montreal on Sept. 18, and then go to New York for the entire run.

Rostand's

Rostand's new play deals with our old familiar rake—"Don Juan." It is nearly completed and said to be very fine. M. Le Bargy will create the part. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "It is declared by some that 'Chantecler's' great success in America (!) has indisposed its talented author to take up his pen again, a pen that works, it would seem, with great reluctance, or, at least, that gives its fruits to publication only after a long reflection. In any case one may hope that 'Don Juan' will be one of the great attractions of this winter season. "It will be produced in due course at the Porte St. Martin, which will become the most important theatre in Paris this year, by reason of the brilliance of the company engaged—a star cast to play pieces by Bataille, Paul Bourget and Pierre Wolf.

"A summer topic for discussion is the age of artists—evidently very difficult and delicate. But I observe a tendency to adopt the English point of view, and give to youth its proper prominence in sentimental plays.

"The Romances have grown desperately old in Paris, and this very circumstance has reacted upon the plays themselves. "Our interest is constantly enlisted in the love affairs of fifty, and authors write for the maturity of their leading men and women.

"The English way of letting sweet and inexperienced seventeen give expression to its sentiments on the stage provides a far prettier illusion than all the art of finished actors. And there is a distinct revolt against this attempt to feist stage tricks and talent upon us at the expense of spontaneity and juvenile freshness.

his sister in the case on the bill. Obviously, twenty had no chance to make a name, and so the chance goes to forty and fifty. Place aux jeunes should be the way."

It is rumored that M. Gallpau, who recently made a sudden exit from London, will enter the Comedie Francaise. "Strange things have happened. Gallpau has a large and supple talent, and would bring a breath of unconventional and natural humor into that official atmosphere."

Louis Parker's "Drake"

His Majesty's Theatre, London, will open in the fall with Louis Parker's "Drake." The hero will be played by Lyn Harding and Queen Elizabeth by Miss Neilson-Terry. Much is said already about the sumptuous pageant, which leads the Pall Mall Gazette to remark: "There is much to be said for magnificence of mounting, and much, too (too much perhaps), has been said; but it is not by mere magnificence that the theatre will regain its ancient prestige. The life of drama lies in language, and the right utterance of language. When 'Nice Valour' or 'The Passionate Madman' was revived, Fletcher, its author, was asked to write a prologue for the occasion. He did so, and what he said is much to the point: 'It's grown in fashion of late in these days To come and beg a surffiance to our Plays; Faith, Gentlemen, our Poet ever writ Language so good, mixt with such sprightly wit, He made the Theatre so Sovereign With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein.'"

There you have it. And now more than ever is language so good, mixed with such sprightly wit becoming imperative and essential since town-pageants and kinemacolor shows tickle the eye more effectively than the theatre manager can ever hope to do within his limits of time and space. No language is so thing; language finely written and finely spoken. Mr. W. B. Yeats puts the matter in a nutshell when he says: "The theatre began in ritual and it cannot come to its greatness again without recalling words to their ancient sovereignty. That, however, does not prevent us wishing Sir Herbert Tree a big success with his venture, which is certain to delight thousands, though we cannot repress the private wish that his author had been a master of language rather than the master of pageants."

Charles Frohman, having announced in London a triple bill with Messrs. Barrie, Pinero and Shaw as authors, is now asked to commission Sir Arthur Pinero to write him a play with three parts only and for three men, the parts to be taken by Messrs. Wyndham, Tree and Alexander.

Little Music

Among the 22 unfamiliar orchestral pieces to be produced at the Promenade concerts, London, this month, 10 are by British composers. Norman O'Neill will be represented by an arrangement of three harpsichord pieces by J. H. Flococo, who was a Court conductor at Brussels in the 18th century. Little is known about J. H. Foulds in London. Sir Henry Wood will introduce a group of "Music Pictures." Other composers are Alfred Hale, with an Elegy for organ, strings and kettle drums; Frank Bridge, the four-movement suite, "The Sea"; B. J. Dale, piece for organ and orchestra; Roger Quilter, suite from music to "Where the Rainbow Ends"; Coleridge-Taylor, violin concerto; Edgar Bainton, "Celtic Sketches"; Julius Harrison, Variations on "Down Among the Dead Men"; Algernon Ashton, Three English Dances. Other works to be played are a symphony by Weingartner, pieces by Arnold Schonberg, Enesco's Second Roumanian rhapsody, Percy Grainger's "Mock Morris" and "Molly on the Shore," Strauss's "Macbeth," Goldmark's "Im Fruelings" overture, pieces by Bossi, Sinigaglia, Glazounoff and Paul Juon. There will be Wagner nights on Mondays and Beethoven nights on Fridays.

An Indian pianist, Mme. Kheria Klunk, gave a concert in London July 12 to raise money for further study and then showed a talent worthy of cultivation. "An interesting speculation arises as to the extent of the appeal of European music to the Oriental ear. Doubtless it is but a question of training and getting accustomed to a so widely different musical system and mode of emotional expression. Curiously enough, Mme. Klunk's weakest point seemed to be rhythm, the one thing one might have expected to be the reverse."

Stephen Phillip's "The King"

Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, "The King," has been published in London by S. Swift & Co. The Pall Mall Gazette published the following interview: The Elizabethan dramatists, or at least some of the lesser men, were preoccupied with stories of cruelty, of lust, of horror. In some of our Renaissance plays incest gives the added terror of religious and traditional awe to circumstances already sufficiently horrible. Since the Elizabethans there has been no great play dealing with incest save "The Cenci," and in Shelley's sunless drama the horror is really that of cruelty, insensate and morbid, not specifically of incest, which, for the poet of "Laon and Cythna," could have no value as a theme. We are sorry Mr. Phillips has, in this play "after the Greek," gone to incest as a means of

the love between Don Carlos and his half-sister both ignorant of their kinship—falls in its attempt at dignity and sublime horror. Partly, this is because Mr. Phillips does not succeed in vitalizing his characters—only the old king ever speaks with any show of personal vigor and fire; he alone displays any individuality; and the play falls because we of today, untouched by the hideous legends of Greek fate, legends that prevent the "Edipus Tyrannus" from being the world's greatest drama, feel nothing but a numbed pity at the trap these two poor creatures have wandered into. Two caged birds, slain suddenly by some brutal hand, are no theme for tragedy.

Mr. Phillips's verse has all his old fluency and a great deal of his old charm, but we miss the sincere and more rugged qualities that he achieved in the "New Inferno"; and we are struck yet again with the strangely undramatic character of his line. Mr. Phillips is, in truth, in spite of his preference for rather savage themes, the least real of our poets. His people are like painted figures on some great tapestry; the colors are bright, and the wind blows the tapestry at times, and the figures make slow, irresolute movements; but there is no blood in them, no joy of life. When we have read "The King" we feel that we have sat in an old room, with familiar furniture and well-known paintings, and from somewhere have come, vaguely and as in a dream, murmurs of forgotten days when men and women were really stirred to action.

Here and There Prof. Angelo Mosso of Turin has made a special study of stage fright for the purpose of combating it, says a Rome correspondent. He has examined actors and public speakers, and he finds but few whose temperature does not go up as the time approaches for appearing before the audience. The pulses of young people who are just being "broken in" often rise to 98, 100, 116 and 136 beats to the minute. On the other hand, people who get very heated during a performance or speech are often perfectly calm both before and after.

Here is a true and hitherto unpublished story which connects three great names—Beethoven, Cherubini and Briliat-Savarin—two musicians and a food-loving and literary judge. In 1824 a young violinist who had known Beethoven in Vienna went to Paris to complete his studies at the Conservatoire, of which Cherubini was the head. He called on the chief at his appartement, but Cherubini, who had not the best of tempers, was short, cross and very distant. "Why do you call on me here?" he asked. "Come to me at the Conservatoire!" The student, bowing politely, produced a letter. It was one of introduction from Beethoven recommending the young man highly as being of great promise. Cherubini changed instantly. He had the greatest veneration for the master, who had highly praised his opera, "Les Deux Journees" ("The Water Carrier"). Santley has sung it in London, and affably asked the student to dinner that same night. The youth put on his best frock coat and returned to the chief's house at night. Mistaking the floor of the appartement, he was ushered into a room where a genial host was listening to a string quartet. It was Briliat-Savarin, who lived a floor above Cherubini, and besides being fond of good food also loved good music. Finding the stranger was a violinist, he promptly made him one of his band, and they became intimate friends, for the judge-cook kept a standing quartet, which met at his flat weekly and played all the newest chamber music.—Frank Schloesser in the Pall Mall Gazette.

EX-OFFICIO

The inquiry into the personal habits and tastes of kings, emperors and all in authority gives great pleasure to thousands. Suetonius gossiped about the diet of Augustus, and only the other day we were informed that the Emperor Francis Joseph is passionately addicted to all sorts of sausage with cider; that smoked salmon and barley soup are put daily on the King of Sweden's table; that Italy's King is fond of "fritti"; and the Emperor William never wearies of veal cutlets prepared according to his own receipt. And now it is said that M. Fallieres smokes a pipe in the Elysee and the question is asked in Paris whether the President of the French republic should smoke at all. Thiers, Grevy, Carnot, Casimir-Perrier did not smoke, and Macmahon abandoned the practice after he went into office. Felix Faure was a great smoker of cigars, but his ending was tragic. In the discussion that is at present raging nothing is said about the precise nature of M. Fallieres's pipe or whether he smokes French tobacco from purely patriotic reasons, but to the injury of his nerves. No French patriot could undergo a more heroic test.

Thiers urged his associates in the government to abstain from tobacco

on the ground that it dulled the mind; but he was physically small and owl-like. Other eminent Frenchmen, however, have thought as he. Balzac, for instance, raged against the weed, and Victor Hugo could not abide it. When a grand luncheon was given to Hugo by six hundred of his "sons" in honor of the revival of "Hernani," he was exceedingly vexed because cigarettes were lighted and he exclaimed to Monselet: "You, too, my friend; and after such a luncheon! You have stolen your reputation; you do not deserve to be called the modern Apicius." But Balzac ruled only in literature, and Hugo was only a peer of France.

In the East and among the North American Indians smoking was thought to bring with it wisdom in council. Even though this be a fallacy, why should not a ruler be allowed to remain a man though his dwelling be a palace. Have not clay pipes been smoked in the White House, and was there not once talk about the women of one presidential family smoking clays in true democratic spirit? Edward VII. was punctilious in maintaining royal dignity, yet his palace was full of the finest cigars and he had a discriminating taste. There was a monarch whose dislike of tobacco was akin to the theological fury in contemporaneous disputation. Hugo in "Les Chatiments" did not rise to the height of invective attained by King James in his "Counterblast to Tobacco," but would not that ruler have left a more illustrious name in history as wise and beneficent, had he considered his own ways and the welfare of his people through a thick cloud of smoke?

August 5, 1912

The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stooped for me; I tucked my trouser-ends in my boots, and went and had a good time. (You should have been with us that day round the chowder-kettle.)

"Mudgeon" in Hyannis.

As the World Wags: On my return from crabbing in the creek, they told me at Eldridge's store that you had telephoned to me and I saw in The Herald next day that one of your gifted correspondents had honored me by wishing to know whether I prefer "luncheon" to "lunch." I eat either with thankfulness and good digestion, but only between the hours of 12 (noon) and 2 P. M. "Lunch" late in the afternoon or at night should be eaten by "gents" who wear "pants."

And I hereby acknowledge the receipt of two letters which you have forwarded to me. As the World Wags: Your turn—or return—to "luncheon" in this morning's Herald reminds me of a vain search I once made for a kindred word used by an elderly friend at Hyannis. The food packed for use on a day's fishing or hunting he called "mudgeon."

WM. M. WARREN. Boston University, July 29. Inasmuch as Hyannis is near Clamport this letter interests me greatly. I have consulted local etymologists and philologists, but they shook their heads. I remember that there is a Scottish word "mudgeons," but it means facial signs significant of discontent or disapproval.

A Voice from Ohio.

The other letter is as follows: As the World Wags: In Monday's Herald you discussed "lunch" and "luncheon." With your permission I shall continue "luncheon," about which I find the following tucked away in my note book: "Luncheon" used to be 'nuncheon.' The first syllable was evidently 'noon,' which means ninth, the ninth hour, or 3 o'clock in the afternoon—the real 'high noon,' newspaper accounts of mid-day weddings to the contrary notwithstanding. The latter part of the word has to do with the leg-bone. 'Cheon' is 'shank.' The tapster of the early day used to thrust the long, hollow shank bone of a sheep into his cask of liquor. Then he would clap his thumb on the top of it to hold in the drink by keeping the air out—a trick that all boys know—until the lower end was over the customer's cup, when he took his thumb off. Shakespeare calls one of his serving men a 'skinker.' So 'nuncheon' is the noon drink, or the time allowed at mid-day to workmen to go and get their beer. Some of them wanted a bite to eat with it and had a little lump of bread, a lumpkin. The two words, 'lumpkin' and 'nuncheon' formed a partnership which has not been dissolved, and is not likely soon to be."

FRANCIS F. HERR. Youngstown, O., July 29, 1912.

"Lunch" Again.

I suspect some one of giving false information to Mr. Herr; that is, informa-

August 7, 1912

The Coburn players presented "Macbeth" last evening in the Sever quadrangle at Harvard University. The cast:

Duncan.....	Roydon Erylne
Malcolm.....	George Gaul
Donalbain.....	Miss Eleanor Flowers
Macbeth.....	Mr. Coburn
Banquo.....	George Currie
Macduff.....	Frank Peters
Lennox.....	Harold Christie
Ross.....	Henry Buckler
Angus.....	Frank Harrington
Menteth.....	Bernard Graves
Fleance.....	Miss Carolina Baker
Siward.....	J. Weinberg
Seyton.....	Erskine Sanford
A doctor.....	George Currie
A soldier.....	Charles Howson
A porter.....	Roydon Erylne
Three witches.....	Messrs. Buckler, Howson and Sanford
Lady Macbeth.....	Mrs. Coburn
Gentlewoman.....	Miss Dorothy Turner

Wed. Matinee Aug. 7.
"As You Like It."
Wed. Eve.
"Twelfth Night."

August 11, 1912
Members of Bergerat.

By PHILIP HALE.

THE second volume of Emile Bergerat's memoirs was published recently in Paris, and the sub-title of his "Souvenirs d'un Enfant de Paris" is "La Phase Critique de la Critique (1872-1880)." Bergerat, who is now 67 years old, married a daughter of Theophile Gautier. He has written volumes of poetry, and "Les Cuirassiers de Reichshoffen" will long be remembered in France. He is the author of many plays—about 20 of them have been published in book form—and when they failed on the stage he wrote entertainingly about their lack of success. Half a dozen novels and two volumes of short stories are signed by him. He is best known, however, by his newspaper articles, especially those in *Figaro* which were signed "Caliban," and although many of them were on passing and local topics, the gusto with which he wrote, his wit, now Rabelaisian, now delightfully malicious, the brave honesty of the man, his generous impulses, his fantastic use of learning that is never pedantically displayed, have preserved the volumes "Vie et Aventures de Caliban," "Le Livre de Caliban," "Figarisms de Caliban" and "Le Rire de Caliban," from the fate of so many essays that, applauded for a day, died with the issue of the journal that gave each one birth.

There was a time when Bergerat dreamed of being a painter, and in his memoirs there are pages about artists whom he knew intimately. He was for many years an art critic. As Gautier's son-in-law, and by his own wit and personal character, he made many friends in the literary and artistic world. Now in the second volume of his reminiscences he has much to say about men and women, from Victor Hugo to eccentric boulevardiers as Gouzien and Bachaumont; from Carlotta Grisi, the aunt of his wife, to Mme. Musard, the extraordinary American woman who enriched by a king of Holland lived magnificently in Paris, was waited on at table by three coal black negroes alternating with three white servants, bought the horses of Lord Pembroke, and died mad in the asylum of the celebrated Dr. Blanc.

While Bergerat's memoirs have not the literary distinction of Gautier's recollections in his "History of Romanticism" or the exquisite quality of Theodore de Banville's "Souvenirs," they are written with marked individuality and force; they abound in entertaining anecdote; they are never commonplace or dull. Bergerat shaped a style for his own ends. He delights in slang of the studio, the newspaper office, the cafe. He is ready to coin a word to express his thought.

We can form only a faint idea of the awe in which Victor Hugo was held by the young romanticists, and by the generation that came after the heroes of 1830. Theodore de Banville saw in him Olympian Zeus tak-

ing a vacation on earth. Gautier, hearing only the name Hugo, was seized with the sacred terror which caused the Greeks to tremble when they stood before the caves of the Sibyls. Bergerat recognized the madness, the folly of this worship, but he, too, was among the idolators. In this book he describes two family dinners at Hugo's house in the rue de Clichy. Hugo was then 72 years old and formidably strong. When he came into the room he kissed the hands of the ladies after the manner of the old beau—that is the length of the arm to the elbow, for the women, knowing his taste, were decolletees. His voice was that of a brazen bell, and in reciting verses it was as though he blew them in Neptune's conch. Monselet said: "I assure you the feet are all there, and as for the rhymes, they are gongs." The poet had a ferocious appetite at table; he ate like a stone mason. As his teeth were plentiful and sound, he preferred meat rare and roasted in the English fashion. At the end he drank a small glass of rum instead of coffee, and drained it in one draught, as one signs his name with a flourish. Tobacco in any form he abhorred. He roared over puns and made bad ones himself. It was the custom—he learned it on the island of Guernsey—to sit again at table before going to bed. Hugo mixed a grog after his own receipt. A syrup of melted sugar filled three quarters of a beaker. Then he poured Bordeaux, added the juice of an orange and filled to the brim with rum. He sipped this mixture and gloated over it.

He loved Guernsey and Jersey. "On Guernsey you do what you wish, you say what you wish, you think as you wish." And on this island he wrote his best book—the best according to his own opinion—"L'Homme Qui Rit." It has often been said that his comrachicos, the moulders of children into strange or monstrous shapes, were a pure invention. He told his guests at table that there were such beings; that the comrachicos were described by the historian Chichardus. No one had heard of him. Then Hugo told a long story: How, on his arrival at Jersey after the coup d'etat he found there many old books, chiefly in Latin, books of the 16th and 17th centuries left by emigrating or exiled Protestants, and among those that he bought were the works of Chichard or Chichardus, unfortunately incomplete, so incomplete that there was only one volume, the 12th of the set, but this volume treated of comrachicos who kidnapped children and deformed them. And this treatise inspired him to write "L'Homme Qui Rit," in which "there is all of England."

It has been said that Hugo did not read the newspapers, but that is not true. Hugo at another dinner at his house spoke about an article on Zola by Bergerat. Hugo did not then think highly of the novelist. "Restif de la Bretonne had said all that before him. Only style survives. Zola is a young man well endowed, but he should read Aeschylus carefully."

And that night Hugo talked eloquently about death and immortality. "Man does not need religion, whatever it may be. Priests of any religion are odious. Religious fables were good for humanity in its infancy. But humanity has grown up; it can and it should dispense with them; there is truth for it, and the truth is God, the origin of everything and sufficient for everything. The 'I' is immortal; that is indisputable. The 'I' is the geometric point; that which is necessary. It matters little how it be transformed. It does matter that it survives and lives. One will see oneself in an unknown species, an unexpected one perhaps, but one will see oneself." Hugo's idea of eternal life was that we should die on earth to make room for others. This law of order is observed on all the planets. Immortality is in the infinite, and it is there that the metamorphosis of the good takes place, for there are good and bad, the saved and the

Some years ago I had the honor of corresponding with the Rev. W. W. Skeat, the famous English etymologist. Consulting my notes for the third volume of my colossal work—the first, alas, has not yet been published owing to the gross mercantile spirit of the printer, but I now hope that an increase in subscriptions will allow the publication about the time of the opening of the Panama canal—two of the great events in American history. The Rev. Mr. Skeat derives "luncheon" from two English words "non(e)," meaning noon, and "schench," meaning a draught or cup. The word appeared in English literature as early as 1353 and was at first used to designate a slight refreshment of liquor, originally taken in the afternoon.

So Long.

I think I had better take a vacation, which rightly interpreted is a change of work. At first I thought of sojourning for a fortnight in the palaces of the rich at Tuxedo or Bar Harbor, for invitations promise me a suite of rooms with bath, and quiet when I need it for sociological reflection. Yet a sojourn of this nature would be a term at hard labor, for next to entertaining the greatest bore is to be entertained, especially when the host and hostess boast about their "Liberty Hall." Again, the hours for meals do not suit me; I have not shirts enough to go through a fortnight where guests dress for dinner, and my clawhammer is Websterian in cut and not over fresh. Nor shall I visit the scenes of my youth, for boyish follies are always remembered in a village, and exaggerated when the returning native has become a distinguished person. Relatives are unwholesome companions for more than a day. I should like to see the new railroad in the Brazilian jungle, but eight grains of guinea daily might affect my working capacity in future and I already am aware that Brazil wood is not so named because it grows in Brazil for the dye wood was already known as early as the 12th century, and Portuguese navigators finding it in South America, named Brazil accordingly, just as they christened an island-Madeira, meaning "timber." On the whole I think it more prudent to remain at Clamport, and thus escape moving accidents. I have purchased some long clays, a few bottles and a keg, and at last, perhaps I shall be able to read Mr. Finlay's "Greece Under the Romans."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Aug. 3, 1912.

August 6
REVIVE 'TRILBY'
AT THE MAJESTIC
Nance O'Neil Gives Powerful Presentation of Du Maurier's Heroine.

SINGS 'BEN BOLT' ADMIRABLY
Actress Is Given Excellent Support by Morison Stock Company.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Nance O'Neil and the Lindsay Morison stock company in "Trilby," a play in four acts by Mr. Paul M. Potter, based on Du Maurier's novel.

Principals in the cast:

Svengali.....	Howell Hansel
Talbot Wynne.....	Edward Nannery
Alexander McAlister.....	John Meehan
William Bagot.....	Alfred Hickman
Gecko.....	William Hasson
Duo de la Rochemartel.....	Wynley Birch
Thodore de la Farce.....	James S. Earrett
Anthony.....	Glenn Anders
Lorimer.....	James J. Hayden
Rev. Thomas Bagot.....	Frederick Murray
Colonel Kaw.....	Robert Lee
Madame Vinard.....	Rose Morison
Mrs. Bagot.....	Edna Oliver
Trilby.....	Nance O'Neil

Last evening Miss O'Neil appeared in Boston for the first time as Trilby. Her physical power, her haunting voice, her passionate eloquence and her elemental nature were, as always, irresistible and the impersonation was an engrossing one.

In the first two acts the actress revealed admirably Trilby's gentleness,

than her own, which made her an easy victim for Svengali's malignant wiles. She was at times, however, somewhat lacking in effectiveness for the light-hearted girl, the sunshine of the studio, whose pleasure outside of her profession lay in a good natured mothering of the careless artists was not habitually subdued, depressed, morose. Nor was she a pensive and languorous consumer of cigarettes.

But it was in her portrayal of Trilby under Svengali's hypnotic spell and, the spell broken, of her wild flight from the stage and terrified astonishment at her surroundings that Miss O'Neil showed herself a consummate artist of fine reserve and authoritative reticence, of eloquent facial play.

She sang the melancholy "Ben Bolt" with purity and richness of tone and expression.

Mr. Hansel, always a conscientious and painstaking actor, made much of Svengali, although his impersonation was, for the most part, conventional. Svengali is a creature not altogether human. He is possessed of a devil. He is the spirit that mocks, master of men and women and circumstances for his own sport. To portray his saturnine humor, his passion for music and for Trilby, his self-confidence and mesmeric power, his artistic pride and insolence, demands not merely intelligence but finesse.

Mr. Aickman, who will be remembered as the caddish son of the Comte de Malzny in "The Lily," was impetuous and lovable as Little Billie. Mr. Masson was an excellent Gecko. Mr. Nannery was an elderly and ponderous Taffy. Mr. Meehan was impressive as The Laird, and Mrs. Morison was amusing as the voluble Mme. Vinard. Miss Oliver was pleasing as Mrs. Bagot and Mr. Murray did not make the mistake of caricaturing the Rev. Thomas. There was a large and appreciative audience. The play next week will be "Oliver Twist," with Miss O'Neil as Nancy Sykes.

"The Million" will begin an engagement at this theatre on Aug. 19. Seat sale on Thursday, Aug. 15, at 9 A. M.

BLACKFACE TEAM AT B. F. KEITH'S

London Merry-makers Also Feature—Bill Filled with Pleasing Acts.

The real hit of a rattling good bill at B. F. Keith's this week is provided by Swor and Mack, blackface comedians. They make a team in every sense of the word. Their work is largely pantomime and the more difficult on that account. They present the old-fashioned plantation type of darkey in action, in gesture and, occasionally, in speech.

Their pantomime portrayal of the crap game in which one fellow gets all the change in short order and of the poker game in which the stand-patter wins over the chap who drew two—and filled—are two of the best of their many good things. Then, by way of variety at the very end, they indulge in some clever dancing. They were brought back again and again at last night's performance.

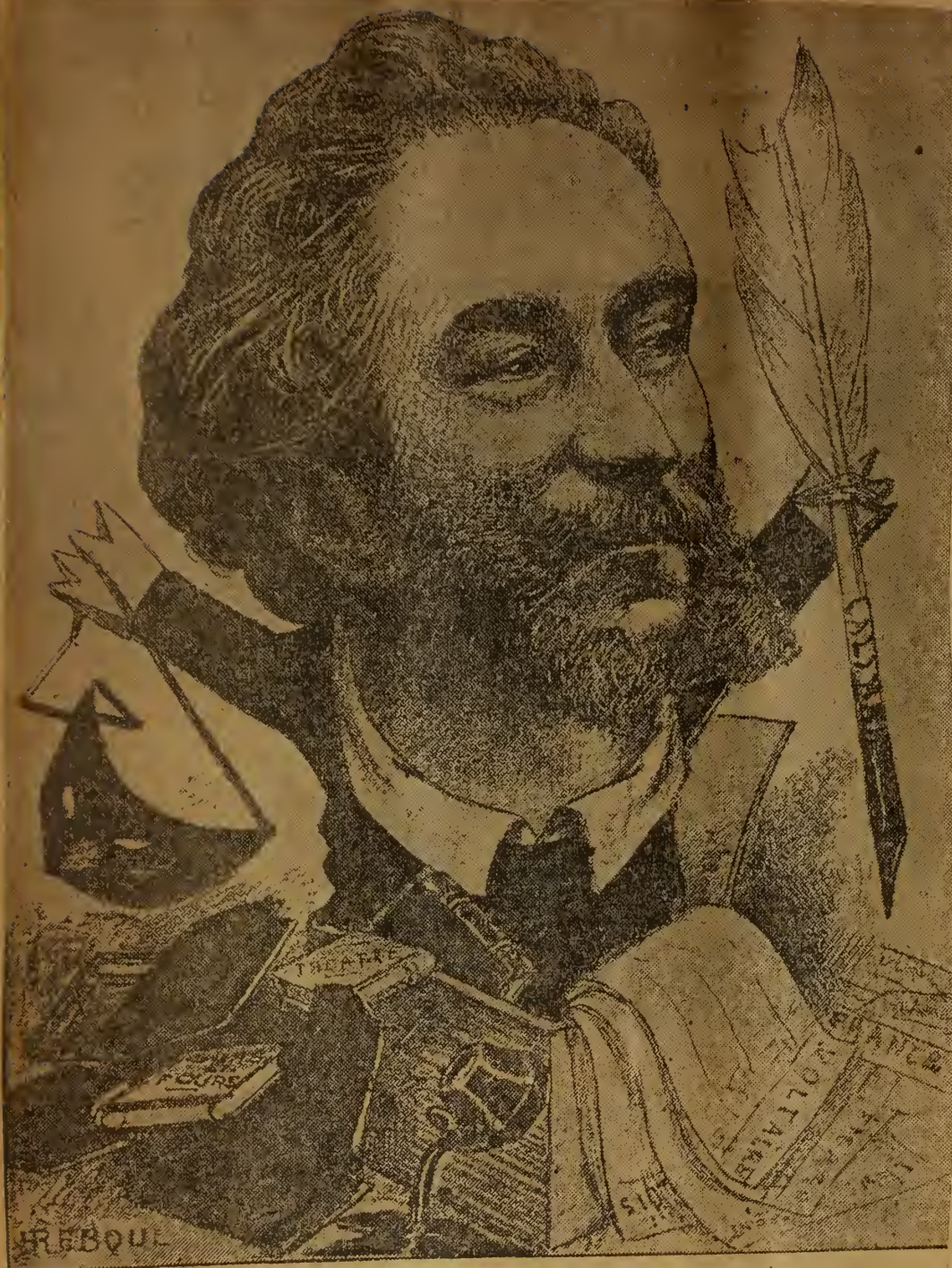
In Boston this week for the first time is John Tiller's London company, whose chef d'oeuvre is "Fun in a Harem," a sketch that has many of the characteristics of the burlesque show afterpiece. There are a dozen pretty girls in the company, who sing and dance cleverly, and they are hard workers, too, for in addition to appearing as harem queens in the "big act" they entertain earlier on the bill, minus the male portion of the company, in "Sunshine Girls" in what the program terms a terpsichorean fancy entitled "In the Shadows." The costumes and the stage settings in both acts are most attractive. The girls, too, are exceptionally good-looking.

Ergotti and his two Lilliputians present some acrobatic and tumbling feats that are astounding. The two Lilliputians are the active ones of the combination. Neither weighs an ounce over 60 pounds, but they are beautifully muscled.

Lloyd and Whitehouse in an operatic travesty which includes a take-off upon Caruso and Tetravini were excellent. Hal Merritt, "The Boy from Ipswich," made a lot of clever cartoons. Asaki, a Jap who juggles everything imaginable upon roller skates; Florence Bowles, an attractive little singing comedienne; Casey and Merritt in their sketch "The New Musician" round out one of the best bills of the summer season.

The Coburn Players revisited Harvard last night and presented as their first offering Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" in the Sever quadrangle. The cast:

Duke of Venice.....	George Currie
Antonio.....	Frank Peters
Bassanio.....	Henry Buckler
Gratiano.....	George Gaul
Salanio.....	Harold Christie
Shylock.....	George Currie
Portia.....	Frank Harrington
Nerissa.....	Erskine Sanford
Jessica.....	Mr. Coburn
Launcelot Gobbo.....	Roydon Erylne
Old Gobbo.....	Charles Howson
Leonardo.....	Roydon Erylne
Balthazar.....	J. Weinberg
Portia.....	Bernard Graves
Nerissa.....	Mrs. Coburn
Jessica.....	Miss Dorothy Turner
	Miss Eleanor Flowers



EMILE BERGERAT.

danned. And when Louis Blanc, protested, Hugo answered: "Yes, my dear Louis Blanc, there are the damned, and you see them daily, you touch them, you feed them. There are the poor martyred animals, for example. What have they done to deserve such suffering? They have done something, you may be sure; they expiate unknown crimes under the hand of man, God's executor of justice. I saw a horse at Guernsey that received every day 1200 lashes of a whip. At night he came home to sleep and in the morning his punishment began again. I prayed for him and asked God what this being could have done to merit such a terrible fate."

Bergerat characterizes Alexandre Dumas, the younger, as the incarnation of the modern man. He also describes him as one of the most generous, most benevolent of men. In the last years of his life when he had nothing more to expect from fame or fortune, Dumas was in his study telling Bergerat a story about Mme. Pradier, the wife of the sculptor, who had "posed" for him in "L'Affaire Clemenceau"; how she had wagered that she would swim across the Seine unclothed and won her bet, when he was interrupted by the valet at the other end of a speaking tube. Dumas turned toward Bergerat: "Pardon me. It's the seventh this morning and it's only 11 o'clock." Then he spoke through the tube: "How much does he want? Only a louis? Give it to him. No, wait." Then he thought a while, and said to himself: "Yes, the poor devil lives a long way off and he has walked in this wretched weather;" then to the

valet: "Francois, give him the five louis at once; that will save him the other four trips."

Talking with Bergerat, he reproached him for smoking and for his pantheism, and Bergerat making some flippant jest about the Magdalen as the "Dame aux Camellias of the Desert," Dumas shrugged his shoulders: "Never mind about the 'Dame aux Camellias,' it is a youthful work, a student's song, my 'Vase Brise,' with which they assassinate me; read Luke, Mark, Matthew, John. Woman is in the gospels, and it is there she is found. The middle ages did not deceive themselves in this, and their universal cult of the Virgin Mary is not to be explained otherwise."

Although he prided himself on his skill in chirography, he had no need to practise this or palmistry, in divining the character of a man, or classing him according to a pessimistic theory. He believed that we are born good or bad and can never escape from our original vices and virtues. And, yet he wrote to Bergerat: "I sometimes say to myself that I am perhaps one of those unjustly happy in this world and I owe something of myself to those who have not had the same chance." And again he wrote: "My dream has always been to be simply a good man and to be able to love good people, considering, moreover, as good people those of talent who do so many kindnesses for so many unknown who are easily ungrateful. And so I have in a corner of my mind a sort of admonition for certain individuals who probably do not suspect it. Sometimes I should like to tell them this, adding advice that might be useful to

them, but I am afraid of having a pedantic air."

Dumas, in spite of his great reputation and influence in Paris, never had a literary court, an academic salon, or a "garret" after the manner of Edmond de Goncourt. Perhaps his biting wit kept admirers and would-be disciples aloof. Bergerat thinks that to remain good, it is necessary to live alone. "To love the human race, one should not see man."

The description of Flaubert is not unlike that given by M. Anatole France. Bergerat first met him when Georges Charpentier wished to enrich his catalogue by adding to it the names of certain authors. Before signing with Charpentier, the giant Flaubert had really believed that all publishers were traffickers in human flesh. There is an amusing account of his desire to obtain "documents" concerning the Duc d'Angouleme for his "Bouvard et Pecuchet," but it is too Gallic for translation in a family newspaper.

Flaubert, as others have suspected, had little critical consciousness of his genius. He would toil for hours in the attempt to write a memorable sentence with the fitting, inevitable words, but he thought that he was a humorist of the first water and could not understand why his comedy "Le Candidat" fell flat. His favorite exhibition of humor in private life was to dance like a buffoon the "Pas du Creancier," which he invented and taught to Gautier so that they could dance it together like whirling dervishes. At rehearsals of his comedy he complained of the actors, but excepted one Delannoy, whom he called a great artist. Now Delannoy, so Bergerat tells us, was a wretched

hamfatter, atrocious in any part. This reminds us of a story told by Anatole France in one of his articles about Flaubert, to show the misdirected enthusiasm of the novelist when the stage was concerned. The night the comedy was produced, Maupassant brought with him a legion of art students with heavy and untiring hands and the word was passed to kill Sarcey, the critic, when he left the theatre, if it were necessary, so that the gods might be placated and the muses pleased.

It is often said that Flaubert was one of the first realists or naturalists. As a matter of fact he was a born romanticist. The first stories, the work of his youth before "Madame Bovary," show this conclusively; they are as extravagant as any yarn by Petrus Borel. And in "Madame Bovary," "Salambo" and "The Temptation of St. Anthony," the stylist is also romantically inclined. In certain respects "Madame Bovary" is as conventional and "expected" as any feuilleton dear to the hated bourgeois. Bergerat does not dwell on this point although he points out that the men who visited Flaubert's "garret" on a Sunday when he was in Paris were idealists, Zola among them, for Zola was lyrical in his best novels, and at times epic.

When some one asked Flaubert why he had not married, he answered that a wife would disarrange his papers and throw away his quill pens; but Bergerat suggests that Flaubert, being an epileptic, resolved to remain a bachelor. Those who knew the secret of his malady never referred to it in his presence, and Bergerat once innocently put a gathering and Flaubert himself into confusion by telling how Robelin found a man on the street one night in a fit. It was Alfred de Musset, and Robelin said that epilepsy explained the frequent and at the end the constant drunkenness of the poet. "The unfortunate," said Bergerat, "was epilep—" and at that moment the giant, who was leaning against the mantelpiece, swayed as a poplar in the wind, and then remarked: "It's only the heat. Isn't it stifling here?" The friends went away and when Bergerat asked Daudet why he did not make some sign for him to stop, Daudet answered: "Flaubert would have seen it. He doesn't know that we know, but he spics us. As no one has said anything or betrayed anything by his face, your story will confirm his idea that we are ignorant. But don't come next Sunday; no one of us will be here; for it takes a week for him to get over the attack."

Although Flaubert in his youth was so handsome that when he once entered the theatre at Rouen with his sister the audience rose to applaud them, he would not allow his portrait to be painted, and the only picture that preserves his face is a drawing by Ernest de Liphart. As Flaubert grew older, the eyes retained their beauty, but the rest of his face was ravaged by the secret disease. Nevertheless Bergerat found by accident in a second-hand shop, three old photographs of the novelist taken by Carjat, but Bergerat, respecting Flaubert's caprice, did not show them until after the death of his friend. However he made a sketch in oil after one of the photographs and took it to Flaubert, pretending to have found it at the auction sale of an unfortunate Norman artist's effects. De Goncourt, Zola, Turgenieff and others made comments without suspicion and finally Flaubert looked at it and said nervously: "That's the mug of old man Sandeau. You can keep it, if you like that author." And in Flaubert's rooms in Paris there were no pictures, no photographs, except a print of a picture by Millais, which had been given to him by his niece. Flaubert held, or pretended to hold, painting in horror. His rage knew no bounds when a young reporter thinking to please him described him as having a gallery of costly pictures. He exclaimed that the town fathers of Rouen had inspired the reporter, who was from that city, or Villemeillant himself was perhaps the instigator.

In other chapters Bergerat gossips about Offenbach, Silvestre, Arène,

Claudel, G. Goguy, Piffard, Vill-
gier, Anatole France, the painters
Henner and Baudry, forgotten boule-
vardiers, as Claudin, Gouzien, Monse-
iet. Bachaumont; also about Rops
and Rodin.

The word "boulevardisme" is ascribed to Louis Veuillot and it was first printed in his book "L'Odeurs de Paris." Wit then ran in the streets. An epigram made the journey of the town in a few minutes. The wit of the cafe was created by boulevardisme, some say; but it really came down from the 18th century. Just as Mr. George Moore bewails the disappearance of the tavern and finds that art and life have suffered thereby, so Bergerat regrets the old cafes and does not reckon the club, with its society brutalized by gambling and drunkenness in the English manner, a recompense. Boulevardisme is no more. Baron Hausmann with his civic improvements did much to kill it. The German beer houses have driven out the cafes, and the former are crowded with busy men who have no time to discuss art and the conduct of life. There is no more loafing on the boulevard. Everybody is in a hurry. You meet a friend and he nods, possibly shakes hands, but passes quickly by. Two seldom meet as in the good old way when they had time to say something malicious about a third. The cosmopolitanism of the city is also murderous to wit and fancy.

Boulevardisme was characterized by a narrow patriotism and a pronounced taste for centralization, but the old ironists worked in their way for justice and progress.

Bergerat gives a pleasant account of certain boulevardiers. The perfect boulevardier never wrote, or if he had written in his youth he had abandoned the practice. Gaustave Claudin was an exception. He was obliged to write. It was his firm belief that the air of the boulevard was the only air for a well organized, a poetic, an intellectual nose. Talk about the country! You could buy the perfume of cut hay in a bottle.

What pleasure was there in walking about in wooden shoes, splashing through mud, against a wind that unknotted your cravat, to buy a paper of tobacco at the village grocer's. "Good health" was merely a provincial prejudice. "Pure air" led one to like cabbage soup and the infamous cod. There was still too much "pure air" in Paris. Napoleon III. should have arched the boulevards, given them a roof or vault, and put porticos at the ends. And when Claudin was obliged to cross the space near the Opera Comique he turned up his coat collar and clapped a handkerchief to his mouth. Yet he was born in the country—"My mother made a mistake in the date—and that can happen to the best of women"—but after he arrived in Paris he seldom, if ever, went beyond the circle inscribed by the Comedie Francaise, the Librairie Nouvelle, the Cafe Riche and the Figaro office. For over 40 years he breakfasted in the same corner of a restaurant where he kept his "personal tooth-picks." And there he smoked for years the same uncalcinable panatella, for which thousands of matches had been scratched without causing it to burn. "With this unique and unheard of cigar" he astonished the world of elegance that judges a man by his Havana." After he had flourished it for a time, he put it back in his case, and not till Paul de Saint-Victor dragged him to Italy, and showed him the Rubicon did he throw it away, and into the stream, and thus sacrifice to the hero of Napoleon III.

There was Armand Gouzien, happy because he admired others. "He admired, eating, drinking, sleeping, on foot, on horseback, in a captive balloon, and in vessels tossed by the tempest. Implacably thuriferous, he spread about him the aroma of nard and benzoin. He was the vaporizer of the glory of the boulevard." It was Puvis de Chavannes; and now it was Sarah Bernhardt; but there was always the return to Victor Hugo.

Rops was known as a Hungarian mormon to Gouzien, and although

was met by him with his family, the Hungarians. When he made a visit in Hungary 40 of the Rops clan came on horseback to meet him and entertained him for a week. "Things like this," said the ether, "console you for not being in Larousse's dictionary." And he claimed to be descended from the Huns with heads of wolves, "his Belgian gypsy who satanizes" to quote Daudet's characterization. Yet Rops, vibrant, given to sarcastic, savage monologues and retort, Mephistophelean in his art, burst into tears the first time he saw Rodin's "Door of Hell," for his idea of the beautiful was at last realized on this earth, before his eyes, and in France.

There was Monselet, lover of books, who when he went to the Victor Hugo banquet at two louis a plate prepared himself by eating his customary breakfast of two soft-boiled eggs and a cutlet, and at table distinguished by his palate between the mineral waters Saint-Galmier, Vichy, Vals, Evian, Bussang, Pougues and others without a slip. Was not the great Cid able to tell the water of the Mancañares from that of the Guadaluquiver? And Bergerat recounting this triumph of Monselet marvelled at the deplorable condition of a stomach that would educate a normal being to this fineness in taste.

Some would have called Gerard, known as Bacheumont, a mad man, for born rich he plunged head foremost into letters when he was 18 years old, and contributed money to the support of a review. Later he became renowned for the skill with which he framed the anecdotal paragraph, for he knew society and had a pretty wit.

He believed that there were always millions at his disposal, and he distributed them daily among his friends, this benevolent maniac. He laughed at the idea that any artist could be poor. There were Hirsch, Vanderbilt, and the Bank of France, ready, eager, to honor any draft. As for himself, he was betrothed to Mile. Blanc of Monte Carlo. "Come with me and see for yourself. She is charming, but all we have to offer you now is pottery of the best." He promised Bergerat 500,000,000 francs in aid of his *Vie Moderne*. All Bergerat had to do was to meet the Prince de Sagan, Marechal Canrobert, the Marquise de Gallifet and Arsene Houssaye at the palace of the British ambassador.

"Thanks," answered Bergerat, "but there's only one evening coat in the office and that belongs to Georges Charpentier, the publisher, and our society reporter needs it all the time in his rounds."

"One coat; that's absurd; you should have 30."

And at Glasgow there was a brewer who would give Bergerat millions if he would go with Bachaumont to Scotland. "Pack your valise. And how old is your little boy?"

"Three years. Why!"

"Because I shall bring back to him from Scotland one of those little ponies, no higher than a Newfoundland dog and gentle as a lamb. Promise it to him."

Bergerat did not pack his valise. This Glasgow brewer worried him. His name was not one of the three in the subscription list. But Bachaumont was at the railway station, dressed for the journey. And for a year the little Bergerat asked his father for the Scottish pony, gentle as a lamb and no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, the pony which had been promised him by the gentleman with a funny nose.

The final chapters of these souvenirs are entitled "Deux Grandes Hetaïres: La Païva; Madame Musard." And the surprising story of Madame Musard, the American, whether her maiden name were Elisa Parker or Eliza Blakeney may be told on another Sunday, for the various accounts of her early life show the little value of human testimony, and Bergerat's description of his visit to her house in Paris with Chaplin, the painter, is a masterpiece of irony.

Aug. 15. 1912

Massenet was in his 71st year when he died and his fertility was still remarkable, but the operas of his later years were for the most part routine work, and there was little hope for the enduring success of those announced for next season. His old age was not so artistically glorious as that of Verdi or even Wagner. Massenet left no "Otello" and "Falstaff," nor would his warmest admirers rank "Roma" with "Parsifal." There are pretty pages in "Le Jongleur," but the fame of Massenet will rest on a few operas of the eighties and nineties.

There are Parisian critics who in their support of the ultra-modern French school lose no opportunity of sneering at Massenet and all his works. One of the ablest, M. Marnold, stoops to the use of the belittling phrase "Monsieur Massenet." Even before Franck and d'Indy were recognized some characterized him as "Mlle. Wagner," a foolish reproach, but it should be remembered that Bizet and Saint-Saens were accused of Wagnerism. Nevertheless the talent of Massenet was indisputable. In his younger years he gave promise of being a symphonic writer and some still regard his Suites as containing his most original thoughts, but he is known throughout the world first of all as a maker of operas, and his little oratorios are frankly at times amusingly operatic in expression.

Unlike Saint-Saens, this composer was not an eclectic. He drank out of his own cup, and the cup was well sugared. He had the gift of melodious invention. His melodies are often tender, now delightfully naive and in the spirit of folk song; charming by reason of a melancholy that is autumnal but not lugubrious; shy confessions of awakening love that has not grown to passion; regrets for days that are no more. His sentiment too often became commonplace or mawkish. Seldom in his operas is there the tempestuous emotion shown in his overture to "Phedre"; seldom did he rise to any heroic height. When he wished to be impressive he was spectacular, noisy, vulgar. Showing exquisite taste in one scene, he would write in the next as for a cafe-chantant. For several years he composed with one eye on Miss Sybil Sanderson, the voluptuous prima donna, and for her extraordinary voice; with the other eye on the public. Yet in "Werther" he showed his respect for art and made a brave endeavor to satisfy his better nature. He was a master of his trade, and in certain operas his harmonic scheme and his orchestral coloring were characterized by the finest sense of proportions and an elegance peculiar to himself.

His spectacular and phonographic operas have already disappeared. It is doubtful whether a half dozen out of twenty or more stage works will be remembered, but "Manon," the daintiest musical Dresden china, will long give pleasure; "La Navarraise," now underestimated, will be an instance of dramatic force unexpected from him; there are arias and songs that will not soon be dropped from the repertoire of a concert singer. As from the repertoire of a concert singer. As teacher and composer his influence has been unquestionable and not only in France. In operas by Puccini we hear the voice of Massenet. This voice too often is an amorous bleat.

August 18. 1912

The Glasgow Herald has been publishing delightful articles on minor characters in Shakespeare's plays. We had thought that this form of criticism had gone out. It is a pleasure to find shrewd inquiry conducted on whimsical lines.

Shallow's "Arcades ambo" seems not quite a happy phrase for these two cousins of Mr. Justice Shallow's—not quite so happy at least for them as for Bardolph and Pistol. For though they both got drunk on occasion they were both honest; it was Slender's father who stole two geese out of a pen. But they both smack, or have a kind of taste like Old Gobbo—the same kind of taste. Indeed it has been a fancy of mine that Slender of 'The Merry Wives' was really none other than the William Silence who in 'Henry

IV.' was at Oxford still, and was deemed by his cousin of the Bench almost ripe for Clement's Inn, where fifty-five years before there had been a student known as Mad Shallow. The dates fit. Pace Mr. Austin Dobson, the Justice's age is not very uncertain. In 'Henry IV.' he was 55 plus his age when he went to London—say, 70 odd. In 'The Merry Wives' he was confest over fourscore. There was time enough between the conveying of Shallow's thousand pounds to Falstaff and the emergence of the oaf Slender on Page's doorstep at Windsor for Oxford William to grow to the stature of the young landowner who kept three men and a boy. Slender was just such an ass as should have been the coit of the ass who to the amazement of Falstaff had been merry twice and once ere now. Both were lyrically given under excitement. When Slender was in the first tremor of courtship he had rather than forty snillings he had his 'Book of Songs and Sonnets' with him. If that was not the identical source of the rich medley of song with which Silence entertained Falstaff in the garden of Shallow's house in Gloucestershire, then, to borrow a phrase of Barbold's, my conclusions have passed the carrels. If these minors of 'Henry IV.' and 'The Merry Wives' were not father and son, they were at least kateer-cousins. I admit that Slender was not Oxonian. Even in these days a lad could go into Oxford a stirk and come out an ass. But Shakespeare did not make his collegians, on prospect of marriage, hope that if there was no great love in the beginning yet heaven might decrease it upon better acquaintance, and that upon familiarity might grow more contempt. The playwright had to get his laugh by such Dogberry Inversions, but a scholar was a scholar, and was not exhibited tripping for the edification of vain Elizabethan grammarians.

Poor "Abraham Slender was a thin man of course. Just as Silence was so Abraham Slender, dubbed because he was a foil to the garrulous Shallow when sober, there can be no doubt that Slender is properly played by a stripling. He had, on the testimony of his man Simple, 'a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colored beard.' I think it should read cane-colored, for, attractive as Cain is to the commentators, Cain's conventional whiskers were red. A softly sprigthed man he was, but yet 'as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head.' Which are dark sayings, but no doubt Simple meant to vindicate his master from the reproach of his appearance, which was soft and deprecatory. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, one of his congeners, was also tall of his hands. Slender did not stand up to Pistol. But he had 'fought a warren-rarer.' He 'heid up his head, as it were,' and strutted in his gait. It is not perhaps a very easy character for an actor to realize consistently, but we know him when we see him. An oaf, a mother's pet; shy, but honest than young Marlow; a typical spectator at sports. Admit that he had 'taken by the chain' that most famous bear Sackerson. He was a 'follower' of coursing, which was doubtless one reason why George Page preferred him as a son-in-law to Fenton, who was a pal of the wild Prince and Pains. In our day he would have been a great talker about football, and it was only his age that saved him from having his head broken, like his uncle, by John of Gaunt for crowding among the Marshal's men at a tourney.

Anne
 Page's
 Wooer, affection' her or any wom-
 an? Why, yes. He had lent his 'Book
 of Riddles' to Ann Shortcake. His court-
 ship of Ann is a bit of semipternal com-
 edy. Taken seriously, nobody but the
 Lady of Quality could do it justice. But
 there can be no question that he 'af-
 fectioned' Anne. It was an amour of
 suggestion no doubt, and the poor lad
 never got his feet out of that bog. The
 thing might have been managed better
 by anybody but cousin Shallow—Sir
 Toby, for example. Or Lord Chesterfield
 might have thrown in a few maxims fit-
 ted to bring the proper action out of
 that mooning, 'O sweet Anne Page' state,
 which issued first in the fishing embas-
 sies of Simple the Man to Mrs. Quickly
 and the Fat Woman of Brentford, and
 last in the fatal interview in which the
 forthcoming Anne was baffled by the
 oaf's timorous stupidity. We thank
 Evans indeed for his word. Slender
 could 'affection' the woman. He could
 no more woo her than he could stand
 up to Falstaff's rogues with their bold-
 beating phrases.

"Anne Page was not for him. The Fenton match satisfies romance, as the marriage of Sir Toby with Anne's cousin-german Maria revolts it. Fenton is a likable fellow, not merely because he was successful.

"Slender's true mate was an Audrey. One sees him growing up a more generous Dumbcledykes, matching his dogs with Paise's, dancing like an antic at the bailing of Sackerson, and getting drunk 'with those that have the fear of God,' in honest, civil, godly company. The old lady dies, and while the estab-

ishment at the manner increases there is no Mims. Slender with ambition enough to send the eldest boy to Oxford. "A serious comparison between Slender and Silence would start from the appreciation of each by Falstaff, who loved the Justice—in his cups at least, but was quite indifferent to Slender even when Abraham made him a witty retort. The Falstaff of 'The Merry Wives' was, it is true, degenerate in this, notably that he did not taste the wit of others. But the test holds fairly well for character. If Slender was the son of Silence, his father could never have been proud of him."

"As Others See Us." The Japan Advertiser of July 2 published an editorial article entitled "As Others See Us." "As Others See Us," with reference to the Japanese as they are represented on the stage in foreign countries.

"When the immortal Bobbie Burns penned the famous lines in which the four words quoted above appear he did less than justice to his own profession, besides which he lived before the interview had come to add to our worries, and the feverish enterprise of modern journalism was still in the future. Nor could Bobbie possibly anticipate the function of the moving picture as a potent agency for the dissemination of erroneous impressions of international manners and customs, and while it is true that the stage in those days enjoyed considerable popularity, masterpieces such as 'The Mikado,' 'The Darling of the Gods,' 'The Geisha,' 'Madam Butterfly,' 'My Japanese Prince,' and last, but by no means least, 'The Mousme,' had not yet been written in support of a pleasing illusion concerning one nationality, which even the submarine cable and Cook's tours seem powerless to dispel. If our friends the Japanese are not getting used to it by now they never will, and for the sake of their digestions they would do well to regard the ludicrous misrepresentations of musical comedy as a source of innocent merriment. The post-prandial and literary effusions of peace delegates are less likely to offend, and are indeed rather calculated to minister to the national vanity of their authors' whimsical hosts, even though they are scarcely more trustworthy as guides to an accurate knowledge of the real Japan than the lyrical utterances of the great Pooh-bah. That they are infinitely less amusing goes without saying. Perhaps if the entire range of Japanese contemporary fiction could be gone through with a fine-tooth comb it would be found that in many respects the popular conception of the occidental is quite as absurdly out of focus as the occidental conception of the Japanese. In much the same way as the zoologist undertakes to build up in imagination the vast fabric of some leviathan of the neolithic age from the scanty evidence of a few petrified bones, so let us attempt, on the basis of modern dramatic and literary data, to present to our readers the respective portraits of a Japanese and an occidental.

The Japanese on a Foreign Stage.

"First as to the Japanese girl—the 'mousme,' as persistently false transfiguration will have it. The 'mousme' in the eyes of the average European is a dainty, merry, musical, airy, fairy-like creature invariably dressed in a 'kimono' (don't spell this 'kimono') of such multi-colored splendor as to reduce the spectrum or the chameleon to something almost oppressive in its simplicity. She always wears flowers in her raven tresses, or more correctly, hanging down a foot or two over her right ear. She is never seen without a fan which she is forever opening and shutting with the regularity and rapidity of clockwork. Weirdest of all is her walk, which cannot be described in a few words. Only the reality or the cinematograph could do justice to it. The impression it makes on the spectator is that of a sort of double shuffle in which the steps are taken with tremendous quickness, and the feet are not allowed to leave the ground. It was thus that the Japanese girls introduced into 'The Belle of New York,' not to mention 'The Mousme,' were careful to walk, to the detriment of the stage floor and the benefit of the sandal trade. Need it be added that this little 'mousme' is so sweet that saccharine and sugar are bitter in comparison? Her bird-like laughter—whatever that may mean—fills larks and nightingales with envy, and it never ceases until she is sold to a 'teahouse' to pay the debts of her lover, who, unlike the genuine article, is blissfully ignorant of her splendid sacrifice, for he, too, is always a hero. The Japanese male in his turn is a noble soul, when he is not a villain, who swears by Fuji and the great Dai-butsu and commits harikari—often styled 'harrykairi'—on the slightest provocation. If the incidents depicted antedate the Meiji era, he is generally a 'sam-sour-eye,' who, single-handed with his 'katana' defends a mountain pass against untold odds. The more up-to-date article is of course a young military or naval officer who is just about to go to the front—Port Arthur for preference. He flirts with geisha in his lighter mo-

ments, but is ever true to his mousme, and he exclaims in stentorian accents, 'Dai Nippon Banzai!' whenever he thinks of it. It cannot be denied that he has his weaknesses, and if for the sake of conviviality he does now and then get merry on 'saki,' who shall blame him? It is fated to few to be absolute Sir Galahads. Both these types appear to spend most of their time in gardens of perennial cherry blossoms or the groves of ancient temples, but wherever they are, the indispensable support of a geisha chorus is never far off.

Occidentals on the Japanese Stage.

"It is to be feared that the conventional type of Occidental introduced into Japanese fiction and the drama is less flattering to our amour propre. Whoever saw a Selyo jin of either sex on the Japanese stage without aggressively red hair? The belief in the universality of that warm shade of coloring for foreign hair and whiskers has become so much of a fixed idea in this country that the average Japanese seems incapable of identifying any other tint, and more than once we have heard a Japanese describe the almost black hair of some foreigner as 'akai.' There is undeniably more warrant for the common Japanese conviction that the sexes in American and Europe devote most of their leisure to hugging each other and dancing, seeing that the foreign cinematograph and the musical comedy companies which visit these shores are doing their very best to perpetuate the same, just as the native cinematograph and native drama—as pointed out in a former article—are calculated to give foreigners the idea that the favorite diversion of the Japanese male consists in kicking Japanese women off verandas, or otherwise persecuting them. After all, though, it is remarkable that such preposterous notions of nationality should pass current out here, when even at far shorter range it is so difficult to popularize truth? Until quite recently, at least, was not every Russian in English eyes either a top-booted, fur-coated, fur-capped, belted, bearded, cigarette-smoking tyrant, a noble-hearted nihilist on the point of being exiled to the uttermost parts of Siberia—if he was not already there, or had not just escaped thence—or a Cossack who rode down helpless men, women and children, plying an instrument of torture spelled 'Knout' and wrongly pronounced 'Nowt' by the horrified reader? Russia was a land of perpetual snow, and the suggestion that the sun ever shone in Siberia would have been rudely scouted a decade ago."

"Champagne Charlie."

"It was about this time that Joe Saunders became metamorphosed into George Leybourne, once the idol of London music halls, and his song that is still famous:

"It is stated in news journals from overseas that a drama called 'Champagne Charlie,' which has had considerable vogue in the United States for some time past, is to be seen shortly in London. It is based, more or less, on the song that made George Leybourne famous in the 60s of last century, and created a furore all over London, and, indeed, one might venture to say, all over England. The story of the song and the singer is not without interest. George Leybourne, whose real name was Joe Saunders, in the late 50s was singing at sing-songs held at public houses when gentlemen in the audience were invited to step forth and oblige. There was originally no charge for admittance; and hot sausages, fried fish, trotters and baked potatoes and hot codlins were among the savories invariably served every evening for the consumption of the patrons of these early forerunners of the palatial music hall. Joe Saunders soon made a hit and became an acquisition. Then he made his professional debut at the Oriental Music Hall (soon to be known as the Queen's), High street, Poplar, as Joe Saunders, and received the munificent salary of £1 per week. But he and hard times were frequent bed-fellows while he was seeking for that elusive something that should bring him fame and fortune. In the end they came.

"One day when Joe Saunders was out of an engagement his friend, Alfred Lee, the song writer, called at his place in Lambeth and showed him a new composition. Joe Saunders liked the idea very much, and he sang the song first of all at Poplar, but it made no particular stir. Author and singer were both very hard up, when they decided to take various songs over to the West End publishers to try their luck. Already the one song that they both had faith in had been submitted to many of the chief firms in the West End of London, and had been promptly rejected, so for a time they put it on one side. And this particular day they had met with no encouragement at all. Between them they had just one penny to take them back to Lambeth, and that would have to pay the bridge toll. At last they betought them of Charles Sheard, the Holborn publisher. Lee and Saunders tried over several things to Sheard in his little top room, but nothing seemed to appeal to him.

"Try him with 'Champagne Charlie,' said the future Lion Comique. Lee played it and Joe Saunders sang it.

The singing was fine, then came the question as to terms. The two men were very nervous, and did not know what to ask. After much parleying, Sheard offered and paid £5 for all publishing rights.

"The delighted Bohemians scarcely knew how to get into the street with their booty. It was a fearfully wet night, and they went into a public-house, near which happened to be Weston's (now the Holborn Empire), which was also an embryo concert-hall, and drank hot rum.

The Great George Leybourne.

The Pall Mall Gazette of July 30 published the following sketch of a singer but it was not until William Holland, the people's caterer, heard the song that fortune began to favor him, and when he appeared at the Canterbury Music Hall in 1867 the rage for the song was enormous, but he had previously sung it at various other halls. Hopwood and Crew sent for Leybourne and Lee and offered both of them an open check up to £500, with a balance to follow. Naturally, they went to Sheard to try and buy back their rights, but Sheard had made a good bargain and knew it. However, he gave them £25 apiece as a solatium, and made better terms with them for future work.

"Holland engaged George Leybourne for a year at £20 a week. It was stipulated that the Lion Comique, as the manager of the South London, Mr. J. J. Poole, had christened him, should arrive at the hall every night in a fur coat and yellow coach, drawn by four greys, which caused quite a sensation in the polite neighborhood of the Lower Marsh and the New Cut. The delectable ditty that made the fortunes of many people—though not that of the composer or the singer—had for chorus:

Champagne Charlie is my name,
Knocking down 'bobbies' is my game,
Good for a spree at night, my boys,
Up for any game at night, my boys;
Champagne Charlie is my name,
Knocking down 'bobbies' is my game,
Up for any game at night, boys,
Who'll come and join me in a spree?

There was no possible chance of getting away from the music and words. They were to be encountered in every street and alley, in trains and in omnibuses. When the all-conquering Leybourne, with a huge cigar, was driven through the main thoroughfares in his elegant turnout all the world wondered. The song was sung in all the pantomimes, and Sir Frank Burnand prolonged its popularity by introducing it into his burlesque of 'Black-Eyed Susan, or the Little Girl That Was Taken Up,' at the Royalty Theatre in 1866, where it ran for considerably over a year.

"George Leybourne's get-up was peculiar. He wore a long Newmarket coat, fair wig, long and straw-colored Dundreary whiskers. He always drank champagne when he had to do the bars a turn. He had many peculiar tastes, amongst which the wheel was a favorite. On many occasions he would descend from his four-in-hand on a Sunday morning in the Old Kent-road to eat wheels at a coster's stall. He washed them down with champagne procured from a neighboring hostelry, and drank from a pewter pot.

George Leybourne left the Queen's, Poplar, almost as a lamb—he returned to it in 1865 as a Lion Comique, and the star of the East and West. Strange to say, his last appearance on any stage was at this same place of amusement in 1884. He died in the September of that year, at the early age of 42."

August 20, 1912
I regard holidays as a disaster. Work means health. With plenty of work, no exercise, plenty to eat and the system moderately alcoholized, no man should feel a day's illness as long as he lives.

An Adventurous Fortnight.

As the World Wags:

I have had strange adventures since I wrote to you. Let me first call your attention to the fact that then discoursing about lunch and luncheon, I spoke of hunch and huncheon, but The Herald, not respecting my handwriting, changed the first "h" in each word to "l" and thus turned my sentence to a vain and windy naught. Yet throughout New England "a hunch of bread" is in common use and huncheon in English provinces is the word for a trifling refreshment in the fields, when a solid piece of cheese or bread is eaten.

My adventures have been mental, for during my fortnight of rest I have varied life on the veranda only by excursions to postoffice and grocery. Much to my regret, I was obliged to refuse the cordial invitation of Henry Clay Frick, Esq.; not because I was loath to appear in "mixed company," for an earnest sociologist must be a good mixer, and I have gathered curious information from barbers, elocutionists, bar-keepers and the suddenly rich; but inasmuch as Mr. Frick did not enclose a return ticket or a railway pass with his invitation and as carrots are now 20 cents a small bunch, Lima beans 25 cents a handful and shelled and unsalted pecan nuts 50 cents a half pound, I thought it the part of prudence to stay at home. But understand, sir, that Mr. Frick invited me to both entertainments, the afternoon and the evening.

Nor did I attend the Congress of Otolologists, for being to a rather nervous condition I dreaded the din and fury of

debate and therefore declined the honor of reading a paper on "Richard Strauss and Ear Trumpets."

Harvard and Oxford.

During the fortnight I found pleasure in desultory reading. I made another effort to read "Greece Under the Romans," by George Finlay, but succeeded in mastering only 66 pages, leaving 403 pages, including the index, for next summer. From this instructive book I have learned that we should not frown on Alexander the Great because he wept for worlds to conquer; that Solomon had an annual income of about \$10,000,000 and therefore would not have cut much of a figure in New York; that Ptolemy Philadelphus kept on draft in his treasury above \$600,000,000. But I was more interested in certain articles in the London newspapers and periodicals. Who is Mr. Keble Howard? He wrote for the London Magazine about Harvard and Oxford. "Save that it is peopled with young men who don't want much to learn anything, and older men who don't particularly want to teach anything, Harvard differs in almost every possible way from Oxford." And again: "Harvard is also full of clubs, but these are mainly designed for the serious purpose of feeding." De Quincy once wrote in praise and also reproachfully about Oxford and we still read what he said. I doubt whether Mr. Howard's article on Harvard will be remembered 77 years hence, for, as Sainte-Beuve remarked, there is nothing immortal in literature except style.

Interesting Melons.

Even more important were little essays on melons, eggshells and household mottoes. "A Woman Gardener"—what a welcome relief from the English practice of "ladying" every woman, a "lady clerk," a "lady typewriter," etc.—speaks of melons as a "popular but uninteresting fruit." A melon is never uninteresting, for there is always curiosity as to its condition; there is doubt, there is surprise just before cutting it into halves. We all know the man who prides himself on his ability to give an opinion before he takes up the knife. He smells of the melon once, twice and again. He thumbs it at the ends. He pronounces it ripe and safe. Lo and behold, the melon is as soft as squash, or it defies the approach of a spoon and is indestructible. Is the amateur daunted? Not a bit of it. He merely says: "This is an off year for melons" and starts an inquiry into the sums made by manufacturers of health foods. A melon is also interesting, because there is the lurking suspicion that it will not agree with you.

Old-Age Promoters.

Two Germans, deep thinkers, Professors Emmerich and Loewe, state that eggshells eaten increase the power of resistance against "the withering blight of time," add weight to the body, activity to the brain, and strength to the heart; that they destroy injurious bacilli, prevent inflammation and disease, and lend courage and energy. This reminds me of the preparation advertised in London 30 or more years ago as removing superfluous hair, being an excellent substitute for table butter, none genuine unless stamped on the blade. Mr. Eustace Miles, the English court tennis player and vegetarian, says he had an old nurse who used to eat eggshells and crunch them joyfully between the teeth that happened to meet, and she said she ate the shells because they "shaved the hairs off inside of the throat." The discovery of the German scientists is peculiarly welcome to dwellers by the ocean, for it is a well known fact that if you do not break eggshells, the witches will put out to sea in them to wreck vessels, and if you burn the shells, the hens will cease to lay. Furthermore, as eggs are now absurdly high—even case eggs—in the neighborhood, it seems a pity to waste any part of them.

A Motto or Two.

I also read that the house of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, which is now for sale, has mottoes on the walls. A guest in his bed chamber found the inscription: "Sleep soundly; wake well"; on the wall, as he went down the stairs bent on breakfast, he read: "A fair and cheerful morning to you." Ironical reminders were these for the sleepless. Was "Life is what we make it" the motto for the drawing room, or was there some other venerable and platitudinous saw? Did "Eat to live; do not live to eat," chasten appetite in the dining room? Although I have been in many country houses as an honored guest, I have never seen this inscription on a bed room wall: "You are respectfully requested not to tip my servants. I pay them high wages." For this reason I have refrained of late years from accepting invitations, although they have been many and urgent. At the last summer palace I visited the motto, "Sloth brings poverty," was over my bed, and the breakfast hour was 10:30.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.
Clampart, Aug. 17, 1912.

'THE MILLION' AT MAJESTIC

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: "The Million," a farce in four acts, adapted from "Le Million," a "comédie vaudeville" in five acts, by George Berr and Marcel Guillemaud. First time in Boston. Produced by Henry W. Savage.

Ramon Andrade.....Charles Trowbridge
Lorimer Walsh.....Taylor Holmes
Charles Burt.....John A. Butler
Frederico Donatelli.....Paul Ker
Frank Porter.....Robert Forsberg
McKorkle.....Robert Lawrence
McGuinness.....Charles McCarthy
Schultz.....Gustave Hartzheim
Flynn.....F. L. Driggs
Smith.....William J. Mahoney
Maurice.....John Needham
Beatrice Lind.....Helen Luttrell
Francesca Roversi.....Eulalie Jensen
Earl.....Kenyon Bishop
Mother Sharrin.....Maud McCarthy

The French play was produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, Oct. 23, 1910, when Jeanne Bertiny took the part of Beatrice, Marcelle Yrven that of Francine, M. Clement that of Crochard (porter), M. Mangin that of Sopraneli (Donatelli) and M. Lamy that of the envious prosper (Lorimer). This farce, by the authors of "Le Satyre," on which "The Pink Lady" was founded, was produced at the Thirty-ninth street, New York, in Leo Ditrichstein's English version, Oct. 24, 1911.

The original play was described by a Parisian critic as "a chaste piece" that could be seen without harm by the "Jeune fille" and her maiden aunt, that is, if one scene were omitted in the first act where Francine displayed too frankly her opulent beauty. The authors were then unfaithful to the traditions of the Palais Royal. Nevertheless changes were made by the translator to suit "American taste," concerning which, all American managers, especially Messrs. Belasco and Charles Frohman, are solicitous—witness "The Lily" and "Israel." Thus in the original farce Michel and Champaubert chloroform the police who think they have found in them the daring leaders of a notorious band.

The farce was heralded here as a "juggernaut of joy"—or was it a "juggernaut of mirth"? Also as "a joy ride in four screams." The audience that filled completely the Majestic last night, the opening night of the season, anticipated therefore a hilarious entertainment, nor was the audience disappointed, for it roared uproariously at situations, gestures, dialogue and farcical action that was too often and unnecessarily mere horse-play.

The main idea of the farce is a very old one and has served patiently many writers. One of a knot of Bohemians draws the first prize in a Brazilian lottery. He puts the ticket in the pocket of his blouse. The blouse is carried off—in this instance by a crook who is saved from the police by a good natured girl. She makes him do it to assume the role of a sculptor, when the police enter the studio in pursuit. The farce is after this concerned with the adventures of the blouse and the men and women in search of it.

The farce is one of action, action, action, and this action is after amusing in an extravagant way, utterly preposterous as becomes a farce, often noisy and tumultuous, at times merely common—not vulgar, but just common. The rush of incident and the unflagging spirit of the comedians excited the laughter of the spectators, and their verdict was unmistakably in favor of the play and the players. It is not necessary to speak of the farce in detail or to inquire into the reasonableness of the verdict. It is only just to record this verdict and accept it. Yet it may be said that the interest flagged after the first two acts, although in the fourth a song at the roadhouse was welcome and Mr. Ker's song in the third act evidently gave much pleasure. Whether the French dramatists would sympathize with the manner of performance is a question that will not be discussed.

The features in this performance were the impersonation of Lorimer by Mr. Holmes and that of Donatelli by Mr. Ker. Mr. Holmes was entertainingly cynical as the medical student and as amusing in burlesque vein as in lighter comedy spirit. His conception of the part was original and delightfully imaginative. Mr. Ker was admirable as the Italian tenor, an insufferable egotist, with his bursts of song, varied to suit the costumes he was packing, with his enormous self-complacency and assurance. The other members of the company were tireless and pitched the dialogue in a high and shrill key.

PARK THEATRE—First production in Boston of "A Night Out," a play in three acts by May Robson and C. T. Dazey. Cast:

Jack.....Jack Storey
Betty.....Faye Cusick
Paul.....Paul Decker
Mrs. Duncan.....Lotta Blake
Mrs. Haslem.....Edith Conrad
Grace.....Margaret Boland
Jerry.....John Rowe
Mr. Deacon.....G. C. Gwynne
Percy.....Eddie Leaman
Mr. Staples.....Lewis E. Parmenter
Mia, the dancer.....Louise Rand
Grammum, Mrs. Haslem's mother, May Robson

ELEANOR GORDON IS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Appears in Amusing Sketch,
"Light Housekeeping"—
Capital Program.

By the special permission of Harrison Grey Miske, Miss Eleanor Gordon, always a Boston favorite, is at B. F. Keith's this week presenting her new comedy, "Light Housekeeping," in which the joys and the jolts of the Wedaweeks are exploited in most amusing manner. The scene is laid early in the morning in their two-room suite with Miss Gordon, as the bride of a week and kimona-clad, preparing the first breakfast after the return from their honeymoon. Jack Wedaweek, quite true to life, is busy shaving, while his bride is wondering why the coffee doesn't melt when the hot water is poured upon it and why the eggs do not soften up after five minutes of hard boiling.

It's a clever sketch and, what's more, there is a lot of it that isn't so far out of the way as some of the more domestically favored might imagine. Miss Gordon was right in her element as Mrs. Wedaweek and Hale Norcross was a true and devoted husband, even though he was guilty at times of "forgetting something." Miss Gordon was called back several times after her sketch and was the recipient of two mammoth bunches of roses.

Another big hit was made by Felix Adler, "the plain clothes man," assisted—although it wasn't on the program—by George Williams, Keith's very versatile property man. After Adler has sung a lot of catchy songs and parodies, has told a few good stories and otherwise shown that he is the "100-horsepower comedian," as the bill has it, he returns to sing a song, telling what one sees upon the vaudeville stage. And to make more realistic that verse devoted to the ventriloquist's act he leads upon the stage by the hand George Williams to impersonate the dummy.

As theatregoers at Keith's long since discovered, Brother Williams is never put out, no matter what the situation, and he had quite as much fun with Adler as Adler had with him. The audience joined in it all heartily and wouldn't let the show proceed until Adler had called Williams back to bow his acknowledgments also.

A clever rapid-fire artist who uses real oil paints instead of crayons is Karl Grees, who dashes off winter ocean scenes and summer nights on the Rhine with equal facility and amazing speed. The Primrose Four, as usual, sang popular songs and ballads most effectively, and Max's International Circus, a burlesque upon the real one-ring show, was a scream from the start to the finish.

Others on the bill are the Three Emersons, from the London Hippodrome, in a novelty gymnastic act; Brown and Stann in vocal specialties; the Amoros Sisters, one of whom does a triple dislocation upon the trapeze, and McCormick and Irving in the diversion, "Flirtology."

August 21, 1912

The world is to the unimaginative, for them are honors, titles, rank and simple waist bands; foolish phylacteries broad as trade union banners; their own esteem and death to sound of Bibles leaves fluttered by sorrowing friends, with the sure hope of waking up immortal in a new world on the same pattern as the world that they have left.

For a Starter.

It was Walt Whitman that defined the great city as one where "the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons."

The late Baron d'Ambes and his translator had little sense of humor. We find the following entry in the baron's "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.": "Oct. 8—I was right. At the very time the prince was being taken to Ham, the fat was in the fire at the Tuilleries."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow smokes cigarettes or at least favors cigarette smoking and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson doesn't. What is it all to the infinite? Saint-Simon in his memoirs tells how daughters of Louis XIV. were caught smoking pipes which they had borrowed from the Swiss Guard, and the King the next morning gave them "une rude correction."

One or Two Syllables?

The Herald has received several notes about "lunch" and "luncheon." We publish two this morning:

As the World Wags: Concerning your discussion of "lunch" and "luncheon" allow me to say that the only difference I ever noticed is about \$2.

JOHN C. S. ABBOTT.

Allerton, Aug. 5.
As the World Wags: Speaking of "lunch" or "luncheon." My own preference is for the former when used in the sense of a "snack" and for "luncheon."

as denoting the customary mid-day meal. I have a young friend just beginning business life, who, like myself hates to leave his bed in the morning almost as much as to seek it at night, and, because of this fact and because his "absolutely necessary" expenses are often greater than his beginner's salary, is frequently obliged to forego even a "French" breakfast and takes at noon the first meal of the day. For the repast thus doing, or supposed to do, double duty, he has coined the expressive word "bruncheon," but sometimes, especially along toward the end of the week, even this word is too formal. On Fridays and Saturdays, therefore, he usually is forced to content himself with "hunch." C. H. C.
Boston, Aug. 6.

This reminds us that the salary of the Czar's chief cook is \$18,000 a year, although the Czar himself prefers plain dishes.

Roosevelt Anticipated.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, whose bust or picture with those of three other women—among them Miss Sybil Sanderson—will adorn the Californian Hall of Fame in San Francisco, likens Mr. Roosevelt to Charlotte Bronte's Rochester, "the man who was 100 per cent. male." Mrs. Atherton says that women love the type and, although she herself is stumping for Mr. Wilson, she has a "sneaking affection for it"—"a colossal bluffer—the self-sufficient man."

The Rochester in Bret Harte's burlesque of "Jane Eyre" is on the whole more robust than Charlotte Bronte's hero, though inevitably weaker than Mr. Roosevelt. The Rochester in R. H. Newell's burlesque—masquerading as Higgins—reminds us more vividly of the third term candidate.

"As my grandfather supported my trembling steps into the spacious hall of the lodge, I noticed that another figure had been added to our party. It was that of a man six feet high, and broad in proportion, whose majestic and spacious brow betokened realms of Elysian thought and excremental ideality. His pallid tresses hung in curls down his back, and an American flag floated from his Herculean shoulders. Fixed by a fascination only to be realized by those who have felt so, I cast my piercing glance at him, and my inmost soul knew all his sublimity. It was as though an angel's wing had swept my temples, and left a glittering pinion there."

Undying Devotion.

And here is shown the attitude of the worshipper, the perfect Rooseveltian.

"Come," said Mr. Higgins, "I don't speak like a donkey. I'm no priestly confessor. Curse the priests! Curse the world! Curse everybody! Curse everything! And he placed his feet upon the mantelpiece, and gazed meditatively into the fire."

"I could hear the beatings of my own heart, and all the warmth of my nature went forth to meet this sublime embodiment of human majesty; yet I dared not speak."

"After a short silence, Mr. Higgins took a chew of tobacco, and placing his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed:

"Why should I deceive you, girl? Last night I poisoned my only remaining sister because she would have wed a circus keeper, and scarcely an hour ago I lost two millions at faro. Your priests would say this was wrong—hey?"

"I stifled my sobs, and said, as calmly as I could: 'Our church looks at the motive, not the deed. If a high sense of honor compelled you to poison all your relatives and play faro, the sin was rather the effect of vice in others than in your own noble heart, and I doubt not you may be called innocent.'"

Concerning George.

Mr. G. R. Sims says that the baptismal name George is never introduced in a song except reproachfully or with a view to excite laughter. When he wrote "The Lights of London," he named his hero George Armztag, but Wilson Barrett, fearing rude shouts from the gallery, "O George, no George, don't George, dear George," etc., insisted that the name should be changed, and George became Harold. But are there not old songs and ballads in praise of St. George? There is a ballad "George Nidiver," and Emerson thought so highly of it—why, no one can tell—that he published it at the end of his essay on "Courage," and included it in his curious anthology entitled "Parnassus":

Men have done brave deeds,
And bards have sung them well:
I of good George Nidiver
Now the tale will tell.

Harold and Percy are regarded as comic names, thanks to vaudeville comedians. We can hardly think of Eugene Meredith as the author of "Richard Feverel" or of Gen. Harry P. Washington as the Father of His Country. Nor would any one except a professional humorist name a bull dog Claude.

August 22, 1912

Let us recommend without reserve "How to Be a Centenarian," by the late Dr. Stanislaus Lorenski of Posen. Dr. Lorenski studied his profession among the Bulgarians and died deeply lamented at the age of 31. A powder sufficient to make a gallon of sour milk goes with each volume.

Nature and Art.

The remark of a Boston woman to a

friend going into the country for the summer, "Kick a tree for me," has often been quoted, and classed with disparaging words of Charles Lamb concerning rural scenes and rural life. But is not the definition of the country by Charles Monselet, the Parisian, the final expression of contempt? "It is the place where the birds are raw."

Notes and Queries is discussing the question, "Has a twin ever become famous?" It is said that the point was first raised by Dr. Simpson in the Edinburgh Medical Journal in 1862, and the leading case cited among the few instances is that of the brothers Scott who became Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. But would anyone seriously maintain that the two were more famous than the Siamese Twins? Blest be the tie that binds.

A Melbourne newspaper published this theatrical advertisement: "Wanted, a stage lover. Must be tempestuous and headlong. No sluggards need apply." Here is a return to the good old traditions. In Melbourne they like to see a man rushing across the stage in the first act with a drawn sword; also a lady in distress, "Something doin'" is the motto.

Jennings and Socrates.

As the World Wags:

I have been a baseball fan all my life and taken great interest in all that concerns the game; among other things I have been especially interested in the actions of the different coaches: Jennings of the Detroit has always been a favorite and his calls and actions have been much enjoyed; imagine then my surprise the other day when reading the "Anatomy of Melancholy" to find the following: "If an ass kick me, said Socrates, shall I strike him again, and when his wife Xantippe stroke and misused him, to some friends that would have had him strike her again, hee replied that hee would not make them sport, or that they should stand by, and say Ela Socrates Ela Xantippe, as we doe when dogges fight, animate them the more by clapping of hands." This quotation I found on page 237 of the edition of 1624 which is the second edition of the enlarged "Anatomy."

Of course I do not suppose that Mr. Jennings took his now famous "Eeeyan" from this passage but consider it a curious coincidence as to the use of such similar means for encouraging combatants. H. P. W.

Littlejohn's Island, Me.

A Well-Spent Day.

One word more about luncheon and other intermediary meals. Mr. E. V. Lucas tells of an old Sussex laborer who thus filled up the day: "Out in the morning at 4 o'clock, mouthful of bread and cheese and pint of ale. Then off to the harvest field, rippin and moen (reaping and mowing) till night. Then morning breakfast and small beer—a piece of fat pork as thick as your hat (a broad brimmed wideawake) is wide. Then work till 10 o'clock, then a mouthful of bread and cheese and a pint of strong beer, forenooner—'farnooner's lunch, we call it. Work till 12; then at dinner in the farmhouse, sometimes a leg of mutton, sometimes a piece of ham and plum pludding. Then work till 5; then a 'punch' and a quart of ale; nunch was cheese. 'twas skimmed cheese, though. Then work till sunset; then home and have supper and a pint of ale."

Pride and Devotion.

Mrs. Astor has asked newspaper men in New York to refer to her as Mrs. John Jacob Astor and not Mrs. Madeline Force Astor. She is sensible in this. There are many women who as soon as they are widows sign their maiden name to formal documents, have it printed on their cards—of course with the surname of the late husband—and wish to be addressed as, for instance, Mrs. Laura Jane Hoopstreiter, instead of Mrs. Lorenzo G. Hoopstreiter. Thus they cause much annoyance.

You receive a letter from a woman unknown to you. She writes on a matter of business, or the note is one of invitation. The letter is signed Ellen Marston Hunt. It requires an answer. How do you address the envelope in answer? Is she Miss or maid, wife or widow? Is she Miss or Mrs.? The wise man writes "M" and then adds illegible letters—a wild flourish. And there are some sentimental and widowed souls who prefer to be known through the years remaining to them as the wife of the one no more; they thus maintain their pride and continue devotion. They are still Mrs. John Jones, Mrs. Henry Smith, Mrs. George Robinson—unless they again gladly lose their identity in a second marriage. And so there are wives who while their long-suffering husbands are alive are unwilling to be recognized in writing as the chattel of mere man.

The Soap-Hunters.

The Daily Chronicle makes a serious charge against Americans. It appears that in hotels of Western Scotland the supply of soap is in liquid or powder form, which is to the genuine article as the hideous arrangement of gas logs is to a wood fire on the hearth. One of the landlords gave a curious guest this explanation: No American tourist can see a

total cake of soap without putting it in his pocket, that is, if he is not observed. "They are a splendid people to deal with, but unchained, portable soap is their undoing." Hence the spray and the trickle as safeguard. The Daily Chronicle confirms this evil report. "The whitest American is as dishonest about a cake of soap as the blackest of his compatriots is about chickens. He will steal anybody's cake of soap." Yet there are Americans who travel with their own soap, and leave that provided by landlord or private host untouched, or are they to be tempted by fairness of proportion or subtle perfumes. It is as though they had this song in their mouths:

The soap that others are using
Is not the soap for me.

August 23, 1912

But, surely, of the rabid animal who is caught dining at noonday, the homo ferus who affronts the meridian sun, like Thyestes and Atreus, by his inhuman meals, we are entitled to say that he has a "maw" (so has Milton's Death), but nothing resembling a stomach.

Honorable Reminiscences.

As the World Wags:

Appropos of the sprightly and amiable discussion of "lunch and luncheon," I venture to send you a brief extract from a recently published English work in a field of literature in which our kin across the sea are most prolific, that of personal reminiscences and autobiography, while with us the crop is almost a negligible quantity. The work is entitled "One Look Back," and the author is the Right Honorable George W. E. Russell, grandson of the sixth Duke of Bedford and nephew of Lord John Russell, well known as a Whig predecessor of Gladstone and Disraeli in the premiership. For our purpose I copy from the Right Honorable George's chapter entitled "Hospitality," page 154.

Four Meals a Day.

"It must be remembered that 'dining' is not the only form of eating. Mr. Gladstone, who thought modern luxury rather disgusting, used to complain that nowadays life in a country house meant three dinners a day, and if you reckoned sandwiches and poached eggs at 5 o'clock tea nearly four. Indeed, the only difference that I can perceive between a modern luncheon and a modern dinner is the printed menu at the latter meal and the absence of soup at the former. There have always been some houses where the luncheons were much more famous than the dinners. Dinner, after all, is somewhat of a ceremony; it requires forethought, care and organization. Luncheon is more of a scramble, and in the case of a numerous and scattered family it is the pleasantest of reunions.

At First, for Women.

"My uncle, Lord John Russell (1792-1878) published in 1820 a book of 'Essays and Sketches' in which he speaks of 'women sitting down to a substantial luncheon at three or four,' and observes that men would be wise if they followed the example. All contemporaneous evidence points to luncheon as a female meal, at which men attended, if at all, clandestinely. If a man habitually sat down to luncheon, and ate it through, he was regarded as indifferent to the claims of dinner, and, moreover, was condemned as an idler. No one who had anything to do could find time for a square meal in the middle of the day. But, as years went on, the feeling changed. Prince Albert was notoriously fond of luncheon, and Queen Victoria humored him. They dined very late, and the luncheon at the Palace became a very real and fully recognized meal. The example, communicated from the highest quarters, was soon followed in society; and when I first knew London, luncheon was as firmly established as dinner. As a rule, it was not an affair of fixed invitation, but a hostess would say: 'You will always find us at luncheon, somewhere about two,' and one took her at her word.

Formal and on Sunday.

"The luncheon by invitation was a more formal and rather terrible affair. I well remember a house where at 2 o'clock in June we had to sit down with curtains drawn, lights ablaze, and rose colored shades to the candles because the hostess thought, rightly as regarded herself, less so as regarded her guests, that no one's complexion could stand the searching trial of midsummer sunshine.

"Sunday luncheon" was always a thing apart. For some reason not altogether clear, perhaps devotion long sustained makes a strong demand on the nervous system, men who turned up their noses at luncheon on week days devoured roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on Sundays and went forth like giants refreshed, for a round of afternoon calls. Sunday luncheon was a recognized centre of social life. Where there was even a moderate degree of intimacy a guest might drop in and be sure of mayonnaise, chicken, and welcome. I can recall an occasion of this kind when I saw social presence of mind exemplified, as I thought and think, on a heroic scale.

Presence of Mind.

"Luncheon was over. It had not been a particularly bounteous meal, the guests had been many, the chicken had been eaten to the drumstick and the outlets to the bone. Nothing remained but a huge 'Trifle' of chromatic and threatening aspect, on which no one had ventured to embark. Coffee was just coming, when the servant entered with an anxious expression, and murmured to the hostess that Monsieur de Petipols, a newly arrived attaché, had come and seemed to expect luncheon. The hostess grasped the situation in an instant and issued her commands with a promptitude and directness which the Duke of Wellington could not have surpassed. She said: 'Clear everything away, but leave the Trifle. Then show M. de Petipols in. Enter M. de Petipols. Delighted to see you. Quite right. Always at home at Sunday luncheon. Pray come and sit here and have some Trifle. It is our national Sunday dish.' Poor young de Petipols, actuated by the same principle which made the Prodigal desire the husks, filled himself with sponge cake, jam and whipped cream, and went away looking rather pale. If he kept a journal he no doubt noted the English Sunday as one of our most curious institutions, and 'Le Trifle' as its crowning horror."

Let me add that the above quotation shows the author in his lighter vein. The work is really a shrewd, well informed and intimate commentary on the social, political, professional and artistic circles of the England of the Victorian era by a veteran Londoner of wide acquaintance and exceptional qualifications, official and otherwise, to fit him for his work.

Boston.

De Quincey as Witness.

There is a passage in De Quincey's essay, "The Casuistry of Roman Meals," written in 1839, that may stand as a footnote. De Quincey alludes to the tiffin served from 2 to 5 on the table of an East Indian uncle. "The English corresponding term is luncheon; but how meagre a shadow is the European meal to its glowing Asiatic cousin." Yet tiffin was never meant to be a substitute for dinner any more than the Roman "prandium," which stood in the same relation to the Roman day as luncheon. "Now, to Englishmen"—De Quincey italicizes "men"—"that meal scarcely exists, and were it not for women, whose delicacy of organization does not allow them to fast so long as men, would probably be abolished. . . . We all know how hard it is to tempt a man generally into spoiling his appetite by eating before dinner. The same dislike of violating what they called the integrity of the appetite (integritas famem) existed in Rome."

August 24, 1912

For now the dentist cannot die
And leave his forceps as of old,
But round him, 'ere he scarce be cold,
Begins the vast biography.

Anecdoteage.

There are one or two good stories in "The Fourth Generation; Reminiscences by Janet Roos," recently published in London. When Lady Currie in spiritual mood, told the Sultan Abdul Hamid that she had not yet arranged her "inner life," he advised her, through an interpreter, to try hot water.

Many of the anecdotes in the Reminiscences of James Stuart are older and based on what might be called wandering motives. Here is a variant of a story told of several distinguished persons, among them the Duke of Wellington. Prof. Stuart in a Swiss smoking room met a talkative man who seemed to be more or less acquainted with Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. "He told me the prince was an exceedingly affable man, and I asked him what gave him that view. He said he had only once really spoken to him, and it was under the following circumstances. He was walking up a flight of steps in front of the hotel in which he was staying at Vienna just as the Prince of Wales was coming down, and, as he took off his hat to the prince the prince said friendly-like: 'It is a damned cold day.'"

The story told by Prof. Stuart about Mrs. Josephine Butler is a little fresher. She ended a speech in South Wales with a quotation from Isaiah, and the local newspaper said: "She concluded with a tirade of language which we would rather not reproduce in print." Although the professor was a staunch Gladstonian and accompanied his idol in one of the Midlothian campaigns, he says "It was as difficult to get him past a possible audience as to get a cat past a saucer of sweet milk."

The Old Ferryman.

An English steamship company has been obliged to change the name of a vessel Charon, because the dockers in a Greek port refused to work her. The ship is now known as the Jason. The modern Greeks still speak familiarly of Charon, whom they call Charos, but he is no longer the grim ferryman, he is death himself. Mr. J. C. Lawson, the author of "Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion," thinks the old Charon was also a personification of death. Curiously enough in the Greece of today there is a St. Charos and his name occurs in epitaphs on Christian tombstones. He is sometimes represented as a tall, thin, stern faced old man; sometimes as a stalwart youth

with long black hair riding a black horse in his zeal to slay. We are far from Virgil's boatman of Acheron, unkempt, filthy, with long white beard and eyes gleaming with fire.

More celebrated men than these Greek dockers have been disturbed by the name of a vessel. When Dr. Alexander went to the Holy Land to be the first Protestant bishop of Jerusalem, it was thought he would be regarded more favorably if he were conveyed thither in a British man of war, and so H. M. S. Infernal was placed at his disposal. The bishop was stuffy and resented the offer. The admiralty had trouble in finding another available vessel. At last the bishop left England in H. M. S. Devastation.

The Medicinal Hen.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Herkimer Johnson mentions a diet of eggshells as recommended by two German professors for the breeding of centenarians. Dr. Amat, a Frenchman, not long ago read a paper before the Societe Therapeutique in which he said that the membrane covering a freshly laid egg is an admirable fertilizer for human skin. "When a patient comes to him with a bad wound, he washes it, covers it with tiny layers of egg membrane, and bandages it up. In four or five days the wound is healed and a fresh patch of skin has grown." There is a French apothecary who doses his chickens with quinine or other drugs that are in constant demand and sells their eggs at prices from five francs a dozen upwards.

The hen is useful in many ways.
LOMBARD McPHERSON, M. D.
Babylon, L. I., Aug. 22, 1912.

Out of Doors.

As the World Wags:

I wonder that no one has mentioned in my article about luncheon the noon meal prepared by Eve in Milton's poem and eaten by Adam and the "sociable spirit" Raphael, while Eve "minister'd naked," as though she were waiting on the table of the Borgias, "and their glowing cups with pleasant liquors crown'd." It was a meal of fruits, plants, berries, grapes, and pleasing expressed juices. And Raphael discoursed like an angelic vegetarian. This was necessarily an out of door luncheon—a noonday meal—though Milton speaks of it as dinner.

Other poets have sung a more substantial, if a grosser luncheon, in the open. Thus the hero of Tennyson's "Audley Court" is provided with

a dusty loaf that smelt of home,
And, half cut down, a pasty costly made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret
lay
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
Imbedded and enjelled.

And all this of a game pie!
The Daily Chronicle reminds me of Calverley's lines:
Kerchief in hand I saw them stand,
In every kerchief lurked a lunch,
When they unfurled them, it was grand
To watch bronzed men and maidens
crunch
The sounding celery stick, or ram
The knife into the blushing ham.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.
Marblehead Neck, Aug. 22.

A Nicotian Pedometer.

We spoke some weeks ago of Charles Lamb's pedometer, how Lamb walked in a day so many pints of ale, measuring distances by the "pubs." We read yesterday that tobacco was the pedometer of Edward Whympre, the mountain climber. He was extravagantly fond of walking, and when the fit was on him he would buy a large quantity of tobacco at a shop in the city and spread it on a newspaper before the fire till it resembled tea leaves. Then he put on his jacket, filled each of the side pockets with the weed, put in a couple of pipes and started out. He turned back toward London when the left pocket was empty, and he emptied the right pocket on his homeward way.

IRRITATING WHITE.

A London physician asserts that children are irritated and made peevish by the use of the color white on, and around them; that children's clothes, cots, toys, perambulators, the nursery wall papers and ceiling should be green, blue, yellow, anything but red or white; that nurses should wear dresses of slate gray, blue or print. White is hurtful to the retina, and frets the eyes as well as the nerves.

Years ago Herman Melville argued in his wild tale of Captain Ahab and Moby Dick that in spite of sweet, honorable and sublime thoughts associated with the color white, "there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue, which strikes more of panic to the soul than that readiness which affrights in blood." And Melville described with fantastical eloquence the albatross, the White Steed of the Prairies famous in Western and Indian traditions, the repulsiveness of the Albino, the fury of the White Squall, the White Hoods of Ghent, the White Tower of London, the gigantic ghostliness of the White Hills, the white veil of Lima, the tall pale man of the Hartz forest, the awful white depths

of the Milky Way, the snow-flowered Andes, the lean and infernal scenery of Antarctic seas, the gliding pallid horror of the white shark and the abhorrent mildness of the white bear of the poles. It was the whiteness of Moby Dick the whale that above all things appalled Melville, who alone escaped at the last, the monster's vengeance.

And now will there be a crusade against whiteness? Is there a white as well as a Yellow Peril? Melville admitted that he could explain himself only in a dim and random way. The physician in London merely asserts: he does not inquire into the psychology. Is white no longer to be associated with the innocence of the child, the purity of the bride, the benevolence and wisdom of old age, the vision of the four and twenty elders and the redeemed? There are some that place by reason of its imaginative flight the "St. Agnes" of Tennyson, with its intense white light far above the "Idyls" and "In Memoriam." There are sensitive aesthetes who find perfect beauty in the restful whiteness of a chamber door. Nor should it be forgotten that white, the color of mourning in Japan today, has been the outward symbol of grief in Western lands.

August 25, 1912

In the second volume of his "Souvenirs d'un Enfant de Paris," published in Paris not long ago, Emil Bergerat tells of a visit he made in January, 1876, with the painter, Charles Chaplin, on Mme. Musard, and he describes this extraordinary American woman and her equally extraordinary husband.

Various Many strange stories
Stories have been told about
Related Mme. Musard, and those about her early life before she met and pleased William, the Third, King of Holland, are entertainingly contradictory.

Thus M. Frederic Lollie in "La Fete Imperiale" says that she was born on the banks of the Ohio river, and her name was Elisa Parker. She was a chamber maid with a love for fiddling and dancing, when a French musician, passing that way, became enamored of her, married her and took her to Europe. At Baden the King of Holland saw her and at once fell a victim; but vexed by her attempt to mix in political intrigues or simply tired of her, he farewelled her and threw at her head a bundle of shares in some oil wells that were considered worthless. They turned out to be enormously valuable. Some say these wells were in Galicia, others that they were in the United States. Mme. Musard and her husband then went to Paris where she lived in splendor. Her carriage, drawn by four horses, was one of the sights of the Bois. Her box at the Opera was in the middle of the second balcony. She wore a dress with 3000 pearls at a dinner given to the Prince of Chimay. The breakfasts in her stable were of a sumptuous order. She possessed a superb chateau at Villequier. Although her life in Paris was without scandal, she never succeeded in pushing her way into society. Men like Gautier, Chaplin, Ziem, Houssaye were her friends, but of the women, only exotic and impetuous marchionesses were seen at her table or in her drawing room. A young girl, a daughter or a niece, was of the household. Mme. Musard suffered a stroke that disfigured her. She went mad and died in an asylum, cursing Chaplin because he had taught her to paint. One of her last wishes was to write to the King of Holland. Her palace in Paris was purchased by another remarkable woman, the Countess of Loynes. Thus the scandal loving and gossiping M. Lollie.

Version According to a story published some years ago in the New York Times,
of Birth in Ohio Mme. Musard was born in Ohio and her name was Elisa Parker. She married Musard in New York in 1858. At her palace in the Avenue de Jera she was waited on at table by three coal black negroes and three white servants alternately. She was suspected of being a spy. She attempted to kill Chaplin. The writer described her as having large and dark eyes, a small and finely formed head, a slender and shapely figure.

A different story was told at various times by the New York World. Her name was Eliza Blakeney and she was the daughter of an illiterate stone mason in New York. She lived in a East side tenement, but early in life flitted she met one Walcott, a young broker, at Barnum's Museum, and he fell desperately in love with her. His family in Chicago interferred and she then married James Robinson, but again parents meddled with her happiness and the two were separated. Musard was then leading an orchestra.

At Paris with him when the King of Holland abdicated, when he gave her title of Countess of Flanders. At Paris she amused herself with politics and was mixed up in the Luxembourg affair of 1868. The Emperor forbade her appearance on the highways of Paris.

Another story was to the effect that the name of Mme. Musard was Henrietta Blakeney and she was born at Ogdensburg, N. Y. Her father, William H. Blakeney, could not write his own name, nevertheless he published a newspaper in New York. Mme. Musard left a large amount of property to her family in America. The father was killed when he was drunk by a fall from a carriage. The mother, Mrs. Hannah Blakeney, died at Nyack in 1886, at the age of 82. A brother died at Ogdensburg late in 1891.

Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper once wrote that Mme. Musard was a New Englander by birth and was a servant in a Boston hotel. Her beauty was of the Spanish type. She owned clothes baskets of silk stockings and her laces filled many Saratoga trunks. This time the oil wells were in Galicia.

The Marquise de Pontenoy said that Mme. Musard was 40 years old when she died; that she had a villa on Lake Como, a chalet at Trouville, a chateau at Villequier; that she adored her husband. Now the date of her death is given as 1878, two years after Bergerat saw her. If she were 40 when she died, she was only 20 when she met Musard.

Son of Noted Dancer

This Alfred Musard—some say his Christian name was Mario—was the son of the famous Philippe Musard (1792-1859), the "Paganini of the Dance and the King of the Quadrille" in the time of Louis Philippe. He conducted balls at the Opera and the Opera Comique; he had his own Concerts Musard. He wrote much music, over 150 quadrilles, and delighted in huge orchestras: 24 violins on each side, 14 cornets, 12 trombones, etc. He was a man of indisputable talent, as well as a magnetic conductor who rolled his eyes and was often lost in "plastic contemplation."

The son apparently came to New York with the manager Bernard Ullman. We find him conducting a "Bal Masque" at the Academy of Music, April 12, 1858. The orchestra was 120 strong. The announcement stated: "Ladies must be masked, and will not be admitted unless accompanied by gentlemen not masked. Ladies can wear fancy costumes or dominoes; gentlemen, fancy costumes or plain clothes. Admission, 50 cents; reserved seats, \$1.00." He also conducted orchestral concerts. On Dec. 18, 21, 22, 1858, his name appeared in connection with entertainments in aid of the Mount Vernon Association for the Preservation of Washington's Home, and in 1858 he was associated as a conductor with Bergmann.

It is said that after the death of his wife, he was lost at sea when crossing from France to Algeria.

There is a description of Mme. Musard in that cynical romance, "Les Confidences d'une Ecluse," by M. Abel Hermant. She is introduced as Eliza Watson and her husband is Haffner, a German violinist. Lady Ventnor, who relates through M. Hermant, her extraordinary adventures and gossip from her personal knowledge of Baudelaire, Sainte-Beuve, "the Duc de Morny," "Pion Pion," "Prince Citron," and others, represents Haffner as having an affair with her after the death of Eliza and finally, impoverished and white haired, killing himself at the Hotel de Bade. The true story is curiously distorted to serve the purpose of the satirist, and is not Lady Ventnor, first known in the Cyprian world as "La Solferino," a composite character, in which the Countess de Loyne's is the dominating figure, for Sainte-Beuve was the tutor of this countess as he was of Lady Ventnor, and her betrothed, Ernest Baroche, was killed at the Paris outposts and left her his fortune, as Julian Chantepleu was killed in a similar manner and enriched Hermant's heroine. This comtesse de Loyne, a strange woman, "with enigmatic, blue-gray eyes and a wealth of dark hair, was christened by Dumas the younger 'La Dame aux Violettes,' and she shone from the days of the Second Empire to the Dreyfus affair. There is much about her and her salon in M. Arthur Meyer's "Ce Que Je Peux Dire," which has been translated into English under the title, "Forty Years of Parisian Society."

Bergerat's

Visit to Mme. Musard

Let us listen to M. Bergerat as he describes his visit to Mme. Musard. It was in January, 1876, that he went with Charles Chaplin, the painter, who effected English and "Brummesque" manners and rejoiced when he was addressed as Sir Charles Tchaplaine. On the way he cautioned Bergerat "against alluding to Holland, to oranges, and praising petroleum for illumination. 'Without being Edgar Poe or the Last of the Mohicans, I built up the romance. The King of Holland was William of Orange the Third, and lighting by petroleum imagined, in the slang of the boulevard, the origin of his mistress' fortune.'"

Mme. Musard, when Bergerat saw

her, was of height of height, tall, ladylike, with a long, wavy, golden hair, eyes blue and supple, perhaps a Parisian, but not a thoroughbred; blind, or nearly so, in the left eye. It was almost closed and hidden by a lock of hair which wished to be coquettish but was sad as a branch of a weeping willow. But what an expression of impetuous will! Of her once famous beauty there remained an oval face of pure outlines and fine features. The light chestnut hair, waved, fell in a cascade to the middle of her back, "a la little girl." Supreme coquetry was thus revealed. Bergerat complimented her. She thanked him. "You are an artist?" "Not a capillary one, Madame." Then she spoke of her hair. She vivified the roots and gave lustre by using glycerine, pure and not perfumed. That was her secret and Bergerat wished to tell her of his grandmother's recipe of ox marrow in the form of a pomade. "My tongue itched to tell her, but I turned it round seven times and swallowed it."

She was dressed in a high-necked robe of Fleish silk, black and Quakerish. A scarf of bright red satin girdled it, and this floated behind her—always "a la little girl." She wore no jewels.

Her hands were beautiful although somewhat gnarled—the right, which was that of Holland—the left, which was that of Musard. It was not necessary for her to say that her manicure had just left her and she was going to the dentist. This was seen at once. "I thought only of the oculist. She also, but she did not breathe a word about it. Had she any illusions about the willow branch?"

His Dress Without a Fault

And then her husband entered and was announced by her as though a palace chamberlain had cried "The King!" Musard had made good use of the glycerine. There was not a stray hair. His dress was immaculate. What a pity he stirred or spoke. "Fine weather," he said to Chaplin, pointing to the window. "What a soft and eury light!" Thus he showed his knowledge of painting! Yet Musard had authority only in the stables, and there he was not absolute master.

When his wife resolved to live like a princess she heard that Lord Pembroke was ready to sell his marvellous horses, 30 of them, race and carriage horses. She summoned his head coachman. "Yes," said the automechon, "I'll serve you, if you buy all the horses, but on three conditions: Madame will never set foot in the stables; she will drive daily for the health of the horses; I'll drive her wherever she wishes to go, but Monsieur must never be with her." Musard was present and swallowed the insult. For six years he went about only in a cab.

The dining room was in oak, like the office of a notary, and it was cluttered with miscellaneous bibelots, a scrap heap of art. The ceiling was decorated by Chaplin. Academic and swollen Cupids were sporting in dull colors, but above the mantel-piece was the exquisite "Young Girl with the Turtle-Dove." The table equipage was at first of silver plate; later of Saxon porcelain, open work and inlaid. There were two carafes of wine, red and white. "Antiquity had the amphora; we have the litre, said Jules Valles." The fare consisted of oysters, cutlets, calf's head (without glycerine), preserved asparagus, pate de foie gras, Chester and camembert cheese. Naturally there was no Holland cheese, and there were no oranges. At the end of the meal a cup of perfumed Cyprus was brought to the hostess and she put it down in one draught.

Gives Hugo Credit

Although Mme. Musard was an American she appeared to Bergerat as one on the defensive. She talked little. "My pointed nose disquieted her." And was the husband really the son of the prodigious Musard who, long before Offenbach, led the bewitched bacchanal of the Parisian night? Mme. Musard suddenly said: "Ah, M. Tchaplaine, what a bother it is to do good! Always ingratitude! I no longer dare to give money to anyone!" Bergerat had heard of her Shylockian parsimony; how she went down stairs in the morning to measure the milk in the jar, fearing that the concierge would rob her; nevertheless Bergerat had the presence of mind to say: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "What a charming proverb!" exclaimed Mme. Musard. "It is not mine; it's Victor Hugo's," answered Bergerat. "The poet?"

She had a queer trick of emphasizing her speech by a stiff motion of the forearm. "Madame Polichienne Despot" is a pantomime to be made. In the conjugal Pinch and Judy show, Alfred should not be contradictory. Her hand was of steel, Toledo perhaps, but Desbarolles could read in the palm without a magnifying glass, energy and tenacity. On it the manicure wasted her salves. A woman of sudden inspirations, violent caprices, tormented with the thought of approaching blindness and the spectre of irregularity; a bit of human wreckage rejected by the ocean of society.

Bergerat's compliments about her hair haunted her. She wished Chaplin to paint her at once. She had the colors, brushes, all ready. She would pose exactly as she was. "It's for America." "You owe her a portrait in the manner of Reynolds," said Bergerat. "Gainsborough will be good enough," answered the painter without a smile.

Bracelets of Live Snakes

There was an apocryphal legend that she always wore live snakes for bracelets. Bergerat saw none. Nevertheless Mme. Musard was a jealous woman, also devout. Her bedroom proved this, for Alfred insisted on showing it. There were two beds of ebony encrusted with black silk embroidered in purple and gold with the initials of the couple. Porcelain everywhere. And above her bed were two guardian angels, enormous and atrociously painted. They regarded benevolently her dreams, whatever they were. And everywhere were crucifixes, ivory, bronze, stucco, wooden, perhaps in gingerbread, and there were

holy water basins in which box was withering or dead. There was a prayer stool at the foot of her bed. A horrible chamber, huddled with iron, rural scenes in porcelain, shells of lustral water, illustrated night tables, a Venusberg effect, where the black bed coverings evoked the thought of the Black Mass.

The Salon was a triumph for Champin, the Boucher of this Pompadour. The ceiling was beautifully decorated; there was costly tapestry; Music, Painting and Poetry were celebrated above the doors and pier glasses. There was a smaller room with the picture of a young girl beset by Cupids; she pointed to a full length portrait, symmetrical, rigid, academic, a puritanical Mme. Musard. "I do not know who the artist was; I did not look for his name; but there was something of the Institute in the affair." There was also a portrait of a young mother playing with a child—"after the Dutch manner."

Had No Circle of Friends

It was a morose palace, with an uninhabited air; a mansion of spleen and ice. You walked on your toes as in a family vault. For the grand parvenue of the Champs Elysees had no circle of friends. The wife of a "General Chapelier" was seen there; her illustrious husband "could not come this evening." At 3 A. M. Mme. Musard would extinguish the lights in a rage and ask her guardian angels what was the use of wealth and piety.

A staircase led to the smoking room, and there were pictures by Diaz, Daubigny, Ziem and Champin. There was a study of flowers by the mistress and there was a story that she nearly lost her sight by painting them. She bought from an Italian sculptor who was hard up a life-size copy of the Venus de Medici, and paid only 15 louis for it. "A good bargain," she said. "Not for the sculptor," answered the unabashed Bergerat. The smoking room was comfortable with its oriental divan. There was an Erard grand piano encrusted with ivory and American novels sumptuously bound were in low bookcases.

Mme. Musard shook hands with Bergerat when he left, and he felt as though pincers had hold of him.

Showed Guests Stables

M. Musard showed his guests the stables and on their way they talked about Rembrandt. "You know," said Bergerat, "they have found out the secret of his golden browns. He painted in herring oil."

The stables were a museum. All known saddles, whips, bits, blinders, bridles, stirrups, spurs, from the time of Nimrod to that of MacMahon. In glass cases were pompons, ribbons, reins, artificial flowers, bells of gold and silver. There was a "whip-horn," the only one in the world. "To wed a whip to a horn is the thought of a fabulist. A whip adored a horn." But what could be the result of such a union? There was a golden book with portraits of famous horsewomen in the time of Cora Pearl. There was a wonderful collection of bells of every sort. There was a sleigh that belonged to the Empress, worthy of Semiramis. And the superb horses! The head stableman despised his master and his guests. "He was like Diomedes, who fed his steeds on human flesh." And as Bergerat marvelled at the splendor of the stables, lo, M. Musard burst into a fit of rage. Some one had forgotten to turn off the gas and a single jet was burning, although it was full day. "Do you wish to ruin me?"

After Mme. Musard died, it was found out that she and her husband were married only in name. He had given her his, merely to have the right of defending her and loving her in public. Insensible to the universal contempt, he could not long survive her.

News

"Zingari," a new opera by Leoncavallo, will be produced at the London Gossip Hippodrome, Sept. 16.

An adaptation by Peter Le Marchant of Kistnermaecker's drama, "La Flambee," will be produced by Sir George Alexander in London on Oct. 1. He will take the part of the hero, and Miss Ethel Irving that of the hero's wife.

An epic ballet, "The Gate of Life," by Arled Rosencrantz, was produced at the Savoy Theatre. Death, as the gate of life, was the central figure. In the first scene a youth, after coquetting with a damsel, departs to fight and Death appears at the gate. In the second the maid is disconsolate and dies. The youth returns and finding his love dead prays to be with her. In the third the youth and the maiden rise from the ground and leave together. The music was taken from these sonatas of Beethoven: the Waldstein, the Appassionata and the so-called Moonlight.

A curious play was produced at the Mile End Yiddish Theatre in London, "The Kreutzer Sonata," but it had nothing to do with Tolstoy's story. The Referee gave this flippant account: "The Hebrew heroine 'stepped to fall,' with a certain scoundrel, and anon bore a 'nameless' child. Her heart-broken father, a very insistent Israelite, never rested till he had found for her a husband, who didn't mind his bride having had a Past and a babe! Alas! the match turned out badly, for the husband-of-convenience became smitten with his wife's bouncing sister. The actual fall of this pair was finally revealed in a somewhat novel manner. The wicked couple went out saving they were going to see Calve as Carmen, instead of which they went other where, returning late, full of commendation for Calve, they were confounded by the wife's statement that Calve hadn't appeared, but had left Carmen to the understudy. Being then mocked by her husband and her sister, the wife sought to take a swig at a big bottle of carbolic acid which her father had just brought in. Foiled in her endeavor, she fatally shot the guilty couple and presently died of heart-break. This peculiar play, the scene of which was mostly laid in New York, was excellently acted, both in its humorous and its tragic parts. It was agreeably diversified with sundry American songs and choruses, some of which so much recalled 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that more than once I quite expected to find poor Eliza Harris coming along to fly across the sea and 'your little Eva' telling us she could not be long with us."

Alfred Capus has written an ultra-modern version of "La Dame aux Camelias" for the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris.

Le Bary will open his own theatre in Paris next season with "Cyrano de Bergerac." Later he will act Tartuffe, Don Juan and the Fanst in Rostand's play. "In between whiles M. Le Bary will play the leading part in the action which the Comedie Francaise has taken against him."

Noted

Actors

Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander and Mr. Cyril Maude in Peril may be surprised to hear that they may become "black-legs" if they cross the equator. The Australian Actors' Union has started a crusade against "non-union theatrical companies." It is affiliated to more than a hundred other trade unions, so that if Sir Herbert or Sir George should be unable to produce his union ticket on landing in Australia, he might have to play to empty pits and galleries, or, worse still, pits and galleries packed with noisy demonstrators.—Daily Chronicle.

The Imperial Family of Japan, like the Hohenzollerns, has produced some musical composers. At the reception given by the Mikado in 1894 to celebrate his silver wedding, a dance was played which, according to the program, was "composed 1300 years ago by the Emperor Yomer. It represents the joyous flight of a bird of paradise in the Golden Age." Another dance was "composed 987 years ago by Prince Atsumi."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Statue in

Honor of Pavlova?

When one has time to think, what a lot of things there seem to be to think about! The other day I was asked if I knew where the only statue existed in London that had been erected in honor of that glorious artist, Madame Pavlova. I know; do any of you know who may read this paragraph? Also, I was asked—but I fear the questioner was rather a sophisticated person—why the Duke, in "Rigoletto," goes in to the precincts of Rigoletto's house through the kitchen door and comes out of the house to take his traditional call through a door that seems made for no other purpose. Also how would any of you answer the question of the youngster who, on being taken to a concert in Warsaw to see Nikisch conduct, and promised to be good because Nikisch was held up as a most fascinating conductor, asked, after some time, "Mother, when is he going to begin to be fascinating?"—Daily Telegraph.

In my last week's notes I expressed a doubt if the acting of the Irish Players carried to the upper circles. I have now no doubts. I sat the other day in the grand circle, and though I knew the play, and have somewhat accustomed myself to Irish intonation, I had to strain my ears to follow the dialogue. And surely it must be plain that the subtleties of "The Shadow of the Glen" are not for a large hall. That floating glamour, that mystical humor, that haunting sense of allegory cannot be expressed through a megaphone, and may so easily degenerate into farce.—W. R. Titterton in the Pall Mall Gazette.

"One of the great changes since that time" (1899) "has been the change in the Gaiety girl. The typical Gaiety girl twenty years ago was a splendidly

of today. That was one of the things in which George Edwards felt the same taste was changing. The show had been given way to the pretty little dancer."

Aldul The deposed Sultan Hamud's Abdal Hamud, as the *Gazzetta di Torino* informs us, has arranged an opera house adjoining his palace at Akkama. "It has but 16 stalls, but is most luxuriously furnished and the performances mainly depend on the art functionaries who share his exile. A pasha rings up the curtain and another pasha is scene-shifter. One of the attendants acts as prompter and one gives the signal to begin at an almost imperceptible movement of the Sultan's hand. Sometimes it happens that the performance comes to an abrupt end, when his devoted minions observe that their master has fallen asleep they make all those present vacate the stage and the audience hall on tiptoe."

Abdul Hamud has always been a generous patron of the drama. He had a luxuriantly appointed private theatre at Yildiz Kiosk. "His taste, however, has always been for opera bouffe; of tragedy—on the stage—he will have none. When years ago the Italian ambassador at Constantinople induced him to command Salvini to recite one or two of his tragic scenes in his presence, Abdul was so discomposed that he rose in the middle of the performance and left. Sarah Bernhardt the Sultan always refused to see, declaring that he did not wish to witness the acting of a woman who could mimic death to such perfection."

Too Much Music Here is a pathetic letter addressed to the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette: "Sir: We all have our private troubles, domestic worries, perhaps heartaches, and certainly we are all tired towards the end of the season. Why, then, have we no consideration for one another? Why increase the agony incidental to our meetings? Why turn the weapon in the wound? In a word, why will 'amateurs' stand up—or sit down when it is a piano—to rub in the salt at the bidding of a ruthless hostess? Also, one might ask why do we cravens submit to it?"

But this is a Christian country. We come innocently, full of good-will, to our friends' at homes and sit meekly while "music" is hurled at us out of the throats of stout tenors and pale sopranos, and from the open corpse of what is called a "grand-piano." Grand? perhaps yes. Piano? no, not if it is taken as a literal term. This foul instrument of vengeance racks our weary souls in punishment of uncommitted offences. There is nobody to fly at the throat of the executioner and stifle the notes that torture, not a man in England to handcuff the piano player! How long will these outrages continue? When shall there be a surcease of "Music"? Yours, etc., AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

Massenet's Early Years Editor of The Herald: It does not seem possible that Jules Massenet is no more! It was but yesterday that I was humming the Scotch aria in "David Rizzio," the one-act opera that gave for many years to the foremost French composer the "Prix de Rome," and little did I think then that today The Herald would tell me of Massenet's death!

I was but a boy when I first met the future composer of "Werther" and "Le Cid." I was 12 and he was 16, and Jules, as we used to call him, was spending the summer at my father's house in Guines, France. If I be not mistaken he had just carried off at the Conservatoire the "Premier Prix de Piano," and was full of life and ambition. Year after year Massenet spent his summers with us, and was, so to speak, "de la famille." His last visit was in 1864, when, having won "Le prix de Rome," he came to bid us farewell previous to starting for Rome as "pensionnaire" of the French government—and to ask my eldest sister's hand in marriage.

It had all come about in this way. My sister and Massenet had become acquainted at the Conservatoire, and at the home of Mr. Pallanti, the "regisseur" of the Opera Comique, where both were boarding, and thus Massenet became acquainted with our family.

Now Jules was very poor, supporting himself on \$15 a month, as player of the little drama at the Opera Comique, and my father said "No!" although many predicted a brilliant future for the young composer. The actual trouble was that Massenet was a "Wagnerist," and in those days "la musique de l'avenir" was no means popular in France, and therefore my father refused to believe that the future composer of "Le Roi de Lorraine" and of "Thais" would ever be more than a kettle drum player.

Years went by and both got married. Massenet became famous and rich; my sister's husband lost what money he had and never was able to recuperate. Unable to carry on herself, beyond a certain limit, her eldest boy's musical education my sister, who was living in Sweden and had never seen Massenet

asked to write to her father's sweetheart asking him to take an interest in her son Gaston. Massenet sent for him and received him in his home and continued the boy's musical education.

Today Gaston Borch is a young and promising composer. Many of his compositions have been played by different well known orchestras in Europe and in this country.

The famous French conductor, Colonne, allowed him to conduct a "suite," composed by the boy, at the age of twenty-four; the same honor was granted him by Paur at Pittsburgh. Several of his compositions have been published in France, England, Germany and in this country.

I have met Massenet many times in Paris since the days of our boyhood, and when I last saw him, only a few years ago, he said to me, speaking of my sister then dead:

"Son doux souvenir m'a souvent bien inspiré!" A. H. Boston, Aug. 14.

THE FINAL HONOR.

Even if Mr. Roosevelt should not enter upon a third term, with characteristic defiance of sane custom, he has been awarded the supreme, the final honor. The Lamoille Valley fair in Vermont has been extended one day, that he may be present; that he may be seen and heard. On Aug. 30, "a red letter day, for the whole Lamoille valley," as the handbill states, Mr. Roosevelt will arrive at the fair in Morrisville by automobile, the modern triumphal chariot. He will lunch, and the people will be allowed to see him at meat, as the French were permitted on certain days to gaze at Louis XIV. similarly employed. "Sufficient time will be given for the speech and such informal reception as Col. Roosevelt may be pleased to hold." All the other features of the program will be postponed until his departure.

"Think of it! An opportunity of a lifetime! A chance to hear right here at home the most-talked-of man in the world!"

"See the whole show!"

But what in comparison with the presence of Mr. Roosevelt are the other features—the trotting matches, the prize bull, the largest squash, card gingerbread, the six-legged cat, or even a balloon ascension?

The "whole show." It is Mr. Roosevelt. There is no other.

August 26, 1912

Showing the best and dividing it from the worst age we are. Knowing the perfect fitness and equality of things, while they discuss I am silent, and go bathe and admire myself.

Bathiana.

Dr. R. H. Quine of Manchester, England, read a paper at the Royal Sanitary Institute's Congress held early this month at York and his subject was the bath habits of the English people. An intrepid observer, he has made "an extensive inquiry into the provision and use of baths in hotels, both family and commercial, and in seaside and country lodging houses." He found that on the average 95 per cent. of hotel guests did not use the bath on any day; the cold baths were used exclusively by men; the military came first on the roll of honor; racing men were a good second; the average of the clergy was not high, possibly by reason of the cost; commercial men (drummers) had not acquired the daily bath habit. Dr. Quine also said: "No evidence was discovered which would lead one to conclude that the bathing accommodation of any town was unduly taxed whenever a congress of medical men or sanitarians was held there."

Dr. Quine then presented a table of frequency in bathing according to nationalities: 1, Scotsmen; 2, Englishmen; 3, Irishmen; 4, American women; 5, English women; 6, American men; 7, French men; 8, Germans.

Tubphobia.

It should be borne in mind that these statistics were compiled after inquiry only in English hotels and lodging houses, nor are we informed as to the manner in which the investigation was conducted. We are told, however, that American women outstripped English women in the use of the bathroom, because they were less bashful and were not afraid to pass along the corridors. They were provided with elaborate and handsome dressing-gowns, and in this were superior to their English cousins.

The causes that prevented the more frequent use of the bathroom were the charge made for baths; the objection to walking along corridors and dressing twice; want of time in the morning; the objection to leaving money and valuables unsecured in the bedchamber.

Dr. Quine concluded by saying: "In lodging houses and country houses generally, the washing accommodation is disgracefully inefficient and insufficient. In the town the mass of the people are without efficient appliances to wash all parts of their bodies."

A Watery Discussion.

The statement of Dr. Quine naturally aroused discussion in the English newspapers. An American, Mr. Clarence H. Moore, wrote to the Daily Mail that he once believed in the old story about the Englishman's tub, and how he used to carry it with him, on glacier tracks and in the desert. "Having lived in England for three years, I now realize that the average Englishman does not know what a proper bath is," and he mentions large hotels in London where one bathroom is provided for a floor of about 60 rooms.

Some of the correspondents (Englishmen) frankly say they hesitate to pay 1 shilling 6d. a day for a hotel bath, and one man reckons that the average hotel bath room brings in about £150 a year; "no bad return for supplying a splash of water in a sort of corner cupboard." Yet Dr. Quine had the courage to say: "In no hotel do the fees from bathers pay for the cost and upkeep of the installation."

Nor are the physicians agreed as to the necessity or advisability of a daily bath. They do not cite the melancholy case of George Wishart, the Scottish martyr, mentioned in Foxe's famous book: "He had commonly by his bedside a tub of water, in which, his people being in bed, the candle put out, and all quiet, he used to bathe himself." And for this he suffered; aye, he was taunted by the persecutors and told that while his body might be outwardly clean, he nevertheless smelled of superstition.

Basin and Surf.

"The wash-hand 'basin,'" said Dr. Quine, "is the sole washing vessel in daily use by approximately forty millions of people." This reminds us of a story told by George Glasing in "Ryecroft," about life in the British museum. "Once, on going down to wash my hands I became aware of a notice newly set up above the row of basins. It ran somehow thus: 'Readers are requested to bear in mind that these basins are to be used only for casual ablutions.' Oh, the significance of that inscription! Had I not myself, more than once, been glad to use this soap and water more largely than the sense of the authorities contemplated? And there were poor fellows working under the great dome whose need, in this respect, was greater than mine."

There are physicians who say we really do not need to wash at all except at birth and at death. Others believe if we wash our garments, the skin will do the rest. Nearly all agree that the lolling, the soaking is merely a luxury, and Dr. Saleby declares that beneficial cleanliness comes only from swimming in the surf. Washing is no less salutary as a discipline, "a piece of symbolical homage to life's temple," than as a preventive of disease. Yet we are right to deplore the carelessness of many in this respect—"though more on account of the affront to our nostrils than of the injury to their health," and "dabbling with dishes in a bedroom" may make the body clean. When we were living in Berlin in the eighties we went to the public baths. The sensitive preferred the "Noble Bath" although it cost a mark more. The "nobility" consisted in the fact that the water in the tub had not been used by predecessors.

August 27, 1912

"J. D. K." writes: "In the restaurant last night I heard a word not in the dictionary. The waiter called out, 'Send down a Mulligan.' He said it was a can used to hold soups and stews. Is it an Americanism? Will some one shed kindly light?"

From "M. W. B.": "C. H. C. writes that his friend has coined the expressive word 'bruncheon.' Perhaps he does not use the word 'coin' in the usual sense of to invent, or does not know that 'brunch' is the Oxford undergraduate's term for a meal between breakfast and luncheon, or a very late breakfast."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us that he has been most highly complimented. "Yesterday I received a pressing invitation to spend the winter at Claridge's Hotel in London, and the general manager, who signs the invitation, assures me that Claridge's is 'the Royal Hostelry and the Home of Kings and Princes.' This may change my plans. It is not easy to obtain good butter in Clamport after Oct. 1 and the price of cord wood is steadily rising."

Unfamiliar and Known.

There are many "Americanisms," real and alleged, in the latest section of "The Oxford English Dictionary" (Vol. IX—"Sleep-Snizzle"). Here is a list of some that are not familiar to the great majority: Slew, meaning a marshy or reedy pool; slimskin, a sea-elephant in an emaciated state; slink, a thin or poor and bony fish; slipe, a long, narrow piece or strip; slippin', sleighing; slip-slops, old shoes turned down at the heel; sliver (pronounced slyver), the side of a small fish sliced off in one piece for use as bait; sloven, uncultivated, untrained; slows, or milk sickness, sick stomach, swamp sickness, tires—a disease occasionally observed in Alabama, Indiana and Kentucky, which affects both man and cattle, but chiefly the latter; slunkers, "these spent females (sc. sturgeons) are called 'slunkers,' and are of little value"; smeath, the pintail duck; slick, a smooth place or streak on the surface of water; slive, to plaster or rough-cast a wall; slirt.

The list of Americanisms well known.

is a long one. It includes sleeper, sleigh sleuth, sling (a drink), slip (a kind of pew); slouch (a poor, indifferent, inefficient thing, place or person, chiefly in the negative phrase "no slouch of" or "no slouch at," but slouch, a lubber, clown, awkward, ungainly man is orthodox English); slumgullion; smart, meaning considerable in number, amount, extent; smearcase; smoketalk; smokjack, meaning the cowl or hood for the end of a railway carriage stovepipe; smoke-stack, meaning the funnel of a steamboat; slungshot; sly, to move about in a sly manner; smart; snake, to drag, pull, draw, or take out surreptitiously; snake fence; snakehead, the end of an iron rail which was sometimes thrown up in front of the car wheels and passed through the car; sneakers (but sneaks is English for soft-soled, noiseless slippers or shoes); smoker, a grade of tobacco, "domestic cigar tobacco and smokers," and originally an Americanism for the smoking car or compartment; to have snakes in one's boots, to see snakes, to wake snakes.

A Regrettable Omission.

There are a few omissions and one is inexcusable. There is no reference

to the word "sliding" or "slide" as synonymous with "coasting" or "coast." The verb "slide," i. e., to move with a smooth and continuous manner while standing more or less erect upon a surface, especially that of ice, is illustrated by quotations from 1340 to the present time. "Formerly used of skating, now distinguished from it" is the preparatory note. "The virgins in Holland, hand in hand with young men, slide upon the ice farre from their father's house," Dr. Johnson answered: "I had been sliding in Christ Church meadow." But there is no allusion, as far as we can see, to sliding down hill on a sled or double-runner, side saddle, standing, astride, or belly-gut. Bostonians and men from Rhode Island tell us that they never went "sliding down hill"; they went "coasting." On the other hand, reared in Hampshire county, we never heard the word "coast" used in this sense, and knew it only by seeing it in books. It is strange that no one of the American readers for Sir James A. H. Murray and his men sent on this word.

Notes and Comments.

If "smarty" is included, there should surely be room for "Smart Aleck," a most familiar figure in this country. Sometimes he writes "best sellers," he is occasionally heard in the pulpit; there are one or two in every club; he may be a presidential candidate.

Here is a curious note under "Slug": "Slang. Some kind of strong drink (obsolete); a dram, a drink. Now U. S." In the 13th century one Toldervy mentioned these drinks: "Gunpowder, slug, wildfire, knock-me-down." But a few years afterward Smollett wrote: "He ordered the waiter to bring alongside a short allowance of brandy or grog, that he might cant a slug into his bread-room."

If Dr. Murray allows "slug," why is "snifter" missing? The word is here—but only with these meanings: A strong or rough breeze or wind; a bad cold in the head, or stoppage of the nostrils. Mrs. Carlyle wrote about "the blessedness of having a head clear of sniffers"; a disease of poultry; a snift. But how familiar the phrase: "He took a snifter"! How pleasing the question: "Will you take a snifter?" And Dr. Murray knows it not!

"Snifty" is included as slang from the United States, "having a pleasant or agreeable smell," and the Century Dictionary is quoted. We have never heard the word thus used. We have heard it as a word of compliment with reference to a person or a thing, as a word of praise.

This section of the dictionary is a mine of entertaining reading, with side lights on history, politics, manners and customs. How many of us have seen a "slug," the heavy gold piece privately coined in California in 1849 and subsequently prohibited? Was the "slug" of \$10 as well as of \$50?

What is the derivation of "slumgullion"? The dictionary thinks the formation fanciful. Any cheap, nasty washy beverage. A kind of watery hash or stew. A muddy deposit in a mining sluice. Offal or refuse of fish of any kind. (Is not "gurry," the common name for this filthy mess?) Also the watery refuse, mixed with blood and oil, which drains from blubber. But who first invented the word and where? It is mouth-filling, heroic, echo-awakening.

LEHAR OPERA AT TREMONT

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Count of Luxembourg," a musical play in two acts. "American libretto" adapted by Glen Macdonough from the English version by Basil Hood, which in turn was adapted from the original German book by A. M. Willner and Robert Bodanzky. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Basil Hood. Music by Franz Lehar. Produced by Klaw & Erlanger. First performance in Boston. Anton Heindl, musical director.

Count Rene of Luxembourg. George Leon M...

This musical comedy was well staged. The costumes were fresh and for the most part in excellent taste. The scenery was appropriate; the chorus pleased the eye and the ear, the orchestra was adequate and led with authority and taste by Mr. Heindl. The audience filled the theatre to overflowing on the opening night of the season, and insisted on the repetition of several songs and concerted pieces. The company did its best, and yet the piece disappointed those who had read of its success in Vienna, London and Paris, for the book is thin and uninteresting, the dialogue is wordy and pointless; the music at the best is only respectable and without distinction in melody, rhythm or in its association with situation or sentiment.

The motive of the operetta is familiar. The Count is married to an actress because he needs money and the Grand Duke, in love with her, cannot marry any woman unless she has a title. The Count, not seeing his bride, nor knowing her name, agrees to divorce her soon after the ceremony. Husband and wife meet at a ball and fall in love. There is the expected scene of temporary recrimination and there is the expected happy ending. The motive is practically that of "Mlle. Rosita," which was produced in Boston in March, 1911, with Miss Fritz Schell as the heroine. Mr. Joseph Herbert, the librettist of that operetta, was then accused of stealing his plot from "The Count of Luxembourg," but the motive served several before he or Lehar's librettists girded up their loins. It was the theme of an old French vaudeville, "Notre Femme," not to mention other comedies.

When "The Count of Luxembourg" was first produced in English at Daly's Theatre, London, May 20, 1911, it was said that the action dragged. It was asked whether Russian Grand Dukes have such extraordinary manners as the Grand Duke Rutznoff; whether it were possible for an audience to be interested in the fantastical relations of the Duke and Angèle. A second edition was brought out at the same theatre in March of this year, and now Mr. Macdonough has revised the book for American use—revised but not enlivened it.

It must be admitted that the plot, however fantastical it may be, is coherent in the logical conclusions from the premise; but it must also be said that the action is sluggish and characters are introduced who have little to do with the story and are not interesting in themselves.

The comic element, farcical or conceived in the spirit of comedy, is almost wholly lacking. What line is there that is remembered this morning? What character as imagined by the librettists or elaborated by one of the players is now vivid in the memory? And the same may be said of poor Lehar's music. There is not one tune that makes a strong and immediate appeal; there is not one tune that will obsess the hearer. It is all pleasant enough; amiable music, discreetly scored for the orchestra, but without any salient feature. A little irresistible vulgarity might be more to the purpose.

This company made the most of opportunity. Miss Swinburns played, in a refined manner; she sang acceptably; she was a fair apparition in the first act, but in the second her costume did not favor her, and her dance business with the duke in this act after the duet was awkward. Mr. Moore sang in romantic spirit. Miss Cameron gave an amiable impersonation of Juliette, a character who had little or no association with the plot. Mr. Moulton did not raise the part of the Grand Duke above its inherent insignificance, and Mr. Walton's Brissard was only mildly amusing. The production as a whole was worthy of a better place.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Return engagement of "Over Night," a comedy in three acts by Philip H. Bartholomae. (Cast:

Caroline Patchen.....Florence Earle
Caroline Powers.....Emily Calloway
Al Rivers.....Francis J. Gillen
Mrs. S. Rutherford Cleveland.....Lulu Konari
Georgina Kettle.....Ada Stirling
Richard Kettle.....Thomas Emory
Percy Darling.....Robert Kelly
Elsie Darling.....Francine Larimore
Hotel Clerk.....Arthur P. Aylsworth
Professor Diggs.....Sol Aitken

CASTLE SQUARE—John Craig's stock company in "Green Stockings," a comedy in three acts by A. E. W. Mason.

Col. Smith.....John Craig
Admiral Grice.....George Henry Walker
William Faraday.....Walter Walker
Robert Farver.....Donald Meek
James Raleigh.....Albert Hickey
Henry Steele.....Carney Christie
Martin.....Al Roberts
Mrs. Chisholm Faraday.....Mabel Colcord
Phyllis Faraday.....Florence Shirley
Madge.....Laurett Brown
Evelyn.....Sylvia Bladen
Celia Faraday.....Mary Young

A large audience was present yesterday afternoon at a capital performance of "Green Stockings," which began the fifth season of the Castle Square Theatre under Mr. Craig's management.

Mr. Mason's play, a revision of his comedy, "Colonel Smith," is most amusing and well worth seeing. It is witty, humorous and also satirical, while the lines are terse and the character cleverly described by apt phrases of delineation in the mouths of the men and women on the stage.

Miss Young, always at her best in roles which demand lightness of touch and delicacy of treatment, played Celia

Parade, and with finesse. As the actress whose charms were hidden beneath a princess of attire and a pathetic self-abnegation, while she sought relief from feminine pity and masculine derision by the invention of a suitor, the actress was an alluring figure and revealed herself a mistress of the resources of her art. She did not romp or giggle, or ogle the audience, but lack of exaggeration was a feature of her performance.

Mr. Craig as Col. Smith bore himself in a soldierly fashion. He played the part with restraint and a quiet sense of humor, and was thereby effective.

Mr. Meek was seen to excellent advantage as the bumptious Tarver, while Miss Bladen acted the small part of Lady Trenchard with distinction. She has gained in poise and improved in the authoritative delivery of her lines. Miss Colcord was an explosive Mrs. Faraday.

Among the other impersonations, that of Admiral Grice, by Mr. Trader, and Martin by Mr. Roberts, were conspicuous for their merits.

The members of the company were individually welcomed, and after the second act there were speeches by Miss Young, Mr. Craig, Mr. Meek and others.

The play next week will be "The Fortune Hunter."

MRS. HIBBARD AT B. F. KEITH'S

Widow of Former Mayor of
Boston in Vaudeville—H. E.
Dixey Also Appears.

Henry E. Dixey appeared in vaudeville for the first time at B. F. Keith's yesterday, presenting his own original idea entitled "Mono-Drama-Vaude-Ologue." His sketch is intended to depict, without a change of costume, an entire vaudeville show, and none but a man of Mr. Dixey's versatility and grace would attempt so difficult a task.

As Dixey stepped upon the stage he seemed not a day older than when he first established his lasting reputation in "Adonls."

In his sketch he gives brief snatches of a dozen typical acts. He portrays the ballet girl and the dancer, the acrobatic team and the villain. In fact he does not forget any one of the various types of acts found upon a vaudeville card.

One of the best things he does is as the magician in which he performs, off-hand, many really difficult slight-of-hand tricks, executing them with the ease and facility of a Herrmann. Dixey was most enthusiastically received and his sketch is one that is pretty sure to always find instant favor. He was called back several times, until he finally made a brief speech thanking his Boston friends for their kindly interest in his act and for their expression of their approbation of his efforts.

Another person at B. F. Keith's this week to receive an enthusiastic reception is Mrs. George A. Hibbard of this city, who is making her first vaudeville appearance in "A Queen's Messenger," a powerful dramatic sketch that deals with Russian intrigues. Mrs. Hibbard is supported by Wyrley Birch and gave a most finished, satisfactory production.

Her appearance was the signal for tremendous applause, and at the conclusion of her sketch veritable armloads of beautiful flowers went over the footlights for her. Mrs. Hibbard as a member of a Boston stock company made a distinct success of her work, and in her new piece that she has at Keith's this week she again shows remarkable talent.

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, always big local favorites, present this week a new sketch, "The Path of the Primroses," which tells the story of a theatrical team that finds engagements scarce and the sledding hard. And, more than that, there are family jars that contribute to the fun.

The rest of the bill is made up of La Van trio, sensational gymnasts; Ben Linn, a vocalist in an original specialty; the Four Musical Gordon Highlanders; Adele Ferguson and Edna Northlane, direct from London, in "The Tivoli Girls"; Sully and Hussey in "The Sportsman and the Valet," and the Apollo trio, an Italian importation.

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I am very certain there are more human virtues in the act of cutting a gentleman's throat in a corner of the battlefield than in subtilizing his money through a stock exchange, leaving him to die slowly in a garret and proceeding to a German bath with Bright's disease on the proceeds.

Sententious Bores.

The Matin informs us that a new semi-sporting, semi-gastronomic club has been founded in Paris and is called the club of the "One Hundred." Though recently established, this club has maxims, and those published in the Matin do not strike us as particularly witty or wise. But are not any

maxims bunched a bore, whether they be by Rochefoucauld, Chamfort, Gracian, Hazlitt, or an unknown, as in the present case? There are some born making proverbs and some born hating them, as Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler once said that he was born hating the music of von Weber. The city directory or a volume of patent office reports is more desirable than any book of proverbs for the traditional desert island. And Solomon has no advantage over Sancho Panza. Any book of proverbs is in the highest sense immoral; these old saws are so worldly wise, inculcating stinginess, avarice; admiring success however obtained; breathing contempt for the weak and the unfortunate. And the great majority of maxims, especially when they are praised as witty, are only half true or wholly false.

Let us go back to the new Parisian club of "One Hundred," which is probably characterized by the society reporter as exclusive.

Culinary Wisdom.

Here are a few of the club's maxims:

"There is no good cooking save the good, old French cooking.

"We do not recommend expensive hotels where luxury is combined with a bad kitchen. We eat beefsteaks and not Louis XV. furniture.

"A good hotel can be told by the quality of its coffee.

"Down with gelatine!

"Down with isinglass!

"Down with schools of cookery, the invention of nations who do not know how to eat."

The chauvinistic spirit of the first maxim is wholly admirable. It would be rude to quote from Parisian journals which for some years have deplored the fact that good old French cooking is extinct; that the best Parisian restaurants provide for the barbarous foreigners and not for the intelligent natives, and cook for the multitude, not the individual.

There are good hotels, even in France, where the coffee is merely something with a name; a vague, lukewarm internal wash. Dickens used to say that he judged an inn by the appearance of the oil and vinegar cruets. There are some, classed as simple minded, who judge by the bed and food and drink.

Gourmand and Gourmet.

Why should not this club of "One Hundred" define accurately the difference between gourmand and gourmet? Mr. Frank Schloesser discussed this vital question a fortnight ago in the Pall Mall Gazette. He began by mentioning the curious misunderstanding in Great Britain and America as to the right meanings: how gourmand is used as implying a glutton, while gourmet is employed to denote "a lover of the good things of the table, who does not exceed, but appreciates good food well cooked and properly served." Mr. Schloesser then sets us right and quotes learnedly from the dictionaries of Littré and the Académie: gourmand is "Celui qui aime la bonne chère"; but gourmet is one who understands wines, a wine taster. The French word "glouton" stands for our "glutton." Yes, Mr. Schloesser, but "gourmet" is also given in certain reputable English-French dictionaries as synonymous with "glouton."

And now comes Mr. George Birdwood—possibly of kin to the Woodcock family—and tries to demolish Mr. Schloesser's reasoning. "It should be remembered that Brachet, the greatest authority on the etymology of the French language, gives 'Gourmand, sub. mas.; glutton'; 'Gourmandise, sub. fem.; gluttony'; and 'Gourmet, sub. mas.; a judge of wine, connoisseur in food; originally a wine merchant's man; in 13th century, a lad generally.' Some English and 'American' use of these words is not only justified by long usage, literary as well as vulgar, and by the etymology of them, but by French usage."

There are French sentences, Mr. Birdwood, in which it is not easy to determine the precise meaning of either word. Reading yesterday "Le Pêche de M. Antoine," by George Sand—a novel written in 1845—we found Emile enjoying the "plats, recherches et succulents," and the rare wines on the table of M. de Boisgubault. Emile says to the marquis: "If I should often have the honor of being invited to your table I would ask Martin to treat me less splendidly, for I should be afraid of becoming 'gourmet.'" To which the abstemious marquis answers: "Why not? It's an enjoyment like others." Now, did Emile mean that he might become a glutton or a fine judge of wines and good living?

Furthermore, Mr. Birdwood should remember that French words crossing the water sometimes assume another shade of meaning, or in the course of time lose their original significance.

A Distressing Contradiction.

"Diamond Jim" Brady's first square meal has excited attention in foreign lands. We made no comment at the time it was consumed—Aug. 13 was the memorable date—because there was a

fatal discrepancy in the reports. According to one New York newspaper chicken gumbo (strained) was followed by sea bass and broiled squab turkey; according to another, turtle soup was followed by broiled bluefish, sweetbreads and broiled Guinea hen. What is truth? said jesting Pilate.

Stories told by the International Hotel Workers about the unhealthy and repulsive condition of certain kitchens bring to mind anecdotes recorded by W. G. Thorpe in that entertaining book of gossip, "Middle Temple Table Cloth." Mr. Thorpe began by saying the number of places where the kitchen is on show is exceedingly small. In India the fear of knowing too much is a severe check to an inspection of the cook's dominion. Ignorance is held to be bliss by even the most inquisitive ladies. They remember the Mauritius story: how a young Scotch sugar planter, newly arrived and greatly daring, started upon the investigation of his own kitchen. He returned saddened and silent, proceeding first to the cellarette for a glass of Glenlivet straight. His spirits did not revive, a sober melancholy settled upon him, he withdrew himself from the society of his fellow men, took to reading Dr. McGawke's sermons and eventually died young.

The Rival Kitchens.

We all know the indefatigable housewife who sees to it that her kitchen is so clean that "you can eat off the floor of it." Mr. Thorpe tells of one who engaged a Chinese cook and boasted of his neatness until she goaded a neighbor into vaunting her cook. It was agreed that the two kitchens should be visited and thoroughly examined. "The Goanese arrangements, the half-dozen small fireplaces with their blackened copper pans, a chopper, two spoons, the stone slab with its roller, and finally the table, much chipped, hacked and scarred, oiled, smoked, and stained with juices of many substances (wiped off on his pantaloons when accumulated), a table on which the cook minced meat, chopped onions, made his rolls and pastry, and slept at night, was passed under shuddering review, and then an adjournment was made to the challenger's bungalow, where the scene was delightfully different. The pots and pans glistened like silver, the table was cleanly washed, everything was in order, and in the midst sat the Chinaman himself, with a glare of satisfaction on his features, and washing his feet in the soup tureen."

Percy and Harold.

As the World Wags:

As you point out, the names Harold and Percy have become anathema owing to the ridicule cast on them by "vaudeville" performers. This is rather curious when one comes to think of it, because the Percys and Harolds of other days were hard-bitten laddy-bucks, two-fisted scrappers, with plenty of red blood in the back of their necks, however blue the rest of their arterial fluid may have been. Harold Haarfaager, Harold Bluetooth (a splendid name, by the way), and Harold Godwinson were none of them the sort of man one would like to meet in a stricken field? And the Percy of "King Henry IV," who told of the dandy he met:

He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again.

This Percy could hardly be called a gurry-boy. Then there was the Percy who fought and died at Chevy Chase—he was not exactly a molly coddle. In fact the Percys were grim, haggard moss troopers; always "booted and spurred and ready to ride for a man's life."

It was a Percy who marched bravely with his men through Roxbury town to relieve Smith's column which was still further on its way to Concord on a certain historic day. His band played "Yankee Doodle" in ridicule of the Americans; but a certain rude Roxbury boy, who watched the pageant from a stone wall, called: "Yah—you're playing 'Yankee Doodle' now, but you'll be playing 'Chevy Chase' when you come back."

I think, then, the scorn of such names as Harold and Percy comes from the hatred of Yankees and Irish for the English. Harold, Percy, Clarence, Cecil are pre-eminently English names, just as Hiram and Silas are Yankee, or Patrick and Michael are Irish. Faith, it will be long before Silas and Hiram are parlor names; though I seem to have heard of a certain Ellisha Dyer, 3d.

George is a name beloved by women. If you notice, when they have occasion to write a book they call themselves George: George Eliot, George Sand, George Fleming, George Edgerton; one only regrets at times, reading their books, that they did not "let George do it."

Women also, for some reason or other, love the name Paul. The hero of many women's books is named Paul. If you were to write a novel with a hero called Hiram J. Whanks 'twould have no success "aupres des dames"; but call him Paul Trefusis, ah—then they are all of a twitter, and you will see how your little book would nestle among the Six Best Sellers.

There's a good deal in a name. How could a man named Belmont do other than paint well? On the other hand, how can you blame a man for not being among the first flight of modern painters if his name be Laslett S. Potts?

PICTURE IGNOTUS.

Dedham, Aug. 27, 1912.

Vanishing Soap.

As the World Wags:

In regard to soap, my brother was once made the head of a department in the offices of a great railroad. In talking over ways and means with the chief clerk the latter complained that the men always stole the soap in the toilet rooms. On inquiry it was ascertained that for a force of 300 men one cake per diem had been supplied, the men simply washed the soap away. When, later, half a dozen pieces a day were furnished, a meagre residue always remained.

May it not be that those naughty American tourists mentioned in your recent issue washed the too seldom soap supplied by the 'canny Scot into non-existence? 'Ca'canny; 'ca'canny—I had na been there a week when, bang! went a saxeence."

OLD MORTALITY.

Boston, Aug. 26, 1912.

People who imagine that because Parliament is not sitting there is "nothing in the papers" make a great mistake. All kinds of news that is daily crowded out to make room for columns of speeches gets itself published when the fount of speeches temporarily dries up. Then you begin to get genuine information as to how people are living and what they are doing. Yesterday morning, for example, we were vouchsafed a fragment of a honey festival in a Kent village, a fair of beekeepers, that there would never have been room for in July; to say nothing of an account of some Moslem mechanics consecrating a steam crane with offerings of the blood of lambs and fatlings. Whether these things are important or not depends on your point of view, but not to find them interesting is to be dead to curiosity and imagination.

Of Personal Interest.

In Philadelphia over 200 firemen attended the funeral of a pet cat who had ridden to every fire in the district since it became a member of the company, 18 years ago. There was no wreath with the inscription "We mourn dear brother Tom," for the cat's name was Minnie.

New York newspapers note the fact that Mayor Fitzgerald keeps hens. The keeping of hens promotes some of the finer feelings as hope, patience, self-control. It is not merely a question of fresh eggs and broilers. His hens are to Mayor Fitzgerald what Epictetus is to Mayor Gaynor. When Mr. Emil Paur lived in Jamaica Plain, as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he kept hens and they were of comfort to him while he read the scores of Richard Strauss which he introduced in Boston.

It is said that German young men who anxiously care for their personal appearance are now dressing in "the American manner" and put our American cut far above that of England or France. The German male, when not in uniform, has not been fortunate with his tailor. He often reminded one of the stage direction in *Hermant's "Les Transatlantiques"*: "Elegant de sa personne; mais son tailleur est bien coupable." Many of us remember Mr. Arthur Nikisch when he first stood at the head of the Symphony orchestra in the old Music Hall. His face was passionate, dreamy, romantic; his manicured hands were symphonic poems—especially the left; but his trousers, admirable in Leipzig, were of the accordion variety. It was a case of the poet Horace's "below the waist."

And apropos of Q. Horatius Flaccus, an Englishman, reviewing Sir Archibald Geikie's "Love of Nature Among the Romans During the Later Decades of the Republic and the First Century of the Empire," says that Horace's love for the country was but that of a week-end.

The New Art.

Are there any Futurist painters in Boston? Many of us would like to hear an expression of opinion about their work, creed, prospects—from Messrs.

Benson, De Camp, Hale, Lockwood, Paxton, Tarbell, Wendell and others of the more modern movement. (We name names in alphabetical order, for painters are as sensitive as musicians, poets and medical specialists.) This is merely a prelude to the publication of cardinal dogmas taken from the latest manifesto of the Futurists.

"To paint a human face one must not paint it."

"A galloping horse has not four hoofs. It has 20, and their movements are irregular."

"A portrait should not resemble the sitter."

"How often on the cheek of the person with whom we were talking have we seen the horse which was passing far away at the end of the road!"

A Return to Whiskerage.

It looks as though there would be a return in London to the period of whiskerage. "The clean-shaven man will not be so much a fashion." The Society of Hairdressers will decide these matters and the compelling opinion will be given to the world about the first of next month. For in London the whiskers of a man who wishes to be respected are not his own. The master hairdressers, meeting once a month, discuss and decide, and then persuade or command. We may see again the traditional and financial mutton chops; the picturesque Dundrearys or Picaresque weepers. There may be pointed beards, even the atrocity of the chin beard with shaven upper lip. There is nothing more monstrous except possibly the Imperial, or the tuft known by a coarse phrase unfit for ladies' ears. Will Galway sluggers and the zymos dear to Uncle Amos distinguish some among the complaining millions of men? Furthermore the hair of the head is to be brushed on the left side and "sharply back, but not right back." We well remember when a man who parted his hair in the middle was mocked in this country. Rude boys called him "sissy" and he was the song of drunkards in the streets. A mop of hair parted irregularly on one side, with locks hanging down and a cow lick on top was supposed to give character. Look at the photographs taken during the civil war of officers, soldiers and civilians. What Absolutic heads of hair! What acres of rough whiskerage!

It was Mathew Arnold who, asked by a friend what he was doing in fashionable Bond street, answered: "I have been at Douglas's, having that perpetual miracle, my hair cut." For when he was over 70 Arnold's hair had not been touched by time.

A second-class barber on the steamer Olympic recently gave testimony in a compensation case arising out of the Titanic disaster that he made about \$2080 a year. His figures for one voyage were as follows: Shaving, \$12; hair cutting, \$11.50; shampooing, \$12.50; sale of souvenirs, \$35; toilet requisites, \$12.50; tips, \$7.50 to \$10.

NEW THEATRE OPENED HERE

ST. JAMES THEATRE—Opening night. "The New York Idea," a comedy in four acts by Langdon Mitchell.

Philip Phillimore.....William Verance
Grace Phillimore.....Ethel Grey Terry
Mrs. Phillimore.....Hilda Vernon
Miss Heneage.....Kata Ryan
Rev. Matthew Phillimore.....Theodore Friebeus
William Sudley.....Carl Stowa
Mrs. Vida Phillimore.....Beth Franklin
Sir Wilfred Gaits-Darby.....Dudley Hawley
John Karslake.....Robert T. Haines
Mrs. Cynthia Karslake.....Katherine Grey
Tim Fiddler.....Charles Abbe
Nogam.....Burk Symon
Thomas.....William Walsh
Benson.....Grace Nile
Brooks.....Sydney Riggs

The opening of the St. James Theatre and the performance of Mr. Mitchell's comedy by Mr. Gulesian's stock company, drew an audience that wholly filled the playhouse, and this audience was friendly disposed and highly entertained. The members of the company were applauded as they in turn appeared, and after the third act flowers and wreaths were passed up in profusion. Mr. Gulesian then made a little speech of thankfulness and of promise for the future. A few of the players also spoke.

The theatre is attractive and comfortable. The scheme of decoration is agreeably simple, restful to the eye, and in good taste. The performance began promptly, and the scenes were shifted without undue delay. The music of the orchestra, led by Mr. Cericola, was evidently appreciated.

The selection of Mr. Mitchell's comedy for the opening night, showed the courage as well as the sincerity of Mr. Gulesian in his purpose to present plays of genuine worth and interest. "The New York Idea" is one of the best constructed and most brilliant of American plays. The motive is as fresh today as it was in 1906, when the comedy was first produced. The treatment of this motive is witty; so witty that the play, which is printed, is good reading. This treatment might be called cynical, if the comedy did not at times turn into farce; if there were not also constantly relieving touches of amiable philosophy; if the relations of the chief divorced couple were not presented with a gentle humor. Mr. Mitchell does not attempt to present and solve any problem; he is not didactic; yet, by the delineation of character and in the shaping of the dialogue, the audience is enabled to draw sane and wholesome conclusions.

But if this comedy is delightful, it tests the strength of any company. When it was first played, the chief comedians were Mrs. Fiske, Marion Lea, Blanche Weaver and Messrs. Mason, Arlis, Harbury and Clinton. That Mr. Gulesian's company, playing together for the first time, would even recall the admirable performance of the original company was not to be expected, nor

did those who knew the comedy look forward to requisite lightness in action and speech.

To discuss at length or in minute detail the quality of last night's performance would be unfair. A stock company is a plant of slow growth. Last night some of the members were too individual, too eager to make personal hits. A better ensemble will naturally come in time. Nor were some of the company fortunate in characterization. Neither the Philip of Mr. Verance nor the Matthew of Mr. Friebeus resembled the characters imagined by the author. Mr. Haines was more lifelike as Karslake; Mr. Hawley's Englishman was consistent throughout. Mr. Stowe made little of Sudley's part.

Miss Grey is well known in Boston, and her excellent qualities and also her limitations—among them the lack of sympathetic appeal—are apparent to all. There were fine moments in her performance of Cynthia, but the character as a whole was not strongly portrayed. The delightful capriciousness, the captivating irresolution, the native fascination of the woman were not unmistakably set forth.

The amusing climax of the third act was not well prepared. There was confusion, too loud talking together, so that Matthew's gesture almost passed unnoticed and the ironical hymn of the choir boys was hardly heard.

"The New York Idea" will run next week. "Thals" will follow.

If you are ever at a loss to support a flagging conversation, introduce the subject of eating. Sir Robert Walpole's secret for unfailing and harmonious table talk was gallantry; but this will not always do, especially as handled by the jovial minister. Even scandal will not be welcome to everybody. But who doesn't eat? And who cannot speak of eating? The subject brightens the eyes and awakens the tender recollections of everybody at table. From the little boy with his heathish vision of dumplings, up to the most venerable person present, who mumbles his grouse.

On the Road.

It has been said that automobilism brings better highways and more comfortable country inns with an improvement in the cookery. Roads undoubtedly gain in solidity and smoothness with the ever increasing popularity of the motor car, but they are sadly worn by these cars, and the burden of maintenance falls on the majority of the county who have no automobiles. The tourist from another county or state does not directly contribute a penny to the care of this or that road.

Automobilists tell us that the average country inn is still poorly managed. Plain dishes are not well cooked or served. The bread is doughy or sour—but it is not easy to find good bread in a private house or even in the summer and winter palaces of the rich. The butter is rancid. Potatoes are soggy; vegetables watery; "butcher's meat" too freshly killed; eggs that have just left the case, not the hen; chickens tough and evidently self-fed; tea and coffee nothing but slops; plenty of pie, but of the leaden kind; the sort of pudding—is it "cabinet"?—that has a sauce that tastes as hair oil smells; berries that have not been carefully examined and wiggle when you pour on them what is impudently called cream; and if there is a soup, it is thin and there is the old familiar dish rag flavor. The prices have gone up. In a little country town of New Hampshire our friend, Mr. Pool of Bethesda, was asked \$7 a day. It was a little inn, but an "exclusive" one, and welcomed only "our best people." Mr. Pool, at first staggered, recovered from the shock, and in a lordly, play-acting voice ordered his chauffeur to go on.

In Merry England.

Mr. Filson Young not long ago urges the formation of an English motorists' league to encourage plain cooking in the smaller hotels and inns. "Nothing can be more depressing or wasteful, or unwholesome than the pretentious aping of French cookery which the motorist often encounters; it is both bad and expensive. And almost worse is something neither French nor English, but which can only be described as hotel cookery. People whose luncheon at home would consist of a dish of eggs, a slice of cold beef and salad, and a piece of cheese or cake, are supposed to be pining for 'Julienne' soup, sodden codfish, lead-heavy potatoes, saddle of mutton that has strayed from the saddle's, sour sweets and nauseous savouries."

Worth Visiting.

Over 100 years ago an ingenious Frenchman, C. L. Cadet de Gassicourt, wrote a book entitled "Cours Gastronomique; ou, Les diners de Manantville—ouvrage anecdotique, philosophique, et litteraire." In this book is a finely engraved gastronomic map of France. It shows the chief cities and the particular food for which they are celebrated. Le Mans has a picture of a fowl; Versailles, a rabbit; Lyons, sausages; Brie, a cheese; Bayonne, some hams; Alencon, a duck; Narbonne, a row of bee hives, and so on. Mr. Frank Schloesser asks why there should not be a map of

the British Isles designed likewise. He says the list would be interminable for nearly every place has its own specialty. He names about 20 and among them are Aylesbury and ducks, Cambridge and sausages, York and ham, Jersey and lobsters, Cardiff and leek pudding, Colchester and oyster bath and buns, Exeter and cran, Dover and soles, Yarmouth and herrings, Lincoln and "hawfoot" steaks.

Their Special Pride.

Could a gastronomic map of any importance be designed for travellers in the United States? There is an old tradition that Boston is famous for beans and brown bread. Philadelphia suggests pepper pot and scrapple. Baltimore is associated with terrapin. Norfolk is distinguished by its oysters. Is Cotuit—and sora. What is the only dish of the many served in New Orleans? Years ago the knowing stopper at Springfield, Mass., to eat waffles. Before the dining car was a thing of sad importance, trains stopped at Stamford, Conn., where remarkably good ale was drawn at the station restaurant; also at New Haven, where there were wonderful buttered rolls with a slice of tongue or ham in sandwich fashion. Here, too, the ale was beyond praise. Poughkeepsie also had a celebrated station restaurant. White River Junction was known by its custard pie protected from flies by a wire-mesh cover. There were other railway restaurants that added to the adventure and perils of a journey. A pile of dough, nut stuff, something in the shape of a loaf of Boston brown bread, but of more generous circumference and higher, with layers of Shaker apple sauce, was called a Tunbridge tart. The people of Chelsea, Vt., made and ate them solemnly 40 or 50 years ago, and Tunbridge is near Chelsea; but was the tart named after that village or one in England? The best mutton is to be eaten in Albany, N. Y. It comes from the Helderbergs. Has Lima, O., any pride in the Lima bean? Is there one dish peculiar to Terre Haute, Winona or Spokane? There was a hotel in Cincinnati that plumed itself on buttermilk and hoeecake. Let us hear from the outlying districts.

Martyrs for the Public.

Mr. Thackeray pitied the poor devils who were sent by Murray, publisher of Byron and guide books, to the inferior hotels on the European continent. They slept in damp sheets, ate wretched food, drank sour wine and fiery spirits and endured the insolence of landlords and waiters that the travelling public might be warned. But were not those sent to the best inns also to be pitied? Some dragged out their life nursing "the fleeting remnant" of their liver? How many became dropsical, or fell victims to Bright's or diabetes? And even their names were hidden at the time and now are utterly forgotten.

How to Tell a Parisienne.

Shrewd observes at a "cosmopolitan resort" on the coast of France can tell a Parisienne even when she is in a bathing costume. One of these observers wagered money on his skill and always won. When he went away he gave this explanation: He looked at the woman's arms. "Since short sleeves came into fashion, every Parisienne, who had any pretensions to smartness, walked with her arms held stiff by her sides and with the palm of the hands turned outward." And why? Was it to bring out dimples of the elbow?

Sept 1, 1912 WILLIAM HODGE AT PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—William Hodge in "The Man from Home," a four-act drama by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Cast:

Daniel Voorhes Pike.....William Hodge
The Grand Duke Vasil Vasilovich.....Harold Russell
The Earl of Hawcastle.....Charles Wellesley
The Hon. Americ St. Aubyn.....Edwin P. Case

Ivanoff.....Henry Farnham
Horace Granger-Simpson.....J. J. Grier
Rhine.....Arthur S. Allen
Mariano.....Arthur S. Allen
Michele.....A. M. Grier
Second Carabiniere.....Edward T. Porter
Porter.....A. W. Grier
Valet de chambre.....John T. Hines
Ethel Granger-Simpson.....Gertrude Hines
Comtesse De Champigny.....Leonora A. Grier
Lady Creech.....Ida A. Grier

The Million is the one who is the squirts chloroform through the screen in order to put the Italian to sleep. The crook then enters to put in the bionse which all are pursuing. It is wildly farcical and some say incredible. Yet a detective, going about hotel tlives with a reputation of the London Standard, said he knew an expert thief on a big scale. He actually bore a small hole through the wall and in the night time spray chloroform over the sleeper. Then the job is easy."

Miss Ann Swinburne in "The Count of Luxembourg" is the more engaging actress she has had little experience in comedy. She is not yet sophisticated, hardened, she is not too expert of immediate appreciation; she is not aggressively and disconcertingly confident. There is a peculiar freshness, a refreshing refinement in her performance. She does not sing too much, she has no prima donna airs and it would be better if she moved gracefully in dance steps; for then there is a certain awkwardness—there is the opening night of the engagement—that is not the same as shyness.

A Well Advertised Play

The Herald described Mr. Houghton's drama, "Hindle Wakes," when it was first performed in London by Miss Horniman's company. It may be remembered that a mill girl, spent a week and the son of the mill owner. The young scapegrace was betrothed to her in his own station. The father of the young fellow was indelibly shocked and insisted that his son should marry the girl he had wronged. To the amusement of all she refused to wed. Careless of consequences, she said she could honestly earn 25 shillings a week while a mill stood in Lancashire. Should she become the unwelcome wife of a foolish scamp who was not his sweetheart?

The play, admitted by all to be admirably constructed, remarkable for portraiture of characters, deeply interesting, has aroused a singular and heated discussion. London newspapers have printed letters and editorial articles and con for nearly a month. The serious of the articles against the play are the more amusing, for it is argued that no self-respecting woman would be willing to play the part of Fanny. Miss Edyth Goodall, whose performance is said to be wholly excellent, spoke finely as a woman and as a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette. She insisted—and how could she be otherwise?—that the ideas and quality of any character she is called upon to impersonate have absolutely nothing whatever to do with the actress's character—that is to say, with the woman she is when she is not on the stage. The actress's business is not to play, in a play, her own beliefs, or her religion, or her ideas. Her business is to create an individuality. The same actress may be passionately governed, sordid, brutal, as in "Widowers' Houses" or gen-

erally and intensely womanly as in "The Million" and the same week. No wonder Miss Goodall was amused when one of Miss Horniman, seeing Miss Goodall as Blanche, asked "if she were like that off the stage." Miss Goodall wondered at persons who think that a part had any power to influence the private life of an actress. Sir Henry Irving, committing murder after murder as Macbeth, Iago, etc., wish to kill in private life? It is notorious that some of the women have led lives to which moralists take exception have given the beautiful performances of what the moralists call good women."

The Greater Shocked

The greater number of the letters written against "Hindle Wakes" and the performance, arguing that a good woman should not possibly allow herself to play such a part as Fanny, would be amusing if they were not philistine. Some insist that Mr. Houghton, the author, wrote to express the idea that "women enter on promiscuous relations on the lowest basis before marriage, and such relations need count as nothing at all in her life." Mr. Houghton said that his aim was not to express "any point of view" but to present as he saw it. "I do not think that it is the business of a playwright to direct his audience to moral or philosophical exercises."

It may here be said that some of the letters which contained arguments based on the possible birth of a child as a result of the week's end jaunt would not be published in any respectable newspaper of this country. Here is an example of another line of argument:

"I was present at Saturday's performance of 'Hindle Wakes.' May I say to you a healthy colonial opinion overheard there? Sitting next to me was an Australian lady with her daughters, who had obviously been at the theatre unaware of the nature of the play. At the fall of the

curtain I heard the remark that the world never enters the theatre with the remark struck me as perfectly natural. Yours, etc. A PLAIN MAN. London, Aug. 19."

Opinion

Mr. Michael Lykardopoulos, the secretary of the Moscow Art Theatre, saw "Hindle Wakes," and described it as "a good play—for England, where contemporary dramatic literature, from our Russian point of view is not very high." He was pleased by its unconventionality, for in England "the greater number of contemporary plays, as well as 99 per cent. of the novels, are written from an old recipe." * * * As for the acting, it is the best I have seen in England, and, perhaps, in the whole of Europe, excepting, of course, Russia, where we are accustomed and trained to such simple, natural, and real acting. What is often so distressing in English acting, and in a great deal of that on the continent, is the false note of pathos that is so often struck. It leaves the impression of something almost hysterical. * * * I went to see the play with two Russian friends. We all said after the first act, 'well, this is just as though the play was being acted in the Moscow Art Theatre.' It was like hearing a musical work performed by a perfect symphonic orchestra. It was not that of an ordinary play; it was just a perfect orchestral ensemble."

The Question of Morality

It seems to us, after reading long descriptions of "Hindle Wakes," the arguments for and against it, the discussion of "morality," that the drama is a profoundly moral one, to be classed in this respect with "Ghosts," "Mrs. Warren's Profession" (when it is played intelligently) and "The Eastway Way." A letter written by "C. M." and published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 19 is especially illuminative.

Sir: "Another Playgoer" doubtless succeeded in sending many of your readers to see "Hindle Wakes," and for that service the cause of drama is indebted to him; but his conceptions of morality make one despair. He goes the length of blaming a young and talented actress for playing Fanny because in brief it is an immoral part. What, then, does Fanny do that is so woefully immoral? She is a vigorous young Lancashire weaver who, spending Hindle Wakes at Blackpool, falls in with a flush-of-money average young scamp, son of the master of the mill at which she works. Without premeditation, these two, yielding to a sudden and mutual impulse—he faithless to his sweetheart—go off to Llandudno for a lark, becoming intimate in the last degree.

The too intimate excursion is promptly discovered by the parents of the principals and marriage as a remedy is agreed upon by them, the girl not being consulted in the matter. Fanny, however, has other views. She points out that the unpremeditated excursion does not, in her opinion, make it incumbent upon her to marry the young scamp, and she refuses to become "an honest woman." Here is your test of morality—and of some other things. I confess that my view is that Fanny's conduct at this point, whatever may be said as to the cause of the trouble, is not only entirely moral, but was the only moral course that she could take, and this remains true, baby or no baby.

Is it a moral conception that because the girl has spent a day or two with a young scamp, it is a proper course for her foolishly to marry a rich man who would necessarily despise her, and who could never forget the miserable origin of the marriage? Or is it not rather in accordance with morality, with prudence and with honesty, for this strapping young weaver to point out that she can honestly earn 25s. a week while a mill stands in Lancashire, and that she has no need to consummate an unpremeditated folly by the deliberate throwing up of honest work to become the kept-for-life pseudo-wife of a rich man trapped into marriage? In my view, the young actress who plays this part does a service to her sex.

It seems to me that what I have said remains true, whether or not the excursion to Llandudno was accompanied by certain precautions. The essential point that this play enforces (whether or not it was written for that purpose) is that when a certain step is taken, it is not necessarily moral to base upon it, as a matter of course, a partnership for life. Yours faithfully, C. M.

Mr. Mason's Little Joke

Mr. Daniel G. Mason has composed for the piano a set of variations on "Yankee Doodle" in the styles of various composers. These composers are Grieg, Tschalkowsky, Brahms, Debussy, MacDowell, Dvorak, Liszt. The set is dedicated to Mr. Edward B. Hill of this city. The idea of parodying the styles of well known composers is not at all new. Years ago a set of orchestral variations on a folk song was often played in popular concerts and beer halls of German and Austrian cities. There were two or three of these parodies. In a more serious moment Schumann wrote his "Chopin" for "Carnaval"; Rheinberger his exquisitely romantic

little organ piece "Fete Nationale du 14 Juillet." More than once wrote after the manner of Rameau, and there are many more. "In the style of Handel." There are delightful instances of parody in operettas by Offenbach, as the imitation in "La Belle Helene" of a scene in "William Tell."

Mr. Mason has caught an echo of Grieg, and his "Tschalkowsky" recalls the trio of the second movement of the "Pathetic" symphony. The "Brahms" is perhaps the most successful of a set, here a rhythmic characteristic and the general style are capitally imitated. The "Debussy" is a falling off. The "MacDowell" with its indications for performance is excellent, but the remaining two variations are no better than the "Debussy."

Varied and Random Notes

The late M. Massenet not long ago had a squabble with the gentlemen of the chorus for "Roma." The bearded and mustached ones being in the majority, refused to shave, and produced learned evidence to show that the Romans wore beards as a sign of mourning. Moreover, it was pointed out that the

invading Gauls found all the senators bearded, and that they insulted one by plucking his beard. It was thereupon suggested to Massenet that he should insert in the score a few lines explaining that the city was in mourning, and that the men were growing beards as the great Augustus grew one at the death of Julius Caesar.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Noren's new violin concerto in A minor, produced at the Dantzig music festival, has just been published.

Schuch will celebrate his 40th year as conductor at the Dresden Royal Opera House on Sept. 21 and 22, and Lilli Lehmann will be among the singers on this occasion.

Jaques-Dalcroze is at work on an opera, "Prometheus."

Elgar's setting of the Forty-Eighth Psalm is described as "an interesting example of his work when bereft of the glamour of the orchestra. Despite this restriction the true Elgar is revealed in bold, sweeping melodies majestic harmony and an occasional effect of sweet simplicity. The organ accompaniment is laid out on three staves, and is effective. The choral writing would strike terror into no singers." There is a fervent and simple solo for bass.

"I Zingari," composed by Leoncavallo for the London Hippodrome, is founded on a story by Pushkin about gypsy love, hatred and revenge. Prosper Merimee translated the story into French, and it is to be found in the volume containing "Carmen," "Pique Dame" and two or three other tales. The opera ends in a spectacular manner. Radir, jealous of his wife, hears her talking at night in Tamar's hut. He rushes to his wagon, procures a cask of petroleum, and, pouring the contents over the hut, sets fire to it. The opera will be produced on Sept. 16. Leoncavallo, who will conduct, has selected his company and chorus.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play, "The Likeness of the Night," has been published in London by Duckworth & Co. at a very low price. It was first produced by the Kendals at London and afterward in London 12 years ago, and revived at Manchester by Miss Horniman last March, when the Manchester Guardian compared the drama with d'Annunzio's "La Gioconda" and said: "The play is altogether admirable, in delicacy of perception, in acceptance of the dulness that may go with perfect goodness and charity, in recognition of the virtue that may be hidden in apparent evil."

A new Symphonic Rhapsodie, "Fete Nationale du 14 Juillet," by Richard Mandl, will be produced in Vienna. Mandl is known in Boston by his Gascon overture.

H. Binstock, 17 years old, has composed an opera, "Saleima," which will be produced at Carlsruhe. "Hans Sachs in Paradise," by Koennecke, will also be produced there.

The Season at Bayreuth

The music critic of the London Times, writing from Bayreuth, says that the tubes described as bells in the performance of "Parsifal" were as much out of tune as ever. "The traditional errors of staging, to some of which we drew attention last year, still persist with one exception. Parsifal now succeeds, sometimes with some difficulty, in stowing the green wire from the Grail under his right arm-pit, so that it is less glaringly visible. But the swan still flies across untrussed and is instantaneously brought back trussed, and the wooden dove still pursues its idiotic descent. One great advantage which will arise from the cessation of the copyright is that the work will be handled by a series of experienced stage managers, and these blemishes will be removed. The first thing which they ought to take in hand is the young Parsifal's ridiculous clothing. It does no credit to Herzfeld's taste or common sense, and makes the hero's scene with the flower maidens suggest mixed bathing at Ostend. In other respects the new setting of this scene is more successful than last year, when it was first substituted for the old florist's catalogue; it is better lighted and better managed, except for the spear, which behaves even worse than usual. Klingsohr would never have

won the prize for 'best hand' javelin throwing at Stockholm with such a weapon."

The critic did not like Mme. Saltzman-Stevens as Kindry. "Great Kindry" are born, not made. Her performance was without a trace of allurements or subtlety, and was further handicapped by a poor make-up and, in the second act, quite inappropriate garments. In the passage where Parsifal describes the gestures with which she bewitched Amfortas and is seeking to bewitch him, she actually allowed her gestures to follow his words instead of preceding them, and we are bound to say that they would have bewitched no one."

It seems that the stage management of "Die Meistersinger" was "as great a masterpiece as ever." But note this parting shot: "Comparatively few Americans were present at these performances, which were heard, therefore, in almost complete silence as they used to be."

"Champagne Charlie" Again

A fortnight ago The Herald published an interesting article about the once popular song, "Champagne Charlie" and its singer, George Leybourne. The article published originally in the Pall Mall Gazette called forth two letters of correction and contradiction. They were addressed to the editor and were as follows:

Sir: My attention has just been called to an inaccurate article, signed "S. J. A. F.," which appeared in your issue of July 30, entitled "Champagne Charlie," dealing with the career of my husband, the late George Leybourne. My husband's name was not "Saunders." I hold his birth certificate. His family name was Leybourne. His father was a musician who for many years was engaged in the orchestra at the Surrey Theatre.

The little fiction about the wheels stall I am willing to accept as a sample of "S. J. A. F.'s" humor, but I venture to question its good taste. I cannot, however, excuse it even as fiction. Of one thing I am perfectly certain. "S. J. A. F." would not have made such an assertion if my husband had been living. George Leybourne was not only a fine artist, he was a great-hearted, kindly gentleman. He was his one and only enemy; at least I thought so until I read the article signed "S. J. A. F." Yours truly, ANNIE LEYBOURNE. (Widow of the late George Leybourne.) 56 Chichele road, Cricklewood, N. W., August 5.

Sir—In your article, after describing the sale of the song, "Champagne Charlie," the writer states: "It was about this time that Joe Saunders became metamorphosed into George Leybourne."

Now, the vocalist was known as Leybourne as far back as 1863. When he sang at the Bedford, Camden Town, in the August of that year he called himself "J. Leybourne." But he altered this to "George Leybourne" a few weeks afterwards.

At that time he supplied a ditty called "Alas, Poor Ghost!" apropos Prof. Pepper's famous illusion, just previously introduced at the Polytechnic, and speedily imitated in London and throughout the country. Yours faithfully, T. McDONALD RENDLE. 178 Charing Cross-road, Aug. 1.

The World from an Armchair

Mr. Filson Young has this to say about the cinema theatre: "There is a current advertisement of a cinema theatre which commands the public to 'see the world from an armchair.'"

"It is just there that the snare lies in this amazing invention, which within the last five years has taken a foremost place in the world's amusements. The wonder and value of the invention is beyond question; one has only to see such marvellous studies as those showing the movements of fishes and otters under water, or the studies of bees working in a hive, to realize how an educational side alone the cinematograph has a remarkable scientific value."

"But there is another side to it. It is becoming less and less necessary for the ordinary man to take any physical risks or adventures in life. Instead of taking the trouble to study things for himself, and instead of saving up his time and money for journeys to see things beyond his own immediate circle, he needs only to sit in a plush armchair and smoke a cigarette, and all these things will be added unto him. And beside the wonders of this grand second-hand entertainment his own poor first-hand researches will soon seem not worth making."

"But it is a nice question how far the advantage of having adventure brought to one's door outweighs the disadvantage, namely, the loss of enterprise and initiative caused by not having to go in search of adventure one's self."

Theatre Built on Columns

Leon Poirier is the manager of a new theatre, the Comedie des Champs Elysees. Columns sees, which, standing on a site in the avenue Montaigne, near the Rond Point, will be opened about Jan. 1. The theatre is some 20 feet above the ground and elevators will take the spectator to his seat in the orchestra or am-

With the Theatre Lyrique des Champs Elysees, approached by a way which passes beneath the auditorium of the Comedie. It is, therefore, built on columns. There will be only two prices: 1.12 and 1.5. "The 'valet de chambre' in the gallery will not have the pleasure of contemplating his master in a fauteuil," said M. Polrier to a reporter. There will be plenty of room between the seats, which will have separate arms. The foyer will be as large as the theatre itself, and there will be a bar, a smoking room and a retiring room for women. The artists' dressing rooms will have hot and cold water. One of the elevators will be reserved for subscribers. The theatre will seat only 800.

"I have copied nothing from any existing theatre," said M. Polrier. "Even the 'ouvreuses,' or women attendants, will have no place in my house; they will be represented by men-servants in breeches and hose, with chains about their necks, such as ushers wear in France. There will be no cloakroom charge, and the number of the seat will be that of the cloakroom. Again, I shall not require my guests to pass before the three solemn gentlemen who sit in the vestibule of most French theatres. In their place will be the attendants, who will show the visitor to his seat and take his hat and coat, which he will find again without any trouble to himself."

M. Polrier wishes to provide for the people in the Champs Elysees district, residents and visitors staying in the great hotels. The plays will be "the best comedy by the best writers." He will open with a play by Kisternaevers, which will be followed by plays of Bernstein, De Flers and De Caillavet, and others. "The Admirable Crichton," translated by Tristan Bernard and Alfred Athys, will be produced next May. The company will include Marthe Brandes, Monna Delza, Juliette d'Harcourt, and Louis Gautier.

Adah Mr. Charles Roydant, remembering gratefully
Isaacs Adah Isaacs Menken in
Menken London, has been writing about her for the Era readers. He now sees her in his mind's eye, "plum-like,

grape-like, peach-like—a rounded mass of luscious fruit alive as a woman." He was only 13 years old when he first adored her. "Indeed, she seemed to have the power of making all romantic boys adore her. We have no romantic boys nowadays under fifty."

He once sat next to her at an entertainment performed by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul. "Nearly all well-educated boys loved highwaymen in those days and there was a glamour from Menken; of almost a similar kind. She was dressed in black silk that seemed to have been wound around her anyhow, but always nicely. I think there was some black lace with it, but certainly no jet beads. It was a marvelous arrangement of attire—simple, classical and nameless as to component parts and resembled in no way anything that other women were wearing then. The lustre of Menken's beauty called for no colors. Occasionally the black of this unconventional garment was relieved by the fine white of her bare arms and hands as she moved and readjusted it. Her left hand was loaded, but not encumbered, with diamonds. The ladies in the audience were all more or less in the split of the times shocked at the originality of such evening dress and although they did not say so, were probably surprised to find that black could be worn without being sombre, and that it could emit surpassing brilliance. The word in connection with women's attire had not then arrived, but this memorable garb of Menken's was undoubtedly a 'revelation.'"

Mr. W. R. Mr. Titterton had not been enjoying himself as much as usual in London music halls. He was disappointed with the circus at

Titterton's
Adventures
Earl's Court. The ring was small, remote, an unconsidered trifle. Then the cargo of clowns spoke in foreign tongues. "There was far too much clowning by these funny fellows, who did not speak English, who said Allons! and Oh, la la! and sundry other eloquent Continental things. I longed for dear Jack Pudding with his quaint English jests. Of course, the size and shape of the hall were against them, for a clown's impertinences are intimate or they are nothing. And, doubtless, in their own places these gentlemen are excruciatingly amusing. One caught glimpses of the fact as one might catch a glimpse of the moon through a telescope, but the humor did not carry. The army of clowns had to split up and be funny in various portions of the hall. Now, a circus must laugh altogether. All the same, some of them were excellent comic dancers. I should like to see them on a variety stage." Then there was too little horsemanship. The trapeze is always exciting. I like the shock at the heart one gets when a body comes hurtling through the air. There were good trapeze artists and other good acrobats. As for the motor-car trick, an enthusiastic gentleman informed us that it was the most extra-

ordinary feat ever performed in the universe, and I liked him for that and disregard of the possibilities of the other planets, for that is strictly in the tradition of the circus. But what did the feat amount to? The two cars went down the fire escape at a pace that did not seem so abnormal—at least to me who have jumped sideways, often enough into a prickly hedge, to let a road-hog rush by. And from the lower end of the escape, where the structure curves upwards, the cars jumped on to a platform and as they jumped one car

passed under the other. That sounds very thrilling, but it did not look as thrilling as a lady's passage through a hoop would have looked. Moreover, it took but a moment and the whole show was marred for the sake of that moment's trick.

But he liked "The Last of the Dukes" with Mr. McArdle in it, and he roared at the absurdities of the apothecary's assistant, "uttered and acted with such neat composure and such galloping vehemence, such superficial dryness and such interior unction." Mr. Titterton had not seen Vesta Victoria for years; "she was a tender remembrance of my youth—one of the jolliest of the coster girls in the old music hall. She has moved with the times, and the times do no suit her; she dresses her coster self in artistic garb, and the garb does not become her. Still, she has kept her voice and her pretty face, and in her Spanish-cum-coster song the mingling of characteristics was very funny." Ruby Miller reminded him, not unpleasantly, of Marie Tempest. Yorke and Adams, American Hebrews, "are sometimes vulgarly funny and sometimes vulgarly dull." Adele Moraw is "blooming, winning, temperamental and audacious. She makes her advances to members of the audience and the leader of the orchestra with knowing innocence and provoking cheek." Lalla Selbini, the successor to the Great Lafayette, is "a powerful and interesting personality in a feeble turn."

The two Bobs at the Tivoli are the only American comedians who made Mr. Titterton happy. "And it is that great, round-faced, chuckling baby of a Bob who works the magic change on me. So long as he smiles and crows, so long as his huge limbs strut and toddle and caper, what care I for the August rains, grey skies, and slippery pavements? He is a huge jolly fellow with a huge delight in his funniness. He glows as the normal Yankee does not glow. The normal Yankee is boisterous and bustling, but he cannot hide the meagreness of his emotional stock-in-trade, you are aware that all the goods are on the counter; his clamorous gaiety is empty, you suspect he has clockwork for a heart. But the big Bob has a lamp inside and his jollity is woven into the stuff of him. Nor is the smaller Bob quite typically American, for he has the gift of reticence; he warms himself in the glow of his brother sphere, and beams with discretion. Yet he has a certain smug composure in repose quite characteristic of his countrymen. His foot is too often on the pedal of ecstatic fervor, he talks platitudes and recommends to your notice a real old Southern ragtime with all the blissful unction of a Roosevelt or a Martin Tupper. He would make a good salesman and an excellent Nonconformist preacher. He shines, I say, by reflection. His neat economy of alertness contrasts well with the exuberance of his companion. Their best successes are in rattling, jerky songs set to a jaunty tune; then their by-play is quick and inspiring, their concerted movements are quaint and inevitable, their grotesque posturing is delightfully rhythmic and infectiously gay. Prime triumph is the duet of New York Italian swells to the tune of 'Funicula.' This is perfect builesque; the broken English, the foreign gestures, the mock-solemn drop into recitative are daintily handled; and the facial play of the large Bob, his naivete, his astonishment, his mortification—all a-swing with a jaunty rhythm—is great mimicry. The large Bob as a Southern Beauty going to a barber's ball is too spontaneous and happy for criticism."

Mr. Herklmer Johnson writes to The Herald: "I have been staying a few days at the Porphyry Club, studying social conditions, and collecting material concerning the alleged diminution in the use of alcohol. I have been awakened nights, or rather in the early morning, from refreshing sleep by occupants of neighboring bedrooms, who were singularly thoughtless. They slammed doors, threw down their boots as at a cat, and while they undressed whistled in a shrill, unseemly manner, or babbled incoherently. I am an early riser, and at 7 A. M. feel peculiarly fit. Often at this hour I burst into song, and during the process of shaving I recite aloud favorite lines from the poets, in order that I may have a clear throat for chance arguments at breakfast. Would you believe it, sir, these neighbors have complained of my high matinal spirits, and one of them spoke about my 'boisterousness' to the man at the desk."

"Sliver" in Maine.

As the World Wags:
You quote the Oxford English Dictionary as translating "Sliver (Slyver)," "the side of a small fish sliced off in one piece for use as bait."

As they say in Maine, we boys used the word (with the long i) to describe the juicy inner bark of a pine limb. We used to climb the trees at the right time of the year with our jack-knives to get at the toothsome morsels, taking care to avoid girdling the limb attacked.

I should like to know if any other Herald reader has heard this use of the word. I have not heard it since childhood.
S. T. PICKARD.
Amesbury.

Senator Lodge's Memoirs.

As the World Wags:
In his interesting "Memoirs" now publishing in Scribner's Magazine, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge says that the lane which was on one side of his birth-place, his grandfather's house on Winthrop place, Boston, meandered in the form of an alley into Federal street. This is a mistake. The passageway led into Franklin street directly opposite old Theatre Alley, and it had on a part of its easterly side one of the walls of the first Cathedral of the Holy Cross. Next to this Catholic church was the residence of the Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick, which had been some years before the convent of the Ursuline nuns before they went to Somerville. This was on the corner of Franklin and Federal streets. On the opposite corner stood the Federal Street Theatre.

Old Mansions and Lanes.

I remember the Henry Cabot mansion distinctly, and it was all that Mr. Lodge claims for it in solidity and spaciousness. It seems to me that on one side of its garden at the beginning of the course of the horseshoe which he describes was another house, and it was connected with the estate. It was at the corner of what the small boys of my time used to call Ding-Dong Alley from the fact that many of them used to pull, for sport, the bells on the back gates that opened thereon. Mr. Lodge probably does not remember this. It was before 1850, when he was born. The late Alexander Young, whose father was the minister of the New South Church in my schooldays, must have had a clear recollection of it, for he would be somewhat older than I if he were still delighting us with his after-dinner stories of old times.

A Church Green.

And, speaking of this church, which was at the junction of Summer and Bedford streets, Mr. Lodge says that it had a broad green in front of it. No doubt it had before he first saw the light, but certainly not within his remembrance. It had disappeared in the 50's and I have no personal recollection of it myself. Within the railing around the church there was some verdure, but none in the space in front of it, though I always called it Church Green on my way to and from school.

Rufus Choate's Remark.

Then the story about Rufus Choate. Did he really say "ignominious but convenient" as he passed through the Cabot Alley on his way to his office from his home in Winthrop place, or did he make this remark when he picked his way through Williams Court (Pie Alley) to Court Square? I have heard the distinction given the latter thoroughfare, which has not been wiped out by modern improvement. Winthrop place disappeared when Devonshire street was extended to Summer street.

The first instalment of our senior senator's memories, an extract from which appeared in The Herald of Tuesday, make us long for more. They are, so far, charming in their grace and simplicity of diction and are sure to be valuable additions to the informal history of our times. BAIZE.

Dorchester, Aug. 28, 1912.
Devonshire street was thus extended in April, 1861, but a portion of Winthrop place was discontinued in March, 1859. The place dated back to 1821.

In Newfoundland.

As the World Wags:

Reverting to "Americanisms" in The Herald of Aug. 27, you may be interested to learn that in Newfoundland (a British colony), the word "Slide" is in common use amongst the people to denote what is here termed "coasting," i. e., tobogganing, sledding, etc. "Slide" is also used as a noun in place of "sled."

Also, amongst the fishermen in that colony "gurry" is a common phrase for a filthy or odoriferous mess—fish offal, etc.

Incidentally, Newfoundland is a country practically without immigrants of any nationality. The phrases, therefore, appear to be very English.

A. E. HAWKINS.
South Poland, Me., Aug. 29, 1912.

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the English composer, is dead before he had fulfilled the promise of his earlier years. Perhaps the fact that he was of mixed blood—his father was a West African physician and his mother was English—gave him undue prominence at first, and when his triple cantata, based on "Hiawatha," appeared, the arrival of a "great" composer was rapturously hailed. Although his trilogy had a North American Indian subject, there was much talk about the influence of negro blood on his musical thought and his use of rhythm and orchestral color was hastily characterized as African.

He afterward wrote much, at full speed, and without due reflection: orchestral compositions, choral works, chamber music, piano pieces, solo pieces for violin, songs, incidental music for plays; but his reputation will undoubtedly rest on his "Hiawatha." He was fluent; he had mastered technical routine; he was industrious; but in the great mass of his music the musical ideas had little true distinction, he fell into mannerisms, and there was little of imaginative force, little that was individual either in conception or expression.

The fact that he was a mulatto aroused special interest in his music when his name first became familiar. There had been mulatto and negro virtuosos long before he was born, and their talent had been recognized throughout Europe, but Coleridge-Taylor was perhaps the first composer of African blood whose talent was eminent. He had the advantage of careful training from the time that he was six years old, and in England he was not forced to struggle against unreasonable race prejudice. As a soloist, teacher and conductor he was prominent in schools, colleges and festivals controlled and attended by whites. He visited the United States two or three times, but although choral societies in this country sang his trilogy, he was seldom invited to take part in a performance, and the Cecilia Society, of Boston, which had brought out his "Hiawatha" with success, shrank from inviting him to conduct a performance of any one of his works.

His name will not be ranked among the first, but some of his music will have more than temporary popularity, irrespective of the circumstances of his birth. As a mulatto he contributed little or nothing that was new or distinctive to musical literature. Europeans without a trace of African blood or oriental antecedents have been more successful and more picturesque in the employment of eastern and African rhythms, formulas and color.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil;
And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone, and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over if I had to live again,
And the chances are I go where most men go.

Of Contemporary Interest.

The funeral honors paid to Gen. Booth and the grateful recognition of the cause for which he lived are in ironical contrast with the scorn and persecution that marked the earlier years of the Salvation Army. It was Mr. Swinburne who in an essay on Middleton, the dramatist, spoke with characteristic rhetorical extravagance of the yelling Yahoos whom the scandalous and senseless license of our own day allows to run and roar about the country, unmuzzled and unwhipped.

The troops may well regret that they were not sent to Nicaragua, a country worth seeing, with manners and customs deserving patient study. Long ago Squier remarked that the people of Nicaragua were generally scrupulously clean in their persons, except when they were travelling, and then the use of water was prohibited. A later visitor Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, found "strong prejudice against bathing, and even washing, while on a journey, and for some days afterward. It is the custom of the country. The dust is not washed off the face for several days after arrival, especially if the traveller

'A PERSIAN GARDEN'
SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

Kathryn Osterman and Louis
A. Simon Head Excellent
Vaudeville Bill.

Kathryn Osterman and Louis A. Simon in their musical comedy, "A Persian Garden," head-line the bill at B. F. Keith's this week. It is a rather ambitious production and the cast numbers a dozen or 15 characters. Miss Osterman has the part of Mrs. Hamilton Schuyler, the chorus girl wife of the retiring American minister to Persia, and although the scene is laid in Teheran, Persia, many, many miles from Broadway, Mrs. Schuyler is constantly meeting acquaintances of her younger days, and from those incidents much of the fun of the sketch is derived.

Madame Olga Petrova, upon the program as "the pet of Petersburg," is appearing at B. F. Keith's this week under the management of Jesse L. Lasky in her "Comedy and Tragedy." Madame Petrova in her various selections showed remarkable versatility. She was particularly good in her emotional efforts, and in fact in all that she undertook, even to her interpretation of American rag-time.

One of the biggest hits of the evening was that made by Robinson Newbold and Marie Louise Gribben in songs and impersonations. They make up a team brand new to Boston, but they won instant favor yesterday by their extremely clever sketch. Mr. Newbold essays several impersonations of present-day comedians, probably his best being that of Raymond Hitchcock in the latter's song, "What a Difference a Few Hours Make." In another impersonation he portrayed every little characteristic of Ralph Herz in one of the latter's present successes. Miss Gribben has an unusually attractive voice and both were repeatedly recalled.

Another team coming in for a lot of applause was that of Marie Hart and Billy Hart in their vaudeville skit, "The Circus Girl." Miss Hart, so the program has it, is America's most versatile artist, and one was not inclined to doubt the assertion at the conclusion of her act. She acts well and sings well, walks a slack wire with absolute assurance and abandon, performs several acrobatic feats and otherwise demonstrates real ability in many lines.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

The Hollis Street Theatre opened yesterday for the season with performances of "A Night Out," which had already given pleasure for the two preceding weeks at the Park. The play, by May Robson and C. T. Dazey, is peculiarly suited to the histrionic abilities and the individuality of Miss Robson. It allows her opportunity to show her talent.

Sept 4 1912

Reading an article on Eugenics, we came across this sentence: "The case of Cleopatra, who, if she had been born in our day, would, so it is said, have been locked up in an asylum, was adduced as evidence of the effect which the marriage of first cousins may have upon their offspring."

Why, pray, would Cleopatra be in an asylum if she were now living? Her contemporaries were unanimous in bearing witness to her mental ability, the brilliance of her wit, the irresistible spell of her beauty, so that the line in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety" is not extravagant. She is among the first in the list of noble dames that one would gladly have seen, a list including Semiramis, Sappho, Ninon Lenclos, Mary Stuart, Catherine of Russia, Adah Isaac Menken, the Dark Lady loved by Shakespeare, Mlle. de Maupin, opera singer and duellist, Messalina, Margaret of Burgundy, Nell Gwyn, Peg Woffington—nor is it too much to say that Cleopatra outshone them all. Would that she had written her memoirs!

"Slyver" in Maine.

As the World Wags:
I was much interested in Mr. Pickard's letter about "slyver," pronounced as though called slyver, and his enjoyment of the sweet inner skin of the white pine. I am not so old as he is, but when I was a boy in the neighborhood of Providence, R. I., 50 or more years ago, we cut square holes about the width of three fingers with a jack-knife to reach this skin, which we called "slyver." And as a boy who associated the word with "saliva," for, chewed, this skin provoked saliva, as though we were masticating slippery elm, and it finally assumed a pretty pink color. In this part of Rhode Island parents or older boys would cry out "Not!" as a

Joe Holbrook, John S. Robertson, Maggie Pepper, Rose Stahl, Ada Darkin, Mary Hampton, Zaza, Natalie Jerome, Johnson, George Wright, Jr., James Darkin, Percival T. Moore, Johannan, Gretchen Lang.

Mr. Klein has written a play that will please many theatre goers. In this play we meet old and tried friends from the lands of comedy, farce, vaudeville, and melodrama. There is the woman who went wrong and became the abused wife of a crook and blackmailer. She repents, and weeps with joy at the thought of a happier life for her little daughter Zaza. Incidentally, or to prove the sincerity of her reformation, she does household work for her sister-in-law Maggie, and would probably have continued to take the place of Johannan, the Swede, if Mr. Holbrook, the proprietor of the department store, had not raised Maggie to a higher sphere by a proposal of marriage. James Darkin is a desperate villain, with a sporty cane, a fat cigar, a play-acting voice; furthermore he is a ready man with a pistol, though not a dead shot. John Hargen is smoother, "slicker," but he is a villain in a humbler way. There are detectives, male and female after their kind; also a comic expression played by Mr. Goldberg. We meet again our old friend, the comic drummer of Hebraic insistence and persuasion. There are pert shop girls and sumptuous models. There is the young proprietor of the department store—no doubt it was an "emporium." Ah, he has had a wild past, but his heart is untainted and when his manager, Hargen, says unpleasant things to Maggie, Mr. Holbrook throws over the niece Ethel and woos Maggie, to whom he owes the amazing increase of business. Jim Darkin wings him in Maggie's rooms as she is packing for Europe to buy goods for a rival house, but it is only a flesh wound, and Holbrook recovers in a week, although he was shot when slightly under the influence of "a bottle of wine." What more could Mr. Klein do to please a holiday or any day or night audience? Virtue soars triumphant and vice sees the error of its ways or is suitably punished, although the audience is not fully acquainted with the no doubt lamentable ending of Darkin.

And what is to be said of Maggie? She is wonderful, as a mistress of slang and a woman of shrewd business ability. Denise, who marries the proprietor of the huge department store in Zola's romance, is a dull thing in comparison. And Maggie, however tempted, never swerves from the path of duty. When her salary is raised, she even studies books of etiquette, grammar, geography and thus fits herself to be the wife of any millionaire and a leader in society.

Miss Stahl played the part with a pleasing absence of extravagance. Her slang was Maggie's natural speech, not acquired for the occasion. She made her points quietly, but always effectively. She played to her companions on the stage, not to the audience. In scenes of sentiment—Mr. Klein's sentiment—she was natural and saved them for the moment from the reproach of triteness and mawkishness. She was always amusing, entertaining, sympathetic withal, and womanly. The company was wholly adequate. Especially worthy of commendation were Miss Marc and Messrs. Robertson and Reynolds, while in Miss Hampton many recognized an old friend.

The audience crowded the theatre yesterday afternoon and was warm in approval.

'QUAKER GIRL'
AT COLONIAL

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Quaker Girl," a musical play in three acts, book by James T. Tanner, lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank, music by Lionel Monckton. First performance in Boston. Produced by Henry B. Harris. Leonard Hornsey, musical director. First performed in London at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, Nov. 5, 1910, with Gerlie Miller, Hayden Coffin, James Blakeley and Joseph Coyne as the chief comedians.

Capt. Charteris.....Roland Bottomley
Jeremiah.....Gilbert Ollis
M. Duhamel.....E. W. Martin
Prince Carlo.....Lewys James
M. Larose.....Arthur Knight
Tony Chute.....Percival T. Moore
Phoebe.....May Vokes
Princess Mathilde.....May Allison
Diane.....Ruth Lloyd
Mme. Blum.....Maudie Gay
Prudence.....Ina Claire

The last Quaker girl of any distinction we saw here in a musical play was Miss Helyett, whose accident that put her to confusion won immediate admiration and lasting devotion. Prudence is also a Quaker girl, equally fascinating and far less sophisticated. But there is little of Quakerdom in this English musical play after the first act, although Jeremiah, the runaway from the fold, remembers his mother's faith when he is in Paris, although his father's reprehensible proclivities would shape his conduct were it not for the watchful and restraining Phoebe.

"The Quaker Girl" has a definite plot with the bewitching Prudence, who is persuaded easily to go with Mme. Blum, a dressmaker to Paris; with the Princess Mathilde, for some reason or other a person who should not be allowed to remain in France; with Prince Carlo, a decided baritone, who has bass designs on Prudence; with the French minister of state and the chief of the Parisian police, who persist in talking in broken English, although they are in their own country, and thus prove beyond doubt and peradventure their nationality. Then there is Tony Chute, an American naval attache; there is Capt. Charteris amiably disposed towards everybody. Nellie McHenry is seen as the landlady of an English inn, and there is a chorus of demure Quakeresses, also one of gayer Parisian shopgirls and models. Miss Clements and Miss Raynham dance at the beginning of the third act at the Prince's ball.

There are delightful episodes in this play and the distinguishing feature of the performance is a certain neatness peculiar to the better English entertainments of this class. All in all, "The Quaker Girl" is one of the better order. Mr. Monckton's music is light and pleasing; even when it is melodically trivial it has a graceful line; the rhythms are varied and enticing and the instrumentation is refined. The comic ditties, as Phoebe's song, "Or Thereabouts," are never frankly vulgar; there is something to save them from the commonplace; the more romantic numbers are not pretentious, and the music in a word is always within the frame.

There are moments when the dialogue drags, but on the whole the action is sufficiently rapid and the comedians give life to the text when it is inherently insignificant. For the company is one of

unusual excellence and principals and chorus form a true ensemble. Mr. Knight in his most extravagant moments, is still in the play, nor does any one seek to monopolize unduly the attention.

Miss Claire plays Prudence with irresistible simplicity, with fragrant naivete. Her voice is a simple one, suited to the part, and she sings without affectation, without disturbing endeavor. She is an actress and singer that would have delighted Sir William S. Gilbert. Miss Allison took the part of Mathilde in the appropriate spirit, and Miss Vokes was especially fortunate in her italicization of the lines of "Or thereabouts" when another might easily have overstepped the boundary and been only coarse. Percival Knight, well remembered as the melancholy jockey with a motto in "The Arcadians," worked wonders with his zoological voice, gave additional point to the author's text, and amused by his facial play and ingenious wheezes. The story he told Diane was deliciously rigmorale, as exquisite fooling as that which delighted Sir Andrew and Sir Toby. Mr. Childs excited laughter by more conventional methods. Mr. James sang manfully his invitation to the ball, though the waltz tune is not in Mr. Monckton's better vein. It may also be said that the other leading characters were played effectively; the chorus was unusually comely and tastefully dressed; the orchestra was wholly adequate and the play was handsomely mounted.

There was a very large audience on the opening night of the season, and enjoyment was evidently hearty. The play deserves a long and successful run.

'GREYHOUND'
AT THE BOSTON

BOSTON THEATRE—"The Greyhound," a four-act drama, by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. The cast:

Louis Fellman.....Henry Kolker
Jack Fay.....Jay Wilson
J. Crawford Alexander.....Douglas J. Wood
Kitty Doyle.....Elita Proctor Otis
McSherry.....Thomas Coffin Cooke
Claire Fellman.....Alice Martin
Mrs. Fagin.....Gladys Fairbanks
Murray.....Wm. J. Mack
Henry Fenmore Watkins.....Harry Cowley
Nettle.....Gladys Fairbanks
Etta.....Crosby Little
Mrs. Foster Allen.....Helen Orr Daly
Porter Allen.....William Lyons
Percival Allen.....Ralph M. Remley
Bess Allen.....Grace Valentine
Bob Kirk.....Raymond Walburn

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Fortune Hunter," a comedy in four acts by Winchell Smith.

Nathaniel Duncan.....John Craig
Henry Kellogg.....Leslie Palmer
George Burnham.....Leroy Clemens
James Long.....Herman Freuer
Lawrence Miller.....Albert Le Roi
Willie Bartlett.....Stowell H. Bancroft
Robbins.....Albert Hickey
Sam Graham.....Donald Meek
Mr. Lockwood.....Walter Walker
Roland Barrett.....Carney Christie
Tracy Tanner.....Albert Roberts
Pete Willing.....George Henry Trader
Charles Sperry.....R. A. Roberts
Hil.....Stowell H. Bancroft
Watty.....Carl Nissel
Josie Lockwood.....Lauret Browne
Angie Tucker.....Maddie Moore
Betty Graham.....Mary Young

come from the terras caletas country, or lower region), for a sudden opening of the pores of the will certainly produce fever, according to popular belief." Lord Wemyss, the oldest living peer, over 90—he was born in 1818—was cited by Ruskin as the "finest specimen of the Caucasian" he had ever seen. But Lord Wemyss was something more than a model for athlete, tailor, portrait painter. At 80 years of age was completing at the same time a statue of Venus and a patent for soldiers which could also be used by them as a saw, frying pan, or hat.

Tennyson's Weakness.

the World Wags:
Your comments on the rehabilitation of whiskerage in England and varying opinions in the brushing of hair bring to my mind a passage about Tennyson in Brookfield and her Circle." In the later portraits of Tennyson his hair is thickly and becomingly poetic. In the ones he wears his hat or is shown bald on top. It appears from the above referred to that the poet was much disturbed by the flitting of his hair. "Poor Alfred brooded over this, on his return he put himself under Mrs. Parker's really his hair is an integral part of his appearance and could be a great pity he should lose

and they say this woman really does restore hair, and she is patronized by society itself. Can I say more in her favor, or in extenuation of A. T." Probably this Mrs. Parker's treatment in the case of Tennyson or he would have written a sonnet in her honor, or a quatrain, or at least apostrophized her, as he did the plump head waiter at the Cock, who afterwards conducted a guest that Mr. Tennyson had taken a great liberty with him. "I don't know how he could have brought himself to do it."

By the way, why is it that we feel saying Mr. Thackeray and speaking of his illustrious colleague as Dickens? Is the latter nearer to us, more familiar, and we are at ease with him and at times consider ourselves his superior? Is "Mr." a tribute to the gentleman-like style of Thackeray?

JOHN M. FORTESCUE.
Boston, Sept. 1.

The 'Air of the 'Ead.

Dr. F. Helme in articles contributed to the Temps of Paris has been considering the question of gray hair and baldness. He quoted with respect the opinion of M. Lucien Jacques that they are caused by "the overstimulation of the nervous centres engendered by the state of the digestive tube, dyspepsia, enteritis, overfeeding, or any other disturbing element in the human organism." (And in like manner Thomas Walker, who recommended as an ideal dinner one grouse for each guest with bread sauce carefully prepared with bread crumbs, French beans, to be followed by pancakes, argued in all seriousness that corns were only a matter of digestion.)

A man eats too much, or too fast. An irritating message is sent to the brain from the shocked stomach. The brain passes the message to the hair, which falls out or loses color. Or the man is dissipated; or he is over-occupied with business and leads a sedentary life. Meanwhile, Dr. Guelpa asks, "why workmen and peasants are less liable to baldness than the well-to-do classes and even hair dressers themselves, whilst medical specialists are among the first to lose their hair." He believes that shampooing and friction are assaults on the life of the hair. Neither he nor Dr. Helme accepts the theory of Prof. Metchnikoff that grayness is caused by a microbe, the chromophaze, eating out the color.

Americans wash their hair extravagantly. The man that boasts of his daily bath takes special pains to wet his hair and then rub it violently. Thus he aids himself of the beneficial natural oil.

Gentleman for Adoption.

A London newspaper recently published this singular advertisement: "A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, used to high social life, through certain circumstances, seeks a WEALTHY LADY or GENTLEMAN to ADOPT HIM, or as secretary and traveling companion; well educated and talented. Interview, photo, etc. Solicitor's recommendations. Write first instance, etc."

ROSE STAHL
AT THE PARK

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE—"Maggie Pepper," a play in three acts and four scenes by Charles Klein. First performance in Boston. Produced by Henry B. Harris. First performed at New Haven, Ct., Jan. 20, 1911.

Hattie Murphy.....Agnes Marc
Imogene Kelly.....Florence Grant
Jake Rothchild.....Max Reynolds
Mrs. Thatcher.....Walter Hudson
John Hargen.....Walter Craven
Ethel Hargen.....Helen Dahl
Murchison.....Percival T. Moore

As the World Wags:
 In a camp in the Chain of Ponds
 in Maine, edgehogs climb the
 white pines to obtain the "slyver," and
 then often girdle the trees to their in-
 jury.
 G. G. A.
 Boston, Sept. 3, 1912.

How About "Skimpton"?

As the World Wags:
 I refer to the word "silver," men-
 tioned by Mr. S. T. Pickard, I would
 say it was in common use in the Penob-
 scot valley during the early eighties. I
 have some memories of an interview
 with the owner of a sapling pine which
 I had recently silvered.
 I should like to inquire if Mr. Pickard

others have ever used another Maine
 word, "skimpton," meaning a very small
 quantity.
 A. P. STUBBS.
 Lynn, Sept. 2, 1912.

Various Skinks.

We are all familiar now, by the vivid
 descriptions, with that interesting little
 animal found by a learned professor in
 Florida, the half snake and half lizard,
 called the skink. But why skink?
 The word is an old English one, still
 heard in the provinces as noun and
 verb. The noun has various meanings:
 A skin or knuckle of beef, a shank, a
 bad piece of flesh, a sort of soup. Cold
 skink is a beef jelly made of cold soup.
 Bacon thought skink broth a "potage of
 strong nourishment." Then there is
 skink, a drink.

The verb means to serve with drink; to
 tipple; and skinker is a server of drink,
 also a tippler. "I am an old soldier,
 sir," "An old skinker, you mean."

Philonen Holland used the word
 "skinker," meaning tapster, in a long
 and gorgeous sentence toward the end
 of his translation of Plutarch's essay on
 "Avarice." The rich man is described
 as supping simply with his wife in
 plain attire when they are alone; but
 when he makes a feast, he sets out a
 table as it were; "then comes abroad
 his brave furniture indeed; then he
 fetcheth out of the ship his fair chafers
 and goodly pots; then bringeth he forth
 his rich three-footed tables; then come
 abroad the lamps, candlesticks and
 branches of silver; the lights are dis-
 posed in order about the cups; the cup-
 bearers, skinkers and tasters are
 changed; all places are newly dight and
 covered; all things are then stirred and
 removed that saw no sun long before."
 This was the way they wrote in the
 spacious days and nights of 1603.

Lottery Tips.

An Italian in a dream recently saw
 his dead aunt and talked with her. She
 looked kindly on him and gave him lot-
 tery numbers. Awakening he rushed to
 the lottery bureau, took the numbers and
 drew the first prize, about \$120,000. A
 still more extraordinary story is told by
 Grant Duff about the death of Sir Wil-
 liam Stirling Maxwell in 1878. When Sir
 William arrived at Venice, the inn keep-
 er seeing him alone gave him a poor
 room No. 16. When Sir William was
 taken sick, he was moved to a better
 one, No. 8 and when he was very sick,
 he was moved to the best one that was
 available, No. 4. After he died the
 servants took the numbers 16, 8, 4 and
 added 60 the number which stands for
 death in the lottery language, and play-
 ing these numbers won a sum equiva-
 lent to about \$8000.

"OLIVER TWIST" AT THE MAJESTIC

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Nance O'Neil
 and the Lindsay Morison stock company
 in "Oliver Twist."

Oliver Twist.....Marion Goad
 Bill Sykes.....Edward Nanner
 Fagin.....Howell Hansel
 Brownlow.....Frederick Murray
 Mr. Bumble.....James S. Barrett
 The Artful Dodger.....Alfred Hickman
 Charley Bates.....William DeWolfe
 Fung.....William Haddon
 Toby Cratchet.....James J. Hayden
 Mr. Vellum.....Robert Lee
 Mr. Pecksniff.....Thomas Hagen
 Butcher Boy.....George Raudenbusch
 Rose Maylie.....Frances Woodbury
 Mrs. Brown.....Edna Oliver
 Nancy Sykes.....Nance O'Neil

The part of Nancy has been imper-
 sonated successively by many distin-
 guished actresses. Although Charlotte
 Cushman is usually referred to as the
 first to play the role in America, it was
 Mrs. William Rufus Blake who ap-
 peared in the original American produc-
 tion of "Oliver Twist" at the Franklin
 Theatre, New York, in January, 1839.
 Charles Robert Thorne was the original
 Bill.

At that time rival productions were
 popular, and it was at the Park Theatre,
 a month later, that Charlotte Cushman
 gave her famous impersonation of
 Nancy while Peter Richings played
 Bill.

It was Charlotte Cushman, however,
 who established the traditions of cos-
 tumes for the part and in some versions
 of the play these are still printed.

Fanny Wallack was next seen as
 Nancy, with W. R. Goodall as Bill, at
 the old Bovey, while in 1860, Matilda
 Heron took the part at Tripler Hall,
 which was built for the appearances of
 Jenny Lind, but not completed in time,
 and so transformed into a theatre. This
 was before Miss Heron's famous im-
 personation of Camille, which was for
 some time considered to be unrivalled.

Rose Eytling later displayed her
 oriental beauty in the part with E. L.
 Davenport as Bill, and in 1869 Lucille
 Western, whose fame as Nancy had
 been greater than that of any actress
 since Charlotte Cushman, appeared in
 the part at the Grand Opera House,
 New York. Her impersonation was of
 so gruesome a nature that it was pro-
 hibited in Salt Lake City by Brigham
 Young. Among her Bills and Fagins
 were James A. Herne and McKee
 Rankin.

Fanny Davenport, who had previously
 been seen as Rose, first took the part in
 1871 at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, under
 the management of Augustin Daly.

Kitty Blanchard was another Nancy,
 while within the past 30 years Hen-
 rietta Vaders, Elita Proctor Otis, Miss
 O'Neil, Amelia Bingham and Constance
 Collier have acted the part.

The performance last evening was
 chiefly notable by reason of Miss
 O'Neil's powerful impersonation of
 Nancy and Mr. Hickman's performance
 of the Artful Dodger.

As in the book, the moneyed people
 in the play, with their smug respectabil-
 ity and conventional virtues, were
 barely noticeable by the side of the poor
 and vicious, with their ghastly de-
 pravity and squalor. But in Miss
 O'Neil's version, while there is much of
 the Dickens dialogue in the mouths of
 those on the stage, certain well known
 characters are conspicuously absent.
 Bumble, the resplendent hypocrite, and
 his wife were not seen, nor did Mr.
 Grimwig consume his head often and
 vociferously.

Miss O'Neil's Nancy was by no means
 a subdued figure, but was vigorously
 delineated. This fierce girl, learned in
 wickedness and used as a tool by the
 villainous Jew, hated him, and her
 hatred was at all times apparent in
 sneers and sombre threats. The fury
 of her eloquence in her defence of
 Oliver was an admirable portrayal of
 pent-up loathing suddenly exploded,
 while when her tormentor set upon and
 would have struck her down, her nails,
 cat-like, clawed the air as she struggled
 in Bill's arms, frantically searching the
 Jew's face.

It was only before Sykes that she
 trembled, and in spite of blows her
 passionate allegiance to him was such
 that no promises of future safety and
 wellbeing could tempt her to deser-
 tion. All the tenderness within her
 was lavished upon him. He was her
 man.

After the manner of Miss Western,
 with whom it is said the habit of mak-
 ing the murder scene bloody originated,
 but in her own fashion, Miss O'Neil
 chose to emphasize the gruesomeness
 of the scene. With blood streaming
 from her hair she crawled back into
 Bill's room, imploring forgiveness, and
 fell at his feet as the murderer cowed
 in the darkness.

Mr. Hansel's Fagin was a creditable
 piece of character acting. He coughed
 and cringed, bullied and threatened,
 raved in madness, nor did he lose sight
 of the grotesque humor of the char-
 acter. Fagin is after the race of Shy-
 lock and Svengali, but he is Shylock's
 poor relation and a Svengali of the
 thieves' kitchen instead of the world of
 art. Mr. Hansel was at his best when
 he incited Bill to the murder of Nancy.

Mr. Hickman's Artful Dodger was an
 admirable and realistic portrayal of
 smooth cunning and good-natured craft.
 His delivery of the lines was especially
 effective.

Miss Goad's Oliver was a satisfactory
 portrayal of the wretched waif who
 was brought up by hand.

Mr. Nannery's impersonation of the
 doughty Bill was physically vigorous,
 while the elemental brutality of the
 man was vividly realistic.

Mr. Murray was courtly and impres-
 sive as Mr. Brownlow and the other
 members of the company were efficient
 in their support.

The audience was large and keenly
 appreciative.

COMEDY DRAMA ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

"The Clown" Heads Program of
 Great General Excellence
 This Week.

"The Clown" a comedy drama car-
 rying a cast of 10, headlines the bill at
 B. F. Keith's this week. It is strong
 alike in comedy and in drama, the lat-
 ter coming along toward the end when
 the clown, long separated from his
 wife, discovers the man who has been
 responsible for all his troubles, ties

him to a post in the circus dress-
 ing room and there fishes him with a
 lion tamer's whip. Joseph A. Klein as
 Jerry, the clown, has the title role.
 Then there's the bearded lady, the suf-
 fragette clown, the fat boy, the snake
 charmer and several other typical cir-
 cus entertainers, all of whom congre-
 gate in the dressing room to await
 their turn to appear in the arena. It
 is an altogether novel act, and pro-
 duces a lot of fun ahead of the sad-
 ness.

Direct from the New York Hippo-
 drome is Alberlina Rasch, presenting
 "The Ballet Classique," in which not
 only Mlle. Rasch herself but a half-
 score of attractive ballet girls appear.
 The beauty of the dancing of Mlle.
 Rasch and her ballet is enhanced by
 the attractive stage settings and the
 costumes, all of which were designed
 by Mlle. Rasch herself.

Several of the teams on this week's
 bill came in for almost as much ap-
 plause as the star act. Bixley and
 Lerner were a scream in their sketch.

"The Caruso and Melba of Vaudeville,"
 in which Bixley's closing effort as Melba
 indulging in a turkey-trot dance
 brought down the house. The Windsor
 trio, three young men who know how
 to sing—"the boys who know how," as
 the program quite aptly expresses it—
 received the cordial welcome always
 accorded them when they appear at
 B. F. Keith's. Devine & Williams,
 singers and talkers—principally the lat-
 ter, especially on the part of Miss
 Williams—was another team of which
 the audience evidently approved most
 heartily.

Joc Lanigan, a monologue man and
 story-teller with a manner all his own,
 made his first appearance in Boston
 and was given the sort of a welcome
 that will bring him back again. "The
 Three Musketeers," from the pen of
 Newton Newkirk, a Boston journalist;
 the three Dixon sisters, in artistic dan-
 cing, and Kennedy and Melrose, in the
 old favorite, "Bumping the Bumps,"
 completed the bill.

Sept. 5 1912

I met him in the cars
 Where resignedly he sat;
 His hair was full of dust,
 And so was his cravat;
 He was furthermore embellished
 By a ticket in his hat.

A Problem in Ball Playing.

And he had a wild and hunted look.
 His head ran up to a peak, and there
 was sparse vegetation on his hollow
 cheeks and apologetic chin. Then he
 would talk. Ye gods, how he did talk!

"Sir, I was once a vegetarian of the
 strictest sort, but I one day bethought
 me that only carnivorous animals were
 ball players and I am passionately ad-
 dicted to the game of baseball. Lions,
 tigers, hyenas and other interesting
 specimens of the carnivora like to play
 with anything in the shape of a ball,
 while cows, sheep and the giraffe are not
 thus to be tempted. For example, the
 keeper in a western town forgot to pro-
 vide a caged man-eating tiger with a
 ball for his amusement, and the enraged
 beast promptly tore the keeper's head
 from his body—this head resembled an
 orange slightly flattened at both ends—
 and rolled it gaily on the floor emitting
 growls of satisfaction. Are there any
 prominent ball players who are consist-
 ent vegetarians? I doubt it."

We reminded him of the famous Eus-
 tace Miles, Esq., M. A. Tripos Coach
 at Cambridge, formidable at racquets,
 tennis and squash tennis, the inventor
 of Ball-game Exerciser and the author
 of many books including "Muscle, Brain
 and Diet," "Better Pool for Boys,"
 "Avenues to Health," "Good Digestion,"
 "Mr. Miles is a fanatical vegetarian. Was
 not Freddie Welch invincible in the ring
 while he kept the vegetarian faith ab-
 staining from "butcher's meat" like-
 wise poultry, and eating only simple
 dishes prepared by his devoted mother,
 and was he not defeated after he fell
 victim to steaks and chops, veal and
 ham?

An Old Answer.

As the World Wags:

When I was a boy 50 years ago in
 Boston, our cook, an English woman,
 used to reply to any question I put to
 her: "Raros for meddlers and crutches
 for lame ducks." What did she mean?
 Is the saw an English one? Perhaps
 the word was "reros."
 R. G.
 Boston, Sept. 1, 1912.

This saying, equivalent to "Ask me
 no questions and I'll tell you no lies,"
 is common in Ireland and in two or
 three English counties. The full form
 is "Rare overs for," etc., and raro's
 is a contraction.

The more common form in many
 English counties and in the United
 States is "Lay overs for meddlers" (or
 "to catch meddlers") "and crutches for
 lame ducks."

Dr. Wright explains
 "lay overs" as thumps or some kind of
 corporal punishment, for those asking
 useless or impertinent questions. We
 find no satisfactory explanation of
 "rare overs." Negro nurses sometimes
 say: "Lay over what is to catch that
 meddler."

Nouns of Multitude.

As the World Wags.

In the Megantic region, M. A. C. old
 guides speak of "a couple of old bears
 banjing (not banging) round together."
 Is there any noun of multitude for
 bears?
 SAMUEL UTTERTON.

Boston, Sept. 2, 1912.

The London Daily Chronicle recently
 commented on the bewilderment of for-
 eigners studying English nouns of mul-
 titude. "Even those who have spent
 half their lives in England and have
 mastered most of the intricacies of its
 tongue find a difficulty in understand-
 ing why it is incorrect to talk about a
 herd of sheep, or a flock of cows, or why
 a group of porpoises should be a 'shoal'
 and a group of whales a 'school.' Why
 should wolves, when they gather to-
 gether, form a 'pack' and bullocks form
 a 'drove'?"

Dame Juliana Barnes in the "Boke of
 St. Albans" (1496) gave a curious list
 of these nouns and we are surprised
 that the Daily Chronicle did not quote
 the list in full. She spoke of a herd of
 deer, swans, cranes, or wrens; a sedge
 of herons; a muster of peacocks; a
 watch of nightingales; a flight of doves;
 a chattering of choughs; a pride of
 lions; a skulk of foxes; a skulk of friars;
 a pontificality of priests; a superfluity
 of nuns. How picturesque some of
 these nouns are!

And Dame Juliana Barnes said we
 should speak of a sleuth of bears.

Other nouns of multitude are a covey
 of partridges, a pack of grouse, a stud
 of mares, a mite of hounds, a bevy of
 ladies, a fellowship of yeomen.

Hard Scratching.

The Daily Chronicle, by the way, asks
 whether savages scratch their heads.
 The flippant answer of course is, "It
 depends on whether these heads are in-
 habited"; but puzzled Europeans scratch
 their heads without reference to cleanli-
 ness or local habitation: "The German
 slowly, the Frenchman jerkily, the Ital-
 ian nervously, the Englishman vigorous-
 ly." Does the titillation of the scalp
 incite the brain to greater activity? The
 Chronicle admits that Uncle Remus
 scratched his head, when the little boy
 asked him hard questions, but intimates
 that Uncle may have learned the trick
 from a white master. Here is an im-
 portant subject for folklorists and all
 earnest students of anthropology.

Sept 6. 1912

The clergyman of the English Church at
 Monte Carlo at one time never gave out any
 hymn under number 38, as he discovered that
 some of his congregation had made a practice
 of noting down the numbers with a view to
 backing them at roulette.

Johnny Cake.

The Herald has received the following
 letter from ex-Gov. Ladd of Rhode Isl-
 and:

As the World Wags:

Appropos of the food discussed in your
 column in Saturday's Herald, I wish you
 would write something regarding the
 old-fashioned Johnny cake of old South
 county, Rhode Island. Some years ago
 a Mr. Hazard frequently wrote about
 them for the Providence Journal. They
 were usually made from white meal and
 fried in a pan, a tender crust on both
 sides, with a soft inside and about half
 the size of the average griddle cake, but
 more than double in thickness. They
 were satisfying and delicious when eaten
 with a nice syrup. They were famous
 in old South county, where also a chick-
 en stew with dumplings was served at
 its best.
 HERBERT W. LADD.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 31.

Alas, we never ate or even saw this
 species of Johnny cake, and we have not
 the audacious imagination of the elder
 Dumas, who wrote faithful and entranc-
 ing descriptions of countries he had not
 visited. When we were young and
 growing up in Hampshire county there
 were two kinds of Johnny cake—the one
 that is common today and the kind that
 we have not seen for years—thin, rather
 tough, brittle, only for those with fear-
 less teeth. The best Johnny cake we
 ever ate was at a noon halt in Adiron-
 dack village about 45 years ago, when
 that region was still wild and a camp
 was a camp—not a summer palace with
 electric lights, sanitary plumbing and a
 tennis court. We ate this Johnny cake
 with fried trout and a reasonable
 amount of pork. It was the best Johnny
 cake we ever ate, because we were
 never before or afterward so hungry.

And why Johnny cake? Why was it
 not Billy cake or Harry cake, or Jimmy
 cake?

Questions at Issue.

This reminds us that two questions
 are now warmly debated in the London
 journals. We have referred to one of
 them: What is the difference between
 gourmand and gourmet? We side with
 those opposing Mr. Schloesser, who in-
 sists that gourmet really means a judge
 of wine. He goes so far as to say that
 if a Frenchman is called a gourmand
 he takes it as a compliment. No, no.
 Jamais de la vie, as they say in Can-
 ada when the reciprocity question is
 raised. There is an old story of an
 English member of Parliaments who, in-
 troduced to Gambetta in Paris, invited
 him to luncheon. In the course of the
 meal the Englishman said, "I under-
 stand, Mr. Gambetta, you are a great
 gourmand." Gambetta at once grew red
 in the face and was about to sputter

As a matter of fact, a betta was said to be a brave fellow with his knife and fork, hence the liveliness of his indignation. "Franco-British" is undoubtedly

right when he says of the two words in their modern significance: Gourmand means greedy in the sense of quantity of food, and gourmet in the sense of quality only. "If any one called me a gourmand I should feel insulted, and gourmet somewhat flattered." He adds—and this statement may well be disputed—"Gourmet is only applied to a judge of wine in connection with food." Here is his illustration: A gourmet will not drink claret or burgundy after a curried dish, nor certain brands of beer after soup.

The other question is also important.

Thumbs up or Down?

"R. C.," drawing a cartoon for the Pall Mall Gazette, took his subject from the Roman gladiatorial games and represented spectators as turning down their thumbs, thus expressing the wish that the fallen gladiator, Mr. Asquith, should be put to death. Correspondents at once attacked this explanation of the gesture and said that the people pressed down their thumbs if they wished the fallen one to be saved, but turned them up if they wished him to be killed. They quoted from the dictionaries of the learned Dr. Smith. They also quoted from Juvenal (III, 36). Then "R. C." quoted in turn from Dr. Seyffert's dictionary: "The sign of mercy was the waving of handkerchiefs; the clenched fist and downward thumb indicated that the combat was to be fought out till death." "E. G. W." shied his castor into the ring and referred those depending on the line of Juvenal to Prof. Mayor's note, explaining that "turning down the thumb (verso pollice) meant turning the thumb toward the breast, while turning it down was the sign of mercy. Sir George Birdwood has written in support of the caricaturist and referred to signs used by Hindu thugs. "With them the depressed thumb, that is the thumb pressed down on the closed four fingers, making up a fist, means—or meant a hundred years ago—the dagger sheathed, and so—Spare the captive's life," and the raised thumb, that is the extended thumb, the dagger drawn, and so—"Dispatch him." In the latter case the thumb being instinctively turned downward toward the signifier's own breast or that of the condemned captive."

There is Gerome's picture "Pollice Verso," known to many through the engraving. (By the way, an English correspondent spelled the name of the French painter "Jerome.") In this picture the victor stands erect, ready to finish the prostrate foe. The latter, a handsome youth, holds up a hand in appeal toward the women of the court, the vestal virgins and others. "The study of the faces and attitudes of the women . . . shows that their admiration and tender sympathy were aroused, and fully explains the intense eagerness and spontaneous effort to respond favorably to that last appeal for life, by pressing down their thumbs." But is not this taking it all for granted? The Roman women were inclined to favor the victor.

We referred this matter to the Rev. Babington Brooke, a classical scholar of fine taste. He said he had been told that in a game of poker when a man turned down his hand he dropped dead.

Sept 7, 1912

As for other passions and maladies of the mind, some are dangerous, others odious, and some again ridiculous and exposed to mockery; but garrulity is subject unto all these inconveniences at once. For such folks as are noted for their lavish tongue are a mere laughing-stock, and in every common and ordinary report of theirs they minister occasion of laughter; hated they be for their relation of ill news, and in danger they are because they cannot conceal and keep close their own secrets.

A Prelude.

As the World Wags:

Your recent comments on the new tendencies in art have led me to believe that the inclosed letter will interest you. After 20 years of struggle with "isms" in painting, I am compelled to admit myself a fading "has been," but would not deny to youth an opportunity, and this seems a magnificent one. As I remember, M. Rodin has solved a similar problem in his statue of Victor Hugo with attendant Muses. Is there no man of the future among us?

ELDAD SCRUGGS.

Newton, Sept. 3, 1912.

Attention, Painters!

The enclosed letter is, indeed, extraordinary, and not only because it was written in good faith. We omit the name of the myriad-minded person whose portrait should be painted for the sake of all now at large and all to come. "A painting is desired of the Boston poet, Mr. ———, No. ——— Commonwealth avenue, Boston, suite ———, for the Corcoran art exhibit this winter. Big prizes are offered. ——— is one of the world's greatest living historical, dramatic and romantic ballads, poets, and offers will be considered from you or your friends to paint such a picture in costume, the nude, or otherwise. It is thought

My 220.22. Loiner

that a fine name could be made of an idealized poet showing unity and harmony of art, poetry, and figures. The poet has many ideal lines of the head, neck, bust, hips and legs, but is a little stout in stomach, which could be trained down. Other paintings desired are, 1. Spirit group (like one inclosed), 1 of pretty "Butterfly Lady"; closed, 1 of pretty "Children"; 1 of poet in 1 of 2 "Society Children"; otherwise. Please chair, standing or otherwise. Please state what offers you can make on any of these; what per cent. of prize money you'll allow model, per cent. of cash sales, time needed for posing, photos required, to "Maritime," Fenway P. O., Boston, Mass., or to "Poet."

The Old Taste Wakes.

As the World Wags:

The paragraph of Mr. Pickard's in last Monday's Herald almost brings into my mouth the taste of the delicious "silver" from the pine tree of Maine. It was one of the joys of childhood in the early summer time to go "silvering," and to this day whenever I see a smooth barked pine tree, I wish I might be privileged to silver it. This is the only

meaning I ever knew for this word. Somerville, Sept 3. L. M. T.

Rhode Island Forever.

As the World Wags:

Calves head was another Rhode Island dish, delicious, tempting and filling. There was the boiled meat, the stew, the hash, piece of fat pork delicate and sweet, and boiled tongue, with a tempting gravy, all making a dish worthy of the gods. The French have a famous dish of the same name, but that is not to be mentioned in the same day with an old-fashioned Rhode Island calves head. That was a dish in which the Rhode Island gravy beat the famous French.

EX-GOV. HERBERT W. LADD. Providence, R. I., Sept. 2.

If any one wishes to be "beastly particular," he would praise or avoid "calf's head," but the form "calves head" is in common use and stands on many bills-of-fare. We have eaten "tete de veau" in French pensions, but not after the first day. For on the second, the head would appear grisly, horrible, as the one in Wilkie Collins's shocker, "The Hated Hotel." One eye would be gone, or there would be a slashed cheek, side or a slit nose, and on the third day—for the portions were small and the patronne would cut a pear into eighths at dessert—there were suggestions of something more dreadful than the slaughter-house and the morgue.

Skinks and Skinkers.

As the World Wags:

With reference to the word "skinker," meaning tapster, see Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," part I, act 2, sc. 4, where the Prince, addressing Poins at the Boar's Head Tavern, says of his adventures in the vat room: "But, Sweet Ned—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spoke other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'you are welcome'; with this shrill addition, 'anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so." V. Boston, Sept. 4.

Answers Invited.

As the World Wags:

Like the word "infinitely," the word "practically" is frequently abused and misused. Won't you give your readers the benefit of your studies of the word "practically"?

A. F. S.

Large dictionaries are not now at hand. We have supposed that "practically" meant "in a practical manner" and also "to all intents and purposes," or "in fact or effect." We'll look up the word, sir. Tomorrow—and tomorrow—and tomorrow. We once knew a man whose shop sign declared him to be a "practical plumber." Perhaps he was practical in intent and purpose, but he made a mess of his job and his charge would have satisfied any purely theoretical or idealistic plumber.

Sept 8, 1912

MUNICIPAL OPERA

A western city is trying the experiment of maintaining a municipal theatre. It is easy to prophesy success or failure, but the end of the first season with the attendant results will furnish better material for reasonable argument. It has been suggested that the city of Boston should grant a large subsidy to the opera house that bears its name. Then, according to the advocates of this subsidy, the financial success would be assured.

In certain cities of Europe the emperor, king, grand duke, or other potentate, gives yearly a sum of money to "official theatres." The Emperor of Austria gives \$126,000 to the Vienna Opera House; if there is a deficit he pays the difference, and,

if statements in foreign newspapers are trustworthy, he has given within the last two years about \$210,000. The Emperor William gives to the Berlin Opera House about \$225,000, and when an opera is produced at his request, as Leoncavallo's "Roland of Berlin" was produced to fail ignominiously, he adds liberally to the subsidy. The King of Saxony hands over \$100,000 to the treasurer of the Dresden Opera. The King of Denmark gives to his royal theatres about \$40,000. The Grand Duke of Hesse gives \$50,000 to the Darmstadt theatre.

Paris, Milan, Rome and other continental towns grant a subsidy to certain opera houses. But whether the grantor be a king, duke or a municipal government, the opera house thus assisted seldom, if ever, pays expenses, and the manager at the end of the season is usually unable to pay all the bills. When the performances are brilliant, the expenses are necessarily greater, for the more famous the singers, the higher their salaries. And now the conductor stands with itching palm by the side of the greedy prima donna and the arrogant tenor. If the performances are only respectable, and the thrift of the management is seen plainly on the stage, the audiences are smaller.

There are few cities in the United States that would be willing to subsidize an opera house without insisting on taking part in the management. Boston is now fortunate in having a musical mayor, in fact an applauded virtuoso; but a singer is not necessarily a prudent impresario; witness the sad fate of Italo Campanini and others before him. Nor would a common council be necessarily an admirable board of advisers.

The true municipal opera house is one supported by the citizens, who subscribe, attend the performances and have the interest of the undertaking at heart. Opera worthy the name is a costly pleasure. An opera house like the one in Boston gives distinction to the city. It even gives the city an international reputation. It draws visitors; in many ways it increases business and is of commercial benefit to the community. The subscription of citizens is an investment which pays other dividends than those of musical gratification. If a city wishes to assist an opera house, well and good; but few, if any, American cities are at present prepared to control an opera house or dictate its policy through a committee or board of directors, though their hands be clean and beyond possible suspicion. Nor would this control ensure pecuniary success.

Michel Carre was telling some friends in Paris about the first play he saw. It was when he was 7 years old. His uncle took him, sat him down in the front row of the dress circle and told him to applaud. "I didn't know the name of the theatre or the name of the play. There was a lot of music and a man in red, and a lady who couldn't turn a spinning wheel and cried about it. I didn't like it much, but I applauded because Uncle Michel told me to, and the people around me laughed and said, 'Hush!' when I clapped my hands. When it was over Uncle Michel came for me and asked me what I had thought of it. 'I clapped all the time,' I said. 'Yes; but it's a dead frost all the same,' said he."

Thus Michel Carre, who writes librettos of little music plays performed in minor theatres of Paris, saw the first performance of Gounod's "Faust." Uncle Michel assisted Jules Barbier in writing the libretto of that opera and told the boy to clap his hands on the night of March 19, 1859. The box office receipts that night were 1,425 and 75 centimes. There were 57 performances during the year, and the receipts varied from 1,186 to 1,523 50 centimes. As a rule, they averaged much higher than those from the performances of other operas in 1859 at the Theatre Lyrique.

A New

Book About

Gounod's "Faust"

Messrs. Albert Soublies and Henri de Curzon have written an interesting book of seventy pages, entitled "Documents Inédits sur le 'Faust' de Gounod." It contains a chapter about the receipts in 1859; curious extracts from the original libretto, which was never played or acted; a general list of interpreters at the Theatre Lyrique, Renaissance, and Opera till January, 1912; other pages of infor-

mation, copies of two fine pages, portraits, rather unsatisfactory ones, of certain interpreters and a few pictures of scenes.

It was not long ago that the life of Gounod in two stout volumes by Messrs. Prod'homme and Landelet was published. The present volume gives information that is supplementary. The most interesting pages to the general reader are those about the original and unpublished libretto; for we now are told for the first time what changes were made before the raising of the curtain. Many who know the music almost note by note remember that Valentin's song when he farewells his sister, was composed afterward for Charles Santley in London, that a second song for Siebel was introduced with a view to a performance in London, that the soldiers' chorus was composed originally for another opera, "Ivan"; that there was for a long time a difference of opinion over the question whether the death of Valentin should precede or follow the church scene; but little or nothing was known about the original libretto. The manuscript, approved by the Censor and received by Carvalho, the manager, "to be played as it stood," in some way or other came into the hands of Messrs. Soublies and De Curzon. This manuscript bears the title: "Faust, Lyric Drama in Four Acts" Carvalho added in his own handwriting "And Prologue." He also wrote "to be played at the Theatre Lyrique Nov. 17, 1858."

Faust

and His

Pupils

The original version is the same as the present in the first scene to the end of the chorus with the words "Blessed be God"; but in the original Faust then spoke, not sang, these words: "God! It is this word that throws me back violently into the uncertain path of humanity! My eyes are wet with tears and earth has regained me." (He falls back in his armchair and is lost in meditation. The door opens gently. Wagner and Siebel enter.) Then comes a spoken scene which is followed by a trio, and the dialogue is of a nature that deserves translation. It appears from this and other pages that the librettists intended to give more prominence to the parts of Wagner and Siebel and also to make a more pronounced exposition.

Wagner—There he is! He seems to be plunged in deep meditation.

Siebel—Do you know why he asked us to come to his study?

Wagner—I suppose that our zeal in studies and our rapid progress won for us this mark of favor.

Siebel—Have you the heart to jest at the moment of receiving a scolding?

Wagner—Yes, for it will be the last one.

Siebel—What do you mean?

Wagner—All that is left is to make a decision, Siebel, and I have made mine.

Faust (coming to himself)—Who's there? Ah, it's you—

Wagner—Yes, doctor. We were at the tavern, honestly busied in drinking, when the doctor summoned us last evening. The philosophic condition in which we found ourselves when we left did not permit us to obey you sooner.

Faust—You mean by that, you were drunk.

Siebel—Not I, doctor.

Wagner (to Siebel)—What of that! I was drunk enough for two.

Faust (rising from his chair)—And it is thus, my young friends, that you employ your time. It is thus that you deceive the hope of your families, who have entrusted you to me. Wagner, what do you know about natural science? What ideas do you have about medicine? And, Siebel, where are you now in theology?

Wagner—I admit that I do not know any more about medicine than my uncle does, and he has been a practising physician for 30 years. And so doctor, if I kill men, it will be in another way.

Faust—What do you mean?

Wagner—I'm going to turn soldier.

Faust—You?

Wagner—I leave today with a bold companion named Valentin, who has already served in two campaigns: as for Siebel—

Faust—Well?

Wagner—The poor boy is afraid to tell you; but if he shows little taste for theology, it's because he is in love.

Siebel—Alas, yes; with the sister of this Valentin, whom he now named.

Wagner—Sua culque, doctor! That's my last speech in Latin.

Faust—And you leave me in this fashion?

A Trio

That Was

Cut Out

Then the three sing a trio. Wagner begins: I bid farewell, O my master, to study.

Perhaps I shall go back to it when I am old. Restless youth leads our steps toward the intoxication and glory of noisy combats. To grow pale night and day over a book is not to live; it's to be a long time in dying.

Faust (aside): And what have I done with life? The hopes of years! Beautiful days that have vanished! Youth! Unsatisfied ardor! Flow, my tears.

Siebel: Pardon my laziness. I cannot work, I cannot sleep. A sweet dream pursues me! The youthful Marguerite, and enchanting vision, has kindled in

I heartily burning conquering dame I desire only her tenderness, and when she speaks to me, I am at my wits' end and do not dare to answer her.

Faust is left alone. He exclaims: "Love, wait, all the instincts and desires of youth. Their words have made the knowledge of my loneliness and worthlessness harder to bear. (What hope remains to me? Why have I sunk from death that I desire? Happy he that is struck down on the battlefield, or surprised in the arms of a mistress!) O useless night watches, senseless labors, impotent longings, spectacle of a happiness that it is not permitted me to know!" The words in parentheses were struck out by the censor.

And he then sings as in the present version. "Maudites Soyez-vous, O volutes humaines." The rest of the scene is practically the same.

Marguerite's First Appearance

The original Kermess scene introduced a beggar who goes from group to group and asks in song for alms, but more important is a long scene between Valentin and Marguerite. Wagner, Siebel and the students are together waiting for Valentin. Wagner, the grave student in the legend, is again disclosed as an operative sport. He complains that Valentin will find empty bottles. "Let's throw dice while we wait for him," Siebel warns him against losing his last coin. "I'll find it again in the pocket of the enemy," Wagner and a student begin to throw dice. Marguerite comes on the stage with Valentin. They speak a few words of parting, and then sing a duet with words of more than ordinary banality. For example: "Despite the prayers of sisters and mothers how many soldiers do not return!" To which Valentin answers: "But was I wounded once by a lance last year?" "Farewell, Valentin! I am going to pray to my patron saint this morning that she may surely protect you." "Remember Valentin, and speak his name, darling, night and morning. May heaven give you a happy fate!" Etc., etc. Marguerite still singing puts a holy medal round her brother's neck.

This scene was cut out only at the last moment. There is mention of it in the journals of the time. It was thought best that Marguerite should not appear on the stage before her traditional meeting with Faust. There are also changes in the dialogue, for in the original version the librettists laid stress on the comedy of the legend.

Mephistopheles does not sling about the calf of gold, but tells the story of Master Beetle, who was flattered and powerful while he had money, but when, robbed by his servants, friends, mistresses, he became old and ugly, cursing the gold that had fallen from his wings, he served his former valet. "There's in the world only one treasure, that is gold. There's only one pitiless, mighty devil, and that is gold." And Wagner, hearing the song, says to Mephistopheles: "Your fine voice, sir, and the moral of your ditty make me friendly towards you."

In the Garden and Near the Fountain

The words of Siebel's "flower song" are different from those now sung, and Faust in "Salut, demeure chaste et pure" does not repeat the first couplet, but there is a recitative followed by an agitated soliloquy, in which he bitterly reproaches himself for "poisoning the joy of this calm retreat." The conversation between Mephistopheles and Martha is more extended and the duenna makes a franker declaration to Mephistopheles. Certain couplets for Marguerite and Faust have been dropped, also lines that were intended to be spoken.

It is a pity that one of the most striking scenes has disappeared: the one in which young girls enter with their pitchers to fill them at the public fountain. They gossip, and one of them, Lise, tells the story of Faust's desertion as though it were already a ballad. Marguerite comes out of her house, hears the maidens' mocking laughter in the distance, and then sings the lament while spinning, which is in the published versions, but is usually cut out in performance.

Valentin's Death and the Prison

In the original the ensemble "Gloire immortelle" for the returning troops does not appear, but Valentin has verses in which he asks whether there is any girl, blonde or brunette, in the whole country who deserves as Marguerite to inflame the heart of a bold soldier marching to the war. In this version the church scene precedes the death of Valentin. After the church scene, Faust and Mephistopheles quarrel. Faust says that Marguerite's tears cause him infernal suffering, that he left her because he wished to snatch her from Mephistopheles' clutches, and he wonders how the Lord could have created this mass of mud and fire. To all of this Mephistopheles answers: "And who, if you please, ruined the young girl? You or I?"

It is not necessary now to note changes in the act "The Walpurgis

Night," for it is seldom played in the United States. The last act as it is known to us opens in the original with a long monologue for Marguerite in the prison, as in Boito's "Mefistofele." She falls asleep. Faust bearing a lamp opens the prison door. Mephistopheles gives him a bunch of keys. "The jailer is asleep. Here are the keys. I can do nothing more. Only your hand, that of a man, can free her." Faust speaks out his agony and incidentally acquaints the audience with what has happened. He does this in the good old melodramatic way: "I am filled with terror, with the sense of human misery! She killed her child in a fit of madness, and now, as a criminal, behold her thrown into a horrible dungeon!" Then come the duet, trio and final chorus, though there are differences in the two texts.

Certain Interpreters in Paris

The list of interpreters in Paris is not without interest. These Americans have taken the part of Marguerite at the Opera (I add the date of first appearance in the part):

Grissold, Aug. 19, 1881.
Nordica, July 21, 1882.
Eames, Aug. 14, 1889.
Melba, March 29, 1890.
Lindsay, July 15, 1901.
Farrar, May 18, 1905.

Miss Garden, an American by adoption, not by birth, first appeared as Marguerite at the Paris Opera, June 13, 1908.

And here are singers known to us in Boston of late years:

Mme. Brozia, Aug. 21, 1908, with Mr. Rildez as Faust.

Mr. Alchewsky, who sang here in concert with Mme. Melba, made his appearance as Faust, Sept. 9, 1908; Mr. Marcoux, as Mephistopheles, Sept. 23, 1908.

Poor Mr. Lassalle appeared as Faust on June 5, 1911.

Between 1859 and 1912 in the city of Paris 56 different interpreters of Marguerite were seen, 46 of Faust, 26 of Mephistopheles, 29 of Valentin, 35 of Siebel. The compilers of these notes about "Faust" do not pretend to criticize the various impersonations. They speak of Faure, whose voice was, perhaps, a little too high for the music, but he gave the part rare distinction, "the irony of a true gentleman," and no one has approached him in the garden scene. Christine Nilsson's crystalline voice gave relief to the scenes in church and prison, yet she did not cause Mme. Carvalho to be forgotten. "What a souvenir was left by Jean de Reszke and Mme. Melba in the duet of the garden, rarely harmonious; by Mme. Krauss, dramatic in the church and prison scenes; by Mme. Rose Caron, so impressive with Renaud, in the scene of Valentin's death; by Gailhard, Maurel, Delmas, so individual and distinct as Mephistopheles; by Saleza, Muratore, especially vibrant Faustus; by Mme. Kousnietzoff, whose voice is so fresh and pure."

When Mme. Patti sang the part of Marguerite at the Opera in 1874 the box office receipts were on the first night £29,027, and on the second £20,-

464, unheard of sums for that time. During the last 17 years at the Paris Opera, "Faust" has drawn the largest receipts nine times.

Beneficial or Injurious?

What became of the music that Gounod wrote for the verses which were cut out or radically changed? No one knows apparently. Yet the monologue of Marguerite in prison must have been one of the most important scenes in the opera. We know what Boito did. His music for this situation is one of the most dramatic pages in operatic literature. Even the few florid measures emphasize, when they are sung with full understanding, the horror and the madness. They are the wild weavings of a crazed brain.

This scene should have been retained; also that of the mocking girls at the fountain. As Messrs. Soules and de Curzon say, the latter scene would have been picturesque; "it would have accentuated the simplicity of the manner and costume belonging by right to Marguerite." They do not claim, however, that the original version is nearer than the present one to Goethe's poem. The tendency to infuse comedy into the action is justified only by a very few passages in the German "Faust": the scene in Auerbach's cellar and the passage of wits between Mephistopheles and the witches. Goethe's Wagner, a solemn person, appears only at the beginning, and of Faust's companion, "The song of the beetle is not borrowed from Goethe, and it is not easy to see why this coelopeter has replaced the insect of the original song, except that the translation of this word has always been difficult, for 'puce' is masculine in German. One of our best French versions of Goethe's 'Faust' has 'son of a flea,' and this is hardly a happy twist. It goes without saying that Valentin's couplets on the return from the war are not in the German 'Faust.' In both cases, it was wise to cut, and, different as they are, the rondo of the Golden Calf and the grand ensemble of soldiers are better suited to the situation." But by putting the church scene after the death of Valentin, there was a closer resemblance to Goethe's poem.

Drama

or

Entertainment?

It is often said that musical comedies should not be viewed as dramas, but only as a mere entertainment. The London Times gave a sound answer to this some months ago: "But what if the entertainment is not first-rate? What if the music palls? What if the types of beauty in the human part of the scenery are types out of which a single intelligent face in the stalls can take all the shine? What if the dresses, of the moment are skimpy and ungraceful, and the hats ungraceful and monstrous? What if the jokes are as thin as the dresses, and the characters as monstrous as the hats? What if the severe beauty of the hall . . . makes the scenery look gaudy and vulgar? Putting aside all thought of drama, we may still claim that all the money and the talent and the work expended on this sort of play does not bring a fair return in entertainment." There is a still drearier form of "entertainment," the stage place that like "The Girl from Brighton" produced recently in New York, is defined officially as "a hodgepodge of jest and nonsense designed solely to entertain." The Evening Post well said of the title: "The only apparent reason for the name given to the mixture is that it has become an accepted formula that the first step in manufacturing a musical comedy is to write 'The Girl from ———,' leaving the blank to be filled in with any term that is appropriate or striking."

Dramatic and Musical Notes

The importunate kine-ma follows Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, it seems, even into her retirement at Belle-Isle-en-Mer. It must have her aloft or ashore, in her dining-room and on the dunes. No doubt she gives into it with a good grace, for she

must needs mime as well as pose. And as she cannot always mime alone, great is the rivalry among her visitors as to who shall immortalize himself and mime with her. It was the same, only perhaps rather more so, when she created "Fedora." In the Paris version of Sardou's play the death scene of Fedora's murdered husband was much more realistically given than was thought advisable in London. The corpse was seen upon the bed, and the agonized wife embraced and wept over it coram publico. The contention among Mme. Bernhardt's admirers for the privilege of playing that corpse was so keen that it had to be decided by lot, and more than once, it was said, by the arbitrament of the sword.—Pall Mall Gazette.

London will have a new theatre "The Ambassadors," with a "drawing-room effect" and chaste and novel decorations. The house will have two tiers; the ground floor will consist chiefly of stalls with a pit behind; the first tier will contain a grand circle with a balcony or gallery above. There will be three private boxes. The total seating capacity will be between 600 and 700. The theatre will be in West street just off Cambridge Circus, not far from the Shaftsbury and The Palace. It will be devoted to comedies and other plays that demand intimate relationship. George Hestor in "Princess Caprice" in London is said to be a diverting person. "His allusion to the word agitator as derived from the two Greek words 'Agi' like work, and 'tator,' at a distance, evoked one of the loud roars of the evening." Truly a thankful audience!

"Everywoman" will be produced in London next Thursday night.

Anatole France's "Les Noces Corinthiennes" will be made into an opera with music by Henri Büsser, one of the conductors of the Paris Opera.

M. Fursy, having taken the Scala in Paris, tried to make it a home of operetta. He now purposes to turn it into a cafe-concert, for the experiment was not successful.

"Haensel and Gretel" has been performed in the open air at Zoppot in the gulf of Dantzig.

A melodramatic piece, "Theodor Koerner," with music by Alfred Kaiser, will be produced at Dusseldorf this fall. It will be remembered that Koerner is introduced in Franchetti's "Germania," and the composer gained one of his chief effects by the use of Weber's setting of the poet's "Luetzow's Wild Chase." Franchetti is now at work on "The Moabitte," an opera in two acts.

Henri de Curzon has written an analytical study of Etchegaray's plays. The book is entitled "Le Theatre de Jose Etchegaray."

Mascott's "Werther" has been performed in an open air theatre, the Athena-Nike, erected by Paul Barletier on his estate near Marseilles.

A statue has been raised in honor of Meyerbeer at Spa in which he sojourned several summers. There has even been a book written about the adventures of Meyerbeer at this watering place with a picture of him seated on a donkey.

The Gewandhaus of Leipzig is growing less conservative in the matter of

programs. Works by Berlioz, Liszt, Tschalkowsky, Mahler, Bruckner, Sgambati, will be performed at the concerts this season, and even excerpts from Wagner's operas. All Beethoven's symphonies will be performed.

Sept 9, 1912

Wilson Benington, Esq., of Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Eng., discussing in the Pall Mall Gazette the question whether there are more than 10,000 persons in London or even the British Isles who have musical knowledge, concludes in a fine burst: "Who could go out after a Beethoven symphony and immediately resume the bickering and nagging of thoughtless life?"

The critics, Mr. Benington; also any conductor who happened to be one of the audience.

And, by the way, the old spelling of the verb to nag was "knagge." It should now be used in the description of extreme instances; as in the old spelling "dogge," you see the teeth and hear the growl.

A Wasted Life.

As the World Wags:

I read a story yesterday in the Manchester Guardian, an excellent family paper. It told of a lady who frequently invites her friends to tea, although her catering is not lavish. When her guests have eaten all the bread and butter and cake, and realize that the meal is over, she looks at the empty dishes and then says gayly and in triumphal tones: "Well, now, haven't I judged your appetites exactly?"

This story set me a-thinking. I remember that your contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, once complained that he had never had enough Welsh rabbit at a sitting. I take it he is at least 50 years old, from statements he has made. A half-century of disappointment! I may say truthfully that my life of even longer duration has been clouded from childhood by the thought, by the fear that there was not enough on the table to go round. This fear while I lived at home was perhaps unfounded; but there was close figuring. As a boy, I used to wonder if I should be allowed to have the last fishball or doughnut on the plate; whether I should have what I considered my just share of cut-up peaches. There was always bread enough and to spare. I have been told that this home table was generous. Guests used to praise the cook—she was in our family for 19 years—and ask for certain recipes. Probably I saw that table with wolfish eyes of a boy.

Then came 17 years of eating in boarding houses in this country and in foreign lands. At school and at college the table was undoubtedly meagre. In French and German pensions there was the strict economy for which these nations are loudly praised by writers on household thrift and waste. I remember in certain boarding houses of Germany a favorite dish was stewed chicken's feet; much picking with little satisfaction. Nor was lung hash a stand-by.

For some years I have been master of my own home—that is, in the eyes of the law. Mrs. Hyslop has a refined taste, but she is a close student of dietetics, and finds death in dishes that are to me as the flesh pots of Egypt to the wandering and famished Israelites.

Furthermore, having what is euphemistically known as a diabetic tendency, I must now eat according to a physician's list and sparingly. And as I realize that the earth is beginning to be impatient for my coming, I look back on a wasted life.

Not long ago I read that an etymologist derived the word "gourmand" from "gourme" (from O. Norman gorm-r) meaning mucus or froth from a horse's nostrils; and gourmand therefore was one who ate in a disgusting way, smearing his face all over. Grant that a gourmand is a loathsome object; he has at least enough.

LEVERETT HYSLOP.

Nahant, Sept. 6, 1912.

All in Green.

The Herald has described the Green Man of Bath, who years ago not only dressed in green throughout, but lived in rooms of green and ate by preference green vegetables. A reporter of the Daily Chronicle, London, saw in Green Park on Aug. 20 a lounge whose suit was the color of billiard cloth. There was a green feather in his green hat. He wore a green shirt with a soft green collar; emerald links fastened his wristbands, and a green cravat, green stockings, green boots tied with green laces and a green cane were in pleasing harmony. And the reporter thought of the Earl of Harrington, who wore a sage-green hat so as not to frighten the birds and tested his four-guinea beaver by standing on it, rejecting it if there were the least dent.

Herman Melville's belief that the color white strikes terror to the souls of many has been discussed editorially in The Herald. It is said that Parnell had a horror of green, which was to him the color of abandonment and misery. "Parnell often speculated as to whether Ireland's long continued bad luck had not come through her national color being green, and one of his favorite schemes was that under home rule he would change the national color to something else."

Vivid Descriptions.

How many descriptions of battles are clear to the general reader? Victor Hugo and Tolstoy have written eloquently; Kinglake, minutely; Erckmann-Chatelain, with a purpose; Stendhal as an impressionist; let alone the

...of descriptions written by ex-
parts. Nor are naps and plans of much
avail. There is something in the idea of
Marinetti, the prophet of the
Futurists. Adjectives, adverbs and
verbs will be eliminated from their
literature.
A battle will be thus described:
"Pies, clatter, hoofs, boom! boom!
Alarm, crack! crack! whizz! buzz!
bang! whoop! Guns, manes, swords,
cassons, charges, smoke, charges,
smoke, smoke, whirlwind, stench, blood,
groans, shrieks, victory, death!" Here
are the essentials. Was not Mr. Alfred
Jingle, without knowing it, an embryo
Futurist?

Sept 10 1912

I knew a scholar of some experience in
camps who said that he liked, in a bar-room,
to tell a few coon stories, and put himself on
a good footing with the company; then he
could be as silent as he chose. A scholar
does not wish to be always pumping his brains;
he wants gossip. The black-coats are good
company only for black-coats; but when the
manufacturers, merchants and ship-masters
meet, see how much they have to say, and
how long the conversation lasts!

Skinking in Boston.

As the World Wags:
I have heard the word "skink" very
often in the yacht club of which I am an
ornamental member. Few of us own
yachts, but we pay our dues if followed
closely, and our beer is drawn from the
wood. Our vice-commodore, who once
owned a yacht, but exchanged it for an
automobile, is an authority on beer, in
and out of the wood, and if it runs flat
from the pitcher he flies into a rage.
"Skink it! Skink it!" he bellows.
Not to know how to skink beer is gross
ignorance. You pour it back into the
pitcher. Then you give a peculiar twist
or turn to the pitcher, and if you are an
expert in skinking, the beer comes forth
full of life and buoyancy, even though it
be as flat originally as that too often
served to the Newspaper Club.
"Skink it!" That is what T. R.'s do-
ing to politics. AMOS T. LUTHER.
Boston, Sept. 4, 1912.

Whiskers or Death.

Waiters have often struck in Paris.
Their grievance has usually been a mat-
ter of whiskerage. Landlords and res-
taurant keepers, unaesthetic and stony-
hearted, have insisted on a clean shave.
Not many years ago young physicians,
struggling, cultivated a beard anxiously,
yea, with tears, that they might thus
seem men of wisdom and experience,
more impressive in consultation or at
the bedside. Now beards, whiskers,
mustaches are condemned by the profes-
sion as cages for malevolent bacteria.
The Parisian waiter was justly proud
of his whiskers or mustache. The land-
lord's proclamation was more distur-
bing to his smugness than any coup
d'etat or a breaking of the Alliance. He
would have fought for his whiskers
on the barricade.

Servility and Civility.

Mr. Filson Young put himself into hot
water when he wrote: "Perfect servility
is the hall-mark of a good waiter"; and
added, "to wait upon the tables of
strangers in public places is, although
a necessary, a menial and servile task."
The friends of waiters and waiters
themselves rushed into print. Why is a
waiter more servile than a parish
doctor, the solicitor of a friendly so-
ciety, a registrar of births and mar-
riages, a clergyman of the Church of
England, a member of Parliament, a
shop assistant, a policeman, a soldier,
or a sailor? The argument was that
all these must have manners if they
wished to succeed, and the word "civ-
ility" is not synonymous with "servility."
Mr. Young spoke of "four other nations
in which servility is a natural, and not
an acquired, quality." He referred
to the Italian, Swiss, German and
French waiters found in England, and
then "Harmatopogos," answered, first
stating that he was not a waiter, by
saying that he had lunched and dined
at London restaurants nearly every day
since the end of 1898—poor wretch!
Cannot something be done for him?—
and found the waiters of the four na-
tions all civil, much more civil than the
English; but "Harmatopogos" was sure
that had he asked of any one of them
any servile office he would not have
obtained it.

Traditional Waiters.

There are several species of waiters.
There is the traditional stage French
waiter, sly, epigrammatic, with a fatal
memory for faces, impudent; ready to
do anything for a pretty face, a mem-
ber of the aristocracy or an actor of
repute. He was drawn to the life by
Aubrey Beardsley for the Yellow Book.
He knows all the gossip, all the scandal.
He is never so happy as when he is a
party to an intrigue. There is the tra-
ditional stage English waiter, rather old,
portly; he creaks when he walks; his
hands tremble a little; he has served at
the inn, as man and boy, for 40 years.
A Tory in politics, he has an unques-
tioning faith in port, brandy and old
ale, nor can he understand how anyone
can drink imported beer from Germany.
He would never strike, nor would there
be possible cause for his striking. There
is also the eccentric waiter of American
farce-comedy, a wholly imaginary crea-
ture, to be classed in natural history
with the chimera, the kraken, the grif-

fin and the great Kraken. There is
Mr. Bernard Shaw's delightful waiter,
who is Mr. Shaw in one of his many
disguises. No one of them is "servile."
They are either on terms of good fel-
lowship with the guest, or they take a
protecting interest in him, or they look
down on him as an inferior being. This
superiority arises in most instances
from the awkwardness or ignorance of
the man ordering; from his demanding
a long procession of incongruous dishes;
from his evident desire to lord it vain-
gloriously; or from some cheap and vul-
gar order.

Foolish Tipping.

Now that there are strikes, settle-
ment of strikes and rumors of strikes to
come, it is to be hoped that landlords
and waiters may by some arrangement
abate the tipping nuisance. It is true
that there are flamboyant guests who
like to give extravagant tips, thinking
that they will thus command respect
and be ranked among "our best people."
When Mulai Hafid, ex-Sultan of Morocco,
recently went for a motor-car drive
near Marseilles he gave gold pieces to
everyone, and his tips for the drive
amounted to \$110, more than half his
daily pension from the French govern-
ment. But monarchs and ex-potentates
and even our own "best people" are as
a rule thrifty in tips. Nicholas I. of
Russia left \$10,000 for the royal ser-
vants and \$5000 for the housekeeper when
he stayed at Windsor for a week in
1844; he gave a gold snuffbox with his
picture set in diamonds to leading mem-
bers of the household, and a sackful of
rings, watches, pins and brooches to be
distributed among the servants. But
Nicholas was a magnificent barbarian,
and the Tsar of all the Russias could
not reckon in shillings. In these days
foolish tipping betrays the suddenly
rich.

ARNOLD DALY
AT SHUBERT

"The Wedding Journey," by

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: "The Wed-
ding Journey," an American comedy in
three acts, by John T. McIntyre. First
performance in Boston.

Tom.....Alphonse Fieber
Steve.....Arnold Daly
Pike.....Edward McWade
Molly.....Josephine Victor
Mrs. Brown.....Julia Walcott

The announcement was made that the
performance of "The Wedding Journey"
last night was the first on any stage.
This statement was not correct. The
play was produced at Atlantic City on
Sept. 19, 1910. Mr. Daly then appeared
as a "producing manager," and his
company included Jane Salisbury, Julia
Walcott, Frederick R. Stanton, John
Juvior and Wilson Hummel.

Mr. Daly was highly pleased with
this play in 1910. He read it to a Bos-
tonian on an Atlantic steamer and
boldly said that Mr. McIntyre had
beaten Ibsen to a frazzle.

Mr. McIntyre's play is characterized
as a comedy. It is in fact a melo-
drama, but inasmuch as it was an-
nounced as a comedy, the audience last
night laughed frequently and at times
when it should have been deeply im-
pressed or thrilled.

The first act shows how Tom refused
to lend Steve the ridiculously small
sum of \$10. For Tom is a good boy
and Steve is a selfish fellow of low
moral character, but mother adores
him, and Molly loves him until the last
act. The motto of the piece might be,
"Do you get me Steve?" Steve had
his own way until just before the fall
of the last curtain.

The story is a simple one. Molly
looks forward to her wedding journey
with Steve. He obtains \$600 by com-
bining with one Pike to put up a job
on honest Tom. Tom is treasurer of an
association, and to oblige Molly, takes
the \$600 from its funds. At last the
check is viewed with suspicion. Steve
buys a suit of clothes, with stripes on
the trousers and an uneasy fit. He also
begs Molly to marry him and take a
train to Niagara, where she could see
the Falls and ride on the Maid of the
Mist. On their way back they would see
Mt. Marcy otherwise known as Tahawus.
But Molly detects Steve's dishonesty,
and finds out that she would willingly
let Steve go to jail, provided she could
save Tom from the same snug retreat.

Mr. McIntyre had a good idea which
he has worked out crudely. He wished
to portray a thoroughly selfish, vain
egotist, and Charles Reade defined an
egotist as a man who would burn his
neighbor's house to cook himself an
egg. The character of Steve is drawn
with considerable force. His mother
and Molly are feeders to his egotism,
but the business with Pike and the
unmasking of Steve show an unprac-
tised hand. The dialogue is at times
clever, at times naive, often verbose
and dull. The admirers of Ibsen will
not be obliged to hang their diminished
heads at the thought of Mr. McIntyre.

Mr. Daly played the part of Steve
with considerable force. His individ-
uality is unquestionable. In the gen-
eral conception and in matters of de-

tail his impersonation was lifelike.
Certain mannerisms, as a laugh that
might easily be mistaken for the bleat-
ing of a goat, did not seriously mar
the effect.

Miss Walcott gave an excellent per-
formance of the doting, foolish mother.
Miss Victor has a talent that should be
assiduously cultivated. She showed study
the art of conversation and refrain from
exclamation and gargarisms. She should
also remember that passion is not palsy,
and that ranting is not necessarily the
language of emotion.

At the matinees, "The Wedding
Journey" will be preceded by Mr. Daly's
reading of Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of
Reading Good."

The Shubert Theatre announces, be-
ginning next week, the limited engage-
ment of the divorce-drama, "A Butter-
fly on the Wheel." The production is
made by England's distinguished actor-
manager, Lewis Waller, and the cast,
with minor changes, will be the same as
in New York. The comedy includes
Winona Shannon, Eille Norwood, Evelyn
Beerbohm and Charles Quatermaine.
The sale of seats will begin Thursday
morning at 9 o'clock.

"THAIS" PRODUCED AT
ST. JAMES THEATRE

Piece is Splendidly Staged—Miss
Katherine Grey in Chief Part.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The St. James
Theatre Company, in Paul Wilstach's
"Thais." The cast.

Thais.....Miss Katherine Grey
Nicolas.....Robert T. Haines
Daniel.....Theodore Friebus
Chereas.....Dudley Hawley
Croyble.....Miss Ethel Grey Terry
Myrtale.....Miss Grace Nil-
Adhemas.....Carle Stowe
Cephanes.....Charles Abbe
Albina.....Miss Beth Franklin

LUCY DALY AT
B. F. KEITH'S

Lucy Daly, for years so prominent in
Ward & Vokes's productions, made her
vaudeville debut at B. F. Keith's yes-
terday, presenting her famous specialty
of songs and dances in a sketch entitled
"The Different Phases of Life." Miss
Daly has ever counted her friends here
in Boston by the hosts, and she was ac-
corded a most enthusiastic reception by
large houses both afternoon and eve-
ning. At the termination of the eve-
ning performance Miss Daly was re-
called again and again by admiring
friends, who also sent over the foot-
lights to her several mammoth bunches
of roses and of other flowers.

Although assisted by a half-dozen
young women who appear in all sorts
of costumes from abbreviated bathing
rings to the dress of modern suffragettes,
Miss Daly is herself the real act. She
danced with all of the cleverness for
which she is famous and sang a variety
of songs, each of which introduced, in
one way or another, her little chorus
of pretty young women. Possibly her
largest hit was scored in her song tell-
ing of the passing of favorites at the
stage door. Miss Daly's stage settings
are all new and effective, her costumes
are all gorgeous and while the produc-
tion is just out it went with remark-
able smoothness from start to finish.
And the applause at its termination
told, as plainly as words, how pleased
were her audiences.

Miss Day and her company have the
headline place upon a bill of unusual
excellence. The Six American Dancers,
who have but recently returned from a
triumphant world tour, did some of the
best work of the sort ever seen upon a
Boston stage and were recalled again
and again. Then there was Blackface
Eddie Ross, who is good enough to be
at the top of any bill. Along with his
blackface and a desire to scratch his
head for the reason as he explains it that
he is the only one who knows where it
itches. Ross carries a witty monologue
dealing with his family and his brothers
and sisters of his boyhood days. He
provides his own music upon a banjo
of which he is a past master, and just
to show his versatility renders one or
two pleasing whistling solos.

Of exceptional merit is Gillette's Dog
and Monkey circus, the monkeys of
course doing the star stunts and keep
the audience in a roar all the time by
their antics and their scrapping pro-
clivities. "Adam" and "Eve" are cast
for the stellar roles in the monkey end
of the performance, and they are surely
blessed with intelligence in abundance.

"Tom" Kyle and his company present
a bright little sketch "A Doctored
Widow," while Sol Goldsmith and Guy
Hoppe in "The Commercial Drummer"
made good with a rush.

Corin-Allyn and Tyler in "The Enter-
tainer," and Julie Gonzales, a Spanish
aerialist, have early places upon the
bill, and the show concludes with S. W.
Laveen, a man of much muscle, heading
a company of six athletes, gymnasts and
strong men, who together perform in
"Roman Sports and Pastimes" some
seemingly impossible feats of muscle-
strength and of endurance.

Let us not waste today with the
eternal and universal problems. Let us
not inquire into the composition of the
Milky Way or the identity of the Man
with the Iron Mask. When Montaigne
visited Florence he paid less attention
to the work of Michael Angelo than to
"a sheep of an exceedingly singular
shape, and an animal of the size of a
very great mastiff formed like a cat, all
marked with white and black, which
they call a tiger."

The Day Well Spent.

Let us observe Mulai Hafid, the ex-
Sultan of Morocco, on his triumphal
way through Europe. We last saw him
at Marseilles, throwing gold to the pop-
ulace. Just before he left the city he
tried on clothes and ordered 30 suits.
This statement is not wholly clear.
Some might infer that he bought them
ready made; for how could he try them
on before he had ordered them? Or did
he order them after he saw they fitted
him? However this may be, he finally
reached Versailles. It was his purpose
the next day to see Paris, but this was
his actual program:

7 A. M. Got up and put on his Mo-
roccan clothes.
8 A. M. Drank a glass of milk flav-
ored with a few drops of creme de
menthe.
8:15. Went back to bed.
10. Was disturbed by a delegation
which invited him to visit Enghien cas-
sino.
10:15. Went back to bed.
12. Rose and had lunch. Then went
back to bed.
2 P. M. Went on the balcony, which
was at once besieged by a crowd of
journalists and photographers. Slammed
the window and went back to bed.
Truly a well-spent day. Ben Ghabrit,
ever faithful, offered to show the Sultan
over the Palace of Versailles. "Show
me the sun first," replied his royal ribs.

A View of Schenectady.

Mulai Hafid's disposal of his time
recalls a practice of Rufus K. Townsend
of Albany, N. Y., now, alas, no more.
Occasion drew him to the town of
Schenectady. Having transacted his
business he would go to the hotel, en-
gage a room, put himself in bed, though
it were high noon, and leave orders to
be awakened in time for the first ex-
press train to Albany. When this had
happened two or three times, the land-
lord made bold to ask him why he be-
haved in this singular manner. "Why
do you go to bed, Mr. Townsend?"
"What else is there to do in this
wretched town?" was the answer.

Fashion Notes.

This ex-Sultan of Morocco has accu-
tomed himself to European costume ex-
cept in the matter of boots. Orientals do
not take kindly to accidental "footwear,"
to borrow a word dear to the genteel.
Some years ago a "dark-complected"
ruler—see the vocabulary of clairvoy-
ants, second story, don't ring—was in-
vited to a Figure five o'clock in Paris.
His frock coat and plug hat were irre-
proachable, but his face was that of
one tortured. His boots were crowded

with feet, and his valot had made mat-
ters worse by putting the boots on the
wrong feet with all the buttons fastened
inside, instead of outside.

Furs should be cheap this coming
winter. Two hundred thousand er-
mines, 15,000 brown bears, 150,000 skunks,
16,500 gray wolves, 12,250 sables, 4,500,000
squirrels and 1,500,000 white hares have
been captured in Siberia alone. Mr.
Herkimer Johnson writes that he hopes
to have a fur cap, with a flap that
comes down over his ears and cheeks,
and a little fur ball on the top, about
the size of the ball that went with the
old-fashioned doughnut. Some one called
at The Herald office last week and
asked whether Mr. Johnson were a real
or fictitious character. There is no one
more real. We hear that he is favor-
ably spoken of as a candidate for the
office of selectman in Clamport. It
would be a pity if greed of office should
lead him into the bog of local politics,
when his feet now rest securely and
proudly on the rock of sociological pre-
eminence.

Parisian women are delighting in
stockings spun out of fine gold thread,
though platinum and silver stockings
are also in the market. The average
price of the gold stockings is about \$50
a pair. We saw yesterday some "Gents"
silk stockings" in a shop window
marked down to 25 cents.

In Berne dogs drink beer and a
thoughtful master going into a beer-
hall will order two large mugs. About
a fortnight ago, a dog lapped half of
his measure, and then rested, lost in
contemplation, but not muzzy. A
waiter made a motion to take the mug
away, and the dog flew at him and
bit his nose so that he was obliged to
go to the hospital.

The American Tailor and Cutter pro-
poses a celebration of the Centenary of
Trousers in 1914, for in 1814 the Duke
of Wellington was refused admission to
Almack's because he wore trousers in-
stead of knoo breeches and silk stock-
ings. But trousers were worn in Eng-
land before 1814. The British infantry
soldier did not don them until June 18,
1823.

Things Worth Seeing.

The Herald recently published some interesting facts about Nicaragua, and I was much interested in the volcanic disturbances. Let us add something about Mt. Mayaya, whose crater was once filled with a sea of molten matter. The Spaniards too, it to be told. An old chronicler wrote: "No man can behold Mt. Mayaya without fear, admiration and respectance of his sins; for it can be surpassed only by the eternal fire. Some confessors have imposed no other penance than to visit this volcano."

The best description of Nicaragua was written by Lopez Vaz, a Portuguese, who was captured by English pirates in 1586; "Next unto Costa Rica" is the coast of Nicaragua, being inhabited by the Spaniards, and having many good ports belonging to it, and is surrounded with trade of merchandise; having no knowledge of the situation thereof, nor of the towns therein contained, I surcease to speak any more of it."

Sept 12 1912

I am ever here and there picking and culling, from this and that book, the sentences that please me, not to keep them (for I have no store-house to reserve them in) but to transport them into this: Where, to say truth, they are no more mine, than in their first place: We are (in mine opinion) never wise, but by present learning, not by that which is past, and as little by that which is to come. But which is worse, their scholars, and their little ones are never a whit the more fed or better nourished; but passeth from hand to hand, to this end only, thereby to make a glorious shew, therewith to entertain others, and with its help to frame some quaint stories, or prettie tales, as of a light and counterfeit coyn, unprofitable for any use or employment, but to reckon and cast accounts.

"Baro's" and "Layovers."

As the World Wags:

When I was a small boy I used to say "Lay over (s) for meddlers to break peddler's heads." I don't remember the brackets. Since receiving this morning's Herald, I have asked a small group of youngish people if they could repeat the line; not one of them had ever heard of it, excepting a young woman, who thought she could recall something like "La rose for meddlers." This young woman belongs in Richmond and has always been used to dainties. So the slipshod lingo of Virginia might easily glide from "La Rose" into "Lay overs." Two men of the company, one a Yale medical student, the other a full fledged doctor, owned up that they couldn't be searched.

I found a girl of 20 in a state of pagan darkness, so that my sister and I were the only ones who had been really properly brought up.

Your paragraph does not yet throw light upon the second part of the saying: "To break peddler's heads." I don't suppose I have thought of it for more than 40 years, but the allusion is still fresh in my memory. Could it be that my sister and I having been born and brought up in Delaware with Maryland and Virginia affiliations, heard the first section, and the second was tacked on later?

J. C. Jackson, N. H., Sept. 5.

A Variant.

As the World Wags:

Your column in The Herald of Sept. 5 contained an explanation of an old-fashioned phrase. This phrase differs slightly from the one I was familiar with in my childhood in the fifties. "Lay over for meddlers and crutches for lame ducks" was in my days "Larro for meddlers. Will you lay under?" My grandmother used it when I asked too curiously what she had. My elders of a younger generation explained thus: Larro, short for larrover, and that for layer-over, which meant a rod. The meaning of the latter part of the answer is obvious; it is intended to discourage further questions.

ROBERT SPRAGUE HALL.

Boston, Sept. 6.

Another.

As the World Wags:

When I was a boy, more than three-score years ago, I sometimes asked questions, as boys will do. Frequently I was told: "That is lar-over for meddlers, to make folks ask questions." Nothing said about "lame ducks." Somehow that answer generally extinguished me. The origin of the expression is unknown to me.

In those days I went with other boys to get pine "slyvers," but we had to be careful as to what trees we "slyvered." If any of us caught a big trout, we said: "See what a 'ling-cr'" (g hard).

J. W. HAYLEY.

Centre Traftonboro, N. H.

Johnny Cake.

As the World Wags:

"Johnny cake" is a corruption of "Journey cake." In olden times the traveller usually stopped by the wayside and cooked his meals. There being no

oven and frequently no pan, bread was impossible, so journey cake was invented. The dough of meal, salt, water, etc., was spread about three-eighths of an inch thick on a smooth board and the board propped up in front of the fire to bake it. When I was a boy our old colored cook always made Johnny cake on a piece of barrel-top propped up in front of the kitchen range. This method is still in use in the South.

MARYLAND.

York Harbor, Me., Sept. 6.
Dr. Murray and his merry men say that the derivation of "Johnny cake" is uncertain, although they mention "journey cake" and speak of "negro origin." Romain's "Florida" is quoted: (1775). "Notwithstanding it (rice) is only fit for puddings or to make the water-like bread called Johnny cake in Carolina." The next quotation is from Barlow's "Hasty Pudding" (1793): "Rich Johnny cake this mouth has often," etc.

Dialect dictionaries include Johnny cake as meaning a simpleton, a noodle. Two or three letters about Rhode Island Johnny cake, and a poetical address to the same must wait a day or two.

"Bunkum," Not "Buncombe."

As the World Wags:

Before the Buncombe district in North Carolina was made notorious by the oratory of its member of Congress, and the name of that county found its way into the dictionary to signify his kind of appeal to his constituents, the word "bunkum" was in common use in Maine, meaning "nice" or "very good." I have not heard it since my boyhood and do not find it in my dictionary. A native of South Dartmouth, Mass., writes to me that it was a common word there in that sense. That could have been its origin?

S. T. PICKARD.

Amesbury, Mass.
"Bunkum" is admitted to Dr. Wright's Dialect Dictionary, as formerly heard in West Berkshire and meaning tough, stringy beef; beef that was imported. We do not find the word as defined by Mr. Pickard. Was it an Americanism? "Buncombe" is sometimes spelled "bunkum."

Sept 6 1912

PLAY BY HARVARD MAN SEEN AT BIJOU

"The Man in the Manhole" Won Comedy Prize of \$100.

The return engagement at the Bijou Theatre this week of the little comedy, "The Man in the Manhole," has brought out hundreds of theatregoers who witnessed the performance during its previous production, and were eager to see it again. George Abbott's picture of life in a Pittsburgh steel plant, with the amusing complications brought about by an overtrained college student, has won a fame that is making it a strong drawing card for the Bijou.

George Francis Abbott, author of the comedy, is a Harvard man, and his "Man in the Manhole" won for him the \$100 prize in the 1912 comedy contest conducted by the Bijou Theatre. Abbott is 24 years old and found the material for his play while working in a big steel plant during one of his summer vacations.

Sept 13. 1912

Twenty-eight young men bathe by the shore; Twenty-eight young men and all so friendly; Twenty-eight years of womanly life and all so lonesome. She owns the fine house by the rise of the bank, She hides handsome and nicely dressed aft the blinds of the windows. Which of the young men does she like the best? Ah, the homeliest of them is beautiful to her.

Mr. Hicks Loq.

As the World Wags:

For years I considered the author of "Sartor Resartus" one-third cad, one-third snob and one-third ass, to be remembered only because he had sat to an American artist who considered that any one inquiring as to the city of his birth was covertly insulting him. For years I thought that those early Massachusetts persons who passed sumptuary laws were the incarnation of obtuseness. For years I burned with fever and shook with chills when I thought on those who insist that the apparel should proclaim the man. Now I have travelled farther toward the east, as dear old Wordsworth says, or, to be more precise, farther toward the northeast. In short, I have taken up my residence on a part of the North Shore, where the woods come down to rub noses with the sea; where nobody is judged by anything ex-

cept the size of his advertisements in the Sunday newspapers, where art and literary persons are not appreciated, but merely tolerated, or patronized with obvious banality. Finally, where there is no nice distinction in bathing costume, for one wears what one cares to wear for a swim and considers the beach and the ocean to be his private preserves.

On the North Shore.

A summer on the North shore has caused me to place Thomas Carlyle among my dearest heroes—Capt. Kidd, Old Cap Collier, Aristides, Deadwood Dick, Jr., John Drew, Winston Churchill (bbs), Alaric, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, President Taft and others. I agree with those who would have a man carry on his back the dust of his calling; I know that the men who passed sumptuary laws were far ahead of their time. Listen!

For two Sundays I have gambolled in the water and played ball on the beach with half a dozen young men who were dressed as well as any one of the neighborhood. They were well spoken, too, though I did hear one of them refer disparagingly to me as "the Old Cock." They swam the trudgeon and the crawl surpassingly well. They all had a good eye for the ball. Their throwing arms were of the kind that made David famous among the sons of men. I assumed that they were gently nurtured. One or two of them, I thought, were perhaps "only" sons and, therefore, somewhat spoiled by overmuch coddling of the fondest of mothers.

Enter Mrs. Hicks.

Sir, would you believe it, when I returned home one day after a purple afternoon of physical enjoyment, Mrs. Hicks, whom I had seen looking down at me on the beach through a one-barrelled field glass, wore her deepest wrinkles! She asked me if I could do no better in my play than to associate with chauffeurs, butlers' assistants and

second outside men. She wanted to know if I cared to jeopardize not only my social standing, not only the social standing of my three children, but her own social repute. She would fain know if I could not tell the difference between servant and master. She read me a lecture on the importance of realizing that the eyes which the Lord gave me were given me, among other things, to see whether a person were socially acceptable. The mildest and most pious of women, she came within the perimera of the expression, to use which puts one in danger of hell fire, according to holy writ. She crowned her abuse by ordering me to nail a window in the cellar and to write to the marketman that the pieces of squash he had sent were dirty and blue with mould.

Revelation and Shock.

The worst is yet to come. I went out motoring the next night with a neighbor who is depressingly prosperous. We had not been riding more than five minutes when the chauffeur turned around in one of the most dangerous parts of the highway and, looking familiarly at me, inquired: "Say, Pos"—an abbreviation of my full name used only by my most intimate friends—"Joe Wood made that Swede Johnson of the Senators look like a big bum, didn't he?" The reference, I take it, was to a ball game. The talker I recognized as one of my beach companions, a young gentleman who, as I thought, was the only son of an only son of wealthy parents. Shame forbids me to describe the other horrors of that motor ride.

I trust that Mr. Herkimer Johnson will consider under the heading "Garb" the advisability of identifying costumes for swimmers. POSEIDON HICKS, JR.

Clifereux, Sept. 10.

Rhode Island Ambrosia.

As the World Wags:

You say you have never eaten Rhode Island Johnny cake; and are forced to rely on the description given by Gov. Ladd, an honorable man, but one who by his own confession lives in Providence.

There are two kinds of Rhode Island Johnny cake—the kind Gov. Ladd talks about, and the kind my Aunt Mary used to make "out on the island" where she raised a stalwart family "on ems." The latter kind is mixed with milk and a pinch of salt, quite thin, and pried, on a proper iron unhygienic gridle, with crisp places on the edge. Aunt Mary provided these cakes for her family three times a day and we calculated that in her 40 years of married life she had made enough to girdle the globe at least three times. She made me a batch after she was 90 and her hand had not lost its cunning. She is probably making them now for the smaller angels, for she certainly isn't happy even in heaven unless she is feeding the hungry.

We always used white meal whatever kind of Johnny cake was cooked, and my surprise was great when I came to Massachusetts and found myself expected to eat yellow meal corn cake.

E. M. M.

Boston, Sept. 7.
P. S. The true Rhode Island Johnny cake should be eaten, not with syrup, but with Newport sausages.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—May Robson in a revival of Anne Warner's comedy, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

Aunt Mary has been rejuvenated so many times that she seems a little less in need of the process than she did at first, but she is such a human, lovable old lady and enters so wholeheartedly into the joy of the change that she has come to have some of the vitality of Mrs. Wiggs and also something of that hold on the heart of the theatre-going public that the immortal mistress of the cabbage patch has.

Anne Warner has put a great deal of delightful humor and more delightful human nature into the character and Miss Robson adds her own inimitable skill as a comedienne and the result is a treat for those who would laugh without blushing. Miss Robson, skilled in raising laughs, realizes the necessity of making her humor obvious, but at the same time she shows a deftness in the more subtle expressions that keeps the spectator on the alert to catch every point.

In a play which cruises so far beyond the bounds of probability there must be some forcing of the situations, but the absolute naturalness for stage purposes of Miss Robson's portrayal of the delightful old spinster kept the sense of reality present and gave a keener zest to her meetings with and her reactions to new sensations and experiences.

Miss Robson received notable support from Miss Comegys. Miss Comegys was a delight to the eye and most agreeably audible to the ear. She kept her winsome personality in just the right relation to Miss Robson, and she showed herself thoroughly capable in the finer shades of expression. There was not a false note or a seemingly forced act in her whole performance.

The quartet of young men who furnish the background for Aunt Mary's exploits, and who accomplished her rejuvenation were well placed and refreshingly individual. Mr. Storey and Mr. Decker deserve special praise for a well carried out and finished performance.

Sept 15. 1912

The Hunter's Vocabulary.

Not long ago we gave a list of nouns of multitude. Venery has an interesting vocabulary. A fox goes to earth, a stag at rest harbors, a buck is lodged, a hare forms, a rabbit is got, or, like the otter, gone to holt. When they are aroused, deer are imprinted, the fox is on the pad, a hare is started and a rabbit bolts. A hunter tracking discovers the elot or view of a deer, the ball of a fox, the seal of an otter, the pricks of a hare, and the work or scratch of a rabbit. We all know that a fox's tail is the brush, but that of the deer is the single; that of the badger, the stump, and that of the pheasant, a pole.

Can any one give us the peculiar words for the cries of animals that are hunted?

Now that the theatrical season of 1912-13 is under way and the Symphony concerts and the opera will soon be upon us, it might be well for all critics, professional and amateur, to ponder the words of M. Vincent d'Indy:

"Criticism is absolutely useless, I might even say harmful. It is usually the opinion of this or that gentleman concerning a work. And how can this opinion be of use in the development of art? While it is interesting, perhaps, to know the ideas, even when they are erroneous, of certain men of genius, as those of great talent, as Goethe, Schumann, Wagner, Sainte-Beuve, Michelet, when they take it upon themselves to criticize, it is equally a matter of indifference to know that Mr. X. or Mr. Y. likes or dislikes a dramatic or musical work."

That M. d'Indy himself is a passionate critic adds to the force, also the humor, of his remarks.

A Vegetarian Tenor Mr. Knate, the Munich heroic tenor, who has sung at the Metropolitan, purposes to establish a conservatory, to be run in accordance with vegetarian theories. He gives his reasons. In the first place, Wagner's music makes extraordinary demands on a singer, who should have an excellent memory, a strong constitution and uncommon physical endurance. Wagner wished his tenors to be tall and robust. Men thus built have generally a bass or baritone voice, and there is probably correlation between the height of the body and the volume of vocal cords. Tenors, whose vocal cords are small, are generally short and thick-set.

"Six years ago I weighed more than 220 pounds and I suffered greatly from fat. It was then I turned my attention toward vegetarianism. I had observed that in competitions for carrying heavy weights, vegetarians took the greater number of prizes. In one of these competitions there were eight vegetarians

...to me to try this diet. Singers in operas are obliged to take stimulants and excitants, as alcohol, coffee, and other things injurious to health that they may go through to the end. I have been a vegetarian for five years and do not regret it. I do not feel the need of any excitant, and for three years I have had vocal successes that I never knew before. I have converted to vegetarianism several young singers, and intend to found a conservatory where my theories will be put into practice."

And so in future the Wagnerian singers in Germany will not perhaps be conspicuous for a menagerie voice.

Bernhardt Moreau's drama "La Reine Elizabeth" is now on the screen called "Queen Bess: Her Love Story." The film will not be on view in London until Nov. 4, though it has been shown at an invitation matinee and is now released for the English provinces. The Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 31 gave this description:

"It is one of the saddest limitations of the actor's art that it lacks the property of permanence. We may read our 'Spectator' and our 'Dramatic Miscellanies,' and learn from them what impression Betterton and Garrick made upon their contemporaries; but nothing can let us see for ourselves how Betterton looked in 'Othello,' or how Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard trembled in the ante-chamber of regicide. Nor can we ever be sure how far the critical judgment of our own day would support the verdict of our forbears. When the foremost players of every land have submitted their work to the eye of the motion-picture camera, and when scientific experts have hit upon the secret of the film which does not deteriorate with time, that terrible limitation will at last be in the way of dissolution. To play to the bioscope will be to play to posterity."

"Even now an enormous, an almost incredible, advance has been made. It is true that in this film of 'Queen Bess' we lack that glorious golden voice, those tones that range from tears to tyranny, and make a Bernhardt performance so superb and memorable a thing. But we lack nothing else. The screen gives us all Mme. Bernhardt's incomparable grace of movement and repose. It gives us the slender figure, the exquisite poise of the body, the splendid carriage of the head, the overwhelming assumption of character in which every fibre has its part to perform. It gives us, too, with singular fidelity the extraordinary range of facial expression which can depict with apparent ease the gamut of such emotions as are the province of humanity. Lastly, it gives us the freedom of gesture which illumines words with added riches. With such sights as these to enslave our eyes it would be ungrateful in us to complain that the drama is 'dumb show.'"

"Some months ago a film of Mme. Bernhardt in an abbreviated version of 'La Dame aux Camélias' was to be seen about town. It was in many respects a fine piece of work, but it somehow lacked the inspiration of the original. The virtue had gone out of it; whereas in 'Queen Bess' everything of importance except the spoken word has been retained with conspicuous success, and the thread of the plot is made so clear that the action at every point is perfectly easy to follow and understand. That is no mean achievement in such a subject of cross-purposes and intrigues as the story of how Elizabeth gave to her favorite the ring from her finger which was to save him in any emergency that his enemies might contrive; of how the man, humbling himself for love of his royal mistress, handed the jewel to the woman who came as much in the Queen's behalf as in her own; of how an old husband cast away the ring which should save the life of a possible rival in a young wife's affections. But it has been done without perceptible loss of the effect of the original drama. 'Queen Bess: Her Love Story' is a picture of the kind that can do nothing but good."

Three plays by Norreys Connell are published by Stephen Swift in a volume entitled "Shakespeare's End." Two of the plays are Irish, and one of them, "An Imaginary Conversation," with talk between Thomas Moore, his sister and Robert Emmet, was played in London three years ago. "Shakespeare's End" tells of the poet's last night in his Stratford home. His wife, Judith the daughter, Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton and three poets, named an old poet, a middle aged poet and a young poet, are by him. The author accepts the story that Shakespeare's death came from a drinking bout, and disregarding the fact that Judith married Thomas Quiney two months before her father's death, he makes Shakespeare address her: And, Judith, promise me you will not wed Unless with one whose mind will run with yours And keep an even pace like coupled hounds. Mr. Connell says in a preparatory note that his object is "not to portray dead men, but to set forth living ideas which the author believes may be associated with their names." A Catholic missionary is introduced who has much to say about English misgovernment of Ireland. The play is in verse, rhymed and blank. It is described as a "literary tour de force" * * * touched here and there with real tenderness and occa-

Shakespeare's Last Night

occasionally with an admirable rhetorical energy."

Gordon Craig Talkative Again

Mr. Gordon Craig, preparing in London for an exhibition of original drawings and models illustrative of his ideas of an Art Theatre, talked affably with reporters and first discussed the relation of the actor to his art. (There is a chapter on this subject in his book "On the Art of the Theatre.")

He said that the only right thing for an actor to do was to play characters he believed in. For example, a Bernard Shaw actor should not play in one of Shakespeare's works. "It did not matter that Shaw himself created many and various parts, because all the parts were Bernard Shaw, i. e., the philosophy of Shaw runs through the whole thing. You get back to the oldest theatre in England—the religious theatre. Do you suppose the actors could believe in Christ on Monday and Buddha on Tuesday? Actors, in other words, should be ministers instead of performers. It would be a loss commercially to them—but a gain to the nation."

The question whether a part had any effect on an actor's character was raised. "Undoubtedly the actor's character is affected. If I acted a drunken man night after night, there is no doubt that I would become a teetotaler in time, which is just as bad as the other extreme. See how gloomy the comedians are when they are off the stage." And then Mr. Craig told the old story of Grimaldi, consumed with melancholy, going to the physician. "Then look at your jovial tragedians!" All these questions, said Mr. Craig, should be respected and studied in a school. "They ought to be settled once and for all, for the sake of the public. One should write across all such questions what is written above the grass at Hampton Court, the placard requesting the public to keep off the grass for the sake of the public—or words to that effect."

There might be some such school in England—he has been asked to found the first branch in France, and also one in America—and the only encouragement he wanted was "one man with money and no conditions." Finding this man, Mr. Craig would undertake "to revive the art of the theatre, a foolish and impractical desire if the business side of the theatre still remained to be put in order."

The Actor's Responsibility in Paris

Appropos of the discussion whether an actress should take the part of an ignoble character, the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes that generalization about the responsibility of actors and actresses in Paris cannot be made. Theatres like the Odeon, the Comedie Francaise, the Porte St. Martin and the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt "never condescend to the ignoble," and Conservatory students at graduation seek engagements in these playhouses. The actors in the boulevard theatres play the parts given them. Once they have signed an engagement they cannot pick and choose. They would not criticize the moral or immoral tendencies of any play. If there is any responsibility, it rests with the author and the manager, and, above all, with the press and public opinion.

"In 'Les Ames Sauvages' of Severin-Mars, Mme. Van Doren plays the role of Charlotte, a fascinating, cynical, beautiful demon." From beginning to end, you hold the woman in abhorrence, and the actress got her success exactly because she had never played anything of the sort, and acted in violence to her own known character.

"It was a triumph of art, and it is to achieve such triumphs that dramatic artists exist. I do not mean to say that they have not their own private views as to the plays in which they are cast."

"How often have I not heard them say in the wings 'C'est idiot!' 'C'est infecte!' How often in their loges will you not hear them discussing with camarades the doctrines of the piece, and condemning them!"

"That does not prevent them going on in the next act and playing with the ardor of absolute conviction. French players do not think they have religious or moral missions when they are working professionally."

"They are not necessarily degraded because of that. They create a part just as Leonardo da Vinci created the Gioconda and Shakespeare Macbeth."

The correspondent adds that French actors and actresses lead a hard life. They are underpaid, as a rule, and to refuse to play means a heavy fine, loss of employment and the cold shoulder from Paris managers generally.

Dramatic and Musical Works

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt brings out an "entirely new and hitherto unacted play" in one act, "Une Nuit de Nore," by Henri Cain and her son, Maurice Bernhardt, at the Coliseum, London. It is a story of the French revolution. The heroine Marion, famous as an actress, determines, for love of France, to abandon her career and join the Royalist army as a vivandiere. "The characters are intended to symbolize the different aspects of the struggle; on the one hand

you have the nobility, the heroism, the tenderness of the aristocratic Count and Countess of Kersant, on the other the enthusiasm, the energy and the straightforwardness of Bernard, the revolutionary captain. Perhaps this play may be a corrective for Anatole France's exaltation, 'Les Deux ont Soif.'"

The Grand Guignol shocker, "L'Atelier d'Avicenne," has been produced at the Palladium, London, under the title "The Seven Blind Men." The blind find themselves locked in a room at the top of a building. The swift approach of a fire engine, with the clanging bell, leads them to believe that the building is on fire and in consequence they go raving mad.

A work of triple authorship will be one of the attractions at the new opera house in Paris, the Theatre des Champs Elysees. The first act will be by Camille Erlanger, the second by Debussy, the third by Ravel or Malherbe.

Elgar's new work for the Birmingham Festival next October has for a text Arthur O'Shaughnessy's poem, "We Are the Music Makers," which has for an idea that creative artists are the creators and inspirers of men and therefore the true makers of human history. Sir Edward's music abounds in quotations from his own set of variations, "Gerontius," "Sea Pictures," the two symphonies and the violin concerto. He has also introduced phrases from "Rule, Britannia!" and the "Marsellaise." Muriel Foster will be the singer when the work is performed Oct. 1 under the composer's direction.

Plner's comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," has been published in book form by Heinemann in London.

The £20,000 mentioned in a recent law proceedings as the haul of a composer for the music of one comic opera would have made past writers for the stage gasp with wonder. Here are Buckstone's bargainings in the thirties, for instance, as noted by Edmund Yates: "For a successful three-act play you ought I think to afford me £70," he wrote to Yates's father. And again, in 1839, he tendered for an evening's entertainment: "I will do your piece for the opening, and a new three-act drama for Mrs. Yates, company and self for my old terms for the pair, viz., two seven-ties; I really cannot say less." Writers for the stage, at all events, have no

reason to regret the "good old times."—Daily Chronicle, London.

Men and Women

Miss Brunhilde, who appeared at the Coliseum, London, is described as the tallest pianist in the world. She is 7 feet 11 inches in height. She is only 18 years old, weighs 280 pounds, and "possesses a beautiful voice."

The Tsar has given \$500 a year to Jan Sibelius. This is in addition to the state pension he enjoys. There was a story some time ago that this pension had been withdrawn on account of the composer's revolutionary ideas. It will be remembered that his "Finland" when it was first produced at Helsingfors raised a tumult, and the Russian government prohibited the performance within a specified area. But is Sibelius already a legendary character?

The Musical Herald publishes these extracts from examination papers: "Haydn is the important composer in music, because he was one of the first to write common music. The two who wrote before him gave them to the Pope, and if what they wrote did not suit him, then they wrote another. You can get more of Haydn's music nowadays than you can of Palestrina's or Handel's." Here is the other. "Weber's music was better arranged than Mozart, whose would have a quiet part, and then go dashing off into a loud part, which made the piece seem out of tune."

The Opera-Comique, Paris, opened its season with "Manon" in memory of Massenet.

Francois Clement has died at the age of 94. "He was the 'doyen' of French actors. In 1834, at the age of 16, he made his first bow to the audience, and for many years appeared in various Paris theatres in comic roles. He had a marvellous memory, and no artist ever came to Avranches—where the old gentleman was living in retirement—without calling on the 'doyen,' who then would regale his visitor with wonderful anecdotes about actors and actresses, who have long since disappeared, and give a graphic description of his numerous tours before railways had put in an appearance, and when the old stage coach was the only mode of locomotion."

One of our colleagues has spent his holidays in trying to discover in what manner many well known artists earned their living before they joined the "profession." Thus we are informed that Seller started life as a waiter, Tamagno as a carrier, Duc as a fencing master, and Boudouresque as an innkeeper. Faure, we are told, when a boy, sang in the choir at church (which can hardly be called a profession); Deimas was a cooper; Alvarez, a bandmaster; Note, clerk in a Belgian railway company; Van Dyck, a barrister and afterwards a journalist; Escalais, a cooper; Dalmores, a cornet player in Lyons; Gallhard, a bootmaker; Affre, a cabinet maker; Caruso, a coachman; Salignac, a sculptor at Aix, and afterwards violinist at the Marseilles Opera; Salesa, a sandal maker; Gilbert, a vine grower; Sizes, a pianist, etc. Our colleague was courteous enough not to unveil the past of the best known lady artists. I will imitate his discretion, although the

debut in life of many of these ladies is rather sensational. I will only mention Mme. Delna (whose real name is Marie Ledant), and who, before she burst upon astounded Paris as a peerless singer, used to serve customers in a small restaurant at Meudon, near Paris, a restaurant owned by the young lady's uncle. The Era, London.

But Dalmores used to play the horn, and J. B. Faure played the double-bass at a little theatre or cafe chantant. Is the Era's correspondent sure that Mme. Delna's uncle owned the restaurant? She used to be kitchen maid in a restaurant and her voice attracted the notice of the late Alexandre Gullmant and his family, whose home was at Meudon.

A few years ago Donizetti's heirs brought an action against a well-known Paris publisher, claiming from him royalties on "La Fille du Regiment." Donizetti's heirs have won their case, and the luckless publisher has been condemned to refund them all royalties from 1885 until today. The publisher, moreover, will have to pay the heirs £20 damages for every copy he sells of the said opera without their sanction.—The Era (London).

Viennese musicians purpose to give concerts annually at Ischl in order to raise funds for a monument to Brahms in that town.

Carmen Sarya Robley will sing next season at the Copenhagen Opera House. She was the child of gypsies and left the band to go into the household of a gardener. Musicians, hearing her voice, supplied the money for her to study.

Mr. Titterton stated that Gaby Deslys was at the Palace in London. "Most of the very young men about town will flock to see her. Mme. Deslys has not the power to be wicked and alluring. She is just a very naughty child. * * * The Gaby glide is sometimes a rag-time waddle, and sometimes sheer nonsense." Nor did Mr. Titterton care for Seymour Hicks masking his vivacity in the manner of G. P. Huntley. "Now, however hard it was to imitate Mr. Huntley, he is very easy to imitate, and, though his mannerisms are more amusing than those of the late Mr. Seymour Hicks, I did not relish him at second-hand. And his imitator had coarsened him; there were one or two touches he would not have ventured. Miss Ellaline Terriss was the angel, beating the veldt with silk wings and lace draperies in vain. If she and Mr. Hicks will go a-slumming in their stage masks, they will taste the caustic humor of the cockney child."

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The Biddeford Daily Journal published on Sept. 5 an entertaining editorial article suggested by Mr. S. T. Pickard's note about "silver" which appeared in this column. "Many men" says the Journal, "whose memories do not cover a period of three-score years can remember when it was a common spring and early summer recreation of country boys to go a-silvering, and there are here and there pine trees in the Maine woods that bear traces of these juvenile depredations. And there would probably be more of them but for the fact that the boys were seldom careful to confine their silvering to the limbs, and thus many a thrifty, promising young pine was doomed to early destruction."

A Correction.

The Journal quotes this extract from a letter signed "G. G. A." and published in The Herald of Sept. 4:

Near my camp in the Chain of Ponds region in Maine hedgehogs climb the white pines to obtain the "silver," and thus often girdle the trees to their injury.

The Journal adds: "Here in small space is one inaccurate statement, made probably through ignorance, and another that is open to question. For the first, there are no hedgehogs in Maine. There are plenty of porcupines, however, and in the Chain of Ponds region they are a nuisance to every camper-out. The second statement that 'hedgehogs' girdle pine trees for the sake of getting at the silver is, we believe, not borne out by the testimony of accurate observers. Certainly the writer, who has a speaking acquaintance with the Maine porcupine and knows by experience something of its activity in the Chain of Ponds region, has never seen any evidence that the animal had either a natural or acquired appetite for the juicy inner bark of the pine. This is only negative evidence, however, against this fresh indictment of a woods creature that already has many burdens to bear."

Hedgehog or Porcupine.

We, too, have been in Arcadia, that is the Chain of Ponds region. We took the drive on a buckboard from Eustis before the road was made favorable to automobiles, and that journey was a rough and fearsome one with flies biting and showers drenching. While we were in camp we became familiar with native guides, men of shrewd observation and an inexhaustible stock of Rabelaisian anecdote. They always spoke of hedgehogs, and not of porcupines.

The only English dictionary now at hand is the Students' Edition of Funk and Wagnall's Standard. The second

definition of hedgehog therein given is "some other spine-bearing animal as the porcupine."

While we were in the Chain of Ponds region, we did not happen to see a "hedgehog porcupine," either on the ground, climbing a tree, or flying through the air, though we heard him grunting in the still night. We happen to know "G. G. A." and we now appeal to him in this important matter. Like Nimrod, the son of Cush, he is a mighty hunter before the Lord. He is at home in the Chain of Ponds region.

A Famous Cave.

"S. B. W." writes: "Senator Lodge in his interesting and valuable personal reminiscences left out one fact about the mysterious cave at Nahant which was of vast moment at the time—namely, that this cave was inhabited, not by pirates, but by the principal characters—villains excluded—of Capt. Mayne Reid's 'White Chief,' who were ever our particular friends. It is hard to realize how long ago it all was, but the same distance measured backward from those days ends somewhere in the first decade of the century."

A Poetical Tribute.

We are indebted to Mrs. Catherine E. Farwell of Lancaster for a poetical tribute to the Rhode Island Johnny cake. We regret that we have space only for the first and the last stanzas.

If only my pen were a magical wand,
Dispensing choice language where'er I'd command,
I'd quickly in elegant diction indite
An ode to these Johnny cakes toothsome and light.

Massachusetts may boast of her brown bread and beans,
Her most noble codfish, her succulent greens;
With many rich viands our board she may grace,
But the Rhode Island Johnny cake holds the first place.

A Sartorial Note.

The tailors are sending out their circulars and praise their goods and cut. No one of them to our knowledge has followed the example of the London clothier who exhibits a scarecrow in his window with the notice: "If you do not wish to frighten the birds, be tailored here." Mr. Gabriel Costa says the worst dressed men in London are the journalists, to which "C. K. S." of the Sphere answers: "If I saw a well dressed journalist in Fleet street I should suspect him of slackness."

Another London journalist, who believes that "the fashion artist" is the great teacher of idealism, says: "You know the process with the tailor when you order a new suit. There are framed representations of men set before you, men who are dressed just right. Ideal men. Your desire for rectitude springs; you select your model. The Right Man. 'I'll be like that' you say, putting a finger on the ideal. 'Make me that.' But does anyone really hope to look like those wonderful beings depicted on the tailor's fashion plate, or drinking cocktails, escorting young women, showing milrific hose, underclothes, or overcoats in the advertisement section of a magazine?"

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Now, that every one of us hath within himself treasures laid up of contentment and discontentment, and certain tunes of good things and evil; not bestowed, as Homer said, upon the door sill and entry of Jupiter's house; but placed in each of our own minds, the divers passions whereunto we are subject do sufficiently prove and show.

Mixed Blood.

London newspapers just received inform us that the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the composer, was "not only not ashamed but intensely proud of his negro origin; and he was greatly interested in the theory that Beethoven had colored blood in his veins. He used to say that the supposition was borne out by the great composer's type of feature and many little points in his character." Strange things have been written about Beethoven and his music, especially by his biographers. Has anyone stated clearly just when the tar brush entered into the family history of the composer of the Ninth Symphony and the great Mass? In Beethoven's time there was a famous negro fiddler named Bridgetower, and not long ago a mulatto named White was celebrated as a fiddler in European cities and as a teacher in Paris.

As is well known, the father of Coleridge-Taylor was a West African physician, a negro or mulatto—as to the precise shade we are not informed—and the mother of the composer was an English woman. This fact excited no adverse comment in England, nor are we told that the relatives of the West African despised the white woman for mating with a negro. It is said that Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the negro pugilist, killed herself because she considered herself an outcast; because she was flouted by negro women, even her own in-laws. It is also said—the tale may or may not be true—that when Frederick Douglass in his later years married a white woman her lot was unfortunate and she suffered acutely from the hostility shown her by those closest to Douglass and of negro blood.

Beyond Prejudice.

Neither Alexandre Dumas the elder nor Dumas the younger was the less esteemed because of the negro blood that was unmistakably revealed. Many white women were fascinated by the famous father and the famous son. Neither one of the two suffered socially. There was negro blood in Charles Cross nor was Heredia, the distinguished poet, reminded insultingly in Paris of his mixed blood; his daughters in their youth were distinguished beauties and two made brilliant marriages.

Sir Richard P. Burton, who did not like the negro—witness his savage description of Sierra Leone—admitted the fact that white women were sometimes drawn toward the black man as by a magnet. In a note to "The Thousand Nights and a Night" he gave reasons for this fascination, reasons that for the honor of the sex we hope are unfounded.

The marriage of a negro and a white woman with the apparently inevitable results has been vividly treated by Mr. Leonard Merrick in his novel "The Quaint Companions," in which Elisha Lee, an applauded negro tenor, weds Owine Tremlett, pretty, not emotional, but vain. The subject appeals to Mr. Merrick, for it is the motive of his short story, "The Body and Soul of Miss Azulay," which is told with effective reticence, although there is a suggestion of pre-natal influence. This story might stand near "Elsie Venner" on the shelf.

"Rebecca" in London.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is much disturbed because the Londoners did not care for her play "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and made jocose remarks about the children in the play. But what did she expect? There was vigorous log rolling when her little drama was produced in this country. Every wire was pulled. With all respect to the creator of Rebecca and Penelope, this drama, we speak of it courteously as a drama, was nothing but a Sunday school entertainment; as a play it was sentimental piffle. The Pall Mall Gazette took the proper view of it. It poked fun merely by narrating the story. Here is an example: Adam Ladd "produced from a nocketbook the ring that had been the wedding ring of his beloved mother (gulps of emotion) and handed it to her, saying: 'Give it to Simpson. My dear dead mother would have loved you to do that!' or words to that effect. And Rebecca gave Abner Simpson the ring; and Simpson, after wrestling with his emotions, took it delicately and offered it to 'Mrs. Simpson,' who jumped into the air for joy, and went forth with her husband to call upon the parson. And the gulping and the jumping were the third act." But the critic added: "As usual in the case of American companies, it is exceedingly well acted," and he praised Miss Edith Tallaferro.

Various Notes.

Homer has been commended for the beginning of his "Iliad," as Sir Walter has been reproached for his slow approach to any one of the Waverley novels. But what is to be said of Lopez Vaz and the beginning of his "Discourse of the West Indies and South Sea"? "Francis Drake an Englishman being on the sea, and having knowledge of the small strength of the town of Nombre de Dios, came into the harbor on a night with four pinnaces, and landed an hundredth and fifty men." Is it not admirable? Is it not as a flourish of trumpets with beating of drum?

The shooting season for all kinds of game opened in France Sept. 1 and 10 partridges, the first to arrive in Paris, were sold at nearly \$14 a bird. There was a certain rich man, who giving a luncheon, swore that partridges should be served that day to his guests. Later the normal price, one dollar a bird, was established.

Are English audiences growing sensitive? Mr. Henry W. Savage says "half the punch" has been taken out of "Everywoman" in London. "The Drury Lane management excised some portions considered too plainspoken for English audiences," and Stephen Phillips "toned down asperities" in the book; that is to say, he sandpapered them and gave them a hard Phillipsian finish. We are told by one not long from London that Mr. Phillips's habits are "unfortunate." This euphemism would no doubt be approved by Mr. Savage.

"BUTTERFLY" AT SHUBERT

First Performance in Boston of Hemmerde and Neilson Play

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"A Butterfly on the Wheel," a play in four acts by Edward G. Hemmerde and Francis Neilson. First performance in Boston. Produced at the Globe Theatre, London, April 18, 1911. Chief actors, Madge Tith-

eradge, Beryl Faber, Guy Standing, Lewis Waller, Sam Sothorn and Norman McKinnel.

The cast:

The Rt. Hon. George Admaston. Richie Ling
Roderick Collingwood. Charles Quartermaine
Lord Ellerline. Evelyn Beerbohm
Sir John Burroughes. Herbert Budd
Sir Robert Pyffe. Elsie Norwood
Gervase McArthur. Nicholas Joy
Stuart Menzies. John Davidson
Jacques. Harry Gordon
Jean Dubouls. D. Johnston
Lady Atwell. Amy Elstob
Pauline. Lucia Moore
Peggy. Winona Shannon

Peggy married Admaston, who was absorbed in his career. Lady Atwell had hoped to marry him and Collingwood was in love with Peggy, a rather frivolous, light headed person, not averse to a flirtation. The two discontented ones contrived that Peggy and Collingwood should pass the night at a hotel in Paris. Poor Peggy knew nothing of the plot and was surprised when Collingwood walked into her room at an early hour in the morning, under the pretext of receiving a telephone message. They talked and smoked cigarettes and he wooed her ardently—but the result was only a great deal of talk and little smoke.

Now Lady Atwell had thoughtfully sent an anonymous letter to the Admaston's house, saying that Peggy and Collingwood were to be together alone in Paris, planning thus to bring about a divorce suit so that she finally might marry George. The said George at once engaged a detective to shadow the couple, and he himself appeared at the hotel at breakfast time.

The attempt of Lady Atwell, Collingwood and Lord Ellerline to shield Peggy's reputation by a series of falsehoods brings to mind a scene in "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones. Pauline, Peggy's maid, with extraordinary high heels, silk stockings, and a remarkable French accent, also swore that her mistress was innocent; but George left the room, without partaking of the breakfast, and with a savage oath.

These two acts are verbose. There is little or no development of character. We know little more about these men and women at the end than we did at the beginning, and it is impossible to take any serious interest in them. Lord Ellerline—it is a Sam Sothorn part—is amusing, but neither the frivolity of Peggy nor the passion of Collingwood is forcibly portrayed by the dramatists. As for the husband, he simply comes in, makes a scene in his own stolid way, and goes out with an oath for the sake of an effective curtain.

It would seem then, as there is otherwise no action, no psychology and a dialogue for the most part without pregnant lines and emotional force, that the play was contrived for the third act, the scene in the divorce court. Peggy is here represented on the witness stand cross-examined by Sir Robert. Inasmuch as one of the dramatists is a K. C. the cross-examination is said to be realistic. This may well be, nevertheless a cross-examination in court however skillfully conducted is not necessarily of absorbing interest on the stage.

Peggy admits that she was foolish; protests that she never loved Collingwood. The anonymous letter is produced, and read to the jury. Then comes the "scene a faire," which is Peggy's tirade, ending with the cry that when women make the laws and conduct trials, an innocent but outrageously accused woman will at last have a fair chance. She sinks down and the curtain falls. Curtain calls are here inevitable.

In the last act Lady Atwell, threatened by Collingwood with exposure—for he knows that she wrote the letter with her left hand—confesses to George, who thanks the Lord plegmatically and assures Peggy that he knew from her testimony in court that she was innocent. And now Peggy knows that she at last loves the right honorable gentleman.

The features of this play are the speech and behavior of Ellerline and the trial scene. It is as though the dramatists, remembering the court scenes in "Madame X" and "Justice" had said: "Come now, we will show the divorce court on the stage, and we will have it realistic. Our cross-examiner will be a true K. C., and there will be no melodramatic slips that thrill an audience and make the legal fraternity smile." This act, which, like the others, suffers from "damnable iteration," accounts probably for the popular success of the play in London and New York. Otherwise this success is hard to seek.

The drama is fairly well acted. The men in the company are superior to the women. Miss Shannon, ineffective in the first two acts, was more fortunate in the final scene, and happier in showing the inconsequentiality of Peggy's nature than in the final emotional outburst. But neither she nor Miss Elstob gave true life to the lay figures of the dramatists. Mr. Beerbohm played the part of Ellerline in the appropriately light and wisely foolish vein. The performance of the others was respectable.

An audience of good elze seemed to be much entertained.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Third Degree," a drama in four acts by Charles Klein.

Richard Brewster. John Craig
Howard Jeffries, Sr. Leslie Palmer
Howard Jeffries, Jr. Donald McK
Captain Clinton. Walter Walker
Robert Underwood. George Henry Trader
Dr. Bernstein. A. Roberts
Mr. Jones. S. H. Zanoroff
Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr. Laurett Browne
Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr. Mary Young

Tremont Theatre: "The Woman Hater's Club," musical comedy in 3 acts by Leo Steln and Karl Lindau. Music by Edmund Eysler. American book and lyrics by George V. Hobart. Orchestra leader, Mr. John Lund. First time here.

Tilly. Dolly Castles
Baroness von Eberhardt. Mrs. Stuart Robson
Spitzki, the major's servant. John Donahue
Col. Liebrocht. Charles W. Kaufman
Capt. Schneck. Edith Edwards
Herr Phliger. Albert Macklin
Baron Silver. Bert Crossman
Herr Krupp. Walter P. Hearne
Maj. Von Esenburg. Walter Lawrence
Camillo. Joseph Santley
Lord Everbee. Leslie Kenyon
Marie Wilton. Sallie Fisher

UNDER-WORLD PLAY AT B. F. KEITH'S

"Honor Among Thieves" Realistic—Romany Opera Company Welcomed Back.

Joseph Hart's "Honor Among Thieves" headlines the bill at B. F. Keith's this week. It is a story of second-story workers and of police grafters in the great city of New York, and the scene is set in the apartments of two of the gang, "Stick" Jim Dawson and "Bugs" Naylor. It is all very realistic, and one is quickly impressed with the idea that the characters are very like the Gyp the Bloods and the Lefty Louies of recent real life in New York.

The company presenting the sketch is quite unusual in that there is no woman included—no member of the fair sex to unconsciously give away the abode of the crooks or to let fall any hints as to their plans. Altogether it is a clever sketch, well acted and well staged.

The Romany Opera Company, an old friend to B. F. Keith's theatre-goers, is back again although it seems hardly four years, as the program states, since Alexander Bevan and the talented soloists associated with him were last singing the Torador song from Carmen, the "O Maria, Mari" or "Funiculi, Funicula," as parts of identically the same program that the company presented then as now. Under M. Bevan's direction it is one of the best organizations of its sort playing in vaudeville and the company of 12 was enthusiastically received at both of yesterday's performances.

There are two exceptionally good two-man teams on this week's bill. One of these is made up of Mullen and Coogan in "A Broadway Trim." Most of their stuff is brand new and what isn't is put across the footlights in a new fashion. Everybody enjoys the fun, especially the dancing of Mr. Mullen, whose work in that line was one of the best things of the evening. Gus Van and Joe Schenck, the other team, announce themselves as the "pennant-winning battery of Songland," and the general verdict was that when it comes to singing Van and Schenck belong in a class that corresponds to that of the Red Sox in baseball.

This week's bill is most varied. One of the novelties is that of Miss Robbie Gordone, who gives classic reproductions of famous statues, making 14 complete changes in the incredibly short time of nine minutes. Her act is as artistic as it is unique. Then there is the Alpha Troupe of hoop manipulators, Will Setron, the double-voiced soloist, and Harry Puck and Mabelle Lewis, lyric singers and likewise extremely clever dancers, their work in the latter respect being even better than their singing.

The big closing number of the bill is provided by the Great Jungmann troupe, made up of several death-defying gravity-challenging aerialists who perform, both individually and collectively, a number of extremely difficult feats.

Sept 19. 1912

A PASSING FASHION.

In years gone by any American, man or woman, who ventured to sing in Italian opera first of all changed the betraying name. Thus honest James Foley, a Tipperary lad, whose boyhood was spent in Hartford, Ct., was known on the stage as Signor Foll. Miss Norton of Maine has long been famous as Nordica. Miss La Jeunesse took the name of Albani; Mrs. Armstrong, that of Melba. There were many such instances. Thus was homage paid to the Italians.

The French and Germans were supposed to be less exacting. Charles R. Adams of this city was Herr Adams as heroic tenor at the Vienna Opera House. In Paris Miss Griswold, Emma Eames, Mary Garden (Scotch by birth but American by adoption), Miss Farrar and others did not change surname or baptismal name, although some of Miss Farrar's admirers, thinking to give her additional distinction, accent violently the last syllable of Farrar, which is perplexing to her old schoolmates in Melrose and those who applauded her father on the diamond. Mr. Martin, whose first name is Hugh, calls himself Riccardo Martin.

The old time manager whose motto was "No American need apply" insisted on this Italianization, and so Miss Swift sang as Dotti. Were she conspicuous today, she would be welcomed as Swift in the Metropolitan, the Boston Opera House, or at Covent Garden, which is still conservative in many ways. The list of singers engaged at any leading opera house in America, England, France and Germany includes this or that American or English singer rejoicing in the name by which the father was known. Griswold, Teyte (it was once Tait), Witherspoon, Wickham, Fisher, Stevens—we cite at random—could not possibly be taken for Italians. There are a few exceptions—as Miss Marcel—when the surname is not euphonious, or when it would provoke an easy jest. Matthew Arnold wrote: "By the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing." There is no room for Wragg on the operatic stage. Signorina Taurini would be a more potent magnet at the box-office than Miss Ann Eliza Bull, and Giuseppe Verdi is a more resounding name than Joseph Green.

In face of the most beautiful spectacle provided by Nature, every smoker longs to roll a cigarette.

As to "Bunkum."

As the World Wags:

When I was a boy—I am most 73 now—at my native town of Chatham on the Cape, "Bunkum" was a common word among the boys, and it meant a thing that was good, very good, and was used the way our twice but never again President Theodore Roosevelt uses "Bully." Not at all in the way "Buncombe" is used. I have not heard it used for 50 years and don't know how it was spelled, so spell it phonetically.

I've been thinking for a long while of writing you to ask how the word Tossance or Tossiance is spelled. It is not in the dictionaries. When I was a boy the youngest child was called Tossiance, but when I was three years ago not one whom I asked knew, and the oldest man (93), Ex-Post Master Ziba Nickerson, did not remember it.

I've read the Herald for 57 years.

CAPT. F. M. HOWES.

Brookline, Sept. 12.
Is it possible that this name was Toussaint, or a corruption of it? There was a time when the name of the liberator Toussaint L'Ouverture was familiar to all.

George I. Malcolm.

The late George I. Malcolm, whose name has been brought into the extraordinary Gibson case, was well known at Hyannisport, where he spent summers at his cottage, "Felicitas." It will be remembered that his body was found in Long Island Sound, and it was supposed that he committed suicide by jumping from a passenger boat; but his friends wondered: for he enjoyed life, was well-to-do, happy in his home and in his business as a broker. It is true that he had been saddened by the death of a son, but there were other children to console him. And now he is named as one of the possible victims of an alleged arch-plotter. Mr. Malcolm began life in a humble way, but his ambition was great. He resolved to make money, not from avarice or the mere mania of money-getting, but that he might be able to lead a broader life and be of greater usefulness. He taught school and then went to New York with the traditional \$5. He was successful, but money did not harden him, and he was more than tolerant toward those who did not apparently know how to wed a dollar to another and gain increase. He

was a friend of H. C. Bunner and others of literary tastes and pursuits. Outside of his office he was a bit of a sentimentalist, and one of his favorite books was Amiel's Journal. He sat a horse well; he dressed in excellent taste; he was a most agreeable companion for an hour or for a year.

A Traditional Recipe.

As the World Wags:

As the story of the Rhode Island Johnny cake is contemporary with the early settlers, I may mention that one of my ancestors, Richard Waterman,

afterwards one of the founders of Providence and of the First Baptist Society, accompanied Roger Williams in his departure from the persecutions of the Massachusetts colony to the tolerant shores of Rhode Island. At that time, and always in the expeditions for game (Richard W.—being dubbed "the mighty hunter") for the party, one of their regular articles of food was the white meal cake, called "Johnny cake," since corrupted to Johnny cake. The simplicity of the make-up of this delicious and sustaining food would not appeal to the modern school of elaborate dietetics, but I give it as made by Roger Williams and his confederates and by generations following after, to this day.

A matter of prime importance is to secure genuine Rhode Island meal (the gray Baltimore is good) ground between the stone crushers of the Island (Portsmouth) windmills. This process ensures (like the old Indian custom) the retaining of the sweetness of the meal for months even in the summer, as it never becomes, as they express it, "heated."

As to the cooking. Scald with boiling water enough white meal until it will not absorb any more. Good meal will sometimes require a second scalding. Add a small quantity of salt; a tablespoonful of milk may be added, but not necessarily. The cakes should be stiff enough not to run on the griddle and should be baked brown on both sides over a good, but not too hot fire after once well started. Have the griddle hot when greased and apply the mixture at once. A little experience, as in all cooking, will explain the fondness of a genuine Rhode Islander for the time honored Johnny cake.

MARION A. MANCHESTER.

South Chatham, N. H., Sept. 10.

In the quotation from Romans's "Florida" (1775) published in The Herald of Sept. 12 for "Johnny cake," read "Journey cake."

Many will hear with regret that the book stalls which have lined the left bank of the Seine in Paris from the Island to the Pont de la Concorde, will soon be no more. Various reasons are given for their passing. It is said that the "flâneur" a pleasanter word than "loafer" no longer exists. This is an age of reckless speed; who has the time to dawdle over old books? The great libraries now compete with the second-hand dealers. The commercial collection has driven out the amateur. One of the older of the quail booksellers says pathetically: "We have had our day, a long day of 200 years, in which we have contributed something to the charm of the city we have loved. We shall remain at least a pleasant memory, and from time to time provide a subject for an article. One could imagine a worse end than that."

Old Cornhill.

The glory of the sidewalk book stalls in Boston faded many years ago. There are second-hand book shops, but the owners are well aware of the value of folio, pamphlet, first edition and charge a high price. Books that are exposed so that the passer-by can turn over the pages are of the class that Charles Lamb described contemptuously; books that are not books. But in the Seventies there was pleasant loafing in Cornhill. We remember picking up a pretty edition of Shakespeare's poems—an English edition, excellent paper, clear print, an attractive page, of a size that did not swell a coat pocket unduly. Richard Grant White had written his name on a fly leaf and the margins were enriched with his pencil notes. We paid a trifling sum for the book. This White, to the honest stall keeper, was as any other White. There was a story that Richard had been obliged to sell his library. This was not long after he had written glowingly in the Galaxy Magazine about Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes and told Miss Pauline Markham that she had restored the lost arms of the Venus of Milo.

Books to Suit.

We all know the man who, furnishing his house, orders sets of books according to the binding, and arranges a color-scheme; also the man who buys so many

feet of books, and ex-President Eliot would smile on him if the feet were filled according to the widely-advertised recommendation. There are curious processes of selection for a vacation or an ordinary railway journey. Some are influenced by a picture on the cover. There are men and women seen at railway stations who are hardened Oppenheims, or they are given to Chambering and wantonness. Then there are some who buy for reading in the train only a novel that will fit the pocket. Occasionally you see a sedate person reading Plato or Spinoza or Jacob Boehme, oblivious of the window opened by the fiend in the seat ahead of him; for writings of these philosophers are now to be had at a low price and in convenient form.

Against Cheap Books.

Mr. Filson Young regrets that so many new books are sold at a low price. He

has nothing to say against cheap reprints of the classics, but the new books are often so cheap that "people will buy almost anything, because if they do not like it, they can throw it away, and buy something else, and still not have spent half the price of a stall at the theatre." He refers chiefly to novels, but Ruskin was more sweeping in his complaint: "If public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling. Whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth much." How he would rage if he were to know that the very volume from which we quote, "Sesame and Lilies," could now be obtained in England—and in desirable form—for a shilling. Herbert Spencer was another who did not believe in cheap books and to him a public library was the abomination of desolation, a place for reading "trashy novels, worthless papers and learning the odds. . . I no more approve of free libraries than I approve of free bakeries." And then there is Mr. George Moore who remarks in his sourest manner. "We have taught everybody to read, and that has almost killed literature. You can teach people to read, but you can't give them brains."

We have received many letters about Rhode Island Johnny cake, also about the phrase "Lay overs for meddlers" and its variants, also about "bunkum" meaning "very fine, very good." "Brookline" suggests that in "larros for meddlers," the word "larros" may have been derived from "larruping."

Mrs. E. S. S., born and bred in Virginia, heard, as an inquisitive child, this form: "It's larros to catch meddlers."

"E. N. V." in Maryland heard a native colored woman, or a girl of old native stock from the eastern shore, say: "Layo for meddlers."

"I did not know what it meant; no more, I take it, did the maid." Out of respect to the church, we publish the following letter in full:

From Atlanta.

The Rt. Rev. C. K. Nelson, D. D., of the diocese of Atlanta, writes to us:

As the World Wags:

"Lay rovers ketch meddlers" was the negro form of the aphorism.

As in so many instances, the common lingo was more concerned with the sound than with the sense. Translated to me by those who knew, it was a deterrent from inquisitiveness, and meant "Lay (that is, place, or set) robbers to catch meddlers."

The latter part of the phrase as quoted in yours of Sept. 12 is an unfamiliar addition to an admonition which, as a boy, I had from my nurse and others a hundred times.

Another form in explanation which does not convey the same sense or meaning, is "Lair ropes catch meddlers"; that is, there are secret ropes laid to catch meddlers. The effect of the expression "Lay rovers sketch meddlers," given with an ominous shake of the head, was to quell any youthful inquisitor about matters which did not greatly concern him. C. K. N. Ogunquit, Me., Sept. 12, 1912.

A Doubtful Derivation.

"L. H." of Providence takes no stock in "Journey cake" as the older form of Johnny cake. "As I recall it, Johnny cakes derived their name from the fact that they were the popular food of the Johnnies, a term given to British soldiers in the old colonial days. 'Come, Johnny, hurry up your cakes' was a familiar call to the cook. The food was well known in England and brought out to the colonists. Ex-Gov. Ladd mentioned Johnny cakes in connection with old South county in Rhode Island, probably because in that section they were made much of, and more than anywhere else in New England, say 50 years ago, though they were not unknown wherever English soldiers or emigrants had made temporary or permanent homes since old Boston colony was established." L. H.

Bunkum and Hedgehogs.

Dr. Henry O. Smith of Hudson, N. H., writes: "The use of the word 'bunkum,' meaning very fine or very good, has been so familiar to me for 40 years that I am greatly surprised that it is not so defined in the dictionaries. The word, used in the same way, is equally well known to my wife, who spent her girlhood in western Maine."

The Biddeford Daily Journal, it will be remembered, insists that porcupines, or hedgehogs as the animals are known to some, do not girdle pine trees in Maine for the sake of getting out the silver.

"G. G. A." writes: "The porcupines girdle small trees in the Chain of Ponds region as soon as the snow falls. This is known to guides, other natives and winter visitors. These trees are often found on declivities."

For the Last Time.

And now farewell, a long farewell to letters and discussions concerning the Johnny cake of Rhode Island, lay overs or larros for meddlers, "bunkum" and hedgehogs or porcupines of Maine climbing trees or with at least one foot on the ground. We now have to do with sterner things. Winter is approaching and we already have received a letter in relation to hot buttered rum; as a beverage; also concerning its medicinal properties.

Sept 20, 1912

For some time The Herald has quoted freely from Mr. W. R. Titterton's comments on the music halls of London. It has gladly recognized his blithe spirit and ingeniously personal expression of opinion. No doubt he has read Mr. Chesterton assiduously, but he has his own and patented brand of paradox. We know nothing about his private life—his age, advantages or disadvantages in the process of education, whether he is a club man, or whether he prefers out of door sketching to golf or cricket. In his book, "From Theatre to Music Hall," he speaks of himself as a weekly journalist, and we know that he contributes regularly to the Pall Mall Gazette. We also learn from the title page that he is the author of "Love Poems," "Studies in Solitary Life," "River Music" and "An Afternoon Tea Philosophy." The motto of "From Theatre to Music Hall" is a quotation from one of Marie Lloyd's songs: I left the Sultan sitting on his throne, And went straight home to Bill.

Mr. Titterton of the opinion on the that drama in

English Drama England has become

trivial, wandering, chaotic, and the hero of the theatre is extinct. The drama is "blown hither and thither by little winds of doctrine, is concerned to justify this and that petty opinion, is concerned in the wearing of this and that pattern of word and plot, or—frankly abandoning its high office of master of the dance—throws raw chunks of purposeless event upon the stage, or haply, shutting its eyes in dull despair, dreams its way through scenes of unreal beauty, or loses it in the labyrinthine recesses of the soul." The poor hero is in a mummy case of stilted phrases and unreal motive power. As for modern drawing room comedy, it seems to have been written by journalists for tourists. "Sometimes the dramatists, like Jones and Pinero, have been in a drawing room; sometimes like Sutro, Somerset, Maugham, and Barrie, they have never been there; sometimes the scene is actually in a hotel, but always the feeling is of a hotel reception room; never have the characters any vital connection with their environment; always one has the impression that the scene has been written up by a peripatetic penny-a-liner.

"Yet the making, staging and witnessing of stage plays is an act of life—like taking a walk, or a glass of beer, or a wife," although "the fidgets of a nervous man in an unbleached shirt are not necessarily dramatic," and this metaphor is suggested by the modern problem play. The strength and weakness of drama is that, any theory may be made to seem true, provided the dramatist is capable.

A Few Oscar Wilde, "without hope of finding a rhythm in the

Personalities, movement of con-

temporary life, took refuge in Romance and carried to its logical absurdity the drama of unreality." "The Importance of Being Earnest" is the best farce in the language. "Here was an ardent enthusiast, a great fighter, a great visionary lost to the world for the lack of a world worthy his enthusiasm, and so the enthusiasm turned inwards and preyed upon itself, and the lust for noble deeds because the lust for mere sensation." He perfected epigrammatic dialogue and thus destroyed it. The drama ever since has suffered from the paste diamonds of the immortal word. "The stodgy faces of Pinero, Jones, Sutro and Bennett stare with incongruity from their courtesan grandeur." The action peters out in the typical modern plays. Whether the writer be Shaw, Barrie or Besler, the last act is almost always a bad one.

"If a play is not poetic, it is a farce." "The one-act play is the last hope of conventional drama in England—until the great renaissance comes." But the theatre evening of one-act plays is bore some. The place for the one-act play is the music hall.

Ibsen's influence, though the Norwegian drama is too often provincial, might have been altogether good if Ibsen had been translated by poets and had poets been his first disciples. "But he was translated by William Archer (an oaten soul) and one of his first disciples was Bernard Shaw (poetic by birth, but oaten by design)."

The 'Electra' of Hofmannsthal is a vile, vulgar dream—a nightmare, a fit product of a nightmarish age.

"The dreams of Maeterlinck are not vulgar, yet they oppress. Maeterlinck is a peasant. That is in his favor; he understands the value of simple things."

"Barrie himself is a fairy—the boy who would never grow up. . . . Please, Mr. Barrie, stay in fairyland, and thank God nightly that you have the entree." It is this elfin whimsicality redeems the plays of Bernard Shaw. Shaw the preacher cannot suppress that Irish fairy. It will poke fun at everything."

Refuge in Music The old burlesque in its transformation into the first form of musical comedy was representative of England: "It had all the chaotic inconsequence, all the irrelevant humor, all the vulgar ostentation, all the nomadic insularity of modern English life." Furthermore, it was democratic.

"The atmosphere of Viennese light opera reeks of sex; all the humor hinges upon intrigue, all the fun is an echo of the brothel."

Alas that the old-fashioned music hall is disappearing. "The public does not get what it wants, but what it will put up with."

And as George Moore years ago praised the music hall as a relief from the plays in which Mrs. Kendal shone in a matronly manner, so Mr. Titterton chants sonorously the praise of the old music hall in which Marie Lloyd delighted all by her Rabelaisian spirit.

Now, alas, the hall is invaded by marauding savages: "Drawing room entertainers in white shirt front and jeweled décolleté; opera singers, fat and fatuous, ballad-mongers; Russian dancers; impertinent actors, with snippets from the regular stage, have overrun the boards and shoved my dear naughty frou-frou girl and her red-nosed colleague into the suburbs. It is all very dull and very improving."

And worst of all—listen to this pathetic cry: "They have taken away our beer!"

The Rabelaisian Spirit Perhaps the most remarkable chapter in Mr. Titterton's book is that entitled "The Rabelaisian Spirit," as illustrated and glorified by Marie Lloyd. A peasant in one of Thomas Hardy's earlier books took delight in coarse stories because he knew that they were true. Mr. Titterton insists that the bawdy stories "in which we all delight have no point if we do not believe that life should be governed by a stringent moral law."

"There is nothing so democratic, so commercial as the bawdy tale; it is our only form of folk-lore yet persisting, and the bawdy tales manufactured by solitary gentlemen of individualistic ethics in their own chambers will certainly be bad tales, and will as certainly contain no laughter and much poison. Most of the daring plays of advanced or of decadent dramatists are very like the bawdy tales of such solitary gentlemen. If one had to seek reasons for honest laughter surely here is one; that it gives us from the gnawing tooth of privy speculation, that the great burst of its explosion blows away the cobwebs from the dusty caverns of the soul. For love must be treated as a sacrament or as a joke. The Rabelaisian spirit kept the balls sweet and clean. When it passed unclean things began to creep upon the stage. But Marie Lloyd, that—happy, healthy, bolsterous, magnetic coster-girl, still lives, a child, as are all great humorists, and sings her liting tunes."

Variety Artists and Dancers Mr. Titterton has much to say about Chevallier, Vesta Tilley, Lauder, Fragon, Mark Sheridan, Wilkie Bard, Barclay Gammon, Maskelyne and Devants, and Chung Ling Soo, whose magic is "pure dreamland born of the smoke of our cigarettes as we lounge in the stalls."

Then there are entertaining chapters about the dancers, native and imported. His idol is Isadora Duncan, virile and bluff, heroic and naive, only feminine as strong peasant women are feminine. He would even have her as chief boy in the pantomime.

Drama in Australia The Repertory Theatre Club in Melbourne is now in a flourishing condition. There are more than 400 members who pay a guinea a year, and hold monthly meetings at which theatrical affairs are discussed and good fellowship encouraged. The fifth season closed toward the end of July. Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants" and Anton Tchekhov's "The Seagull" were features of the season. Mr. H. T. Champion informs us that Tchekhov's play sent a cold shiver down the back of him that

had read it before seeing it. "It is true that one young lady in the audience recently at the University tried to discover by algebra what were the relations between the various couples after the first act; true, too, that another compared the scene in the park to the chatter of a set of lunatics set loose in their playground; and that another, the wife of a member of the Legislative Council, declared she would resign her membership of a club that played such meaningless rubbish. But what do you expect? These ladies are like the worthy citizens of Paris, of whom the enraged reformer said: 'Ces peres de familles sont capables de tout.' Fortunately, they were in the smallest of minorities."

Native Australian Dramatists A number of Australian writers are endeavoring to produce plays that smack of the soil. Prominent among them is Louis Esson of Melbourne. He is the author of a sium play, "The Woman Tamer," realistic to the point of brutality; "The Sacred Place," which deals with the life of Hindu hawkers in Melbourne; a bush tragedy, "Dead Timber," which tells of a pioneer battling against fate. He has also written a comedy in four acts, "The Time Is Not Yet Ripe." Mr. Champion says: "The hero is going to contest a seat as a Socialist candidate when the girl to whom he is engaged, the daughter of the plattitudinarian prime minister, is also persuaded to stand by the ever-busy anti-Socialist lady secretary, who engages to make up all her speeches, manifestos and letters, though she, too, is an emancipated woman." She is victor at the polls, while the Socialist gets but a handful of votes and loses his deposit! But the play is constructed with great care and every couple of lines contains a biting truth or a sparkling epigram.

Then there is William Moore, the chief founder of the literary theatre in Melbourne. He has written three plays. The first is about the tea room girls or the daughters of men who were rich, but were penniless at the time of the financial crash, and who started tea rooms in Melbourne. They were cultivated girls and were "always addressed by their surname, Miss So and So. The other plays are "The Mysterious Moonlight," with the scene in a tea garden outside a seaside hotel; "The Only Game," in which an artist, seeking an ideal, hesitates between a "beautiful woman of society and a plain but fascinating woman of Bohemia." Mr. Moore, who was in London last month, also brought with him "The Children's Bread," by Blamire Young, an artist in Melbourne. This play is a satire on the egoism of painters. Another play, "If Youth But Knew," dealing with social life, is by Mrs. Dearden.

Mr. Moore, dramatic critic of the Melbourne Herald, hopes to produce these plays in London as curtain raisers or at music halls. "For one act plays there is not much scope in Australia, but all these I have brought with me have been produced at our annual evenings at the Turn Verein Hall."

The Mayor and Shakespeare On the other hand, the mayor of Sydney does not think much of Shakespeare. Mr. Charles Whibley, honoring his courage, considers his case. A deputation from the New South Wales Shakespeare Society went to this mayor and asked that they might set up a monument to the dramatist in Sydney. "The worthy mayor did not give such an answer as Milton might have approved. He did not explain with pride that his Shakespeare needed no 'labour' of an age in piled stones." He did not denounce as useless the 'star-y pointing pyramid.' He was content to observe that 'Shakespeare was a nice thing for the educated man, as who should say 'a pleasant old gentleman for a quiet tea party.' But he is no good to Sydney. Sydney does not want 'solid, inspiring pieces.' Burlesque and extravagance are nearer to Sydney's heart and taste. 'The great preponderance of the public,' said the mayor, 'go for light literature instead of ponderous.'"

And then Mr. Whibley, though wondering in what sort of scales this mayor weighs the poets, and why Shakespeare is ponderous, wisely concludes that it is idle to dispute with mayors, "who speak with all the authority conferred by lofty seats and chairs of office. We accept their judgment in all humility of spirit." Mr. Whibley is a man after Mayor Fitzgerald's own heart. Mr. Fitzgerald would never speak so discourteously about the Immortal Bard, the only Williams, as our volatile French neighbors used to call him.

Mr. Whibley remembers that Shakespeare did not at once come into his kingdom. In England he was alternately ignored and abused. The versions of Dryden and Shadwell were preferred to the original. Pope mourned the fact that "he writ without the patronage of the better sort, and without the knowledge of the best models, the ancients." And all that Jeremy Collier could say about him in a solemn dictionary of men, countries and manners was that he was a serious writer, who, when he chose, could be very jocular." In France his triumph was long delayed. Finally Voltaire's denunciation was remembered

merely as a curiosity or criticism, and crowned by Victor Hugo Shakespeare sat in Paris upon the throne of poetry." Only in the antipodes is he ponderous. "Yet the mayor of Sydney deserves all the respect that we can pay to his courage and honesty. It is no easy enterprise to oppose the received opinion of the whole world. He who undertakes it, even though he be a mayor, calls down upon his head all the brickbats of ridicule and contempt. The mayor of Sydney deserves neither ridicule nor contempt. Rather let us praise him as one who resolutely avoids the share of false admiration. Nothing is easier than to fall down in worship before the received idols. Thousands of unlettered persons win a cheap reputation for piety by choosing their shrines wisely. For this they are accounted marvels of devotion; yet, if justice were done to them, they would be found guilty of a mean hypocrisy."

The mayor of Sydney, at any rate, is no hypocrite. He gives no praise where he thinks it is not due. He refuses to admire the book which he cannot understand, merely because he is told to admire it. He claims for himself, and for the city over whose destinies he presides, the best of all virtues—the virtue of sincerity. The public goes for light literature, and he goes with the public. The educated man may find Shakespeare 'a nice thing.' The mayor of Sydney finds him 'ponderous' and refuses to do him honor. The decision is honorable to the antipodes. For those who, without hypocrisy, may boast a love of his works, Shakespeare 'sepulchred in such pomp does lie, that kings for such a tomb would wish to die.' Those who do not love his works will be wise to solace their leisure with the soft delights of musical comedy, and not to sully their honest lack of appreciation with a false pretence."

The Censor in Sydney One more note about the theatre in the far-off British colony. We quote from the Daily Chronicle of London:

"The censorship has broken out in a new place—8000 miles underneath London. Sydney has an Adelphi Theatre, and its lessee has received an order from the chief secretary's department to eliminate a certain scene from a drama entitled 'Brought to Ruin.' In this scene a baby (really a doll) is suffocated with a wet towel. Apparently some highly sympathetic spectators thought the baby was a live one and made representations to the chief secretary's department, which is the theatrical licensing authority in Australia. The lessee indignantly declares that the English censor raised no objection to the scene, and that the drama has been frequently played in London and the provinces. Furthermore, he does not see why he should be penalized for suffocating a doll when Mr. Oscar Asche at another theatre in the same city is nightly strangling his own wife, an obviously flesh-and-blood Desdemona."

Moffat's New Play Graham Moffat's new play, "A Scrape o' the Pen," produced at the Comedy Theatre, Play London, Sept. 4, seems to be much inferior to "Buntz." The story told is a flimsy one and the London Times remarked in a superior mood that the audience was shown how Scotch

people or "some Scotch people behave at funerals, weddings and New Year's eve rejoicings." We are shown how they behaved on such occasion in 1874-75, a period of chignons, "bustles," puff-shoulders, bugled bonnets and general ugliness, to judge by the costumes of Mrs. Graham Moffat's designing. People fill their mouths with shortcake and their pockets with whiskey bottles, and when the bottles have been emptied, fall to singing "Auld Lang Syne."

"You expect the exhibition of haggis, but are let off with a passing allusion to it. Unfortunately you are not spared the humors of inebriation. These are provided—to excess—by a 'professional mourner,' who reels through the play making maudlin and exceedingly tiresome fun. And tiresome, we fear, is the word for the rest of the play—always excepting the share of it taken by the old couple, forever bickering and making it up, a very familiar stage-couple, to be sure, but not without a certain freshness in Scotch guise, and pleasantly played by Mr. and Mrs. Moffat."

Notes Made at Random H. G. Pellissier, known as the Chief of the Folies in London, conducted the Queen's Hall orchestra last Wednesday and will also conduct next Thursday. Mr. Pellissier says his action will in no way interfere with the career of Sir Henry J. Wood. The programs include "Serious and other music—mostly other." "In the former category," says Mr. Pellissier, "may be mentioned a concert-stueck suggestive of Siberia. I happen to know very little about that country myself, never having had occasion so far—(touch wood)—to fall foul of the Russian government, but I possess a Siberian hound—no, it is not for sale—and his bark has given me many useful ideas for the passages wherein I shall endeavor to reproduce the sound of a Siberian prison warden talking to one of the inmates." In London this Mr. Pellissier is reckoned a very funny man.

It is said that George Bernard Shaw has completed a trilogy that deals with Parisian life. This announcement made at regularly recurring intervals. It was rumored long ago that "Louise" was the first opera of this trilogy.

Sir Charles Stanford wrote the incidental music to Louis N. Parker's new play, "Drake," produced at His Majesty's Theatre, yet very little was said about it in the notices of the first performance. The composer of such music always has a thankless task. Audiences prefer to talk during the waits than to listen to any music. Part of Stanford's music is based on his "Songs of the Sea" and "Songs of the Fleet," and there is something from his ballad of "The Revenge."

George Anslie Hight is the author of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," published by Stephen Swift & Co., London. It is more than a monograph on "Tristan"; it is also an endeavor to expound philosophically the artistic principles underlying Wagner's art. The author has endeavored to show how the Wagnerian drama, so far from being an invention of the 19th century, has been a steady organic growth from the Attic drama, through the mediaeval Folkslied, through Shakespeare and Calderon, Mozart and Beethoven, to Wagner, who only differs from his predecessors in having found the way which others, since classic times, were seeking. And thus did Mr. Hight set himself resolutely to a task.

Sept 23 1912

It is a curious natural phenomenon that the top-hat and frock coat of civilization only come to their true glory when worn by an Ethiopian.

Successful Revivals.

Now that the play "Milestones," by Messrs. Bennett and Knoblauch has been produced in New York, it is well to remember the London lady, an earnest student of the higher form of the drama, who was delighted because there was such popular interest in the old Greek plays. "Witness," she said, "the success of 'Miles-to-nes';" and she accented heavily the second syllable.

A Private Matter.

The magistrates in Philadelphia and certain other towns are to be applauded for maintaining the right of a citizen to wear a straw hat in January or in July and punishing the fanatics, slaves to a silly tradition, who feel it an act of righteousness to destroy all straws on or after Sept. 15. There are men who compel their children to don absurdly thick underclothes on Nov. 1st, whatever the temperature may be, and force them to change to thin ones on April 1st though snow lies on the ground; but they are not to be approved. A man's head covering is sacred in Mohammedan countries, and a turban is never put on the floor or tossed carelessly on a chair or table. What matters it, whether the covering of the head be a sliker, straw, derby, pith, helmet, or one of those hideous Austrian hats with a foolish little feather in it? The wearer may look like a guy, but why dispute his right? There are some who object to the combination of tan shoes and dark trousers, but let us be tolerant. We are told that in the 70's and in this city a broker, successful and highly esteemed, was in the habit of wearing a straw hat till Christmas or New Year's, and no one pointed at him the finger of scorn. We had the honor of knowing E. Winslow Palse, Esq., of Schenectady, practicing lawyer and at one time attorney general of the state of New York, with offices in Albany. He was a singularly able man. His preparation of cases—especially in suits brought against canal thieves who were prominent citizens of Syracuse—won the admiration of his opponents. He would go about Albany with a straw hat in the dead of winter, a dinky straw. Nor would he wear an overcoat. A thin Seymour was

between his waistcoat and a piercing blast—and thus, smoking cigarettes, though the snow storm were a blizzard, he appeared pinched but intellectual to the gaping strangers.

The First Smoke Talk.

Some time ago—or was it weeks?—The Herald, having examined a section of the Oxford dictionary, said that the word "Smoke talk" was included there. In as an Americanism. We recently heard a story as to the origin of this word, which was coined, so the story goes, by Alexander P. Browne, Esq., attorney and counsellor-at-law, in Boston. Sometime about 1884 a man with blackboard and chalk made money by giving "Chalk talks." He was a combination of lecturer and "sketch artist." When the St. Botolph Club was in its first home—in Boylston street—it occurred to Mr. Browne, a member, that a series of talks with speaker and audience sitting at ease and smoking at will would be agreeable diversion. The first talker in a series that included the late George Snell, Mr. James Means and Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, was John Boyle O'Reilly, whose subject was "Ireland and its Resonances." The Home Rule question was uppermost in the minds of many, and toward the end of his talk O'Reilly waxed elo-

ment, so that the most conservative, the most cut-and-dried Bostonians among the hearers rose from their chairs and howled against the oppressing Sassenach. Mr. Browne then gave the name "Smoke talk" to this form of lecture—and all this happened somewhere between 1834 and 1836.

Sunday in London.

A Sunday in London is justly dreaded by the stranger. It is true there are certain theatrical entertainments, but they are for private societies. There is now agitation in favor of opening theaters on Sunday to the public, and many, among them actors, actresses and our old friend, Mr. George R. Sims, stoutly object. In the course of argument some one has dug up facts to prove that in bygone times the English were not exemplary in observance of Sunday. A chronicler estimated in 1805 that over 200,000 Londoners spent the day in inns and teagardens; "and the condition of these pleasure-seekers at midnight he calculated to be as follows: sober, 50,000; in high glee, 30,000; drunk, 30,000; staggering tipsy, 10,000; muzzled, 15,000; dead-drunk, 5,000.

Sept 4 1912

STAGE PROFANITY.

Miss Josephine Cohan, playing with her husband, Mr. Niblo, in Australia, writes to a friend that the Australians, hearing American slang in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," have taken a fancy to it; but "the 'My Gawds,' spoken by Bessie, have all been changed to 'Gee whizz!' for the reason that the people over there consider it sacrilegious to say 'My Gawd.'"

When the "glorious old English comedies" were performed at the Boston Museum, the audience, made up largely of eminently respectable persons who were not easily persuaded to go inside another theatre, took a fearful pleasure in hearing the word "damn" spoken with emphasis by any actor that was an established favorite. The word was for the moment thought intensely humorous. But woe to the young beginner, or the unknown, who ventured to take this liberty; and if by accident the eminently respectable person visited a theatre other than the Museum, and heard the monosyllable, he inveighed against the immorality of the stage, as though he were Jeremy Collier attacking Dryden, Congreve et al.

For some years profanity on the stage went out of fashion in this city. Even "damn" was looked on with aversion, if it were not positively tabooed. With the development of so-called realistic plays and with the increasing popularity of farces and comedies with music profanity again came into favor. In a serious drama a resounding oath is supposed to supply realistic intensity. In a farce of shop or street life, any girl wins an easy laugh by ejaculating "My Gawd," and, pleased with the evident approval, she indulges herself in the tiresome repetition. Or a mugging comedian, feeling that he is not exciting sufficient attention, makes a forcible allusion to "hell" and the audience is at once convinced that a genuine humorist is on the stage. A savage oath brings down the curtain on an act of a "high class comedy" now playing in this city.

We are not fussy in these matters. There are occasions, even on the stage, when an oath or an apostrophe to the deity, or a mere expletive, adds to the tragedy or the comedy of a situation; when it seems necessary, inevitable; but fluent profanity is not necessarily intense; nor is it of itself irresistibly funny. When an actor or actress continually indulges in it, the inference is that the author's lines are feeble or the people on the stage are of limited resources.

London journals have published letters from Americans complaining of scanty and shabby bathrooms in apartments and hotels of that city. Mr. H. Laing Gordon is moved to answer. "The thing which matters is not the beauty of the bathroom, but the use of it," and thus he begs the question. "I once scolded my bath steward on an Atlantic liner for being late. 'Sorry, sir' he replied, 'it's the last morning of the voyage—always a heavy one. All the American gents takes a bath today.' Mr. Gordon also says that if a choice were necessary, he should prefer the society of one who bathes only once a week, but changes his linen daily, to that of one who bathes daily, but changes only once a week. He apparently has it in for the citizens and citizenesses of this great

and glorious city. For he quotes the remark of one American woman to him in Paris: "Gee, this is a vurry, vurry poor nation. Just you look in their mouths; not a dollar's worth of gold in one."

Walters in Clubs.

No thoughtful waiter at a club will look favorably on a strike. He realizes the advantages of his position. There is no better school of manners, and an observing youth learns by imitation and avoidance. Men are more at their ease in a club than in a restaurant. They talk in a freer manner; they leave their masks in the cloak room. They talk on all subjects and without the expurgating or sandpapering influence of listening women. The waiter hears the most contrary opinions expressed concerning politics, sports, the tariff, aesthetics. He soon learns to distinguish between cold reasoning and hot air. Even the waiter at the Porphyry who exclaimed audibly at a five-o'clock, "Gee, it keeps me on the jump to bring cocktails to this bunch," gives promise of mental development.

"Tossance."

Mr. Alexander F. Chamberlain of Clark University, Worcester, writes to The Herald apropos of Capt. F. M. Howes's letter published in this column Sept. 19. The captain said that when he was a boy on the cape the youngest child was called Tossance or Tossance.

Mr. Chamberlain now writes: Capt. Howes's "Tossance" or "Tossence" is the same word as "Toshence," which the present writer has recorded as among the words of Indian origin which have crept into the English language of America, written and spoken, literary and colloquial. In this case the loan-word is from the Massachusetts (Natick) dialect of the Algonkian linguistic stock. It may be useful to reproduce my brief entry of the word in the Handbook of American Indians (Bull. 30, Bur. Amer. Ethnol., Washington) Part II, 1910, p. 787.

"Toshence. The last of anything; a term local in Massachusetts. Gerard (Sun, N. Y., July 30, 1895) states that the word consists of the last two syllables of mattasons, the Massachusetts name for the last child of the family. Trumbull (Natick Dictionary, 1903, p. 73) gives the Massachusetts term as mattasons, 'youngest son.' * * * Gerard gives as the true meaning 'the little after which naught,' i. e., 'the last little one,' hence, 'by extension, 'the very last of anything.'"

The late Edward Everett Hale informed Mr. Chamberlain that in his youth he was quite familiar with the word "Toshence" in the sense indicated. "A thorough examination of the memories of all old Cape Cod folk might result in the discovery of other words of Indian origin not now on record. * * * The dictionaries have been rather slow (even, e. g., in the case of chipmunk) in entering up the undoubted etymologies of some of these Indian loan-words, containing themselves 'of Indian origin,' or with a chary 'Indian word (?)'. The etymologies of the words of Indian origin in all our great dictionaries need a new and complete overhauling."

It appears that this matter of "Tossance" or "Toshence" was discussed by Messrs. Chamberlain and E. E. Hale at a meeting of the American Antiquarian Society (Proc. Amer. Antiq. Soc., 1905, N. S., vol. xvi., pp. 272-273.)

From a Note Book.

We are told that when the Bible was translated into Japanese no equivalent to the word "baptize" could be found and "soak" was used instead; so the Japanese biblical students are well acquainted with "John the Soaker" and with the doctrine of "soaking for remission of sins."

The Duc Decazes died recently. His wife was a Miss Singer of the well-known family. At a watering place she was once so impetuous in word or action that some one asked: "Is she a real duchess?" to which Lady Bancroft replied: "Oh, yes, my dear, but machine made."

It is said that "hors d'oeuvre" are going out of fashion. How do you translate the term into English? Mr. Schloesser says it is untranslatable. Gase's French Dictionary gives "first course side dish"—which is clumsy and not strictly correct, also "appetizer." "Tidbits," "whets," "snacks," and the old English word "sotelties" (subtleties) have been suggested. There was a literal translator who preferred "out of works."

A negro in this country was married recently when he was 111 years old. Old man Parr married for the second time when he was 120. In the land of the Tsar no one of his subjects is allowed to marry after he or she is 80; truly a land of despotic oppression.

NANCE O'NEIL AT THE ST. JAMES

ST. JAMES THEATRE—THURS.

Drama by Paul Willstach.

Thais.....	Nance O'Neil
Nicolas.....	Robert T. Helms
Daniel.....	The Duke Frisbus
Crobyle.....	John Grey Terry
Myrtale.....	Grace Nye
Damon.....	William C. Walsh
Playlan.....	William Verance
Paul.....	Sidney Riggs
Patemon.....	David Hallfax
Cyril.....	S. B. Dudley
Adhemar.....	Charles Stowes
Cephane.....	Charles Abba
Dancing Girl.....	Freda Carson
Albina.....	Simone
	Beth Franklin

Miss Nance O'Neil appeared for the first time at the St. James Theatre last evening as Thais. A woman of commanding stature, she is physically well suited to portray the splendor and allurements of the famous Alexandrian courtesan. But if she was a picturesque and quently figure, Miss O'Neil did not last evening seem wholly at ease in the part, while there were occasional evidences of a lack of mastery of the lines. Her Thais was at first a good-natured woman listening greedily to the praises of her followers and insisting eagerly upon reiterated assurances of admiration for her beauty and her exploits in the theatre. Nor did the actress at first suggest the beauty's triumphant faith in her sovereignty.

Miss O'Neil was more dramatically effective in the third act. She portrayed excellently the mental unrest brought about by the monk's persistent presence and her outburst of rage at Daniel's entreaties that she should abandon her life of shame was declaimed finely and with authority.

There was a large and interested audience.

On Saturday evening Miss O'Neil will appear in Sudermann's drama "Magda."

"JUNE BRIDE"

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The June Bride," a Viennese operetta in three acts, the book by Edgar Smith, the lyrics by E. Ray Goetz and the music by Edmund Eysler. The cast:

Albert Holder.....	Arthur Aylesworth
Henri Juteau.....	Arthur Lipson
Herbert Wilkins.....	David Torrence
Bobby Wilkins.....	Ernest Trues
Elly Von Trautwein.....	Amelia Stone
Leela Von Trautwein.....	Hazel Kirke
Mrs. Von Trautwein.....	Flavia Arcaro
Rosie.....	Lillian Ross

Another Viennese operetta. Viennese only in its waltzes and the skillful and adequate orchestration, and for the more or less consistent plot that is a characteristic of this latest development of the genus musical comedy.

"The June Bride" has a story fairly plausible and worked out to a logical conclusion. Albert Holder, forced by his rich uncle to grow tulips in Holland, flees for a month's recreation to a French watering place, where he falls in with a buxom widow, landlady of a Brussels pension, who has aristocratic ambitions and is trying to marry off her two charming daughters. Holder has the inevitable friend, a French artist, who talk bad English and furnishes much of the fun of the piece. The two, of course, fall in love with the daughters.

Complications are introduced with the arrival of a lawyer with news of the uncle's death and a will which provides that before receiving the millions Holder must serve a month incognito in some menial capacity. He enters the service of the widow as a man servant and the ensuing situations in the second act at the pension form the gentle complexities of the plot.

There is also a preposterous English merchant and his son who try to pass themselves off as members of the nobility, the elder of whom ends by marrying the widow.

The third act, which takes place on the tulip farm, serves only to introduce a wealth of flowers, a pretty ensemble and to assure the auditor, quite unnecessarily, that everything turned out happily in the end.

The mantle of Strauss having enveloped Vienna, all the music that comes from there, it seems, must inevitably be in waltz tempo. "The June Bride" is practically all waltzes, waltzes with a lilt and a swing that get into the blood and feet, even though they sometimes lack something in freshness. They have the catchiness, however, that make them stick in the memory without immediate cloying. They are distinctly "humma-ble." At the very beginning, "Raven Tresses and Golden Locks" has a little of the true Strauss swing, and a haunting sentimental theme.

In direct contrast for its snappy cheeriness, but equally pleasing, is the chorus "When you marry," which Miss Stone, Aylesworth and Lipson sing in the second act. Miss Stone's "My Girl of Dreams" will be popular and there are others. Before the end, the hearer longs for one snappy march chorus, however.

Musically the piece deserves the name operetta and the composer has carefully subordinated his very full orchestration so as not to drown the singers or confuse the themes.

The piece is generously staged and the effects, though built on old frames, come with some touch of novelty. The wall of flowers and faces that suddenly confronts the audience at the beginning of third act is startlingly pleasant.

Miss Stone has an attractive personality and a dainty smile. She did not seem fully at home in her part and perhaps this was the reason that she

apparently held her voice in reserve through much of the evening. Others of the cast seemed to have the same difficulty, which perhaps is explained by the fact that this was but the second performance.

Mr. Aylesworth seemed afflicted with an excess of bashfulness in his wooing which the circumstances of the situation did not always account for. He sang pleasantly if not strongly and has a winning smile. Mr. Lipson was the real life of the piece. With all his grotesque make-up and preposterous accent, he was genuinely, if obviously, funny, and he sang with an abandon and a ready adaptation to the spirit of the words that distinguished him.

Miss Kirke also sang well and smiled charmingly. Little Lillian Ross during her brief appearance showed a spirit and smoothness of execution that should have made her the envy of her elders. She was captivatingly dainty and deliciously funny.

The rest will be much better when they have felt themselves more fully into their parts.

The gypsy dance by Mlle. LaGale and M. Plato was not given.

The large and unusually attractive chorus was well drilled and euphous. What little dancing there is, is of the quiet sort.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Sam Chip and Mary Marble, inseparable in vaudeville for a number of years, have the head-line position on the B. F. Keith bill this week, presenting an attractive, picturesque sketch entitled "The Land of Dykes." The story is laid in Holland with everything Dutch from the windmill that holds the centre of the stage settings to Miss Marble's wooden shoes, and the characters all look like the picture book drawings. Miss Mary Marble is Meenie Hoffmeister, grand-daughter of Jan Van Dyke, burgomaster, and of course she falls in love with Sam Chip, who, in the play, is none other than William Klomp, gardener's assistant and the burgomaster's all-around handy man. It is a pretty sketch, well acted from start to finish and it made a big hit.

Fresh from the West and new to Boston audiences is Miss Lillian Ashley in songs and stories. Miss Ashley, early in her act, portrays the bashful school girl called upon both to sing and to recite in the presence of visitors. Then later she appears in a little telephone monologue, which is easily the best of many clever things in her act. All of her telephone conversations with divers imaginary parties at the other end are amusing, especially that by the husband who has dined too long and too well and who vainly endeavors to call up his wife at 2 A. M. to inform the lady that he guesses he will remain in town over night.

Tony Hunting and Corrine Francis in "The Love Lozenges" presented a new sketch that gave opportunity for some singing and some extremely artistic dancing by Mr. Hunting. Another team that made a big hit were the Otto Brothers, two Boston boys, in a German dialect skit entitled "Murdering the King's English to the Queen's Taste." They carry a line of brand new jokes and include in their repertoire a number of local hits, political and otherwise, that everybody appeared to appreciate and to applaud.

Another of the new teams coming to B. F. Keith's this week for the first time is that of Harry Tighe and Edith Clifford in "Vaudeville Tidbits," and in which Miss Clifford's singing is easily the feature. Hickman Bros. & Co. gave an amusing sketch in "A Detective Detected," most of the comedy being built about a trap door in the wall.

MacMahon, Diambnd and Clemons proved an unusually clever trio, their best work being their dancing, while Honors and LePrince are French eccentric comedians. Also upon the program are the Great Tornados, six aerial athletes, who are billed as being direct from Germany and as appearing in "death-defying" feats. There is, however, nothing particularly blood-curdling nor wonderful in their act, although they do pull off some good somersault work.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Is Matrimony a Failure?" a farce in three acts, adapted from the German by Leo Dietrichstein.

Skelton Perry.....	John Craig
Hugh Wheeler.....	William
Frank Bolt.....	Walter Walker
Albert Rand.....	Carney Christie
Jasper Stark.....	Al Roberts
David Meek.....	Edbert Munro
Dr. Hoyt.....	R. A. Roberts
George Wilson.....	Stowell H. Bancroft
Lew Borden.....	Carl Nispei
Herman Ringler.....	George H. Trader
Kate Wheeler.....	Laurett Brown
Madge Bolt.....	Mabel Colcord
Alice Rand.....	Henrietta McDaniell
Annie Stark.....	Marguerite Morris
Lucy Meek.....	Gladya Lott
Helen Hoyt.....	Sylvia Bladen
Julia Wilson.....	Margaret Fay
Natalie Borden.....	Anne Hamilton
Frank Ringler.....	Jeannette Leavitt
Fanny Perry.....	Mary Young
Paul Barton.....	Donald Meek
Lulu Wheeler.....	Florence Shirley
Carrie.....	Grace Roberts

An appreciative audience of fair size was present yesterday afternoon at a spirited performance of Dietrichstein's adaptation of "Die Thurn und Taxis."

The farce, a comic exposition of marital differences, is far from new in theme. There is a torrent of well-worn jokes, the faithlessness of husbands, the petulance of wives, the absurdity of masculine housekeeping, the meddling of mothers-in-law and the reluctance of each in a conjugal quarrel to be the first to give in.

But a certain variety is imparted to the subject by presenting different modes of reconciliation, while the lines are often irresistibly amusing.

The piece was well cast and each member of the company contributed effectively to a performance which demanded excellence as a whole rather than distinguished playing by a given number of chief characters.

Mr. Craig impersonated a good-natured husband with engaging suavity, but it is a barren part. Miss Young was appropriately petulant as one of the recalcitrant wives. Mr. Munro was excellent as the unctuous superintendent of schools, while Mr. Trader gave a clever characterization of the gardener.

Miss Browne was forceful as the dictatorial mother-in-law, and Miss Leavitt pleased as Sadie Ringler. Mr. Meek played Paul Barton, the trouble-making lawyer, with evident enjoyment.

The play next week will be "Sherlock Holmes," with Mr. Craig as the detective.

Wilson Melrose will make his first appearance at this theater in "The Aviator," Oct. 7.

Sept 25 1912

Ferguson farewells his guest at the railway station, and as he is about to mount his motor car spies you awaiting the train for Boston. "I say, Johnson, I want you to know Mr. Blizzard of Spokane. He'll keep you company. Be good to him." You had looked forward to a pleasant couple of hours in the smoking car. You had saved two cigars for this journey, and seen yourself reading the newspapers at leisure, or the short stories and advertisements in a magazine, and possibly making progress in George Finlay's masterly, but not engrossing "Greece Under the Romans." And now you have two hours with Blizzard, whom you have just met, a sorrowful, melancholy person, with an apologetic cough. Yes, he'll smoke. "I don't care if I do." This formula always excites your anger. He sits and says nothing but looks at you. Knowing nothing about Spokane, you talk desperately about it. "Wonderful city! Remarkable progress!" For a westerner, he is singularly uncommunicative. You try baseball, the prospects of a war between Germany and England, the pitiable condition of the stage; you question the sanity of Mr. Roosevelt and inquire into problems of irrigation. Hard labor for two hours—and you are without tobacco. You offer him a newspaper and a magazine. "No, I never read in a train; it's bad for the eyes." Exhausted, you arrive in Boston. Mr. Blizzard milks your hand. "I have enjoyed meeting you. If you ever come to Spokane let me know."

Of which one of us could not this fable be related? There is always a Ferguson who dumps a departing guest on friend or mere acquaintance. There is always a Mr. Blizzard—sometimes chatty, sometimes reserved. And who knows whether Mr. Blizzard is not more bored for the two hours than he that feels himself obliged to be entertaining?

Those Paris Book Stalls.

As the World Wags:

I regret to see in your valuable column that the book stalls are to be removed from the quays of Paris. I was never a "faneur," but many an hour I have spent among those stalls, deciding what books I could not afford to buy. One day I came across an evidently unread copy of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." It bore on the fly leaf of the first volume the inscription, "Presented by the author to M. Barthelemy de St. Hilaire." This great scholar and author was at first private secretary to M. Thiers, later senator and secretary for foreign affairs. He, although foreign secretary, might not have been able to read English. At any rate he had not cut the leaves, but had sent the work by book post to the second-hand dealer. Naturally, I did not inform my friend Motley of this find in my next letter to him, just as I did not tell Gen. Caleb Cushing, when I became intimate with him at Geneva in 1872, that when I was a student in Yale College in 1860, I heard him threaten a Democratic audience in New Haven that if they did not vote for the pro-slavery candidates, Breckenridge and Lane, "a man on horseback" would appear who would destroy their liberties. Breckenridge and Lane were not elected, the horseback man did not appear, and Gen. Cushing lived to be a good Republican, serving his country with distinguished ability at the Geneva tribunal for the Alabama claims.

To revert for a moment to the Paris book stalls. We have never had the pickings from them which our ancestors enjoyed, for one of the numerous Countesses Potocka, she whose pastel por-

trait with coiffure à la Marie Antoinette does not adorn the Berlin Museum, noted on a visit to Paris after the Great Revolution, that the book-stalls on the quays were filled with richly-bound volumes, stamped with the arms of the oldest French families, while second-hand dealers displayed superb portraits stolen from mansions the owners of which had perished by the guillotine.

S. ARTHUR BENT.

Seituate, Sept. 21, 1912.

"Saliva" This Time.

As the World Wags:

My attention has been directed to a discussion going on in this department regarding the correct spelling of the word "slyver" or "silver," used as a name for the soft, juicy inner bark of our Maine pines. If either of these spellings is correct then we who live hereabouts are hopelessly wrong. We have always spelled it "saliva," have pronounced it that way and have never questioned the meaning or spelling. Of course many boys slur over the three syllables until they sound as two—but that is true of many words which boys, old and young, use. I have scraped this bark from many limbs when a boy and always with the impression that I was scraping "saliva."

FRANK K. RICH.

East Eddington, Me.

M. Le Bargy Again.

M. Le Bargy, the playactor, says that a man cannot dress on less than \$6000 a year. Sir Herbert Tree hearing this said: "Pooh, pooh," likewise "Tush!" also "Go to!" He quoted this definition of a gentleman: one who can wear a clean collar without looking conspicuous, and attributed it to Nellie Farren. Was not H. J. Byron, the originator of this definition? A Bond street tailor said that with £1200 a man could wear a suit every other day. No, actors are not the best dressed men in London, but Stock Exchange men, foreign diplomats and hotel clerks are conspicuous for the material and fit of their clothes. And then he made this humiliating statement: "We are really living in an age of the one-suit-a-year man, and that is what London is really coming to in the matter of dress." How does M. Le Bargy spend his \$6000? Of course he has a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers. Does he sport lace waistcoats? Much can be done in the way of cravats. Pleated shirts are not within reach of the humblest, at least not the sort in which M. Victor Maurel, the baritone singer, delights.

Sept 26 1912

Prof. Whetham thinks that the English may become a darker, shorter and more emotional race; a nation "less try baseball, the prospects of a war between Germany and England, the pitiable condition of the stage; you question the sanity of Mr. Roosevelt and inquire into problems of irrigation. Hard labor for two hours—and you are without tobacco. You offer him a newspaper and a magazine. "No, I never read in a train; it's bad for the eyes." Exhausted, you arrive in Boston. Mr. Blizzard milks your hand. "I have enjoyed meeting you. If you ever come to Spokane let me know."

Of which one of us could not this fable be related? There is always a Ferguson who dumps a departing guest on friend or mere acquaintance. There is always a Mr. Blizzard—sometimes chatty, sometimes reserved. And who knows whether Mr. Blizzard is not more bored for the two hours than he that feels himself obliged to be entertaining?

There is sweet consolation, and Prof. Whetham and the Pall Mall Gazette should know it. American army surgeons meeting at San Francisco last month came to this conclusion: Blondes are normally as sober as brunettes, but they have not the same capacity for alcohol and are more likely to be intoxicated on a smaller consumption.

The Tar Brush in Paris.

As the World Wags:

You say that the Dumas were not less esteemed because of their negro blood, but Brunetiere's "Honore de Balzac" has on page 59 this: "It has been said of old Dumas that he was 'a natural force'; and never was a more pompous eulogy less deserved. The old Dumas was only a negro, thoroughly happy in exploiting the whites and grinning over it back to his ears." Here, I take it, the word negro is used with something like contempt. It is true, indeed, that in England and upon the continent of Europe a negro does not suffer from race prejudice and social ostracism as here, but it is true also that wherever Englishmen are associated with negroes in the mass the color line is strictly drawn. The white Africanders are far more brutal in their attitude toward the native negro than the whites of the United States are toward our colored population, and of course the attitude of the Englishman toward the Hindu is notoriously contemptuous. I understand that the Germans are brutal toward the negroes of their African possessions.

Possibly the French deal more justly and decently with the dark races than the Teutons, whether Germans or English. E. N. V.

Boston.

The translation of Brunetiere's remark is our own. "E. N. V." quoted the original French.

Prejudiced Brunetiere.

Our allusion to the position of the elder and younger Dumas in Paris followed a remark about the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor; the fact that his father was a negro did not work against him in England, where he was honored and beloved as composer, conductor and teacher by white audiences and white pupils. We also said that when he visited the United States his mixed blood debarred him from conducting certain choral societies which had gladly performed his "Hiawatha" trilogy or a part of it.

We believe our statement with regard to the Dumas is wholly correct in spite of Brunetiere and all his works. One sneer does not sniff away a wall of facts. The elder Dumas numbered among his friends, and not merely his parasites, men and women of Paris that were well worth knowing. The younger Dumas for many years was a power in Paris intellectually and socially. As our correspondent well knows, the Academy, which had refused to open its doors to the elder Dumas, Flaubert, Balzac, Gautier, Zola, Verlaine and other glories of French literature, did not refuse the younger Dumas because he had African blood in his veins, and as we have already said, the tar brush in the Heredia family did not prevent at least one of the daughters marrying into a noble family or bar the poetical father from the highest literary and social honors. That men with negro blood are often singularly attractive to Parisian women is shown in French prose and caricature of the last 20 years.

Brunetiere was a man of narrow vision and intense prejudices, opinionated, at heart a phillistine. Balzac, stung by an article, characterized the writer as "Le petit Sainte-Beuve." The same adjective might better be applied to Brunetiere. What he wrote about Dumas the elder, as quoted above, is more than unfair; it is wholly false.

Sept 27 1912

The people of the country are of a good stature, tawny coloured, broad faced. Flat nosed, and given much to druke both wine of Spaine, and also a certeine kind of wine which they make with hony of Maguelz, and roots, and other things which they use to put into the same. They call the same wine Pulque. They are soone drunke, and given to much beastlinesse, and void of all goodnesse. * * * whereupon they are defended from the drinking of wines, upon paines of money, as well he that selleth the wines as the Indian that drinketh the same. And if this commandement were not, all the wine in Spaine and in France were not sufficient for the West Indies onely.

Enter Mr. Witherspoon.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of drinks, Joe Bush was in town last month, up from Central America way on a flying trip to civilization. By way of celebration, Joe and I went one night to a burlesque show. At intermission, as we started out, I heard the man in front of me say to his companion: "Wish we were going out to drink tipachi instead of beer." I tried to catch up to him in the crowd, but lost him, and his seat was empty the last half of the show—Boston beer having apparently proved sufficiently alluring. Before hearing the quoted remark, I would have wagered that there wasn't a man in Boston or New England except myself and Joe that ever even heard of tipachi. It is a drink common in the desert country to the west of Tehuacan, in southern Mexico. Pulque is the Mexican national drink. It is drawn from the Maguey plant and is about the consistency and color of buttermilk, which it faintly resembles in flavor. Its alcoholic strength is that of a heavy beer. Fresh, it is a very pleasant drink. After three or four days it begins to turn sour, and its intoxicating qualities increase rapidly. Pulque two weeks old is sometimes used by the Peons, but is frightful stuff—"espantoso," as Beauregard Barrow would say.

A Nice Sunday Drink.

Tipachi is made by mixing pulque which has just begun to turn with the juice of pineapple, sweet limes, sugar cane and the crushed green berries of the pepper tree. Its flavor is a delicious, tingly, spicy, bitter-sweet, and, once tasted, never forgotten. It is usually served in a large cocotano shell or an earthen olla at one centavo, and a drink is anywhere from a pint to a quart. I well remember my introduction to tipachi. One hot Sunday morning we rode out of the hills into the little town of San Sebastian Zinacatepec and bought a welcome first drink at a little tienda on the outskirts. It was so good that we bought another at each other little tienda through the town, and then fearing we had missed some went back and did it all over again.

In the Good Old Days.

Gad! What a country that was back in the piping times of peace in the Diaz regime. There were a hundred villages

where you could ride in a day and make the acquaintance and accept the hospitality of the aristocracy of the town, get your belly full of grub and your skin full of booze, sit out under the moon in the early evening and listen to the guitars, dig up a fight or a love affair, or a love affair and a fight, spend the rest of the night battling with the chin-chas and at 5 A. M. hit the trail in the full radiant beauty of the desert dawn. There was more interest and action and solid fun to be had in 12 hours than most people get in a year. And what a choice band of merry desperadoes there was romping up and down that man's country from Panzango to Huahuapam de Leon. Bad Billy Dewan; Kling, a defaulter from Cleveland; Santiago Campobello (ne James Fairfield), the fighting cockney, late of the British army, hero of a dozen border wars and wearing a medal from the Queen; Dutch Fred, a rejected lover (he said, discarded) of (whisper it!) Fritz Scheff; Span Boeck, Black Doherty, Joe Bush and Pacific Slim, all gentlemen at large, and a dozen others. As savage and desperate, as courageous and resourceful a gang of rascals as ever committed crime. But they were men every time and all the time. They had to be, to weather that life of hard drinking, hard riding, hard fighting, the heat, and withal the wrenching of a free living from a sometimes reluctant peasantry.

Exeunt Omnes.

They are pretty well scattered now. Southern Mexico is too hot today for the most intrepid Gringo. Some of them have stood against the dopes and faced the firing squad. Billy Dewan got a Christmas present in 1908 of 10 years in the Ejutla pen; Joe Bush met up with Dutch Fred last June in Salvador; I am in Boston.

If I could write, I could tell of a dozen happenings each from the careers of Joe Bush, Pacific Slim and the Boeckney episodes, which for sheer thrill and romance and raw realism would make Jack London look like—well, like Eugene Sawyer—and whoever heard of him?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON

(alias Sloppy Bill, alias Bahama Bill, alias Big Bill, alias Bill Little).

Dorchester, Sept. 22.

Onward we move, a gay gang of blackguards! with mirth-shouting music and wild-flapping pennants of joy!

Sept 28 1912

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology, writes to us: "I was deeply interested in the paragraph about Englishmen becoming brunettes, volatile and emotional; also in your remark about the alcoholic capacity of blondes and brunettes with results, deplorable or benignant, incident to overstimulation. Let me add a sentence that I found in the miscellaneous works of Samuel Butler, the justly famous author of 'Hudibras': Black women decay sooner than those that are fair, and the fair sooner than the brown."

"I hope to mail this evening an account of certain distressing events in which I was not remotely concerned."

The Still-Vex'd Bermoothes.

Men from Bermuda are complaining in New York that they are neglected as islanders. They are asking for more vessels, expectant of freight and passengers. "The still-vex'd Bermoothes!" Let it not be forgotten that the title of a book describing sundry adventures of Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Capt. Newport and divers others runs as follows: "A discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels." Henry May, who "suffered shipwreck upon the isle of Bermuda" in 1593 said there were hogs there, "but so lean you could not eat them, by reason the island is so barren," but he found great store of fowl, fish and tortoises. And there was as good fishing for pearls there as any in the West Indies, but the place was subject to foul weather as thundering, lightning and rain. This shipwreck was wholly unnecessary and may have prejudiced the writer against the Bermudas. He was then on a ship "of Cacn in Normandy," whereof was captain one Monsieur Charles de la Barbotiere. The pilots had told the Frenchman he was out of danger, so they demanded of him their wine, the which they had. "And being, as it would seem, after they had their wine, being as it were drunken, through their negligence a number of good men were cast away; and I being but a stranger among 50 and odd Frenchmen & others, it pleased God to appoint me to be one of them that were saved, I hope to his service and glory."

How well the men wrote in those adventurous days! Mark the directness of the opening in the tale of the Salomon of 200 tons and the Jane Bonaventure of 40 tons that sailed to the Mexican gulf. "The Salomon was manned with an hundred men, all mariners, and the Jane with sixe and twenty, all like wise mariners. Wee came first to the Dounes in Kent, and never strooke saile in passing thence, untill we came to Cape S. Vincent on the coast of Portugal." This was in 1592.

Yet there are some who say wisely

at Shakespeare was not the author of plays attributed to him because he was plain man and could not write.

The Island's Glory.

Henry May said nothing about Bermuda onions, although he was on the island from the middle of December, 1893, to May 11, 1894. Nor do these islanders now in New York dwell on the surpassing merits of this onion, if the report of their conversation and behavior is trustworthy. All other onions are as naught. The Texan is as an apple of the Dead Sea. Yet it is not easy to procure the onion of Bermuda in these remote parts. Gladly would we see vessels of all descriptions from caravel to galleon, from pinnace to dreadnought, crowding the sea, laden with the Pacific onion, and the rum of Jamaica and Santa Cruz.

"Innerds" to "Innerds."

The ingenious editor of an entertaining column in the Daily Chronicle of London said that at a recent luncheon at his club, a man confessed that when the proper season came he was going to lunch off spring onions, cheese and beer for he had never tasted any one of them. The editor lifted up his voice: He had never tasted tripe, and would not know it if he saw it. Is tripe an acquired taste? Many years ago it was a favorite breakfast dish at the Manhattan Club of New York. We have forgotten how it was cooked, but it was better than it looked and smelt. It suggested a strip of rubber door mat with something spilled over it. They cook tripe in a pipkin in France and there is a brown sauce. Some smack their lips at the very thought of it. The one great temptation to revel in tripe lurks in "The Old Curiosity Shop." It is the description of the stew that the landlord of the Jolly Sandboys was superintending, the stew that touched the heart of Mr. Codlin. But there was not only tripe; cowheel, bacon, steak, peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes and sparrow-grass were all working up together in one delicious gravy. There were heroes then in England, Mr. Schloesser remembers a dinner eaten by George Borrow with the landlord and a commercial traveller at four P. M. somewhere about 1850. There was boiled mackerel, "rather a rarity," wrote Borrow, "at that time," with fennel sauce, a prime baron of roast beef, a tart and noble Cheshire cheese. And they drank sherry and porter. "After the cloth was removed we had a bottle of very good port." No wonder Mr. Schloesser exclaims, viewing the England of 1912: "What a pity that sort of thing is obsolete! It might be the re-making of more George Borrow's."

GEORGE BORROW in Wales has little or nothing to say about gypsies, nor does he relate singular adventures of the kind that enliven "Lavengro" and "The Bible in Spain." It has been said that the reason for his reticence was that Mrs. Borrow accompanied him on this Welsh occasion.

Perhaps Massenet's "Souvenirs" may disappoint some because he does not have too much to say about the women that shone in his operas. Massenet dedicated his memoirs to his grandchildren.

The music of this composer is peculiarly feminine—melodically, sentimentally, sensuously feminine. One of his French biographers, a rhapsodist, characterized it as having a "parfums yonique," a characterization not easily translated into our matter-of-fact English. And when Massenet would be dramatically vigorous, he is usually noisy, and his instrumentation, at other times delicate, exquisite, then reminds one of Saint-Saëns's dictum that women composers writing for orchestra are more violent than men, for they fear lest they be reproached for a lack of virility.

We all know that Massenet was under the spell of certain singers; that he was fascinated by women that sang in his operas, especially by Mme. Heilbronn and Miss Sibyl Sanderson. But in these memoirs he is as discreet as he is amiable. Blangini, the singer and composer, wrote his reminiscences with a sly wink. His pupils, aristocrats, countesses, duchesses, royalty itself, were dying for him, the magnetic, the irresistible one. A far greater than he, Hector Berlioz, did not hesitate to acquaint the world with the peculiarities of his two wives. Massenet pays due tribute to the artistic worth of his singers; his voice rises as he praises Miss Sanderson; but there is not a line that others who knew and admired these stage women might not have written.

The composer Xavier Leroux admits in his preface to the "Souvenirs" that the reputation of Massenet as the "musicien de la femme" is justified. And, by the way, M. Leroux in this preface soars with his own slinging clothes about him. Witness a flight: "The guardian of the fire is no more. In spite of the sinister howlings of nocturnal birds—envious composers—who beat their wings against the glass cage in which he maintained the central light, his work will continue to blaze eternally."

The Eve of Massenet is a Parisian cocotte. His Mary Magdalen is a "grande amoureuse" even after her conversion; a true sister of Thais. There is a group of noble dames, Eve, the Magdalen, Esclarmonde, Salome, the heroine of "The Mage," Manon, Thais. Even the patient Griselda of Boccaccio and Chaucer in Massenet's opera listens to the tempter with a too willing ear.

The "Souvenirs" reveals first of all the availability of Massenet, his wish to find good in everything, his kindness toward younger musicians, his courtesy, and also a harmless self-appreciation. There is nothing about his birthplace, a little village near St. Etienne, the town of mines and factories so picturesquely described by Jules Janin some 80 years ago. His mother was the best of mothers. "She gave me my moral education," and she insisted when he was 10 years old that every night he should jot down the events of the day, and not be ashamed to note an unworthy speech or action. The father had been an army officer under Napoleon, and a friend of Marshal Soult. The mother taught Jules—Massenet, for some strange reason, never wished to be called Jules, and said to some one: "If you must give me a name, call me Monsieur Massenet"—and the boy passed the examination at the Conservatory in 1851. His mother had been his only teacher. He was small for his age and of a delicate constitution.

Massenet has much to say about his teachers, but he does not tell how Bazin, a morose pedant, despairing of his progress in harmony, took him by the shoulders and pushed him out of the room saying: "Get out. You'll never amount to anything." The story of his career as a composer may be found in any biographical dictionary. Let us rather look at the more personal and anecdotal pages.

As a boy he used to see much of the caricaturist Cham, a friend of the family, and going to the apartment of

Coudé's mother, he would play the piano to them. Some years afterward Clara married her and sent out no announcement of the wedding to his friends. When he was reproached for this, he answered: "But I did and got invitations, they were even many times."

He saw Berlioz conducting his "Eulalie du Christ"; he gave piano lessons at a third rate school; he knew poverty, he became a kettle drum player at the Theatre Lyrique and played the pulsatile instruments at the balls of the Opera. Soon he was gaining \$16 a month. Gradually he received a higher price for his piano lessons. He lived in a house inhabited largely by clowns and other people of the Cirque Napoleon. He heard music by Berlioz and Wagner, his gods, at the Parnassian concerts; he was the kettle drummer when Gounod conducted the rehearsals of his "Faust"; he saw Reyher when his "Statue" was performed smoking innumerable cigars behind the scenes, and later Reyher told him that in Liszt's room at Rome there were religious pictures and images on the walls, so that Reyher apologized for smoking, fearing lest it might inconvenience these "angust personages."

"No," answered Liszt, "it is always an incense."

There were the singers at The Theatre Italien, Penco, Frezzolini, Mario, Graziani, Delle Sedie, Zucchini; but Massenet does not describe them; there is only vague praise. As he was going to Rome, having taken the grand prize, Auber said to Berlioz: "That youngster will do well, when he has less experience."

The chapters about his life in Rome are fresh and entertaining. The author lived it over again when he wrote them. There is a touch of malice, as the word is used by the French. He tells of a young painter starting for Rome, and his teacher, Couder, the favorite artist of Louis Philippe, saying to him with unctious:

"And, above all, don't forget my style." It was of Couder that Louis Philippe said: "He pleases me. He draws correctly; has satisfactory color, and his prices are not dear." Massenet tells of the practical jokes played on the new comers at the Villa Medici; of the impression made on him by the city, the surrounding country, and his companions. Already he dreamed of his "Marie Magdeline," and in the forest of Subiaco noted a melody played by a shepherd on the zampogna, a melody that begins the oratorio as we now know it. He became acquainted with Liszt and the girl who became his wife was then Liszt's pupil.

"This exquisite young girl two years later became my beloved wife, a companion always devoted, sometimes anxious, the witness of my failures and my spells of energy, my joys and my sorrows. With her I have climbed these many steps of life, which, though they are not so steep as those that lead to Ara Coeli, that altar of the skies which recalls at Rome the celestial dwellings always pure and cloudless, have led me in a path sometimes difficult and where the roses are plucked in the midst of thorns." One can easily imagine the melody which Massenet might have set to these words.

Pleasant also is the description of his travels in Italy. When he returned to Paris, his "Poeme d'Avril" was refused by leading publishers, until Georges Hartmann, beginning as a publisher of music, accepted the manuscript—and did not pay the composer a sou.

Marie Roze was to have been the heroine of Massenet's first opera, "La Grand Tante," but she was replaced by Marie Heilbronn, to whom 17 years later he gave the part of Manon. How little he says about this once famous singer and actress!

It was in 1881 that Massenet was asked to set music to "Phoebe," a libretto by Meilhac. The musician found no inspiration in it. He called on the author, who was in his richly furnished library. "Is it completed?" asked Meilhac.

"Yes; let us never speak of it again." And as Massenet, perplexed, nervous, looked about him, he saw the title of a book and exclaimed:

"Manon."

"It's 'Manon Lescaut' you wish then?"

"No, Manon, just Manon."

The next day breakfasting, with Meilhac, the composer found under his napkin the first two acts of "Manon." The two worked amicably together. They agreed on the scene in St. Sulpice, and for a contrast Massenet insisted on the "Act of Transylvanie." Philippe Gille assisted them. This was in 1881. In 1883 Mme. Miolan-Carvalho heard the reading of the music. "Why am I not 20 years younger!" Massenet consoled her by dedicating "Manon" to her, but who was to take the part of the heroine? At first they decided on Mme. Vaillant-Couturier, and she began to work, but she was then singing in an operetta by Lecocq. "She interested me greatly, and, as I thought, bore an astonishing resemblance to a young florist of the Boulevard des Capucines. Without ever having spoken (prophetic!) to this delicious young girl, I was obsessed by the vision, and the thought of her was ever with me. This was, indeed, the Manon whom I had seen, whom I saw always before me as I worked." The manager of the Nouveautés would not let Mme. Vaillant-Couturier, then Mlle. Vaillant, go, and while they were talking

Massenet observed that Berlioz had his eyes on a pretty girl that bedecked with roses, which was going up and down the foyer. This hat moved toward Massenet.

"A debutant, then, no longer is called a debutante?"

"Heilbronn!" I exclaimed.

"Herself."

She reminded him of his first opera and the part she took in it. At the time she was not singing. "No, I am rich, and yet, shall I confess it, I wish to go back to the stage, I am haunted by the theatre. If I could only find a good role!" Massenet told her of his "Manon," and that night, or, rather, morning, for it was then nearly midnight, played the music in her apartment on the Champs-Élysées. It was 4:30 when he was through. She had been moved to tears and from time to time she would exclaim: "It's my life; that is my life!"

"The following year, after more than 80 consecutive performances, I learned the death of Marie Heilbronn. Ah, who will tell artists how faithful we are to their memory, how attached we are to them; the great grief which the day of the eternal separation brings to us? I should prefer to stop performances rather than to have the part sung by another."

Truly praiseworthy devotion! But let us listen to M. Massenet. "Some time afterward the Opera Comique disappeared in flames, and 'Manon' was not performed for 10 years. It was the dear and unique Sibyl Sanderson that revived the work at the Opera Comique. She played at the 200th. A glory was reserved for me at the 500th, when the part of Manon was taken by Mme. Marguerite Carre. Some months ago this captivating and exquisite artist was applauded the night of the 740th performance. Let me be permitted to salute in passing the fine artists who have also taken the part: Mlle. Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar (sic), Lina Cavalieri, Mme. Brejean-Silver, Mlle. Courtenay, Genevieve Vix, Mmes. Edvina and Nicot-Vauchet—and how many other dear artists besides! They will pardon me if their names do not come at this moment to my grateful pen."

Sibyl Sanderson has a chapter to herself: "Une Etolle."

In 1887 Carvalho had refused to produce Massenet's "Werther" at the Opera-Comique. In May this opera house was burned, and as we all know the opera was first produced in Vienna. Not till 1892 did Carvalho ask for "Werther." The week of acceptance Massenet and his wife were dining with Edmond de Goncourt and Charpentier at the Daudet's. After the dinner a young girl sang to them. Her name was Marie Delna, and Massenet, transported, cried out as he took her hands: "Be Charlotte! Our Charlotte!" In the mean time Sibyl Sanderson had reigned.

Discouraged because Carvalho did not find in "Werther" another "Manon," the composer went to dine with an American family. He had refused, but at last was persuaded. "It seemed to me that my afflicted heart might find there balm for its despair. Does one ever know?" He sat at table by a woman who was a composer of talent. A French diplomat sat on her other side, a man of extravagant compliments. There was a babel of American, English, German and French. Massenet remembers this passage at arms.

The diplomat—You are then always the child of the muses, a new Orpheus?

The woman—Is not music the consolation of distressed souls?

The diplomat (in an insinuating manner)—Do you not find love stronger than sounds in effacing the troubles of the heart?

The woman—Yesterday I felt myself consoled; I wrote music to the "Vase brisé."

The diplomat (poetically)—A nocturne without doubt.

The dinner was at an end. There was to be music and Massenet was about to leave, when two women in black, one young, the other older, were introduced. "The younger was extraordinarily pretty. The other was her mother, a beauty also, of that wholly American type of beauty, such as the stately republic often sends to us. 'Dear master,' said the young woman with a slight accent, 'I was asked to come into this friendly house tonight, that I might have the honor of seeing you and letting you hear my voice. I have lost my father, a supreme judge in America. He left my sisters, myself and my mother a large fortune, but I wish to go to the opera house.' (She thus expressed herself.) 'If I succeed there and I am blamed for my wish, I shall reply that success excuses everything.' Without further remarks, I yielded to her wish and sat before the piano. 'You will excuse me,' she added, 'if I do not sing your music. It would be hold to do this before you, and I shall not be so bold.' Hardly had she said these words, when her voice sounded in a magical and fascinating manner in the aria of the Queen of Night from 'The Magic Flute.' What a miraculous voice! It went from G below the staff to G an octave above the staff, three octaves in full voice and

MAGDA' GIVEN

ST. JAMES THEATRE—Nance O'Neill and the St. James Theatre company in "Magda," a play in four acts by Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Charles E. A. Winslow.

Magda.....K. W. Theodore Friebus
Mrs. Magda.....Nancy O'Neill
Mrs. Magda.....Ethel Grey Terry
Mrs. Magda.....Kate Ryan
Mrs. Magda.....Beth Franklin
Mrs. Magda.....Dudley Hawley
Mrs. Magda.....Robert T. Haines
Mrs. Magda.....Harry Fearing

Miss O'Neill's engrossing impersonation of Sudermann's heroine is well known to Boston and the actress recently appeared as Magda at the Magic Theatre.

Yesterday afternoon there were certain crudities in her performance. She was at times lacking in finess and lines were occasionally wanting in effect because delivered with insufficient contrast.

This Magda was an emaciated woman whose home coming gratified a caprice. She was imperious and fault-finding, a pampered prima donna freed from the fetters of conventional domesticity. She was contemptuous of her home and intolerant of the failings of her family. Only the realization that she had been gravely to blame for her father's condition brought her to attempt reparation.

Miss O'Neill was at her best in her interview with Von Keller. There was no sign of lingering tenderness or emotion aroused by memories. The man's apparition was hideous to her though she forbore to pursue him with revenge. Her scorn, her icy disdain, her mordant mockery of him were admirably simulated and her impassioned denunciation of her former lover was given with telling effect.

Miss O'Neill was equally successful in the scene with Schwartz when she defended her life, braved his parental authority and refused to abandon her child.

Mr. Friebus gave a consistent impersonation of the stern and tyrannical Schwartz. Mr. Haines played Pastor Heffterdingt with clerical suavity and Mr. Fearing as Von Keller was sleek and verbose. Others in the cast gave excellent support.

There was a large and appreciative audience.

also in pianissimo. I was thunder-struck, overmastered. When such voices are found, it is fortunate that there are theatres for them, they belong to the world. I should also say that I had recognized not only the unique character of this organ, but also an intelligence, a flame, a personality which were luminously disclosed in her admirable eyes. These qualities are of the first importance in the opera house."

Massenet, running to tell Hartmann, about this wonderful voice, found the publisher preoccupied. He asked Massenet if he would write the music for an opera to be performed in the year of the exposition, 1889. "I took the manuscript and had scarcely run over a scene or two when I cried in a burst of absolute conviction: 'I have a singer for this part. I heard her yesterday. She is Mlle Sibel Sanderson. She will create Esclarmonde, the heroine of this new opera which you offer to me.' The new manager of the Opera Comique engaged Miss Sanderson at Massenet's request and agreed without discussion to the price proposed by them for her appearances. After 191 performances she went to Brussels to create the part there. "Esclarmonde" should remain the living souvenir of the rare and beautiful artist whom I chose to create the work in Paris: It allowed her to make her name for ever famous."

"Sibel Sanderson! Not without poignant emotion do I recall this singer cut down by pitiless death in full beauty, in the glorious bloom of her talent. Ideal Manon at the Opera Comique; unforgettable Thais at the opera, these parts identified themselves with the temperament, the choice soul of this nature, one of the most magnificently endowed that I have known. An unconquerable inclination pushed her into the opera house, to become there the glowing interpreter of several of my works; but what an intoxicating joy for us composers to write operas, roles for artists that realize our dreams."

While Massenet worked on "Esclarmonde" during the summers of 1887 and 1888 at the Grand Hotel, Vevey, Miss Sanderson, her mother and her sisters were also stopping there, and every evening from 5 to 7 she sang the pages that he had composed during the day.

"Thais" was written for the Opera Comique because Miss Sanderson was then a member of the company; but she, thoughtless girl, signed with Gailhard for the Opera without taking the trouble to inform Carvalho beforehand. Gailhard told Massenet that he proposed to produce "Thais" with Miss Sanderson at the Opera. "You have the artist; the work will follow her," said Massenet. "I could say nothing else. I remember, however, the excited reproaches of Carvalho. He almost accused me of ingratitude, and God knows whether I deserved it!" The day after the first performance the managers were gloomy. "Bad press. Immoral subject. It's done for." "But for 17 years," writes Massenet, "the opera has not left the bill boards; it has been played in the provinces, in foreign lands; and at the Opera itself 'Thais' long ago passed the 100th performance. . . . Could I suspect that I should see this same piano score of 'Thais,' dating from 1894, in the drawing room of Sibel Sanderson's mother, on the rack of the same piano that served our studies, and long after the beautiful singer was no more?"

There is this note about the funeral, which Mr. Arnold Bennett informs us inspired him to write the last pages of "The Book of Carlotta."

The funeral attracted many, and "a veil of sadness seemed to shroud the crowd." "Albert Carre and I followed the coffin. We walked the first behind that which remained, poor, dear remains of beauty, grace, kindness, talent, with all its seductions; and as we marked the general emotion Albert Carre, interpreting the mental attitude of the crowd toward the beautiful departed, uttered these words, eloquent in their brevity, words that will live: 'She was loved.' What homage more simple, touching

and just to the memory of her who is no more?"

There is always an appreciative word for any woman that sang in any one of his operas. "The voice, the beauty, the talent, of this artist by birth," he said of Lina Pacary. At the villa d'Este, a guest of the Ricordis, he saw "an adorable young girl, a rose just blooming. This exquisite voice, already prodigiously supple, was that of the future artist who afterward made herself forever memorable in her creation of 'Lakme' by my glorious and regretted Leo Delibes. I have named Maria Van Zandt." Aino Ackte, in "La Vierge," was "truly sublime." The "talent, reputation and beauty" of Marthe Duvivier marked her for the role of Salome at Brussels. There is "the sublime" Mme. Elides Devries. There is the "beautiful and individual" talent of Marie de l'Isle. Lina Cavalleri created the part of Thais in Milan. "Her beauty, her admirably plastic art, her warm and colored voice, her passionate outbursts captured the public, which extolled her to the skies." There is the "charming artist," Julia Gulraudon, now the wife of Henri Cain, the journalist and librettist, who for a time was betrothed to Emma Calve. Mlle. Gulraudon was Massenet's first Cinderella. As for Mme.

Georgette Leblanc, she is "tres personnelle," and nothing could be fairer than this tribute. Lucienne Brevet's creation of Griselda was "superb," and Massenet remarks "concerning this opera: 'I was very fond of this piece. Everything in it pleased me.'"

He writes elsewhere, however, that in his long career four operas gave him a joy which he would characterize gladly as "exquisite," while he was at work—"Marie Magdeleine," "Werther," "Sapho" and "Therese."

Mlle. Chasle who danced the leading part in his ballet "Cligale" is "ravishing and talented." Lucy Arbell, the Belle Dulcinee of his "Don Quichotte" is "glittering and extraordinary" and he quotes with gusto a newspaper notice of her performance of the blind Posthumus in his "Roma," in which the inspired critic described her as a "great lyric tragedian, the face artificially old but purely beautiful by reason of the classic lines," and praised her "impressive acting and the grave and velvet tones of her voice."

Thus Massenet dipped his pen in honey. No wonder that he shone as president of the Institute and the Academy of Fine Arts. At the public meeting of the Five Academies on Oct. 25, 1910, it was his duty to eulogize the dead of the past year. He then spoke of Alexander Agassiz as "dying on the vessel that bore him back to America, having left one of your meetings. A great zoologist, he was the chief representative of marine biology in the United States."

His tribute to William James was more elaborate: "Musicians have always been drawn toward that concert of the stars of which the divine Plato speaks, and they would in their turn find here something of it. I myself have estab-

lished on the height of my dear retreat at Egreville a sort of observatory, not, I hasten to say, with the fallacious hope of searching into the celestial music, but to choose there with greater care by the aid of a telescope the planet on which I should like to pass my second existence. For there is no doubt concerning another life, since the American philosopher, William James, the associate member recently lost by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the author of 'L'Immortalite Humaine' and 'L'Univers Pluralistique,' gives us hope of this future. He is regarded as the most illustrious thinker that America has produced since Emerson. His 'Pragmatisme' especially established his reputation and created a sort of new religion. And it is there that he affirmed in the warmest terms his spiritual belief. He has pushed his convictions to the point of leaving after him messages reserved for several adepts of the 'Societe de Recherches Psychiques,' promising them to communicate with them from 'the other side.'"

And so there is a kind word or affectionate pat on the shoulders for all the composers, publishers, conductors, male singers. When Massenet was in Milan he heard Caruso at the beginning of his career. "This tenor, now famous, was very modest then, and when I saw him a year afterwards, wrapped in a heavy fur coat, it was apparent that his salary had mounted crescendo. To be sure I did not, seeing him, envy him his brilliant fortune, or his indisputable talent, but I regretted my inability, above all during that winter, to don his warm and sumptuous overcoat." It was at Milan that Massenet played his little joke on Sonzogno, at whose house he dined. Sonzogno, the publisher, was then at swords-points with Ricordi, and Mascagni put an Orsini bomb made out of cardboard under Sonzogno's napkin with Ricordi's card before the dinner was announced. This made the guests laugh.

He called with Emile Bergerat on Theophile Gautier, and experienced an inexpressible emotion as he approached the great poet. "He was not in the

aurora of life, but what youthfulness, what vivacity of thought, what richness in the imagery with which his slightest words were adorned." This "illustrious Benvenuto of style" suggested two subjects for a ballet: "The Hateacher" and "The Earl King's Daughter." The remembrance of Schubert frightened Massenet from attempting the latter, and nothing came of the former.

Before Massenet began work on "Werther" a libretto based on Murger's "Vie de Boheme" was proposed to him. He had known and admired Murger, and he saw him at the Du-hols Hospital shortly before his death. "I was by his bed when M. Schuane (the Schumann of 'La Vie de Boheme') was ushered in. He, seeing Murger eating some magnificent grapes for which he had spent his last louis, said to him with a smile: 'How stupid of you to drink your wine in pills.' Massenet had also known Musette. "It seemed to me that no one was better fitted than I to be the composer of 'La Vie de Boheme.' But all these heroes were my friends. I was in the habit of seeing them daily, and I understand now why Hartmann thought that the moment had not yet come to write this opera so Parisian, to sing this romance that had been intensely lived."

Massenet, friend of Corot, Gerome and Harpignies, also knew Leconte de Lisle, for whose tragedy, "Les Erlinnyes," he wrote incidental music, of which the

opera was a sort of its original form as a symphonic solo, is characteristically Massenet. Leconte de Lisle's "Olympian attitude" impressed him. "What an admirable physiognomy with that eyeglass, which was as though enameled, and through which the eyes blazed with dazzling brilliancy." That he was not fond of music is a mere legend, one wrongly told of Gaultier and Alphonse Laudet.

Bizet, Saint-Saens, Gounod, Delibes, Royer, Lalo—for them and others Massenet cannot find adjectives enough in his huge dictionary of praise. And there is mention of the "sublime works" of Cesar Franck. Even Reynaldo Hahn's "He du Reve" is an "exquisite score" and the composer a "veritable master." "How this music has the gift of enveloping you with its warm caresses!" Hahn, by the way, was a pupil of Massenet.

Gounod could be hysterical in turn. He wrote to Massenet after a performance of "Eve" in 1875: "The triumph of an elect should be a festival for the church. You are of the elect, my dear friend; heaven has marked you with the sign of its children. . . . Prepare yourself for the role of martyr; it is the role of all that comes from on high and vexes that which comes from below. Remember that when God said: 'This one is a chosen vessel,' he added: 'And I will show him how it will be necessary for him to suffer for my name. Spread your wings boldly, my dear friend, and trust yourself fearlessly to the regions on high where the bullet of earth cannot reach the bird of heaven.'"

There is a story of a tenor, Fanselli, who took part in the Italian performance of "Le Roi de Lahore." He had a "superb" voice, but his habitual gesture was the putting of his hands, wide

open and with fingers spread, before him. For this reason he was nicknamed "Cinque e cinque fanno dieci." (Five and five make ten.)

At Brussels where "Herodlade" was first performed there was a queer incident. The librettist Blau had dined the night before his death with one of the managers of the Monnaie. On his way to the house he had looked attentively at coffins displayed in the shop of an undertaker. "As we came to say the final farewell and the body of Blau had been placed in a receiving tomb by the side of a coffin covered with white roses and holding the corpse of a young girl, one of the bearers remarked that if Blau had been consulted he would not have preferred a better neighbor, while the superintendent of funerals made this reflection: 'We have done things well. M. Blau had noticed a superb coffin, and we have let him have it at a very low price.' Ah! that sad winter's day!"

Massenet remembered how shabbily his operas were mounted in the earlier years. In the provinces they used old scenery, and he was often obliged to

hear the stage manager say: "For the first act we have found an old back scene of 'La Favorite'; for the second, two scenes of 'Rigoletto,' etc." "There was an obliging director who, knowing that on the eve of a first performance I needed a tenor, offered me one, but warned me: 'This artist knows the role, but I ought to tell you that he has always come to grief in the third act.' There is also a story of a bass who used to say to him: 'My voice descends in such a manner that the tone cannot be found on the piano.' And here is Massenet's cheerful comment: 'Ah, well, all these friendly artists were brave and valiant. They served me well and had their years of success.'"

There are one or two stories about Verdi. Mme. Cavalleri gave a farewell breakfast to Massenet at the Hotel de Milan, and the table was laid in the large room next the chamber in which Verdi had died. This bedroom was kept as the great composer left it. The grand piano was there; inkstand, pen and blotting paper with the notes that he had traced were there; and on the wall, ranging on a nail, was a starched shirt, the last that he had worn, and the curious could see where the body had touched it. Little bits of linen had been cut off and borne away by souvenir maniacs. "Verdi! It is all Italy victorious, the Italy of Victor Emmanuel II. up to our day. Bellini is the image of unhappy Italy under the yoke of former days."

But Massenet saw Verdi in the flesh at Genoa. The Frenchman went to the first floor of the old Dorta palace and found a card with the name "Verdi" on the door of a dark corridor. Verdi himself opened the door, and Massenet was overcome by his frankness, suavity, and the nobility of manner, emphasized by the height of stature. They talked together in a most friendly way, in the bed chamber and on the terrace, overlooking the port, with the deep sea beyond on the horizon.

"I had the delusion that he himself was a Doria showing me with pride his triumphant fleets." And Massenet, leaving, said, now that he had visited him, he was truly in Italy. He took up his valise and told Verdi it contained manuscripts which never left him when he journeyed. "Verdi, seizing brusquely as I did, never wishing to be separated from his work when travelling. How I should have preferred to have the valise

hold his music rather than mine." The master accompanied me thus, even to my carriage."

The singular, perhaps prophetic, account of what would happen immediately after Massenet's death has already been translated and widely published in American journals.

In December, 1911, pupils of Massenet paid tribute to him as a friend and teacher, and a few of the letters or articles are published in these "Souvenirs," with a few of Massenet's addresses as a supplement.

Reynaldo Hahn informs us that Massenet never imposed his own ideas on a student, but endeavored to identify himself with each pupil, and in correction of a manuscript tried to revise according to the individuality. Hahn never heard him say a disagreeable word. He would criticize in this manner: "I am rather sorry about this passage. You have not wholly expressed yourself as you wished. I know very well what you intended" (and then he would describe it with nice precision). "Well, let us work together. It's hard, but—yes—I think I have found a way. How was it you did not see it, since you have indicated it instinctively of your own accord? See, there it is." Yet he could be good-naturedly ironical. "He said one day to a pupil now comparatively celebrated, but whose complex and sterile nature he enjoyed slightly, after looking at some orchestral pages: 'It is interesting. It is curious how well you orchestrate your music.' And some days later, as this pupil submitted to him a song or a piano piece: 'It's entertaining—it's interesting. How well you make the music of your orchestra.'"

Others say that, teaching, he invoked examples from painting, statuary, literature, nature. Thus he once urged Charles Levaude not to forget the piccolo in a passage: "It is a touch of vermillion." He would explain the difference between the three storms, those of the Pastoral Symphony, "William Tell" and "Philemon and Baucis": The symphonic storm, the opera storm, the opera-comique storm.

Nor are letters from Lucy Arbell and Julia Gulraudon lacking. The former says that when Massenet brought for the first time to an interpreter the music of her part, he wished her immediately to render the sentiment, the character, the nuances—everything. He would not admit of hesitation. "But when he knew that he was understood, what a change! He was joyous, grateful; he spoke with kindness and heaped praise upon you."

Exaggeration at the beginning—exaggeration at the end."

Mme. Gulraudon remembered that Massenet was the first to applaud her in Paris. She came from Bordeaux to sing in the competition for admission to the Conservatory. One of the members of the jury clapped when she sang. An attendant said to her: "You ought to be satisfied. M. Maesenet has applauded you." She was radiantly happy; but going into the foyer she heard 20 or more girls chattering:

"She had good luck."

"Is it true that Maesenet applauded you?"

"Impossible!"

"Yes."

"No."

And then happily the mother of one of the competitors put all in accord by making authoritatively this venomous speech: "I just said to my daughter, 'Massenet always applauds—when one sings his music.'"

"Now my selection as a trial piece was the grand air from Halevy's 'La Juive.'"

And yet the mother was undoubtedly correct in her statement. The proof is in these "Souvenirs."

Not long ago Mr. Runciman of the Saturday Review wrote a bitter, almost malignant article on the occasion of Massenet's death. On the other hand "M. Pouglin was extravagant in praise. It has been the fashion in Paris for the ultra radicals to sneer at Massenet, as in years gone by some, suspecting him of too great interest in Bayreuth, spoke of him as 'Mlle. Wagner.'"

I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet. It is as dangerous as it is easy to say of this one that his name will long be memorable; of that one that his music will not be heard ten years from now.

Massenet as a composer had grave faults; he also had rare virtues.

His melodic thought is fluent, often charming, at times distinguished, as a rule individual. It is tenderly emotional; it has a peculiar and haunting melancholy; too often it becomes sugary and sentimental. When he would be dramatically powerful, he is often bombastic and vulgar; when he would be vivacious, his measures are too often only operatic jingle. He was thoroughly versed in routine; he was a master of his trade. Often fortunate in creating an atmosphere by his harmonic scheme with the orchestral dress, he seldom rose to any commanding height of tragedy, nobility or spirituality.

He showed imagination in his orchestral suites. Some of his songs are delightfully fanciful, adorably simple.

He understood the emotions of the "petite dame," so dear to Henri Mella; his grand courtesans are in reality the sisters of this "petite dame." When he would be sensuous, he would not infre-

quently become a study in itself, as in a once famous scene of "Esclarmonde."

There are certain operatic pages that will long give pleasure. "Manon" is a delicate bit of Dresden china, but nothing could be finer or more appropriately expressive than the music of the greater part of the first and second acts. There is admirable music in "Werther," though the subject and the gloomy, maudlin hero are boring to any audience out of Germany. "La Navarraise," as short and brutal as "A Yorksire Tragedy," is in its way a masterpiece, and is to his other works as "A Tale of Two Cities" to the more characteristic novels of Dickens. The nocturne in this "Navarraise"; the exotic music of the Hindu Paradise in "Le Roi de Lahore"; the ballet music of "The Cid"—these pages were written by a man to whom it would be folly to deny great talent, if not a certain genius. The finer Massenet is here disclosed—as in the Legend of the Sage Bush in "Le Jongleur." Unfortunately there is another Massenet, the man of the Meditation of Thais, abominable in its cheap sentiment, the composer who, under the spell of a voluptuous singer, seemed for a time merely a worshipper at the shrine of the great goddess Lubricity.

There was an unusual occurrence in Queen's Hall, London, early this month. Five Orchestra Pieces by Arnold Schoenberg of Vienna were played for the first time in England, and some of the audience hissed. Booming at plays is uncommon in London; certain orchestral compositions by Max Reger have been hissed in towns of Germany; but in Paris and singers in Italian cities have met with audible, vegetable and oviform approval, but hissing in a London concert hall is an extraordinary event.

It is true that the majority of the critics did not like Schoenberg's music. I was evidently perplexed, disconcerted. The Athenaeum thought it a pose and asked why the ears of a promenade audience should be "tortured with scrapping sounds and perpetual discord." The critic strove bravely to be funny. The program stated that according to Dr. Anton von Webern, this music of Schoenberg "contains the experience of his emotional life," whereupon the Athenaeum remarked: "that experience must have been of a strange, not to say unpleasant character." Ha! Ha. Likewise, Ho! Ho!

The Times said the music was "like a poem in Tibetan; not one single soul in the room could possibly have understood it at a first hearing. . . . The music seemed to be a study in textures. . . . At the conclusion half the audience hissed. That seems a too decisive judgment, for after all, they may turn out to be wrong; the other half applauded more vehemently than the case warranted, for it could hardly have been from understanding." The Daily Telegraph found much that was shocking, but admitted that there was deliberate logic and unsurpassable technical skill. "It is a 'human document' bewildering enough, it is true, but human and immensely personal to the writer himself." The Daily Express was reminded of the "incongruous combinations that so troubled the sleep of the Lord Chancellor in 'Iolanthe.'" The Pall Mall Gazette published a thoughtfully considered and discriminative review.

The Boon

of Intolerance

The London Times was moved by this event to publish an article that was as extraordinary as the occurrence itself. The article is entitled "The Boon of Intolerance."

The writer does not discuss the quality of the music that provoked the hissing; this music may be as the advance guard of a conquering army; it may be only a wild, eccentric expression of an abnormal mind. It matters not; it was a pleasure to find an audience really interested, prepared to risk a reputation in supporting one side or the other.

"One of the most depressing signs of the feeble pulse with which the musical life of London usually beats is the meek acceptance of everything which is offered. Applause in the concert room and the opera house is as much a social convention as was the frigid 'Thank you' of the mid-Victorian hostess after 'The Battle of Prague' or 'I'm a Roamer.'" It does not pretend to pass any judgment on the performance or the composition; it merely recognizes that something has been offered for the entertainment of the company which requires civil acknowledgment."

The Critic's Life at Stake

This comes in part from the remembrance of misdeeds taken and foolish judgments passed in years gone by. The professional critics remember how their predecessors wrote about composers now acknowledged great, as Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner. They recall the reception of "Tannhauser" in Paris, the discussion of Brahms's first symphony; and, not to go back to the failure of "The Barber of Seville" and "Carmen" on the first night, they recollect that "Madama Butterfly" was howled off the Milan stage.

"There is also in this fearfulness the element of self-importance which is the hall-mark of the bad critic. It supposes that we have really the power of life and death through the turn of a thumb.

The latter power seems too terrible to be exercised." Whether a critic be a professional one and attempts murder in an article, or is one of a miscellaneous audience and hisses or claps, his action does not affect the life of a work. It is he himself that is in danger of judgment. If he be timid, irresolute, non-committal, he makes no progress. "So we may believe that even in the most perverse artistic judgments those who gave vent to them were struggling to work out their own salvation in the only way they saw open to them at the time."

An Encouraging Exercise of Judgment

The writer proceeds to argue that in England, "where ideas about art and about music in particular are still in an embryonic state, it is more important to get people to exercise judgment and to express an opinion than to be quite sure that the opinion expressed is a right one. That comes at an altogether later stage. In Germany, for example, where sharp conflict of artistic opinion is the rule, it is apt to become futile because it is governed not by the exercise of individual perception but by an artificial system of party politics." When Schoenberg's music was played in Queen's Hall, the hissing and the applause showed that some found the music no music at all, and others thought it was. It was eminently right that both should express themselves.

But is not any frank expression of crude opinion too hard on the artist? The writer makes this answer: "The temporary inconvenience to the artist would be nothing but a very small penalty paid for the privilege of being a great artist. Moreover, the artist would have the compensation of knowing when he had really touched his audience deeply, and be spared the humiliation of accepting the polite 'I thank you' from those who have no ears to hear."

I doubt whether this thought would soothe a gentleman that had been hissed.

De Te

Fabula

The Pall Mall Gazette commenting editorially on the article published in the Times ends the note: "The meekness with which a great deal of bad work is received in the playhouse as in the concert hall is one of the most disastrous marks of present-day English politeness."

This remark is as true of Boston as of London, but let us now confine ourselves to the concert hall and opera house.

Applause showered on pianists, violinists or singers in our concert halls is indiscriminate, often thoughtless, sometimes pernicious. It may be said that any soloist at a first-class concert is supposed to be worthy of applause. For some years the high standard has not been so inexorably maintained even in Symphony Hall. It is not necessary to

name names. We can all recall instances where the performance of a soloist was mediocre, and there was wonder at the engagement. These instances, however, have been few. A conductor has been too good-natured, too kind-hearted, and has yielded to the persuasion of a teacher or an influential friend. Lo and behold! The unworthy one was applauded by the audience, recalled! After it was all over, the very ones that had applauded, either through a false sense of courtesy or through nervousness, would often complain bitterly of the performance. Applause is largely contagious. The many are shamed into it by the few.

Applause means still less in the Boston Opera House. The reasons for this observation are evident to all. It is enough to say that the just and the unjust share alike in the formal praise.

Now it would be a mistake to hiss a singer or a pianist in Symphony Hall, unless by some unaccountable mistake a mere charlatan should make his appearance. Faint applause would be much more to the purpose; the absence of any wish to see the person bowing and smiling after the unsuccessful attempt. If there must be rapture, let it be moderate in the presence of mediocrity. Absolute silence would be the sternest rebuke.

Of a Personal Nature

Reynaldo Hahn, born in Venezuela of mixed German and Spanish parentage, has lately become a naturalized Frenchman, and is now doing his first military service. Perhaps this will put a little virility into his amiable music.

Marie Lloyd has a new song and our friend Mr. Titterton is in ecstasies. "To a tickling, wheedling, curvetting melody she hymns a paean to the Wink—the Wink superlative, the Wink of Marie Lloyd. 'What does it mean?' she asks with engaging innocence. 'Nobody knows! But still!' She flashes an eloquent lid at us, and the husky voice assures us 'there's a wonderful lot in the wink—the wink of my old bad eye.'"

Mme. Bernhardt had a great send-off from the people of Paris before she departed for London. Flowers rained on the stage; there were 18 curtain calls. Lights flashed from the theatre facade, "Gloire a Sarah Bernhardt," and the crowd, habitues of first nights and working people, cheered lustily when she

mounted her motor car. The theatre in which she played is a new one in the industrial district of Belleville. She took the part of Marguerite Gautier and the proceeds were given to charity. The performance was the first at this theatre. Incidentally she remarked that she would be 68, not 69, the 23d of next month.

George Fawcett, who appeared Sept. 14 for the first time in England in "The Great John Ganton," was in pessimistic mood when he talked with a London reporter. Imagination is being killed by picture theatres. "In America there is a great deal accepted as art which makes me ashamed. There every one goes to the theatre for the sake of going. Here it is different. You do not go to the theatre indiscriminately and, therefore, you make it a very great privilege to please this public. It is more or less disappointing, because we cannot get the work we want to do, and very often when we do get it they will not let us play it as we want to. How often now can you go to a theatre and come away at the end with that sense of exaltation which all great acting produces? You may often see a performance which makes you say, 'That is a good photograph of life,' but it lacks that lift, that uplift, and you go away without that sense of elevation. It is an easy thing to make the real seem real, but it is a most difficult thing to make the unreal seem real. I doubt if we have ever had any actor who could completely envelop the character of Macbeth, who could do it vitally and psychologically. Today we are going further away than ever from the possibility of producing such a man." Mr. Fawcett confided to the

reporter that he sometimes spent six weeks studying the psychology of a single scene.

A change seems to be taking place in the manner of announcing plays. In the old days a poster would mention the name of the theatre and the name of the play, and the manager's name might or might not appear. Mr. Charles Frohman familiarized us with the wording "Mr. Frohman presents." For "Everywoman" Mr. Arthur Collins has found a new formula. He does not present, he modestly "offers" this "inspiring spectacle."—Pall Mall Gazette. "The Poetasters of Isaphan," a verse-comedy in one act by Clifford Bax, produced in London last April, has been published in book form by Evelyn Benmar & Co., London.

Jacques Cohni, formerly stage manager for Mr. Hammerstein, is now director of a new operatic school in London, "The Academy of Opera." Florence von Erlinger is "directress of operetta."

Here is a sentence that may be read twice: "The musician when within the charmed circle and basking in the sunshine of the initiated, is so very human and not slow to laugh with those who laugh at art for art's sake, especially when his is a generous share in the distribution of favors, and when on the outside, out in the cold, as it were, he again is so very human and not slow to deplore conditions, berate those who still remain within the charmed circle, and unravel many a tale of man's inhumanity to music, that the layman or woman is often greatly mystified and left floundering in a sea of uncertainties concerning the why and the wherefore of much that transpires in the musical life."

Mme. Bernhardt

hardt on Heroines

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt talked with a reporter at her home in Belle Island a little over a fortnight ago. He asked her why she had been tempted to play the part of Hamlet.

"Simply," she declared, "because there are not enough really good plays in which women can appear as the heroines and at their best. The leading parts in all the most famous plays are always written for men. I do not know why authors do not write just as many leading and heroic parts for women. You cannot imagine what difficulty we have in finding suitable parts for us. Dramatists should have more consideration for us."

"A woman's role, as a rule, in even the best plays, is mediocre or insipid. She is never given the strength, the intelligence, the versatility of the hero. Do they think that we are not capable of it? I have tried the impossible, to discover plays with suitable heroines, and I have found very few or none at all."

"It was for this reason that I turned my attention to some heroes whose role might be interpreted by a woman. I found Hamlet one of them. It is a part full of intellectual vigor, versatile in character, and which lends itself to a good deal of shading. There is tenderness and pathos, as well as a keen mentality, in Hamlet, and it is this which is usually wanting in women's roles, but it is not beyond our capacity. I have shown it by creating Hamlet according to my own conception, and showing Shakespeare's hero in a new light."

"L'Aiglon" is quite a different character, and does not come under the same category. The character is one of effeminacy, weak mentality, dreaminess, and nothing more. I tried other famous roles, among them Mephistopheles. I worked hard over the Mephistopheles of Balthaz, and finally gave it up, not without some regret. It was not what I thought could be made out of it for me. But it shows what a difficulty we women have to find suitable roles. Did writers give us more true heroines, we

would not bother seeking for characters among their heroes. Lady Macbeth is good in a way, but, after all, she is not the principal character in the play, and she shows only one extreme of a woman's nature.

"I love the theatre only in as much

as it is an art," she went on to say. "The stage must be noble, pure and artistic. I can conceive it as nothing else. The triumphs for which I have striven were the triumphs of art. The theatre is a temple that must be used only for a good or a lofty purpose."

Early Years

of Coleridge Taylor

It was Col. Herbert A. Walters who brought up the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor. The colonel was interested in boy choirs, and talking with the headmaster of a school at Croyden learned of a small colored boy who "seemed to be very fond of music." This youngster had a clear and sympathetic voice. "I remember," says the colonel, "when he sang a solo in Exeter Hall the effect was electrical." A violin teacher, Beckwith, struck by his personality, gave him lessons. The boy stayed with Col. Walters till his voice broke, when Sir George Grove entered him as a violin student at the Royal College of Music, where he studied the violin, piano, organ and counterpoint. One day Sir George wrote that this boy showed marked aptitude for composition. The violin was dropped temporarily and Coleridge-Taylor became a pupil of Stanford. Among his earliest compositions were a set of hymn tunes and a Te Deum. He wrote the first part of "Hiawatha" toward the close of his college course, but it was his Ballade in A minor for orchestra (Gloucester festival, 1898) that brought him into notice. "He was absolutely simple and unaffected, genial, optimistic and always courteous."

His "Hiawatha" ballet was completed—in fact he put his name to the last page only a few hours before he was taken sick. He did not live to hear his violin concerto or his opera "Thelma." He was so interested in the Hiawatha legend that he gave the name of the hero to his son, who made his first public appearance, as a violinist, at the age of 6.

"Drake" and Historical Accuracy

The Herald has noted the production in London of "Drake," a play by Louis Napoleon Parker, which is expected to receive the patriotism of England, if only for as long a time as the period of excitement that followed Du Maurier's drama about the German invasion. Since the production the London journals have published more or less entertaining letters concerning the accuracy of Mr. Parker's portrayal of the naval hero and the representation of contemporaneous life. Mr. Parker has at last replied, and his letter is well worth reading. We give extracts.

"The first thing that always happens when a new building or a new statue, of however unassuming proportions, is put up, is that little boys come and scribble their names on it and knock off the ornaments; or that somebody who knows one thing, and one thing only, points out with magnificent scorn that that one thing is inaccurately represented."

"There are several inaccuracies in 'Drake.' The sea on which the real Golden Hind floated to glory was made of salt water; ours is made of wood. There were probably thousands of people at the thanksgiving; we have only hundreds. Your correspondent asks who the gentleman is who wears a mitre; it is a disingenuous question, as he is told in the play it is the Bishop of Salisbury. . . . I don't know whether there were steps leading up to the doors of St. Paul's, and, to be brutally candid, I don't care. I wanted something for the Queen and Drake to stand on, and steps seemed more dignified than camp-stools. . . . I have thought to do with crafty lawyers," cried Drake, when he was badgered. If it were not impolite I should like to paraphrase him and say, 'I have thought to do with crusty antiquaries.' I don't suppose the play was ever written which, upon analysis by experts, would hold water. I am modestly satisfied if mine

holds the public. And while your correspondents are willing to give me such bold advertisement, I should be a curmudgeon to grudge them theirs."

Notes

About

the Theatre

Maurice E. Bandmann of London, manager, says that the number of actors and actresses who wish to go to the East is constantly increasing. "We have a hundred applications for every vacant position." Last summer he produced English musical comedies in Japanese theatres at Osaka and Kyoto with great success. The eastern season will begin at Calcutta in November, then go to Burma, the Straits Settlements, China, Japan and visit at last the Philippines. Mr. Bandmann will make the experiment of running an American company with comedies and burlesques through the far east, starting at Singapore.

It is interesting to note how "Just Like a Woman" goes down at the "Met." in Edgewood road. The audience does not know quite what to make of it. Scenes

of grandeur the "Met" is used to, melodrama has seen to that, but in melodrama the lordly person appears either as magnificent benefactor or a magnificent villain. And here was the dressing room of an expensive London flat, an untidy litter of pearls, safety razors, collars and shoes. Here is a fellow who makes £3000 in one business transaction cutting himself in shaving, losing his collar stud, and sweating flippantly. The "Met" shivered a little; it did not seem right. These flat dwellers were too human, too, like the "Met," in gesture and conservation for décolletée gown and chapeau claque. Pathe's Gazette shows my lord of the castle and the city in full regalia; is it judicious to exhibit him to the mar in the street in the act of making up?—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Sir Herbert Tree may take another theatre in London and appear in a new play. He hopes to produce at popular prices a series of student matinees of the Shakespearean repertory of His Majesty's Theatre and play in these dramas.

There is a proposal to start a theatre in London for the Irish Players, and for them to make London as well as Dublin a headquarters. The success of the company when playing recently in London music halls has whetted this wish, although Mr. Sinclair said: "We've had to bellow where we spoke quite conversationally at the Court or at the Abbey Theatre." He took a cheerful view of the halls, and thought that any sort of buffoonery will soon be driven out. "There will be no room for stage idiots." Speaking of a visit to America at Christmas, Mr. Sinclair said: "I always feel glad when we go to America, because we remove so many false impressions of Irish national character. Thank heaven, we have nearly killed the 'stage Irishman' in England, but in America he is still rampant. He wears green whiskers all round his face—something like those George Robey wears as an aboriginal—he speaks in a most blatant dialect—a thick brogue (heard everywhere but in Ireland) tinged with Americanisms of the Mr. Dooley character. And the worst of it is he is appreciated."

"Always feel glad?" The Irish Players have been here only once. Mr. Sinclair says that Lady Gregory and W. B. Yeats are thinking of retiring from the active direction of the Irish Theatre, and will soon be "merely interested persons."

A luxurious repertoire theatre at the Lido, Venice, is about to be built. The facade will be in pure Venetian style. Canal corridors, connecting with the Lagoon, will permit gondolas to land theatre goers almost at their seats. There will be accommodation for 2000. This new theatre will be "the home" and nursery of all that is best in Italian music, where old and new masters will be given, both publicity and appreciation." So writes a sanguine correspondent from Venice.

Granville Barker announces that he will produce "A Winter's Tale" at the Savoy Theatre, London, without cuts, and "A Dramatist" writes, protesting, to the Referee: "'A Winter's Tale' is Shakespeare's best and worst play. It is the greatest domestic tragedy in English until the end of the third act. This act finishes upon a situation so horrifying, staggeringly familiar to everyone, that it is lifted at once into the very highest peaks of tragic literature. And then it is completely knocked to bits by the bringing to life of Hermione in the last act, which is, of course, superfluous and silly." The correspondent suggests that Shakespeare perhaps had an eye to the box office, or he did not dare disobey the desire of some personage. "Shakespeare bled his pot with the best of them." Suppose that Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" had come to life and entered the drawing-room with a request on her lips to be "commended to my kind lord." "Sir Arthur Pinero would have had ample warranty for such a proceeding, but the play would have had a very different fate, I imagine." Would Sir George Alexander in this case have accepted the play?

The plays that were performed in Paris for the greatest number of times in 1911 were "Papa" at the Gymnase, 297; "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," Bouffes Parisiens, 195; "L'Oiseau Bleu," Theatre Rejane, 160; "Les Bleus de l'Amour," Athenee, 161; "La Veuve Joyeuse," Apollo, 160; "La Femme et le Pantin," Theatre Antoine, 136; "La Vie Parisienne," Varietes, 133; "Au Pays de Mannekin-Pis," Dejazet, 116; "La Gamine," Renaissance, 111; "Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours," Chatelet, 120; "L'Alme des Femmes," Palais Royal, 104; "Le Train de 8 Heures 47," Ambigu, 103. The operas that had the greatest number of performance were "Don Quichotte" at the Gaite, 68; "Faust" at the Opera, 25; "Manon" at the Opera-Comique, 49.

A Singing Teacher and His Barometer opera company or 10 years, tells this story:

"Upon settling down in London as a teacher of singing, a bass came to him and expressed the wish to become a tenor. 'I am really a tenor,' he said, 'for the vocal barometer has told me so.' 'Mr. Walther learned that the 'basso' do' had always aspired to possess

higher voice, and that his wife, a tenor had promised, upon high terms being paid, to raise the voice accordingly. 'The always proved the possibility of the voice beforehand,' said the dupe, by making us blow into a tube with a sort of barometer at the end of it, and marked tenor, baritone, bass, and so on. As I blew hard enough to make the red liquid reach the tenor division, I am satisfied that nature meant me to be a tenor."

"Why, then," asked Mr. Walther, "do you not continue to take lessons from the owner of the barometer?"

"Alas!" was the reply, "he has disappeared with his barometer and my money."

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And this is the world that turns upon its own axis, and has Lunar influences, and revolutions round Heavenly Bodies, and various games of that sort!

Mr. Johnson's Little Joke.

As the World Wags:

Some days ago I was talking with a New York architect in Eldridge's store and he asked me why the air in the country was so pure. Before I could tell him, he said: "Because the farmers sleep with their windows shut." He laughed, and I laughed, and we all laughed, except old man Nickerson, who lives on the Plains, and he said it was a lie. The architect's conundrum put me in mind of Mr. Thoreau, who had an acute sense of smell, so that when he passed a country dwelling house at night it smelt to him like a slaughter house. I related this anecdote and then we had a hot discussion over the pronunciation of Thoreau's name.

I had occasion a few days afterward to go to Boston—I might as well say I received a hurry call to go thither as a sociological expert. The architect's story was fresh in my mind, so I told it at the Porphyry as my own. Nearly everybody laughed, but only politely. A young man who had just returned from Sweden was not so courteous. He made unpleasant remarks about the antiquity of the jest; he said the story was told to him in Stockholm last summer by a hospitable and aged native, who laughed uproariously and then said: "My boy, I have told that story to every visitor I have met for 30 years, and they always split their sides. It's one of our best stories." Perhaps Gustavus Vasa was the first to tell it, when he broke away from the Danish domination. Perhaps this story irritated the Norwegians so that they dissolved the union in 1905. At any rate, I thought the young man was rude at the time, and I still think the conundrum a good one.

Strange Doings at Clamport.

We have been much annoyed by burglars in Clamport. It has been our custom for years to leave doors and windows unlocked, but even stalwart men for the month before their departure to the city nailed down the window screens, barricaded doors, hought electric search lights and revolvers warranted to kill. In one house a burglar secured a \$5 bill by taking it out of the sleeping butler's trousers pocket. The owner of the summer palace had only

loose change at his command and thus escaped. At first it was rumored that the uninvited guest was a tall, thin person, who went about with sneakers, armed with a flash light and without coat and waistcoat. He had a habit, if disturbed in his investigation of the household economics, of turning about so that his face could not be seen, stretching out his arms as on a cross, and then making his escape through a kitchen window. In one instance he was suspected of being a trellis climber, more successful than plants and vines discouraged by this sandy soil.

An Alarmed Village.

It was afterward rumored, and it is still believed by cottagers who left for the city before the appointed time, that there was a piratical motor boat in the bay. This boat was full of determined and swarthy men, sinister persons with three days' whiskerage, armed with cutlasses, daggers and "guns"; with the yellow stuff for a possible safe, and dope for any restless or dissipated dog. These desperate men also employed a noiseless motor car in their hellish work, and were suspected of having a beautiful, voluptuous woman at one of the hotels as a cunning accomplice. Detectives and watchmen were brought down from Boston; the sheriff called upon good citizens to safeguard life and property; there was much sitting up of nights; there were alarms and excursions. About a half dozen houses were entered in spite of native and imported vigilance, but comparatively little was stolen. The burglars took no jewelry and thus showed a chaste taste.

Mr. Johnson's Heroism.

As my collage is on a remote lot, I was at first considerably disturbed. I buried the manuscript of my colossal work—as yet unfinished—at the foot of a scrub pine, and I hid half a dozen silver spoons—the gift of a parsimonious aunt—in what coal was left. The coal was no doubt of greater value than the spoons. For two nights I sat up with a Japanese kari-kari tool that Mrs. Johnson had purchased at a forced

sale. I said: "I am a two-dollar bill and a lantern on the front veranda, with a stone on the bill and wrote on a board: 'This is all I have. You are welcome to it, but don't wake me up. I need my sleep.' Much to my chagrin, no one thought it worth the while to come up my road."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Sept. 27, 1912.

Oct 1 1912

If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half of what you could eat and drink. Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon, so as to preserve health and strength, and what I did live upon, I found that, between 10 and 70 years of age, I had eaten and drunk 44 horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health. The value of this mass of nourishment, I considered to be worth £7000. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully 100 persons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true.

Mrs. Brown-Potter at Large.

We might talk today about Mrs. Brown-Potter, who is about to lecture on "Gosainthan Occultism" and the "Secrets of Soul Distribution." After deep study with a Hindu professor, she at last realizes "the vast difference between I and My and the bridge that spans that Gulf." The Gosainthan adepts, or at least one of them, should be imported and made at home in Boston, for they have discovered a psychic centre, the Brahmarandhra, which is far more important than the Sahasrara. This system, according to Mrs. Brown-Potter, "aims at waking up the Antarjyoti, the inner light, the inner ray, and at connecting it consciously with Brahmajyoti, the divine ray, thus helping towards evolution." All this might help in the development of a better and busier Boston.

But let us consider today more earthy, grosser things.

Aural Phenomena.

Mr. Ernest Kern of Silver Mine, Ct., "can breathe through his ear, but cannot smoke." When we were at the intermediate school, and vainly endeavoring to acquire the accomplishment of emitting a fine and fan-shaped spray of saliva through the teeth (vulgo, spitting through the teeth) we wondered at the ability of a young man who could send tobacco smoke through his nostrils, eyes and ears, nor could we understand why our parents discouraged close acquaintance with him. If Mr. Kern can breathe through his ear, why cannot he discharge smoke through it at will? Hercules could wag his ears by giving thought there, and the celebrated Mr. Bayle, discussing this mark of greatness, mentioned other men, among them a philosopher or two, who could thus entertain strangers and little children. Much can be done with the ears, if they be trained in time.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Alfred Austin, poet laureate to King George, confesses in the Oxford and Cambridge Review that he has long and vainly endeavored to grasp the meaning of George Meredith's prose and poetry.

This is discouraging to the admirers of Meredith, but they should find comfort in the fact stated by Mr. Schloesser: Meredith was unsurpassed as a gastronomical guide. "He was a distinctly plain feeder himself, as are all knowledgeable folk, who demand that the flavor of every dish shall be individual and natural, not concealed behind a mash of inappropriate sauce—but he knew what was right and good." Meredith once told somebody that he would have been a vegetarian if he could have had his vegetables cooked properly. Unhappy man! He lived in England, the land of vegetable marrow and other watery preparations of foods that are smelly on by those exposed to butcher's meat, poultry and game.

Mr. Fred Koenig of St. Louis, who committed suicide at the age of 65 years, was found with the false teeth of his wife beside him, and a note asking that they should be buried with him. In a wild tale of Edgar Allan Poe, the disconsolate lover visits the tomb of his beloved one at night and pulls the teeth that had disturbed his last view of her.

Mr. Comyns Carr says that Dante Gabriel Rossetti was indifferent to the pleasures of the table. At a dinner party, the singer of "the Blessed Damozel" was "so entirely oblivious of the contents of the dish before him that, wishing to prove its value as a specimen of oriental porcelain, he turned it over to examine the mark on the back, and all unconsciously deposited the turbot on the tablecloth." This is credible, for turbot even with shrimp sauce is a tasteless, flabby dish. Experto crede. But we recall a story about Rossetti keeping house with another Pre-Raphaelite, who put an end to the fellowship because he found the poet gloating one morning over a huge and sanguineous dish of bacon and eggs that had become cold. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, by the way, ascribes her perpetual youth to the free enjoyment of shrimps and raw eggs. This is the secret of her marvellous freshness. In coast towns of Normandy the shrimps and cider so generously served at table d'hôte are the secret of constant collywobbles.

'OLIVER TWIST' AT PLYMOUTH

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: "Oliver Twist," a play in five acts and nine scenes, by Joseph W. Comyns Carr. Produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in 1905.

Fagin.....	Wilton Lackaye
Bill Sikes.....	Edmund Breese
The Artful Dodger.....	Charles Rogers
Charlie Bates.....	Daniel A. Reed
Tom Chilling.....	John Gray
Barney.....	John Rogers
Mr. Brownlow.....	Charles Harbury
Mr. Grimwig.....	W. T. Carleton
Monks.....	Howard Gould
Harry Maylie.....	Pell Trenton
Mr. Bumble.....	Frank A. Lyons
Giles.....	Alfred Hudson
Oliver Twist.....	Marie Doro
Nancy.....	Constance Collier
Mrs. Maylie.....	Harriet Ross
Rose Maylie.....	Madeline Lewis
Mrs. Bumble.....	Stella Congdon

The characters in "Oliver Twist" are more familiar to us through Cruikshank's pictures than through the speech and actions attributed to them by the novelist. No wonder that the illustrator was convinced before his death that he was the inventor of the plot and the writer of the greater number of the pages. Mention Fagin and we see the arch thief in prison chewing his fingers. Who will ever forget Bill Sikes on the roof with the dog watching his master as he prepares the noose? And so we remember Oliver asking for more, and Noah Claypole and his beloved one who picked out the oysters with nice beards for her lord and master.

When it comes to putting scenes from "Oliver Twist" on the stage, we expect to see the men and women of the illustrator. Mr. Lackaye was not the Jew that Cruikshank drew, possibly because the latter's Hebrew might have reminded the spectator of Mr. Lackaye's Svengali. Mr. Breese was more like the Sikes in the pictures.

Mr. Carr's version leaves out some of the low comedy characters; includes Mr. Grimwig, who has nothing to do with the story and consumes valuable time; and the dramatist, having in mind the Horatian maxim concerning Medea and the butchering of her children, does not show us a Nancy dragged about by the hair of her head, pleading for mercy in one of the silliest speeches that Dickens ever put into the mouth of his women, and finally foully murdered with ghastly details. The dialogue as a rule is more Mr. Carr's own than that of the novelist. There are many lines that are irrelevant; there are others as mawkishly sentimental as those given by Dickens to Rose and Maylie. Skillful pruning might be of advantage to the play, which last night went at a slow pace in spite of the general excellence of the performance. When it is nearly 11 o'clock we are not in the humor to appreciate the first scene of the last act with the tiresome talk of Mr. Grimwig, Oliver and the traditional butler.

In any dramatization of "Oliver Twist" only three characters have vitality: Fagin, Sikes and Nancy. The Artful-Dodger is more amusing to a reader than to a spectator. Oliver is merely a pretext for an attack on bearded men and charitable institutions. The goody-goody people are the vilest puppets, and Monks, the villain, is of a generation long past and all his damnable faces and dark-lantern behavior excite smiles rather than goose flesh. Nor is it too much to say that in a dramatization of this novel the weaknesses of plot, construction and dialogue are pitilessly exposed.

The features of the performance last night that interested an audience of good size were the Nancy of Miss Collier and the Sikes of Mr. Breese. Miss Collier played with admirable sincerity and with a strength that was emphasized by artistic restraint. She was eloquent in facial expression, in carriage, and in the significance and sobriety of gesture. Never did she give way to extravagance; never did Nancy become a shrieking virago. Even the sentimentalism in the scene with Rose grew almost reasonable, so marked was the simplicity and earnestness of Miss Collier's appeal. And there were fine and quiet moments in the performance that deserve greater attention than can now be given to them.

Mr. Breese was Bill Sikes as we all picture him, a simple brute with a hoarse voice; wholly honest in the pursuit of his calling. Mr. Breese played the part with irresistible authority.

Fagin is not a character that calls forth the subtlety of Mr. Lackaye's art. The impersonation, though often interesting, was on the whole disappointing. The character did not stand out in bold relief; the presentation was not convincing.

Miss Doro, who had little to do, did that little well. The other parts were on the whole taken acceptably, and played in the traditional manner, the only one that suits a melodrama founded on this novel. The least successful impersonations were those of the Artful Dodger and Bates.

The stage management was unusually good. The scene of London Bridge was especially striking, and one of the most effective moments in the play was the lighting of Fagin's face after the murder.

"THE TALKER" AT THE HOLLIS

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Talker," a play in three acts, by Merion Fairfax. First time here.

Harry Lenox.....Tully Marshall
Kate Lenox.....Eva McDonald
Mrs. Lenox.....Mary Mallon
Mrs. Fells.....Wilson Day
Mrs. Fells.....Jean Newton
Mrs. Fells.....Preston Crowe
Mrs. Fells.....Vida Croly Sidney
Mrs. Fells.....Clara Dalton
Mrs. Fells.....Warren Munsel

It has become customary almost with many of us to accept technical skill as the most valuable asset of the writer on the stage. Precisely why we entertain this belief, we may find it difficult to explain. For certain, experience should not encourage us to expect it. But in point of fact we do and thereby are frequently are blind to other elements of merit that the playwright may possess.

"The Talker" affords precisely an opportunity for discrimination. The play is flagrantly in matters of proper construction, and in so far invites criticism. By the same token, there is in its substance so much that is convincingly so that it is only equitable in the present instance to look at the substance and not at the form.

"The Talker" has much that is real, although its subject matter has been frequently exploited on the stage. What if it does do passing violence to some of the accepted conventions of the drama? At least we leave the audience happily conscious that we have witnessed a play with men, women and their relations such as they exist in life. Better to qualify as an artist in a way than to encase insignificance in a mould of perfect technique. To meet the requirements perfectly in respects requires a genius and the play is not common.

The play is in three acts set in one scene, representing the suburban home of a family. Kind natured, amiable in character, scarcely the one to suffer a great passion but capable of and will love his wife sincerely with no reservation. The wife is an idealist, who unconsciously everything but her husband. The results are infallible. They always are in the case of such domestic relations imperceptibly become commonplace and the woman realize more and more her own sex. The woman is particular, nervously rigorous, eternally preaches her ideal. In every ready listener. The sister-in-law, youthful and in consequence irresponsible, readily experiences the influence of the more mature and her nature of the wife. The presence of independence and superiority calculated, the girl forthwith puts practice. The outcome is disastrous. In consequence, the wife, realizing the incompatibility in that relationship between theory and practice is to save herself but not the girl.

The play, then, has a moral; but it is happily free from all the pit-falls of the "piece a these." The author has admitted the characters to develop and dash naturally and the moral is the mark that flies when the impact comes. In addition, the characters speak a language that is familiar, not the written speech of players. Consequently comes of such plausibility and the merits of the play. It is a case, of little consequence that the author has failed to obtain comic relief from the main group of characters, and introduced others for that purpose, or that there are explanatory personages in the play. On the whole it smacks of reality and, after all, is it not reality that convinces and pleases most?

It is to be regretted that so pleasing a play could not have deserved a more brilliant cast. As it was the players, with the possible exception of Mr. Marshall, played in the wrong key. Granting that it is not easy to pass naturally from pathos to comedy, still the actor should do his utmost to motivate the emotion. The comedy was pregnant with pathos and deep irony was lurking in the brightest lines. But the players in the wrong note when they introduced comedy as farce. Mr. Marshall so pleasantly remembered for his characterization in "The City" is better able to reconcile the two and blend them with dramatic effect.

The play was pleasingly mounted, but staging might be profitably altered to avoid many farcical details in the stage business. Altogether an unusually interesting play.

"Coming Home to Roost," by Edgar Allan Poe, will be the next attraction, opening on Oct. 14.

At the end of the second act Mr. de Koven was called for and he made a short speech of appreciation.

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CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Sherlock Holmes," a drama in four acts by William Gillette based on the detective stories by Conan Doyle.

Sherlock Holmes.....John Craig
James Larrabee.....Walter Walker
Professor Moriarty.....Frederick Ormonde
Dr. Watson.....Carney Christie
Sydney Prince.....Donald Meek
Benjamin Forman.....Russell Clarke
Billy.....Henrietta McDannel
Alfred Bassick.....Al Roberts
Craig.....George Henry-Trader
Sir Edward Leighton.....R. A. Roberts
Count Von Staiburg.....Stowell H. Bancroft
Alice Faulkner.....Florence Shirley
Mrs. Faulkner.....Mabel Colcord
Madge Larrabee.....Laurett Browne
Theresa.....Sylvia Bladen

Mr. Gillette's ingenious dramatic version of the popular Sherlock Holmes stories was first produced by him in Boston at the Hollis Street Theatre in February, 1901. The stories themselves, incredible though they be, have a fascination for young and old, and when subjected to dramatic possibilities like those provided by Mr. Gillette, the realism is heightened.

The play resolves itself into a duel of wits between the detective and Moriarty, culminating in Holmes's expert liberation of himself from his adversary's trap.

The performance yesterday afternoon was well balanced, though at times it was inclined to drag.

Mr. Craig gave an excellent impersonation of Sherlock Holmes. He played with the required nonchalance and disconcerting perspicacity. He remained cool and collected in the face of his enemy's threats.

Mr. Ormonde played Moriarty forcefully and justified the lines describing him as a "venomous spider" of the criminal world.

Mr. Meek has been seen to better advantage than as Prince. Mr. Walker gave an appropriately boisterous impersonation of Larrabee. Mr. Clarke was effective as Forman. Miss McDannel was an engaging Billy. Miss Browne as Madge Larrabee was malicious, and cleverly suggested viciousness. Miss Shirley was pleasing as Alice Faulkner, and Miss Bladen played the French maid realistically, a no meagre accomplishment.

Revival of "Robin Hood," a light opera in three acts, book by Harry B. Smith, music by Reginald de Koven. Cast:

Little John.....Carl Gantvoort
Alan-a-Dale.....Florence Wickham
Will Scarlet.....Herbert Waterous
Annabel.....Sylvia Van Dyck
Friar Tuck.....George B. Frothingham
Dame Durden.....Pauline Hall
Robin Hood.....Walter Hyde
Maid Marian.....Bessie Abbott
Sheriff of Nottingham.....Edwin Stevens
Guy of Gisborne.....Phillip Sheffield
Joan.....Dorothy Arthur
King's Herald.....Mary Mooney

Old wines are best, old friends are best, and here is good old "Robin Hood" again! Not old "Robin" either in spirit, looks or action, as seen at the Boston Theatre, for apparently the de Koven Opera Company knows a spring of eternal youth somewhere in the recesses of Sherwood Forest, and "Robin" has been drinking copious draughts at it.

With the revival of this delightful opera of by-gone years come old friends in Robin's merry band, too. George B. Frothingham in his old guise of Friar Tuck has stayed by the spring, and he brings all his former jollity and sly fun with him to Nottingham again. Edwin Stevens, of whom it has long been true that he does all things well, dons the sheriff's robes with dignity and grace, sings the sheriff's songs in his well known taking fashion, and cuts the shrieval capers as if he belonged to the corps de ballet.

Then there is Pauline Hall, she of "Erminie" fame and other renowns. She is disguised as Dame Durden now, but she should not necessarily be placed in the middle-aged class, nor judged by her vivacity and her pleasing voice, need she go to the spring in the forest.

All these former favorites of other times and scenes were welcomed last night most heartily by an audience that jammed the theatre full. The new "outlaws" with Robin Hood were received with equal favor, too, and the opera was prolonged considerably by the recalls that were cheerfully responded to for all the old and popular songs.

Walter Hyde's Robin Hood roused particular enthusiasm, for he brought with him from Covent Garden, a voice, a personality and a skill that won quick approval from his hearers. Miss Abbott was Maid Marian whom everyone admired and she sang with pleasing purity and accuracy of tone. Sylvia Van Dyck was a sweet and engaging Annabel, while Florence Wickham made a dashing Alan-a-Dale and sang with vigor and charm.

Herbert Waterous, as Scarlet, won copious and deserved plaudits for his singing of the armorers song and the ditty about the tailor, the crossbow and the crow. Carl Gantvoort's Little John, particularly his "Brown October All" song, was received with warm approval. Phillip Sheffield was just foolish enough as Guy of Gisborne.

The orchestra under the capable leadership of Frank E. Tours, the chorus and all the subordinate members of the cast worked heartily in harmony to make a memorable performance.

At the end of the second act Mr. de Koven was called for and he made a short speech of appreciation.

"PUSS IN BOOTS" AT B. F. KEITH'S

Big Cast Seen on Vaudeville Stage—Excellent All-Around Bill.

The big thing on the B. F. Keith bill this week is the London Hippodrome production of "Puss in Boots," presented by probably the largest single vaudeville company ever appearing on B. F. Keith's stage. There are a dozen pretty villagers, all with good voices, as many more amazons, fair of face and figure and, of the more principal characters there is "Puss in Boots" featuring Will J. Kennedy.

Brown, Harris and Brown, in one of those clever sketches about nothing, in which Harry Brown has been starring with success for 20 years or more, made a big hit. Lew Hawkins, minstrel man of the old school, sang some catchy songs and told some good yarns about himself and others. Hal Stephens, the protean artist, impersonated several famous characters, doing all of his "making-up" in full view of the audience. The Eight English Roses proved clever dancers, and along with these upon the bill was Charles Weber, the eccentric jugglers; the Delaur Duo in songs, and Lancton, Lucier & Company in "Heaps of Hilarity."

DR. KARL MUCK.

Dr. Karl Muck returns at last to the city that already holds him in high honor. As the true eminence of a town does not consist in ships, warehouses, commercial wealth, ever increasing traffic, although these are to be desired as means to an end, but in the character of the leading citizens the return is doubly welcome.

The present conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who will surely hold the position for several years, and it is to be hoped for a longer period, is ranked by universal consent among the few great orchestral leaders of the world. His reputation has been honestly earned and spotlessly maintained. He never put his trust in too personal and egotistic interpretation of composers' works. He did not win the easily acquired fame that follows the exhibition of mannerisms, eccentricity, or laboriously planned sensationalism. His individuality is marked; it is fascinating; it is dominating; but it has always been exerted nobly in the service of art.

A born leader of men, magnetic, Dr. Muck is more than master of orchestra and audiences; he is master of himself. Whether the paradox of Diderot may be applied to an orchestral conductor, is a subject for academic discussion. It will be readily granted, however, that a conductor should not himself be tempest-tossed. Though he ride in the whirlwind, he must direct the storm.

Dr. Muck is more than a brilliant and poetic conductor, a wise disciplinarian, a musician of most catholic taste, not blinded by prejudice of school or nationality. He would have adorned any profession. His native qualities, his unflagging industry, his indomitable will, would have led him to success in the learned professions or in governmental office. That such a man is to be counted again among the dwellers in Boston is a cause for civic rejoicing; and as the Symphony Orchestra is also a national glory, the lovers of music throughout the land may well be glad and clap their hands.

"W. W." writes to The Herald a pleasant letter about second-hand book stalls. Unfortunately the letter—written on both sides of the paper—is too long for the purposes of this column. We make room for a quotation:

Over a Book Stall.
"He best savors the joy of second-hand stalls who has learned to observe merely its phenomena in passing. Only the more observant realize how subtly, how entertainingly and continually the ensemble of these open-air stalls changes, swells and dwindles, and somehow keeps its balance of good and bad

to a nicety . . . There is the strong undercurrent of religious tracts, flowing over a rock-bed of statistics, gloomy Law Reports and ancient hymnals; with much gravel of school books (oh, so charmingly illustrated in lead pencil), which come and go with the tide. And always the stream divides around a few solitary boulders—Josephus in brown calf, Burton's 'Anatomy,' the 'Night Thoughts' of the Rev. Dr. Young, rearing their hoary heads above the flood in everlasting dignity. And on the surface of this considerable current is tossed in fascinating disarray the flotsam and jetsam of the passing hour. . . . On a rainy Monday you may find the stalls radiant with garden manuals, tales by Laura E. Richards, and romances with flowers on the cover and all ending happily. Come Tuesday, this identical stall is plunged in gloom—its erstwhile cheerful face submerged under 'Hibbard on Baptism,' 'Thoughts on Personal Religion,' 'Upward,' by the Rev. B. B. Notchkin, and the like. But even here one has one's favorites. There is a solid satisfaction, too, in seeing old friends stay in their places. You grow to feel about them as about certain friends of too long standing in life: If you don't want them yourself, you distinctly do not wish any one else to get them. I remember having my eye for some time on a volume (subsequently purchased by somebody else) entitled 'Impersonated Ideals of the Christian Virtues as a Divine Family: An Illustrated Allegory by the Rev. D. D. Buck,' and upon the title page was the legend: 'Instruction and Amusement may combine As Heat is Blended with the Beams that shine.'

The Rival Collectors.

"I remember a rainy day when with just my carfare in my pocket I came upon 'The Ladies' Pearl' in purple velvet—trattling of the affairs of 1840 in a voice still gay across the years. I wanted the engraving in the front. It represented a young widow with two

children being rescued from billowy depths by heroes on bowsprits; her gesture was one of resignation; her skirts were spread neatly upon the dashing waves. Beneath was the inscription, 'Saved! Saved!' Several times I wandered away from this volume, fingering my carfare and watching the rain, only to return for one more look. Finally valor overcoming discretion, I bought the book. I appeared rain-soaked before an awe-stricken family, described my treasure of a print, opened to it with exultation, to find it gone, pilched, stolen, torn out, detached from its case; no doubt while I had been demurring. I would give much to know what sort of person it was who, admiring that print over my shoulder, proved himself the cleverer. What did he look like? Why did he want it?"

The Indian Word Again.

It may be remembered that Capt. F. M. Howes, some days ago inquired into the origin of the word "Bunkum"—meaning "very good," and also of Tossance or Tossance as a baptismal name on Cape Cod. On Sept. 24, The Herald published in this column an interesting article by Prof. Alexander F. Chamberlain of Clark University, explaining the origin of the loan-word Tossance or Tossence, found in the Natick dialect of the Algonkian linguistic stock.

Mr. John W. Herrick of Plymouth, has written to Capt. Howes about "Tossions"—for so he has been in the habit of spelling the word. "About 25 years ago, I was teaching at East Dennis on the Cape and boarded with Mrs. Hannah Chapman by whom I was treated with true Cape Cod hospitality. At one time, when a schoolmate of mine was visiting me there, Mrs. Chapman said that we were both Tossions, and explained that the word meant an only child, one who had been brought up as a pet, or allowed to have his own way. I never heard the word again nor found any who had heard it, although I have often told about hearing it at the time just mentioned, till very recently, when a lady who was brought up in Wareham used it as a verb. She said that a certain person would never amount to much, because as a child, he was 'Tossioned up' too much."

"H. G. W." of Centerville, wrote Capt. Howes that "Bunkum" and "Tossance" were much used in her childhood, "both seem obsolete now." Her father, Russell Marston of Centerville, and Boston, called her Tossance and often applied the term to his wife, the youngest of her family. "I think it was an expression of endearment and given only to the youngest." But in this instance, "Tossance" was not a baptismal name.

Mr. Gerard Fienes contributed some weeks ago to the London Observer an article on nonsense nursery rhymes, "foundling rhymes" he called them, and he inquired "Whence do they come?" The examples he gave were not so amusing that they would make a man laugh if he were by himself, alone, in the woods, as Prof. Hannibal of Yale College used to remark. (It was Yale College, not Yale University in the good old days when "Bob" Cook, "Bill" Taft, "Jack" Hammond, Arthur T. Had-

boy and many others sat together on the fence and applauded Prof. Hannibal's masterly orations.)

Little Willy.

Correspondents of the Observer, however, have sent in foundling rhymes by the dozen, and some of them are grimly funny. They will not be new to all. There is always some one in a town, village or hamlet who has heard all the stories, limericks and nursery rhymes.

These are particularly pleasing.

Willy, in one of his best new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes.
Mother said: "Though the weather's so chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor Willy."

Willy, with a fearful curse,
Flung the coffee pot at nurse.
As it struck her on the nose
Father said: "How straight he throws."

Into the family drinking well
Willy pushed his sister Nell.
She's there yet, because it kilt her.
Now we have to buy a filter.

Willy on the railroad track—
The engine gave a squeal.
The engine-driver took a spade
And scraped him off the wheel.

The Ingenious Anonymous.

That will do for little Willy (or Willie). Who wrote the nonsense nursery rhymes? Some of them are attributed in turn to Thackeray, Albert Smith, Shirley Brooks, Theodore Hook and Macaulay. It is believed that Brooks wrote the "Nursery Morals" which appeared in "The Month," published in the Exhibition Year, 1851, with text by Albert Smith and pictures by Leech. Among these pictures is one of "Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh as he appeared at Willis's Rooms in his celebrated character of Mr. Thackeray." The "Nursery Morals"—four quatrains, "Billy Bolaine," "The Fire," "The Baby" and "The Well"—were written because "a writer in a popular periodical had just published a paper complaining of the immoral character of most of our Nursery Rhymes, and especially (in accordance with the 'spirit of the age') objecting that when in such poetry anybody is described as having done wrong, severe punishment is sure to overtake him."

There are famous—some would say infamous—limericks that have been attributed to celebrated English poets and novelists. It is now a tradition that in this country Mr. Harry Bloodgood, memorable in the annals of negro minstrelsy, the hero of "He's Got to Come," was the first to invent little masterpieces in this line.

We are in debt to Mr. John S. Hodgson of Winchester for calling our attention to the articles in the Observer.

"Saliva" and "Silver."

Mr. Granville Fernald of South Waterford, Me., has written to The Herald about the use of the word "saliva," as applied to "the soft white layer of matter between the outer bark and the wood of the white pine tree, which, as the maturity of the season's growth of the tree develops, forms the extent of one year's growth of the tree." As a boy, "he used to cut and strip the green outside bark from the virgin pine trees and scrape the juicy substance from the wood." But he and his co-mates always used the noun and verb "silver." Mr. Fernald quotes from the Imperial Dictionary, and "the great, comprehensive 1912 dictionary received from The Boston Herald" to prove his statement that "silver" could never be "saliva." "The reason for calling the delicious substance scraped from the tender pine tree a 'silver' is as logical as many other common expressions; as to fish for a fish."

Natural History Notes.

In a Cape Cod village there is a large dog of uncertain birth and extreme amiability that plays by the hour with a gander. His favorite trick is to nip the gander in the neck. "The dog, that comic beast whose sweat is in his mouth; whose laugh is in his tail."

Mr. Poole of Bethesda tells us that his motor car ran over a turtle last week. The turtle then made a noise like the explosion of a blown up paper bag. Mr. Poole is a sensitive person and his enjoyment was at an end for the day.

By PHILIP HALE.

Dr. Muck talked yesterday afternoon in an entertaining and illuminating manner about musical conditions in Europe, the theory and practice of program-making, and the duty of a conductor toward his audience.

He was in the best of spirits, and looked younger than when he first came to Boston. It was not easy to believe that he began his career as a conductor 32 years ago, when he was the chorus leader at the Stadt Theatre in Zurich, and that since 1892 he has filled the im-



(Photograph by Gare.)
DR. KARL MUCK.

portant position of conductor at the Berlin Royal Opera House, one of the most coveted chairs in the operatic world. He was reported last June as having said that during this engagement he had conducted 1701 performances and had rehearsed and brought out 103 different operas, of which 35 were new to Berlin.

Not without regret has he left the orchestra of the Berlin Royal Opera House. Many of the players have grown up under him, and the ensemble, which is justly famous, is almost wholly the result of his labors lightened by the devotion of the men to the leader whom they will sorely miss. He realizes, however, the unique advantages of the position in Boston; the absolute freedom given to his wishes, musical judgment and taste.

There are many in Boston who, like the Athenians of old, are eager in concerts to hear some new thing. Dr. Muck had little to say that will whet their curiosity. Few of the orchestral works published recently for the first time appeal to him, nor does he find among the younger or little known composers any that demand close attention by reason of originality in musical thought or expression. He paid Boston the compliment of saying that there are few new works of importance that have not been performed here. Yet conducted by Dr. Muck some of these works would probably seem wholly new.

"I do not believe in presenting a work simply because it is new, for it is not worth while to waste the time of the orchestra and tax the patience of the audience by performing much of the music recently published."

Yet he mentioned three compositions which he purposes to produce early in the season. One of them is a symphony by Erwin Lendvai, a young Hungarian now living in Berlin. Performed at Bonn, later in Berlin, Dantzic and other cities, it excited hot discussion, though critics that were perplexed by the originality of the work admitted the creative ability of the composer. Lendvai has also written an orchestral Scherzo, a Festival March for orchestra, and smaller compositions, among them a group of five piano pieces, op. 12, with suggestive titles. It was said some months ago that he was at work on music for Hauptmann's "Elga."

Another work unknown here is a "Humoresque" by Jos. Gust. Mraczek, a Bohemian composer, author of "Der Traum ein Leben" and a piano quintet in E flat major. Many remember joyfully the pictures of Max and Moritz. These pictures of Busch suggested the "Humoresque" to Mraczek.

We shall also become acquainted with Reger's "Concerto in the Ancient Style," which might be loosely described as a sort of violin concerto. Dr. Muck will also bring out some Russian music that is unfamiliar.

"My first program," he said, "includes well-tried favorites: Beethoven's 'Eroica,' the overture 'The Carnival at Rome' by Berlioz, the prelude to 'Die Meistersinger'; and I am informed that Liszt's 'Mazeppa' has been played only once at a Symphony concert and that

was a dozen years ago." (Liszt's symphonic poem, by the way, was first performed here as a whole at a Philharmonic concert in 1881, though Theodore Thomas's orchestra played the march that is the final section as early as 1869.)

"For securing plasticity and elasticity at the beginning of a season," said Dr. Muck, "and especially at the beginning of this season when there are many new members of the orchestra, there is nothing so good as work on the great classics. Much of the complex modern music sounds well even when it is badly performed, but the music of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, must be played accurately, and outside of its artistic value is of inestimable worth for drilling the players."

Some time ago it was reported that Richard Strauss had nearly completed an Alpine symphony, and the scheme of it was described in detail. Strauss made a curious confession to his late colleague, Dr. Muck. He said that since he has had much to do in the opera house, his invention has flagged when he has set himself to work on absolute music. "When I read a libretto and am able to see in my mind the characters and the situations on the stage, then my mind is active and ideas readily come. It is wholly the contrary if there be question of a symphonic work. I have completed the first movement of the 'Alpine' symphony. I may turn it into a symphonic poem, for at present I cannot continue it, and have no thoughts for the other movements."

"There are many imitators at present," continued Dr. Muck, "and I loathe the imitators of Debussy and Franck and Richard Strauss as I loathed in past years the composers that aped Wagner and Brahms. Debussy is original and sincere. He writes as he feels and hears. To my mind Ravel and others of the ultra-modern French school compose after the manner of Debussy as they understand it, and have little or nothing to say on their own account. In like manner Cesar Franck has his imitators—a bore some, uninventive lot."

The Herald has already recorded the fact that music by Arnold Schoenberg was recently hissed in London when it was produced by Sir Henry Wood. Dr. Muck said that he cannot understand Schoenberg's music. "He puts C major, D major, E major in juxtaposition, without any harmonic pretext known to even radicals, and the result is to me—well, I do not understand it, and it is hard for me to believe that the composer is sincere. Now, Debussy's harmonic scheme, while it is highly original, is logical and effective."

Neither in Scandinavia, Russia, the Netherlands, France or Germany does Dr. Muck know of young composers that give genuine promise. Bischoff's second symphony is not equal to his first. Glazovoff writes a symphony at least every six months and is a victim to routine; the younger Scandinavians ape Grieg—and their music is Grieg and water, or rather water with a tincture of Grieg. Dr. Muck has not heard of Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, the Englishman who maintains stoutly that he is a gifted composer. If Mr. Holbrooke were

informed of Dr. Muck's ignorance he would no doubt be deeply grieved, or he might insist that Dr. Muck is surely mistaken; that he must have heard of him.

There was talk concerning the arrangement of programs. Dr. Muck firmly believes that there should be consistency in the arrangement, that the strictly classical and the frankly romantic should not be flung together; that "Contrasts" thus obtained are disconcerting; that the works suffer thereby. No one, for example, arranging a room in an art museum would hang pictures in the classic and formal taste on the wall with examples of impressionism. No one selecting examples of statuary would put the works of Thorwaldsen and Rodin side by side. If one should say: "Yes, but take your first program. There is Beethoven in company with Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner." The answer would be: "You forget that the Beethoven of the 'Eroica' symphony is also a romantic. The prevailing spirit of the program is that of romanticism."

"No," said Dr. Muck, "it is not the first duty of the conductor of a great musical institution like the Boston Symphony orchestra to provide his audience with new works, simply because they are new, and without regard to their inherent worth. It is not his chief duty to see how many 'first performances' he can secure in the course of a season. He should steadily choose the best works, the best as they seem to him whether they be new or old. He should perform them in the best possible manner, according to his ability, and thus infuse into the audience the desire to hear nothing but the best; to find new beauties in familiar compositions; to recognize the beautiful in works heard for the first time, although that which is beautiful in the composer's thought may be expressed in an unusual, unanticipated manner."

And Dr. Muck said more to this effect, speaking nobly of the art to which he has devoted his life, the art that he himself adorns.

Oct-4-1912

Of have I seen an enigmatic bat

Sidrl through the zenith in his crystal hat,
While Charon sailing in his western barge,
Gave to great Hancock's man peculiar charge—
To ride full-tilt against Subjunctive Mood,
And fatten padlocks on Antarctic food.

Hard Questions.

A correspondent asks: "Who was the Col. Skinner that gave a recipe for chutney? Who was Maj. Grey, for whose prefer his chutney prescription? Who was Mr. Brand, the inventor of a sauce for George IV. of England?"

Al, how easy it is to ask questions rivaling those put by Tiberius in cruelly mocking mood to the grammarians shaking in what corresponded to the modern boots. Who was the man in the Iron Mask? Who struck Billy Patterson? Was the Rev. Eleazar Williams the Dauphin? Did Marshal Ney pass blameless days in Georgia till Death took him from a veranda where, smoking mild tobacco in a cornucopia, he dreamed of Russia and Waterloo? What became of Morgan?

Warriors Bold.

The biographical dictionaries are disappointing. What an amount of space is given to inconsiderable, uninteresting men and women!

We like to think of this Col. Skinner, as James Skinner, commander of Skinner's Horse. He served in the Mahratta army, fought at Halkar, the Pindares, and was conspicuous at the storming of Bhurtpore. From this it will be seen that he was hot stuff, as hot as the chutney. And honors fell upon him, grants of land and the title of C. B. In his latter and cooler years he built a church in fulfillment of a vow.

Or was Tom Skinner, commander of the 31st Foot, the Chutney man? He tramped over Afghanistan and in 1832 wrote "Excursions in India."

Was Chutney Grey, Sir John who fought against Tippos Sahib and died a lieutenant-general and a K. C. B.? Did he and the Skinners send to friends in England chests of mangoes, chutney and currie powders?

Hot Stuff.

Does our correspondent know the wording of Skinner's and Grey's recipes? Mr. Forbes, writing about chatna in 1813—for so he translated the Hindi "chatni"—spoke of coconut, lime juice, garlic and chillies as ingredients. Later writers speak vaguely of ripe fruits, acids and sour herbs, chillies and spices. We do not commend chutney with Welsh rabbit. We loathe sauces, brown, white, gray or yellow. The more piquant the sauce the staler the fish. Yet there are men, poor wretches, believing themselves to be epicures, who cannot eat a beef-steak without sneaking it with a sauce of their own device, a sauce that contains almost everything and looks and smells like the old-fashioned Day & Martin's blacking.

And while there is questioning, who was the "nobleman of England" who gave the recipe for Worcestershire sauce? Who is the old gentleman that, on billboards and in street cars, recommends a succedaneum for coffee and disconcerts the victim of the berry by saying "There's a Reason"? We all know the chewing

of a man by sight, and the reduplication of his face in a long diminuendo still diverts the stranger from the enjoyment of our natural scenery.

A Matter of Eugenics.

Writers on eugenics discourage the use of alcohol; but Herbert Spencer, who had the interest of the human race at heart, drank wine and also whiskey on top of Ben Nevis, and descending the mountain found that he displayed "quite unusual agility, being able to leap from rock to rock with rapidity, ease and safety."

Anxious Inquirer.

One more question: "What is the precise meaning of the phrase 'by scribe and tumble'? I have heard it used on Cape Cod with reference to the framing of a house. Am familiar with the scribe—the pointed instrument for marking lines on wood, bricks, etc.—but why 'tumble'?"

Oct 5, 1912

Years ago when there was a heroic period of dramatic criticism in Boston; when Messrs. Woolf, Apthorp, Clapp, Ticknor and Wyman wrote with understanding and brilliantly; when Mr. F. E. Chase coruscated in the *Courier* as "The Man Who Laughs" in a manner that "Nym Crinkle" himself would have applauded, there was an old-timer, a slasher after the manner of Thackeray's Mr. Bludger, who, using broad-axe or rapier equally well in the place of a pen, would play the part of kill-joy by saying to a colleague: "So you liked this young man's Hamlet, did you? My boy, you should have seen Macready in the part."

And so superb was his arrogance that no one ever dared to say suspiciously: "Did you ever see him?"

Poor Jaggers!

A production of "Oliver Twist" has excited reminiscences. Mr. Jaggers informed us yesterday that he was greatly disappointed because Nancy in the present version is not used as a floor mop and dragged about by the hair of her head. Then he began to talk about Charlotte Cushman's Nancy. We did not have the courage to ask him in what year he saw her, but something in our heart assured us that he was bluffing; that he should have entitled his discourse "Things I wish I had seen." (Old playgoers, however, who saw Miss Cushman and Lucille Western have told us that the Nancy of the latter was the more lifelike and impressive.) When Mr. Jaggers expatiated on the manner in which Sikes killed Nancy Cushman—"and on the stage, sir, in the sight of the people"—we nearly whistled. For in George Almar's version of Dickens's novel, the play in which J. W. Wallack, Jr., took the part of Fagin, Studley of old Bowery Theatre fame that of Sikes, Mrs. G. Stoddard that of Oliver, and Miss Cushman that of Nancy—Davidge was Mr. Bumble—Nancy was not killed in the sight of the people. She made her sentimental plea for mercy: "Let us lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayer! It is never too late to repent—never!"

And the scene was then as follows: Sikes: You will not loose your hold? Nancy: No—I will hold you till you kiss me and forgive.

Sikes—Perdition! [Music. He drags her off, D. F. A. scream is heard, then a fall. Sikes re-enters, pale and trembling.]

There is blood upon these hands and she is dead! (Rushes out.)

The scene that was between this last and the one showing Fagin in prison was only pantomimic. "Scene III. Music. Sikes enters L. H. Expresses horror at the deed he has committed and dread of discovery—looks cautiously behind him and steals off, R. H."

Alas, poor Jaggers!

The Good Old School.

Dr. Muck has put on his program of the Symphony concert next week a symphonic poem of Liszt—"Mazeppa"—that is little known here. It was suggested by Victor Hugo's poem, which in turn bears a motto from Byron's

"Mazeppa; or the Wild Horse of Tartary," by H. M. Milner, Esq. The shapes arise! Kate Fisher, Fanny Herring, and above them and others the marvelously beautiful shape of Adah Isaacs Menken. What a pity it is that the younger generation knows not "Mazeppa." "The Cataract of the Ganges," "The King of the Commons," "Amasis, or the Last of the Pharaohs," "The Stranger."

"Mazeppa" may yet be read with delight. The Castellan of Laurinski was always the fine fellow. "The evening's shadows, now gathering o'er the valley, remind us to conclude our sports, and taste the banquet's joys. Now let the trumpet speak the contest o'er, and in the joyous goblet's cheering draught, let each pledge his antagonist in sincerity and friendship." That is the way a Castellan should talk. It is true, the actor would sometimes in the pomp and heat of rhetoric speak of the "joyous goblet," but that was not disturbing. In comparison with Milner's

stately one, how lowly that of Mr. Bernstein! How pinchbeck that of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones!

And this stage direction. "A Gothic Chamber in the Castle of the Castellan, in Poland. Music. Oliniska discovered, pale and dejected, seated at a rich toilet, attended by a female," is more significant to us than the half-pages of stage directions in an ingenious play by Mr. G. B. Shaw.

Oct 6, 1912

Mr. André Caplet, the accomplished conductor at the Boston Opera House, is deeply interested in the concerts which he will conduct next December. These concerts will be on Sunday afternoons and will not be over an hour and a half in length. They will not be too anxiously "popular," but of such a nature that they should attract all sorts and conditions of men and women who enjoy music for its own sake, or are eager to see, as well as hear, distinguished singers.

Sunday

Opera

"Mr. Caplet has arranged a Russian program for the first concert, and the compositions chosen are by the "Cabinet," the "Big Five," concerning whom Tchaikowsky wrote and spoke ironically. The majority of the works have not been heard here. The solo singer will be Vanni Marcoux, and he will be heard with chorus in an act of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff," the opera that greatly influenced Debussy, and will be produced at the Metropolitan in New York this season. It were to be hoped that Mr. Caplet can procure the original version, wild and barbaric, in place of the sand-papered revision by Rimsky-Korsakoff, but this, no doubt, would be impossible. Balakireff's symphonic poem, "Tamara," which has been played in Chicago and New York, will be heard here for the first time. It was suggested by Lermonoff's poem. Queen Tamara was a Russian Marguerite of Burgundy, and her palace, to which she welcomed lovers for a night and then threw their bodies into the river, was another Tour de Nesle. Music from Borodin's "Prince Igor" will also be heard here for the first time. There will be music by Gen. Caesar Cui, professor of fortification, and Rimsky-Korsakoff will be represented by his brilliant "Caprice on Spanish Airs."

The program of the second concert will be devoted to music by Rameau and Debussy. The latter's setting of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel" has been performed here at a pupils' concert (with piano) and by the Cecilia (with orchestra), but the exquisite beauty of the cantata has not yet been fully revealed to the Boston public. Miss Mary Garden will be the solo singer.

The program of the third concert will be composed of old French folk songs, some with orchestral accompaniment, some accompanied by a piano. Edmond Clement will be the chief singer.

On Dec. 22 it is proposed to perform an oratorio by Handel, possibly "The Messiah," but a decision has not yet been reached.

On the last Sunday in December the Manzoni Requiem by Verdi will be performed. Mr. Caplet will conduct it.

A Bundle

of Various Notes

Mr. Carlo Buonamicci, who has been appointed head of the piano department of the Institute of Musical Art of New York, will nevertheless live in Boston and teach there. His connection with the Fox-Buonamicci school will remain as before.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has had a souvenir prepared in connection with his farewell visits to a number of British cities. In a portfolio are 16 portraits. One is a reproduction of Hugh Riviere's portrait of Miss Gertrude Elliott; the other 15 are portraits of Forbes-Robertson himself in his best-known impersonations, including Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello and Shylock, the last-named of which has not yet been seen in London, though the metropolitan public is looking forward to seeing it next year. Jock McKay is the latest Scottish idol of the London music halls. The Daily Chronicle admits that he may on first acquaintance almost repel. The stories told by him as quoted by the Chronicle, have an ancient and fishlike smell.

Madame Bernhardt's repertoire at the Coliseum performances includes a number of her favorite death scenes—which, of course, is as it should be. An ingenious statistician, some time ago, computed the number of death scenes she had enacted. Her deaths by self-administered poison, it was calculated, totalled well over 10,000; she had jumped into the scenic artist's Seine 7,000 times; had sent 5,000 bullets into her head with a revolver; and stabbed herself as frequently as all her other "deaths" put together. At a reception one night, a lady asked her if it were really true that she kept a coffin at her house. "Certainly," was the reply, "and so would you if you were the Morgue's most frequent customer!"—Daily Chronicle.

Richard Temple, the first of Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikados, is now very poor and Sir Herbert Tree is arranging a benefit performance for him.

Middleton's "Chaste Maid of Cheapside" was performed in London Sept. 16 for the first time in England, they

are, in 300 years.

Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers, the celebrated singer and teacher, is the author of "English Diction for Singers and Speakers," which has just been published. The Herald will speak of this much needed treatise next Sunday.

Desire Lagne has completed his third symphony and announces to the palpitating world that it contains 1629 measures, three parts, seven subdivisions, 43 movements. It calls for 63 stringed instruments, 39 wind instruments and nine percussion.

The Flonzaley Quartet will give a concert in Berlin, Oct. 19. Quartets by Mozart, Ravel, Beethoven.

Bernard Sekles has composed music for a ballet founded on a fairy story by Oscar Wilde. It will be produced at Frankfurt this season.

D'Albert's new opera "Liebesketten" will be produced on Oct. 15 at Dresden and Vienna.

Fritz Kreisler will play with the Boston Symphony orchestra this season the violin concertos of Beethoven and Brahms, also perhaps a short concerto by Viotti. He will not give a recital in Boston. The Menestrel of Paris errs when it says that he will play Weingartner's new concerto in this city. This concerto will be performed for the first time in Vienna and Mr. Kreisler will there be the violinist.

Leo Slezak is announced in Germany as "the German Caruso." A German once said to Coleridge, "Klopstock is our Milton," to which Coleridge answered: "Klopstock is a very good Milton—for the Germans."

Goldmark is at work on a new comic opera.

A symphonic poem, "Brand," by Karl Pottgiesser, based on Ibsen's drama, has been produced, and for the first time, at Sondershausen.

"Sursum corda," a symphonic poem by Wilhelm Mauke, has been produced at Teplitz-Schoenau.

Felix Weingartner's "Lustige" overture, op. 53, has been published. He has nearly completed an opera, "Abel and Cain."

The Editor of The Herald:

Two

Old Play

Bills

An esteemed lady correspondent of this city sends me two playbills of the old National Theatre, which it will be remembered was at the corner of Portland and Traverse streets. They were over 60 years old, some two years before the first "old Nash" was destroyed by fire. They were among the effects of a deceased war veteran. They are the long, ugly programs which used to be distributed at the theatres when I was a small boy, in which there were no outside advertisements. The first, dated Feb. 7, 1851, calls attention to the benefit of Mr. S. Johnston, who must not be confounded with Mr. S. D. Hanson, who was once known as a low

comedian, and whose name also appears as a member of the company. Mr. Johnston, as I recall him, was what we used to call a "heavy man"—a villain—but on this occasion he seems to have played a heroic character, Don Hernandez, the Good, and the drama in which he appeared bore the startling title "The Butchers, or the Red Preacher." Others in the cast were Mr. J. B. Booth, the elder brother of Edwin Booth (then not known to fame) as Jean Hamer, the Butcher of Ghent. Another butcher was J. Munroe, who used to be called "Chunky" Munroe by the boys to distinguish him from Frank Munroe, a comparatively tall man, who was also attached to the same theatre. The first mentioned retired from the stage and became a lawyer in Chelsea, if I mistake not. "Jimmie" Ring, long with the old Boston Museum as prompter and second low comedian, was the Red Preacher. J. J. Prior, once a prominent actor, staggered under the grandiloquent designation of Don Alonzo De Ulloa, El Mostro del Campo. Mrs. Coleman Pope, well remembered by very old playgoers as an actress of crescent note, was Donna Maria, daughter of Hernandez, and dear Mrs. Vincent, before she unfortunately became Mrs. John Wilson, against the advice of Bishop Eastburn, was Inez, a maid to the heroine.

The drama was probably a translation or an adaptation, though Mr. C. H. Saunders, once a well-known player here, was set down as its author. It was written, we are further informed, for the Bowery Theatre, New York, where it met with immense success. It must have been of the blood and thunder variety—the wake me up when Kirby dies kind—judging from the synopsis of incidents, from which this extract will suffice: "Fire and Fury. Love and Jealousy. Poison and Petrification." Would you have more? Go to! Do you want to sup on horrors?

But this was not all the bill contained. Following was an Irish song by Mr. Healey; the Opera Polka by Miss A. Raymond and Mr. S. Laher; "The Swiss Cottage," in which Mr. Saunders and Miss Anna Cruise, one of the most bewitching of the soubrettes of other days, appeared; Mr. Gray, the so-called Boston Rattler, in a characteristic dance, accompanied by Mr. W. Evans on the banjo, and the first and third acts of "Nick of the Woods," with the beneficiary in the title part with its numerous variations, and "Old" Spear as Ralph Stackpole, also with several aliases. And all this you might have enjoyed for 50 cents if you sat in the dress circle, for 25 cents if you sat either in the family circle or in the pit, which had not then been elevated into a parquet, and

for 12½ cent if you chose to sit with the gods in the first and second galleries.

Perhaps you think you would be home just in time to meet the milkman if you sat out this long performance. But you would be mistaken, for the doors of the playhouse were open at 6:30 and the entertainment began at 7. There were no late dinners then—we dined from 12 M. to 3 P. M. Where be those players now? With Yorick, doubtless. George G. Spear, whose brother, I am told led the Fenian invasion of Canada in 1870, died many years ago in an asylum for the feeble minded. The last time I saw him he came into my office at midnight eating peppermints out of a paper bag, and he who had so often set the theatre in a roar was a pathetic figure. He was not much of an artist, but his homely visage and stentorian voice always commanded mirthful attention.

The second bill which has been commended to my attention announces the reopening of the National Theatre for the 16th season, with Wright, Fenno & Bird as the lessees. A new and splendid act drop by Mr. J. E. Hayes, and a new stage laid by T. E. Gill, are among the improvements noted on the program which bears the date Friday evening, Aug. 15, 1851. The star was Miss Fanny Wallack of whom I have before written in my reminiscences, and on this occasion she appeared as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." The company seems to have been mainly the same as in the former bill, though Mr. Booth has disappeared and Mr. W. M. Leman has taken his place and appears as Claude Melnotte. Those who remember this actor as playing old men at the Boston Theatre in the later sixties will hardly associate him with juvenile characters, and it may be also said, in passing, that Mr. J. B. Booth, Jun Booth, as we were wont to designate him in his younger days, also returned here from California, as manager at the Boston Theatre at about the same time. The bill concludes with a new drama in three acts, entitled "The Soldier's Bride; or, the Battle of Austerlitz," by J. T. Haines. Eight acts for an evening's performance! We would not endorse this nowadays. The time, too, is a little later than that referred to in the bill of the previous season; the doors open at 7:15 o'clock and the curtain rises at precisely 7:45. This, too, notwithstanding the fact there is a Highland fling between the plays by the agile Mr. S. Lake. The prices remained the same, no doubt to the satisfaction of the North end truckmen, who were strenuous supporters of the drama both legitimate and illegitimate, and probably they appreciated "The Spirit of Avarice," a new drama of intense interest that they had in store for them, according to managerial promise. History repeats itself, and the spirit mentioned seems to be hovering about us still.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester Centre, Sept. 25, 1912.

Leoncavallo's

New

Opera

Leoncavallo's new opera, "Zingari," was produced at the Hippodrome, London, Sept. 16. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it:

"It is a matter of some difficulty to write an opera suitable for a variety entertainment. The work must be short, concise and yet dramatic; moreover, obviously, it must be musical, by which one implies the necessity for some formal treatment, and it is this as well as the dramatic side which is apt to suffer owing to the time limitations. Composed especially for the London Hippodrome, Leoncavallo's 'Zingari,' produced last night, fulfils the conditions probably as well as is possible. It has a story which involves one or two situations of interest and an action which progresses well, even if the close is a trifle inconclusive."

Briefly, what happens is this: Radu, a Hungarian prince, has fallen in love with Fleana, the daughter of a gypsy chief. She returns the affection, and they are united; but, owing to the irreconcilable conditions of their respective state and education, the union is not a success. One is led to understand that Fleana grows cold and indifferent. The return to the encampment of Tamar, a former lover, induces Fleana to leave Radu and throw in her lot with one of her own class. Close by is a straw hut, and there Tamar and Fleana take up their abode for the night. Radu, awaking and finding himself alone, comes out of his caravan, and hearing the voices of the lovers, suddenly revenges himself by setting the hut on fire. The other gypsies appear and seize him, but too late. Tamar and Fleana are burned to death. The scenic effect of the fire was very realistic, and the result was certainly sensational, if not convincing.

Very small possibilities lie in this short work for character drawing; it is but a sketch, yet it goes with a good swing, and Leoncavallo is too much of a master-hand as regards the dramatic touch in his treatment to have missed any salient point where his music could tell. It never rises to any special height of emotional expression, but is always appropriate in mood. The fen-

There is the scene of the wedding ceremony, where there is a beautiful Hungarian chorus and quite a clever dancing song for Flana, a characteristic aria in the gypsy style for the heroine in the second act, a short love-duet for her and Ralu in the first act, the final scene of which had to be repeated last night, and the aria sung by Tamar on his return, which delighted the house to the extent of a double encore. Another brief love-duet between the last-mentioned and Flana should also be mentioned.

But for the fact that the small chorus sang out of tune occasionally, the performance was a capital one. It was marked by its note of fervor and enthusiasm. Moreover, Signorina Rinalda Favoni's soprano voice has a telling quality, and the tenor, Signor Egidio Cuneo, is unsurpassed in the forcible color of his top notes. Not so vocally gifted, Signor E. Caronna yet sang freely the marriage music allotted to Tamar. The composer conducted and obtained the warmest possible reception from the large house. Altogether the production is decidedly successful, though one could wish for a performance in the vernacular.

The Career of Miss Valli Valli, "A Polish Wedding."

Valli Valli is still a very young woman, although she has had much experience. She went on the stage when she was five years old. Born in Berlin in 1882, Miss Valli is really a German, but she was in London at the age of six, and has become known as an Englishwoman. In London she became a favorite in drawing-rooms. She was so small that she had to be seated on the lid of the piano to be seen. She attracted the attention of Sir Augustus Harris, who saw in her a Cinderella, but she was not old enough to be granted a license by the magistrate, and in order that she could appear before 6 o'clock, the hour prescribed for children to stop work on the stage in London, Miss Valli was given her scene to play at 5:30 in the afternoon.

She made her first appearance as Harry in "The Duchess of Coolgarde," Sept. 19, 1896, according to "Who's Who in the Theatre," but the press agent's story is here given.

Later in 1896, she was at Terry's Theatre as Nora in "The Holly Tree Inn," and made a hit, so that King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, sent for her and asked her to give a performance at his castle in Sandringham. Ellen Terry saw Miss Valli afterward in Rome and engaged her to play a boy's part, "Billy," in "Olympia," at the Lyceum Theatre. This was in 1897. She then played in "The Physician." Every Christmas in London big spectacular plays are put on for the children and Valli played Alice in "Alice in Wonderland." She appeared in New York in 1904 in "Veronique" at the Apollo Theatre. Miss Valli then returned to London and played three seasons at the Lyceum. She played with Lew Waller in "The Duke's Motto" and again visited New York (1909) with G. P. Huntley in "Kitty Gordon." She afterward appeared in "The Dollar Princess" for one season in New York, got homesick and returned to London. In 1910 she was at the Empire; that year she took the part of Sonia in a Parisian production of "The Merry Widow," and last year was in various London music halls.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Thursday—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M., operatic concert by Thomas A. Gallozzi, tenor, assisted by Clara Sexton, soprano; John Codman, baritone; a contralto to be announced; Augusta E. Gentsch, pianist; Lucia Jewell, accompanist. Signor Gallozzi will sing "Gloire Steppé" from "Siberia," "Poveri Senza Pan," from Mascagni's "Amica," duets with Miss Sexton from "Ballo in Maschera" and "Carmen," and in the quartet from "Rigoletto." Miss Sexton will sing "O Rendete" from "Puritani" and an air from Chopin's polonaise op. 53.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Saturday—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Oct 7 1912

In an odd moment The Herald published some "founding rhymes" concerning the adventures of little Willie (or Willy). We say evil, because correspondents have sent variations on the same theme; complaints about the staidness, the flatness or the heartless flippancy of the lines. There is always the waste basket; but what protection is there against the comparative stranger who stands over you in the street car while you are wedged between two fat women and with his feverish breath recites rhymes—with the preparatory remark: "I'll tell you some that are really good. You'll make a bit if you print 'em," and then relates rhymed stories that you heard in the district school at the foot of Round Hill long before Mr. George W. Cable of New Orleans came to Northampton and invaded Paradise?

And what protection is there against the old, familiar friend, who, smiling, knives you under the fifth rib by saying: "You must have been hard up for copy?"

Willy Redivivus.

Nevertheless, as the chairman of an old-fashioned London music hall replied to coarse objectors, nevertheless, we will "oblige," as Miss Tottie Flosserton did in the story.

As the World Wags:

I was much interested to read of the demise of "Little Willy" in The Herald today, and wondered if you knew that before his untimely taking-off he made away with both his parents as follows:

Little Willy, playing soldiers,
Shot his father through the heart,
And in childish wonder gazing,
Saw his father's life depart.
When his mother, with a look of
Disapproval on her face,
Saying, "Willy, you play too roughly,"
Marched him upstairs in disgrace.

Later on:

Willy put poison in mother's tea,
Mother died in agony.
Willy's grandmother was terribly vexed
And said, "Willy, really child, what next?"

Some time later I heard that his grandmother "fell into a sewer" owing to Willy's manipulation, but I have not the facts.
A. G. NEEDHAM.

Boston, Oct. 3.

An Old and Tried Friend.

As the World Wags:
Reading the "Foundling Rhymes" in The Boston Herald of this morning brought to my memory the following:

Little Willie had a mirror,
Likewise whooping cough;
Little Willie in his terror
Licked the back part off.

Two weeks later Willie's mother
Said to Mrs. Brown:
"Twas a cold, cold day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

This was told to me by Mr. John C. Alden, the musician, many years ago. Possibly Mr. Alden perpetrated the above, although I do not recall that he claimed the authorship.

EDWARD E. HOBART.

Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 3.
The indisputable death of Little Willy has been attributed to various causes, all "tragic"—as though death, though often thought quick, painless and desirable, were not always tragic—almost as tragic as birth and life. The rhymes recited by Mr. Alden to Mr. Hobart were published, with slight changes, in the issue of the London Observer from which we quoted.

Originals or Variants.

This reminds us of a letter received from Providence, R. I., dated Oct. 3:

As the World Wags: The Observer correspondents who have been sending in verses concerning Willy and others either have bad memories or are the victims of plagiarists. Two of these classics I know, and unless I am very much mistaken the correct versions are:

Little Willie, in his best of shashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes;
Bye and bye the room grew chilly,
But nobody liked (or cared) to poke up Willie.

In the drinking well
Which the plumber built her
Aunt Eliza fell;
We must buy a filter.

I am sure you will appreciate the tragic terseness of the last.

EDWARD FULLER.

Why should "Willy" and "Willy, boy" excite laughter, prompt and contemptuous? O Willy, we have missed you! But William the Conqueror was a fine fellow in his day; William of Orange was no molly-coddle; the Willy that brewed a peck of malt in Burns's poem was no milkop. The French long spoke of Shakespeare as "the divine William." When Artemus Ward lectured in a Rocky mountain bar room, the barkeeper punctuated the applause by banging his fist on the bar and shouting: "Good boy from the New England states. Listen to William W. Shakespeare." "Willy" Shakespeare—the abbreviation is one of endearment; but not even the rabid Baconians speak of "Willy S." "Willie on the beach!" "A Willy Boy." Again we ask, "Why?"

Oct 8 1912

And then Montessor read to Imogene a simple ballad of the heart and home. And as he read she sighed. His voice broke and they wept together. "If you only have the strength," she said, "before we part, let me hear once more 'The Lay of the Lonesome Lung.'"

Mr. Witherspoon Discourses.

As the World Wags:

I note in Thursday's Herald the quoted verses describing little Willy's exploits and the query of Mr. Gerard Frennes, "Whence do they come?" I find two of the four in Carolyn Wells's "Nonsense Anthology" attributed to Col. D. Streamer and printed, by permission of R. H. Russell, from "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes."

The Anthology is a never-failing source of joy, although Miss Wells is not to be forgiven for including W. E. Henley's "Villon's Straight Tip to all Cross Coves" in a nonsense volume. It is hard to understand how a clever woman could so misunderstand this piece of verse, written as it is in all seriousness in authoritative thieves' patter.

The origin of the infamous limericks one hears the world over must of course

remain in obscurity. Some 20 odd years ago I wasted two years at Williams College, an institution which was favored at that time with the undergraduate presence of one Eugene Richard White. White gave promise of great things in a literary way and found a place among the minor poets in Stedman's "American Anthology." When I knew him his remarkable brilliancy found expression chiefly in Rabelaisian limericks, of which he was responsible for some 50 or 60 especially choice ones. Some of them I heard sung years after at bacchanalian revels at Circle City and Dawson. I believe that Eugene Field was also credited with a few, was he not? The following (not a limerick) by Eugene Field has always pleased me:

Down thro' the snowdrifts in the street
With blustering joy he steers.
His rubber boots are full of feet,
And his tippet full of ears.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Oct. 5.

Editorial Gloss.

Mr. Witherspoon does well to wonder at the appearance of Henley's masterly translation in the Anthology edited by Miss Wells. It is still more to be regretted that two or three of Henley's

poetical studies in thieves' cant and London slang are not to be found in the erroneously named complete edition of Henley's works.

Eugene Field wrote certain poems, some of them elaborate, which could not be published in any household edition of his writings. One of them was invented for a dinner of the Papyrus Club in this city, but it was considered too strong for the old Papyrus crowd, which was by no means squeamish. The manuscript, written in a beautifully clear hand, was for a long time in the possession of a book-collector of the city, though he more than once attempted to pass it on. He even offered it to Mr. Francis Wilson, the playactor, who is always talking about his library and its treasures, but Mr. Wilson when in the city did not think it worth his while to call and examine it.

The late Harry Bloodgood of negro minstrel fame composed Rabelaisian limericks long before Mr. White was admitted to Williams College.

The verse quoted by Mr. Witherspoon reminds us of a quatrain recited with great effect by Mr. George Thatcher:

'Twas a wild and stormy night;
The old man stood in the street.
His aged eyes were full of tears,
His shoes were full of feet.

Old Age Superbly Lyng.

Foreign journals inform us that eight Russians were invited to attend the centenary celebration of the battle of Borodino. Retired Sergeant-Major Akim Voltvenyok is certainly 122 years old, and others say he is 133. He was not granted a pension until this year. Peter Laptieff, now 118, saw Napoleon and his army on the march so graphically described by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. The others, peasants all, male and female, are respectively 110, 112, 115, 110, 120 and 109. Laptieff is probably the only man now living who saw Napoleon in the flesh. There is a ninth aged person, Mary Popoff, busy in housework although she is about 125. Living in Moscow 100 years ago, she remembers the burning of that city. Nevertheless, Thomas Parr is still the man for our money. He married his first wife, Jane, when he was 80 and had two children by her, and at 120 he begat a child by his second wife, one Katherine Milton. Change of air, a supposedly more nutritious diet, and too many gaping visitors brought him at 150 years or more to an untimely end. Peace has its heroes.

AT TREMONT

"The Polish Wedding," an In-

TREMONT THEATRE—"A Polish Wedding," a farce with music, adapted from the German of "Die Polnische Wirtschaft," by George V. Hobart. Music by Jerome D. Kern. The principal characters:

Gabrielle.....Mathilde Cottrelly
Albert Mangle.....William Burruss
Peter Puffie.....Lincoln Plumer
Erika.....Winona Winter
Wille Heckler.....Armand Keltz
Rudolph Schiller.....Sidney Bracey
Marga.....Valli Valli
Fritz Fogel.....John Reinhard
Judge Walton.....Frank Andrews
Count Kasimir.....Louis Casavant

"Polnische Wirtschaft" was first given in Berlin in 1910, where it was characterized as a "wild burlesque farce." In its present form the word burlesque is scarcely applicable. It has a plot from which humorous situations spring naturally, which is well sustained and the ending of which, though it is so inevitable that the audience has guessed it from the first, comes as a logical and satisfying climax.

Heckler, a gentleman farmer, had quarrelled with his wife—apparently she delighted in harmless flirtations—had begun proceeding for a divorce and had already chosen a fiancée for his second wife, but he and his wife still loved each other, though he would not admit it even to himself. His wife comes to Vienna, where he is busy at his courtship, to enlist his aid in saving her

farm and incidentally to try to win him back. First his artist friend, Schiller, and then his wife, Marga, appear at the home of his fiancée who knows nothing of his being married. The possibilities for fun are further increased by the fact that old Mangle, the fiancée's father, has been caught in a flirtation with Marga which he is naturally anxious to keep from his wife and daughter.

The humor of the situations is not subtle, but is always pure fun. There is some of the musical comedy brand, but not much. Mostly it is straight farce, that one can laugh at heartily and satisfactorily. Some of it is in the lines. "I can't be faithless to my fiancée, even to oblige my wife," says Heckler, when his friend is urging him to return to the farm. Here and there a song is introduced, lightening the action.

The second act takes place on the farm, where Heckler has been at last persuaded to return and where he must undergo a Polish wedding, something that apparently takes place after five years of wedded life, in order that his wife may keep her property. But by this time the way has been cleared for the inevitable ending. It only remains for the artist to win away Heckler's fiancée which he does in several very pretty scenes and for Marga to force her husband to realize he still loves her. There is more singing in this act, a slight wandering from the course of the tale, but not enough to hurt.

The first song, "He Must Be Nice to Mother," suddenly interpolated into the midst of a swiftly moving dialogue, comes as a little shock, but Miss Winter sings it so daintily and the words and the business fit so appropriately into the action that surprise becomes quickly satisfaction. This is a characteristic of the musical numbers. They are not musically distinctive, though they have an individual touch, but they are light, catchy, tripping and, without exception, the words and business are merely a carrying on, or an illustration, of the action of the play.

An exception is "Let Us Build a Little Nest," sung by Genevieve Tobin and Ann Pennington as two children in the second act. Apparently interpolated as a dainty bit, it is repeated later on by the quartet of lovers with sentimental and pretty effect. And musically it is fresh and dainty and simple and clean.

All the singers sang as if the words meant something—and they did. There was a finish to the action, expression, interest, so that vocal short comings were easily overlooked. The same finish was apparent in the dialogue. Miss Valli Valli saw something besides farce in her part. She made the wife in many of her scenes as real and natural as if it had been a play of modern realism instead of a piece of fun. She won serious interest in her ultimate victory over her wayward husband.

Miss Winter, more conventional, was winsome and dainty in the first act and attractively in love in the second.

Mr. Burruss was the principal fun-maker, in the musical comedy style, and he drew constant laughter by his apt facial expression, aided by an eloquent make-up, his funny little accent and his ready response to the beauty of fair women. Mr. Keltz had to combine both serious and comic work, and succeeded measurably well. Mr. Bracey was absurd, as he was meant to be, until he fell in love—then he was all that a lover should be. The rest did well.

Blanche Ring will come to the Tremont Theatre on Monday, Oct. 21, when "The Wall Street Girl" will be given with all the songs which Miss Ring made popular.

"BOY BLUE" AT THE MAJESTIC

Majestic Theatre—"Little Boy Blue," musical comedy in two acts, by Rudolph Schanzer and Carl Lindau. American adaptation by A. E. Thomas and Edward A. Paulton. Music by Henry Berens, Arthur Weld, E. A. Paulton. Orchestra directed by Sell Simonson. First time in Boston.

The Earl of Gobardeen.....John Dunsmore
Gaston.....Franklyn Farnum
Dupont.....Otis Harlan
Captain Graham.....Roland Horne
Tabarin.....Victor Kahn
Archibald.....Charles Hines
Daisy.....Gertrude Bryan
Amaranth, a goosum.....Maude Odell
Kitty.....Kathryn Stevenson

Here is another, and it has had a long run in New York to recommend it. In consequence the attendance was large, very large, and the applause seemed to indicate keen enjoyment. In point of fact, the production is uneven in its merits. Certainly it has permitted an unusually competent stage manager to exercise his imagination and versatility. As a result, a well-drilled chorus, nimble and vivacious, earned the applause that greeted its every effort. In addition, Miss Bryan, whose histrionic accomplishments prophesy better and more legitimate opportunities, was compellingly magnetic in a masculine impersonation. Here again approval was well deserved.

For the rest the production is not altogether a happy one. The music, ex-

cept for a delightful prelude which serves to bring on the chorus in the last act, lacks distinction. The melody is either boisterous or popularly sentimental. To the credit of Mr. Simonson, however, be it said that the orchestra was admirably discreet even in the midst of so much temptation. The voices of the principals were even as uninspiring as the score. And so it was fortunate again that the chorus could offset the limitations in this regard. The concerted pieces, then, were more pleasingly rendered than the songs allotted to the principals of the cast. As regards matters less important in musical comedy the story has neither the interest, nor the lines, the sparkle, that makes for enjoyable comedy.

The cast, which is large, managed to earn considerable approval through the exercise of very obvious methods. Their comedy was heavy and loud. There was obvious effort at every turn. In consequence, all spontaneity was discarded and all suggestiveness eliminated. Miss Bryan alone succeeded in being artistically amusing. Here is an extremely clever young lady who satisfies many of the requirements of good characterization. Delicately imaginative and admirably suggestive, her impersonation of the Little Boy Blue stood out in marked contrast to the laborious attempts of the other players.

The production is adequately staged. There is constant action on the stage and many attractive stage pictures are effected by harmonious groupings of the chorus. In all, a musical comedy with a clever chorus and a pleasing impersonator.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: "The Aviator," comedy by James Montgomery.

Robert Street.....Wilson Melrose
Jack Brown.....Donald Meek
Brookline.....Carney Christie
Yves Gaudier.....George Henry Trader
St. Robinson.....Al Roberts
J. Gordon.....Walter Walker
J. Douglas.....Egbert Munro
J. Huley.....Alfred Hunt
J. Douglas.....Joseph Codere
J. Douglas.....Miss Lauret Brown
Miss A. H. Douglas.....Miss Mabel Colcord
Miss Madeline Riley.....Miss Florence Shirley
Miss Zephe.....Miss Sylvia Bladen
Miss Blair.....Miss Grace Roberts
Miss H. derson.....Miss Margaret Hunt
Miss W. dson.....Miss Gladys Lott
Miss Allen.....Miss Dorothy Reade
Miss Pierce.....Miss Louise Ray

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The St. James Theatre Company presents "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," a play in four acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Cast:
Sir Oliver Holt.....Theodore Friebeus
Young Oliver Holt.....Harry Fearing
Dr. Heath.....William C. Walsh
Powell.....Burt Symon
S. Bowring Burford.....Herbert Pierce
Dr. Batterlee.....S. B. Dudley
G. ad.....Michael Gray Terry
The Dandy.....Dudley Hawley
Bet.....Kate Ryan
Madge Delorme.....Beth Franklin

ENGLISH DANCER AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Ma-Belle Heads Bill—Providence Players and Other Take Part.

Ma-Belle, the English dancer, made her first appearance in America yesterday at B. F. Keith's Theatre. A slim and girlish figure attired in conventional ballet costume and assisted by eight young women similarly clad, she frisked and pirouetted amid woodland scenery, executing steps and figures of a more or less classical nature. She was at her best when, having quaffed a grape crowned goblet, she sought to portray bacchanalian revelry. The dances were arranged by Ma-Belle and described on the program as "startling."

The Providence Players gave a clever performance of an amusing farce, "Who Is Brown?" based on a matrimonial misunderstanding. Bert Melrose delighted with an excellent bit of fooling. The Big City Four, a well-trained and balanced quartet, pleased in humorous songs, while Marshall Montgomery performed astonishing feats of ventriloquism. Others on the program who were equally to be commended for their ability as entertainers were the Zanettos in a deft exhibition of knife juggling, and Genaro and Bailey, who danced and sang with spirit.

Stories of the various forms and estimates with which men have worn and regarded the beard serve only to show the capriciousness of mankind and the little agreement there is among them in the ideas of beauty and propriety. We find some of them looking upon it as the greatest ornament and honor which could adorn the body, and preserving every hair with the most religious solemnity. Whilst others have regarded it with an equal share of disgust, and have been as industrious to shave, pluck and destroy every particle of hair from their chins; but all agree in considering it as disagreeable in those women on whom Nature has wantonly bestowed it.

Kansas and Missouri.

The late William A. Pepper, once Populist senator at Washington, was famous for luxuriant whiskerage. His zymos—we prefer this plural to "zymos"—tempted the fowls of the air to build

their nests within and fast their tender brood. These whiskers were often caricatured, but the wearer gloried in them, and saved the caricatures by pasting them in a scrap book. Did he not entitle a chapter of the book he dictated while he was dying, "Whiskers of Populism"?

Mr. Pepper, though born in Pennsylvania of German parentage, and sojourning in Indiana, Missouri and Illinois, was identified with Kansas. Mr. Champ Clark in 1907 pronounced a glowing eulogy on the whiskers of Pike county, Missouri. There never were such whiskers elsewhere in this little world of great wonders, or in song or romance. He was fired to this eulogy by the report that the beard of one S. G. Brinkley, the pride of Magnetic City, N. C., reached to the floor and was the longest in the universe. Mr. Clark said that the beard of this Tarheel was only a goatee in comparison with whiskers of faithful Missourian constituents, and he cited the case of Mr. Valentine Tapley of Spencerville with a beard 11 feet 6 inches long; also the case of Judge Elijah Gates of Curryville, whose beard measured 9½ feet in length.

Whiskerage of Eld.

Alas for states' rights and chauvinistic boosters! Some months ago the Herald published a picture of M. Jean Coulon's beard. Living a blameless life at 85, and scrupulously neat in his person, he carries this beard in a bag on weekdays, but on Sunday it is exposed and draws crowds of respectful gazers to Montluc, in the department of Allier.

There was the learned Jesuit and procurator of Japan and China, Franciscus Alvarez Smedo, by birth a Portuguese. His beard reached down to his feet, and there was more of it, so that for convenience sake he would girt it about him with a girdle. The effigy may be seen prefixed to his history of China. A Swiss going in pilgrimage to Rome when Urban VIII. was pope, had a red beard so long and broad that it covered his whole breast unto his knees. His holiness, thinking it to be a monk's cloak, addressed him as "father." P. Athanasius Kircherus was an eye-witness and told the story to Gasp. Schott, (Phys. Curios, l. 3, c. 23, p. 518). And time and space would fail us if we were to describe other famous beards, among them that of the Spanish country woman, Brizida de Penheranda; she had a beard from her youth, which she suffered to grow so that at the age of 60 it reached down to the pit of her stomach.

In Logansport.

Yet in Logansport, Ind., there were inducements to go without a beard. Mr. James Graves, an ingenious barber, placed these signs in his shop: "Hard boiled eggs with every shave"; "Scrambled eggs and haircuts any way you want them." Dr. Bradfield of the board of health, while being shaved by Joseph Culp filed charges against Graves, the proprietor, on the ground that the running of a restaurant in a barber shop was a breach of the law, although there was no evidence to show that the eggs were used in place of a hair tonic.

Little Willy's Death.

As the World Wags:
I was much interested to read in The Herald of the demise of Little Willy, but I think the cause of his untimely taking off has been misrepresented to you. The manner in which this event occurred was as follows:

Little Willy in the street found a little toy, 'Twas a bunch of dynamite; Willy jumped for joy.
After he had played a while, he began to tire,
And to see if it would burn, he put it in the fire.

And his funeral's tomorrow.
Perhaps Mr. Jay Hunt could furnish you with the facts in the case. If I remember right, he used to sing a Willy song in his younger days on the stage.
CHAS. T. ADDISON.

Amesbury, Oct. 7.

Oct 10, 1912

Montenegro.

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footsteps falls,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from sight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernoger; never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

A Montenegrin Virtue.

The Montenegrins have other estimable qualities than those described above by Mr. Tennyson. The people are renowned for their honesty. There was, and no doubt is today, a law which ordains that any found valuable shall be placed where the loser can recover it. Was there a golden age when all the inhabitants of the earth were honest, as in the Ireland of old when gold chains hung by the roadside tempted no one except to criticism of the work-

manship. There is a curious story about the grandfather of Grimaldi, the clown. It is told by Dickens. Grimaldi, in one of his visits to Leadenhall market with about £400 in gold and silver upon him, "found that his shoe had become unbuckled, and taking from his pocket the bag, he placed it upon a neighboring post, and then proceeded to adjust his buckle." Later, he missed the bag and rushed back to the post. "Although more than three-quarters of an hour had elapsed . . . there it remained safe and untouched on the top of a post in the open street!" This was in 18th century London, a century in which highwaymen and footpads flourished—gloriously.

Lost articles are quickly found in highly respectable places, and seldom advertised by the finders or left at the box office of Symphony Hall or a theatre. An umbrella, scarf, bracelet, fan, vanity bag, is regarded—and evidently by some of our "best people"—as common property. 'Twas mine, 'tis hers. Nor is the finder and retainer to be excused as a kleptomaniac.

Kahn and Khan.

Mr. Otto Kahn, who is fond of opera, not long ago, bought a house in London for \$500,000—the furniture is "in the French style," which, being interpreted, may mean frail chairs that creak and clocks that do not go—but he has rented St. Dunstan's villa for \$20,000 a year. Some say that he wishes to remain in England and work his way up through the peerage, for he would not be content with a baronetcy or the tradesman's "me Lud." Kahn in German means boat, but Mr. Kahn, unlike a certain prominent family in New York, was never closely associated with a ferry. Why does he not spell his name Khan, and claim descent from the great Chingiz? By the way, James Clarence Mangin, who in his literary mind was one-third oriental, one-third German and one-third Irish, wrote in his fantastic "Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century":

Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I,
"O my Lord and Kahn,
What elime is this, and what golden time?"
Why "Kahn" or "Khan" in Ireland?
Miss Guiney in a foot note derives the word from the Gaelic "Caenn," a title for a chief.

Two More Foundlings.

As the world wags:
Here is another version:
The night was growing old;
She walked through snow and sleet.
Her nose was long and cold.
And her shoes were full of feet.
Do you know the following?
Johnny went to see the stock yard,
Mother missed him in the jam.
Johnny fell into the disoird,
And came home as potted-ham.
Boston, Oct. 8. F. W. S.

Willy Antedated.

As the world wags:
I have a clipping from a Transcript of over 30 years ago which gives:
Susan put poison in her mother's tea;
Her mother died in agonie.
Her father was extremely vexed
And said: "Really, Susan, my dear, what next?"
So you see the Willy idea is not the original.
A. L.
Boston, Oct. 8.
The stated conclusion is not inevitable. Some of the rhymes describing the pernicious activity of little Willy were invented more than 30 years.

Oct 11 1912

Now that the oysters are beginning to be firmer and their beards more luxuriant, it may be asked, "Is there a Dando among us?" as the Rev. J. H. Hanson asked in the early Fifties, believing that the Rev. Eleazar Williams was Louis XVII. of France, "Have we a Bourbon among us?"

Individual and Type.

The question has already been raised in London, and strange to say there are some who ask, "Who was Dando?" and some, still more ignorant, lift up their voice, demanding, "What is a Dando?" The orthodox dictionaries give no satisfaction. From slang dictionaries it is seen that the name of a particular hero has become the branding mark of a type; but letters addressed to various London journals show that the word "Dando," meaning a glutton, and specifically a sharper who subsists at the expense of hotels, restaurants, or oyster bars, is not so common as the compilers suppose.

In Flesh and Blood.

There was a real Dando, an individual Dando. He was a professional oyster eater who crawled into his last shell in the late Fifties of the 19th century. He would go from oyster house to oyster house, and, not finding any one to pay his bill, brave it out and vaunt his appetite even before the magistrate. He was a "bouncing, seedy swell," brought up at least twice a month on the charge of bilking. They say he was the hero of a hundred ballads; that he was the song of the drunkards; but is any one of our readers acquainted with the poetic glorification?

Blackwood's Magazine honored his memory and thus described his final resting place:

In Clerkenwell there is a lowly grave
That has become a place of pilgrimages,
And not the cockle-shell, the pilgrim bears,
But shell of shapeliest "native" to be placed
In glistening row around that humble sod,
By row on row thus circled.

The proprietors of oyster shops were doubly anxious while Dando was alive. If a stranger demanded a third or fourth score, what were they to do? If they asked for payment before the order was filled, they might offend an honorable customer. If they trusted the stranger, he might turn out to be the terrible Dando.

In Thackeray's Story.

What was Dando's baptismal name? In Thackeray's story, "The Professor:

a Tale of Sentiment," the oyster-fiend is first revealed as Prof. Roderick Dandolo, teacher of dancing and gymnastics at Bulgaria House, the seminary kept by the Misses Pidge. Roderick Ferdinand, 38th Count of Dandolo! But he revealed himself in the oyster shop kept by the father of his sweetheart, Adella Grampus, and, seated on a table, laughing as if drunk, and picking his teeth with a fork, made this brutal speech: "What a flat you are to think I'm a-goin' to pay! Pay! I never pay—I'm DANDO!"

Now—Dando, Esq., had contracted the following bill at the Mermald in Cheapside, kept by Samuel Grampus; the bill, as written by Mrs. Grampus herself:

	£.	s.	d.
Two lobsters at 3s. 6d.	7	0	0
Salt.	1	3	
2 Bottles Doubling Stott.	2	4	
11 doz. Best natifs.	7	4	
14 Pads of Botter.	1	2	
4 Glasses B. & W.	4		
Bredq (lovo + ½)	1	2	
Brakitch of tumber.	1	6	
	1	5	9

This story of Thackeray was published in 1841, in a volume entitled "Comic Tales and Sketches."

Whets to Appetite.

Dando knew rivals. There was the "Irish Oyster Eater," who, on the day before he took to his bed, put down 12 score oysters in 19 min. 35 sec. and the wager was an inconsiderable one. Old French books on cookery and table manners advise gourmards not to eat over 12 dozen as a whet to appetite. G. Tudor Jenks, Esq., once known as "The Clero of the Brooklyn Bar," the father of Justice Almet F. Jenks and Tudor Jenks, a man of huge frame, thought nothing of eating a dozen dozen, or a small chicken, for a starter.

There is a page about oysters in the "Almanach des Gourmards" by Grimod de la Reyniere (second edition, 1803). The author says that the ordinary way of eating them is to swallow them raw before the soup, and "many think there is no other way of serving them, except by enlivening them with a dash of pepper or squeeze of a lemon. What would they say if they were to learn that there are over 20 manners of preparing them; that they may be served 'a la bonne femme, a la daube, au bon-homme, au parmesan, en casserole, au hachis, en paille, farcies, frites, sautees, grillees, en papillotes, en calse'; and the author mentions 'ragouts en gras et en maigre, potages et des petits pates.' We recommend this passage to all earnest students of hotel French.

MISS HOFFMANN AT THE SHUBERT

"Broadway to Paris," a Musical

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Broadway to Paris," a new musical causerie, book and lyrics by George B. Howard and Harold Atteridge, music by Max Hoffmann, who conducted. First time in Boston.

Venus.....Bita Gould
Apollo.....George Austin Moore
Morus.....Robert Archer
Stuyvesant Van Coortlandt.....James T. Duffy
Rafe Sherbrooke.....Ralph Ausin
Lafe Holmes.....James Camody Morton
Isabel Montclair.....Marion Sunshine
Mildred Vincent.....Cordelia Hauger
Anne Trelawney.....Gertrude Hoffmann
Percy Whirlwind.....Charles Ahearn
Heinrichs.....George L. Bikel

The advertisement of this "Musical Causerie"—"Broadway to Paris" is in reality a lively variety show—included this statement attributed to Dr. Carl Jung, Swiss Psychiatrist: "Eliminate prudery, and America may become the greatest country the world has ever known." After the first postponement of the performance, bill boards gave the "enorimity" of the show as the reason for the delay. It was not surprising, then, that professional and amateur psychiatrists—and a psychiatrist is, to speak strictly, one that treats mental diseases—as well as students of sociology, members of the Society for Physical Research, and many that, pondering Dr. Jung's remark, are eager to develop the greatness of America, crowded the Shubert Theatre last evening.

Miss Hoffmann's entertainment is certainly varied; abounding in action at full speed, but there is nothing in it that should disturb prudes and civic

censors, nor could any one of the dances or songs be justly characterized as an "enormity."

Miss Hoffmann again danced blithely in the sunlit garden, and gave again her imitations of Miss Held and Mr. Foy in the legitimate progress of the play and not merely as "specialties." We have long admired the singular and indisputable art of Miss Hoffmann, and applauded her when she was charmingly girlish and natural, as embodiment of Spring, when she was barbarically sensuous, as in the "Cleopatra" and "Scherzade," of last season; when she was deliberately and perversely grotesque as in some of her imitations. She that imitates deftly some of her sisters and a man or two on the stage is not easily imitated. We may be pardoned then for wishing that she would put away the Eddie Foy business, which is no longer amusing and substitute something in the place of the Anna Held faces and song, for this imitation is now well worn and too familiar.

"Broadway to Paris" is a long and, for the most part, entertaining medley, an elaborate olio, for even the comedians on the stage speak frankly concerning the thinness of the story, which serves chiefly to introduce pleasingly or excitingly rhythmized songs, attractive young women in various costumes; burlesque bicycle and motor car races; a fearsome runaway horse amusingly acted by Messrs. Harris and Schroder; a prize fight in which pug, referee and seconds all move deliriously in rag time; a male chorus which once apparently composed of women surprises the audience by its vocal timbre and force; inconsequential but nirth-provoking lines, gags and nonsensical doings. There are sumptuous scenes; the music, by Mr. Hoffmann, has the true vaudeville quality, and his quotations from the Rakoczy March, Anvil Chorus and other familiar pages are humorously and effectively introduced.

To use the colloquial phrase, there is always something doing. Among the many features of this enjoyable show is the fascinating dancing of Maurice and Florence Walton—would there had been more of it!—and bicycle feats of the Ahearn troupe. Miss Sunshine's songs made their way by the naivete of the singer; Miss Gould pleased those of a more sophisticated, perhaps jaded taste, and Mr. Moore's song about Paris and the one about the Swanee Shore won instant approval.

The engagement should be successful, for there is much that is amusing in the piece; much that is surprising; much that pleases the eye and tickles the ear.

FIRST RECITAL BY GALLOZZI

Thomas A. Gallozzi, tenor, gave a recital for the first time in Boston last evening at Steiner Hall. He was assisted by Miss Clara Sexton, soprano; Mrs. Mable Stanaway-Briggs, contralto; Augusta E. Gentsch, pianist, and John Brown, baritone. Miss Lucina Jewell was the accompanist.

The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata Op. 52, "Waldstein"; Bellini "O Redentemi," from "Puritani"; Giordano, "Orride Steppe," from "Siberia"; Verdi, duet from "Un Ballo in Maschera"; Chopin, prelude, Polonaise Op. 53; Puccini, "In Quelle Trine Morbide," from "Manon"; Mascagni, "Povera e Senza Pan," from "Amica"; Izet, duet from "Carmen"; Verdi, quartet from "Rigoletto."

Mr. Gallozzi has a robust and agreeable voice of limited range. He sang with spirit and artistic intention and often with much taste, while there was dramatic intensity in his interpretations. Miss Sexton sang with freedom and differentiation and her rendering of sustained lyrical passages revealed the inherently beautiful and emotional quality of her voice. Miss Gentsch played acceptably.

WARM GREETING FOR DR. MUCK

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the public rehearsal that opened the 32d season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall was as follows:

Symphony No. 3 "Eroica".....Beethoven
Overture "Romeo".....Berlioz
Symphony No. 5 "Mazepa".....Liszt
Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner

The 32d season opened brilliantly. As soon as Dr. Muck came upon the stage, after an absence of four years, the great audience paid him heartfelt and flattering tribute; nor need he doubt for a moment the sincerity of this welcome; an exhibition of respect and admiration for him as conductor and as man. nor was in this instance the fanfare of the orchestra merely traditional

and perfunctory. Dr. Muck acknowledged the welcome with grace and dignity, as is his wont.

He nothing common did, or mean. Upon that memorable scene. In view of the conditions that attended this concert—a conductor whose methods are unfamiliar to some in the orchestra, the limited acquaintanceship established by a few rehearsals, the presence of new players—the performance was unusually brilliant. The program was a romantic one throughout, for the Beethoven of the "Eroica" is still to be reckoned with as a romanticist.

Liszt's "Mazepa" was practically unknown to the audience, either in its original version as a piano etude or as a symphonic poem for orchestra. The whole poem was performed here at a Philharmonic concert in 1881, and Mr. Gericke revived it in 1900. Liszt was moved to the composition of it by Hugo's poem, which is in the hard's most fulgent and sonorous manner. Mr. George Moore peevishly described "Les Orientales," which includes "Mazepa," as "an East of painted cardboard, tin daggers and a military band playing the 'Turkish Patrol' in the Palais Royal," but he immediately added: "The verse is grand, noble, tremendous."

The music of Liszt is something more than a portrayal in tones of Mazepa's wild ride; it is much more than imitative music, or else it might be classed with George William Warren's "Tam o' Shanter," a piano piece that was played on amore by our maiden aunts in the late Sixties and early Seventies. It is evident from Liszt's own explanatory note that, while Hugo likened Mazepa to a mortal bound alive upon "thy fatal croup, O Genius, thou fiery steed," and arising king only when he seems to fall forever, the composer thought of genius persecuted by an ignoble world ignorant that at the last this genius would break the fetters and stand revealed lord and master.

Liszt's argument is not wholly free from bombast, as it seems to us now dwelling in a materialistic period, nor does the symphonic poem utterly escape the reproach of a certain vulgarity in the pompous declamation of the chief motive and the first section of the march—apothosis; yet on the whole the music is imaginative and idealistic. The lurking bathos in some of Liszt's compositions may easily be brought out so that it dominates by a conductor who believes that "effect" lies in speed and sound and fury. Dr. Muck, with his admirable sense of proportion, kept this fantastic composition from becoming a flamboyant Hungarian rhapsody, although the passages in the march which are characteristically Hungarian and in Liszt's finer manner, were read with the appropriate delicacy and in the national vein.

And yet the overture of Berlioz, a few years older than Liszt's transcription of his piano piece, and well known to audiences, is by far the fresher work. The more the music of Berlioz is heard, the more contemporaneous it seems—that is, when it is performed with understanding and gusto—and wonder over the prodigious genius of the ill-regulated and unfortunate man grows and will not end.

The feature of the concert, however, was the performance of the "Eroica"—especially of the Scherzo and Variations. Some might say that the opening of the Funeral March was taken at a pace so slow that the music lost a little in emotional quality; on the other hand others found that this pace enlarged the solemn, impersonal lamentation. To dwell on this point is unnecessary, nor is it too much to say that the performance of the symphony was one long to be remembered. Seldom is there in the reading such nicety and elasticity in treatment of the detail, such a sense of proportion, contrasts, and euphony, such significant rhetorical emphasis, such a pervading spirit of romanticism, classic in its beauty and its nobility.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Pitzner, overture to "The Little Christ-Child"; Brahms, Variations on a theme of Haydn; Sgambati, Symphony No. 1. Mme. Rappold will sing Elisabeth's "Greeting" from "Tannhaeuser" and these songs with orchestra: Dell'Acqua, Chanson Provencale; Van der Stucken, "O Komm mit mir in die Fruhlingsnacht."

Il est un air pour qui je donnerais
Tout Rossini, tout Mozart et tout Weber,
Un air tres vieux, languissant et tenebre,
Qui pour moi seul a des charmes secrets.

Two Old Songs.

As the World Wags:

A verse of an old song has been haunting my memory for some time. It was not the Lapland one that Longfellow remembered, but a stave of an old Irish ditty. It was sung by an old dame who came from what is called the Golden Vale, when I was a little lad. Helgho, the wind and the rain, and more years than I care to remember! The lines ran as follows:

Johnny Gow
Has gone to plow,
Johnny Gow is a gardener;
I sent a sparrow
For to harrow,
Johnny Gow is a gardener.

This is all of the song, if song there were, that I ever heard, and I have never been able to determine whether the lines were satirical or otherwise. Gow is Irish for blacksmith, I have been told, and Joseph Murphy, the comedian, used to play in a piece "The Kerry Gow," in which he impersonated a son of Vulcan, but why my particular Gow should have been indulging in an agricultural pursuit puzzles me. And

I also, in the language of the farce, ask myself within myself, why should the twittering bird be associated with him? It would certainly be a rather light-waisted harrower, no matter how broad of girth the blacksmith may have been.

The matron used to sing another detached verse which ran like this:

For the young King of Rome
And the Prince of Vienna
Says he'll bring his father home
From the Isle of St. Helena.

Where are the remaining stanzas of this unfulfilled promise? Floating about somewhere, probably, in the Sea of Balladry. When I heard the verse in the roaring forties we were not so far removed from the Napoleonic era as we are now from the conclusion of our civil war, so that the venerable dame lived naturally in the days of the first Napoleon and of Waterloo. BAIZE.

Dorchester, Oct. 9.

By Way of Comment.

There are other meanings of "Gow" in dialect. Thus in Galloway it means "fool"; and in Angus the halo around the disk of sun or moon, portending stormy weather, is called a gow, while "to take the gow" is to run off without paying one's debts, that is, to shoot the moon.

The verses about the Duke of Reichstadt remind us of the old belief that the prisoner of St. Helena was not Napoleon, but a private soldier named Robeau; that Napoleon in 1816 opened an optician's shop in Verona; that in 1823 a stranger attempting to climb the park wall of Schoenbrunn was shot by a sentry, and as he lay dying he murmured: "Duke of Reichstadt! King! Son!" This curious story has recently been told by a writer in the Paris Temps, who brings forward all the "documents" in the case.

Willie's Sister.

As the World Wags:

Since your column evidently "has got the Willies," the following lines should, I think, go into its make-up. I first heard them from Mr. William M. Paxton, the admirable painter:

Willie, in a playful guise,
Scratched out little sister's eyes;
Jumped on them, to hear them pop;
Mommie said: "Now, Willie, stop!"

Perhaps the original of the "Shoes were full of feet" poems may have been the famous lines from the imitation of Wordsworth in the "Rejected Addresses":

I saw them go—one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

PICTOR IGNOTUS.

Dedham, Oct. 8.

Potations Pottle Deep.

A magnum, as we all know, is a double quart, corresponding to a "Scotch pint," and, as we all know, a jeroboam is a double magnum, and a rehoboam is a double jeroboam, usually of champagne. Now in M. Hermant's cynical dialogues entitled "Les Transatlantiques," on which a play and an operetta have been based, the rich American Jerry, making a night of it, disdains the waiter's offer of a magnum, also jeroboam and shouts for a "Nebuchadnezzar" or quadruple magnum. Where did Hermant find this word? We have never heard it or seen it used in English in this sense, and French slang dictionaries do not inform us. The word "Nebuchadnezzar" is found in English slang as meaning a vegetarian, and there is also a Rabelaisian use.

Benjamin Disraeli, in life a romantic, theatrical, spectacular character, will appear on the stage of the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night as impersonated by that admirable actor, Mr. Arliss.

Louis Napoleon Parker's play, produced at Montreal in 1911, later in Chicago, went to Wallack's Theatre in New York city on Sept. 18, 1911. The Disraeli portrayed is not the young man of the fantastic waistcoats and equally fantastical novels. He is not the Disraeli whose "Coningsby" was so bitterly burlesqued by Thackeray; not the later Disraeli, whose "Lothair" inspired the savage article in Blackwood's. The earlier Disraeli was the more flamboyantly amusing, as when he wrote to his father from Cadiz: "I am sorry to say my hair is coming off, just at the moment it had attained the highest perfection and was universally mistaken for a wig, so that I am obliged to let the women pull it to satisfy their curiosity. Let me know what my mother thinks. There are no wigs here I could wear. Pomade and all that is quite a delusion. Somebody recommends me coconut oil, which I could get here; but suppose it turns it gray or blue or green."

And again there is the earlier Disraeli, who shows an "inordinate love of all that is sumptuous, glittering, radiant, magnificent"; who had a belief in scenes and decorations rather than men; whose cook in "Tancred" was to him as important a personage as Monmouth in "Coningsby"; the Disraeli of barbarous ornamentation, delighting in "such stage jewels of expression" as "Palladian structure," "Tuscan repose," "Gothic pride," "pellucid brow," "hyacinthine curls," "stately terraces," "he even went so far as to invoke 'the his pencil of hope.'" But as Henley says in his remarkable essay on this man who should have figured in "The

Thousand Nights and a Night": "His castles may be of cardboard, his catacombs of tinfoil, the sun of his adjurations the veriest figment; but he never lets his readers see that he knows it." Disraeli was always talking of the Mysteries of the East, and he himself was an Eastern mystery. In Punch's cartoon, Disraeli looking significantly at the Sphinx was as inscrutable as the carved monster to whom the generations of men are as the shifting sands.

History and Mr. Parker's "Disraeli" is characterized as historical. The word is of

Legend, ten and fortunately synonymous with legendary. The Earl of Beaconsfield and his wife are said to be "necessarily authentic." Not long ago Mr. Parker replied in an amusing manner to some who objected to inaccuracies in his patriotic drama, "Drake." Let us not be too anxious concerning the realism of the scenes and situations in "Disraeli." Let us not ask whether any prime minister could do away with the charter of the Bank of England.

The drama begins seven years after Disraeli was first made prime minister. The shares of the Khedive of Egypt in the Suez canal are about to change hands, and the Bank of England will not advance the money which in the play is necessary to buy the Khedive's interest and keep it out of Russia's hands. Disraeli thunders at his opponents and persuades the Bank of England to buy the shares.

Now, as a matter of fact, this scheme was not Disraeli's conception at all. It was the late Frederick Greenwood, at that time (1875) the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, who secured the purchase by his representations and agitation. This story was fully told in the Pall Mall Gazette December, 1909, when Mr. Greenwood died, and in the London Times (December, 1905) by Mr. Lucien Wolf and by Mr. Greenwood himself.

It should also be said that in Mr. Parker's first version of the play the certain now falling on Disraeli's passionate tirade that leads to his triumph over the banker, fell on the banker pledging with an oath the support of the bank. This ending was changed at the wish of the manager. Such is the story recently related to me by a well-graced actor who was a member of the original company.

Besides Disraeli and the bankers, Sir Michael Probert and Hugh Meyers, there is a youthful lover who is sent to Egypt; there is a Russian female spy, and there is Disraeli's wife, the fond, devoted Mary Lewis of earlier years. Add dukes, duchesses, lords and ladies, and the necessary butlers, footmen and other retainers in lordly households enter at the appointed time.

The Stage Mr. George Arliss is known to thousands as one of the most accom-

Disraeli plished actors now gracing the stage. He was born in London on April 10, 1868, the son of a printer and publisher. Educated in London, he made his first appearance on the stage at the Elephant and Castle Theatre in 1887. He gained experience by playing all sorts of parts in the English provinces, but returning to London he was engaged by the Gattis, who were then managers of the Adelphi and Vaudeville Theatres. Playing with Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Royalty, he toured with her in America (1901-02). Thus he first appeared in Boston in the spring of 1902 at the Boston Theatre, and was seen, for example, as an old servant in "Pelleas and Melisande" (April 12, 1902). He then signed a contract with Mr. Belasco and appeared as Zakuri in "The Darling of the Gods." Mr. Fiske became his manager and Mr. Arliss appeared with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp," "Leah Kleschna," "Hedda Gabler," "Eyes of the Heart," "The New York Idea," "Rosmerholm." In 1908 he appeared in New York as the Devil in the play of the same name. Later appearances: Septimus in the play of the same name, 1909; in "When We Two Wrote History," 1910; "Disraeli," Montreal Jan. 23, 1911.

Mr. Arliss has written several plays of a light nature. His first, "The Wild Rabbit," produced at Wolverhampton, England, in 1899, was performed later in the year at the Criterion, London. "Widow's Weeds" was produced at the Empire, London, in 1910. Other plays are "There and Back" and "The West End." I believe that one of the smaller pieces has been played here at Keith's Theatre.

Disraeli's Disraeli himself wrote a play, a blood-curdling tragedy, entitled: "Count Alarcos." It is in the conventional five acts and was first published anonymously and in pamphlet form in 1839. In the handsome "Earl's edition" of Disraeli's works it is between the conclusion of "Contarini Fleming" and "Popanilla." The original edition contained an "advertisement" in which the author said that his tragedy was founded on a celebrated ballad, and he himself chose the 13th century for the period of the events described. "The state of comparative refinement and civilization permitted the introduction of more complicated motives than the rude

of the ballad would have been the picturesque features of the Castilian middle ages still in full force, the fictions of a powerful nobility, renowned for their turbulence, strong passions, enormous crimes, profound superstition."

The author apparently made no attempt at the time to have his tragedy produced, but in 1868 "Alarcos" was produced at Astley's Theatre and revived at the Crystal Palace.

The following description of the tragedy as performed at the Crystal

Palace is taken from a newspaper of the time:

An Unsympathetic Audience.

"In the early days of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria, when coat collars were high and ample and jet-black satin stocks spread wide in glossy wrinkles upon the bosoms of the dandies of Pall Mall, there issued from the intensely fashionable publishing house of Mr. Colburn a pamphlet bearing the title 'Alarcos' A Tragedy. By Disraeli, the Younger.' (This statement is not wholly accurate, as is shown above.) Forty years have elapsed since then, but there is no evidence to show that the distinguished author of this production has during that long period ever invited the attention of managers to his work. Nevertheless, about 11 years ago, 'Count Alarcos' did find its way on to the stage, when a darling lessee of Astley's Theatre, having made some slight modifications—presumptively with Mr. Disraeli's assent, for otherwise these proceedings might certainly have been stopped by injunction—ventured to act it for the benefit of the patrons of that establishment. On the first night curiosity seems to have attracted visitors from other quarters. The session was not then ended, and as the theatre in which this long-neglected work was destined at last to find bodily presentation is actually within sight of the two Houses of Legislature, it is easy to imagine that some political friends or opponents may have thought it worth while to slip across Westminster Bridge that evening to see what the actors could be able to make of it. We regret to say that a contemporary chronicler has pitifully recorded the fact that 'the audience came prepared to laugh, and went away not disappointed,' though it is just to observe that the acting does not appear to have been of a kind to sustain the dignity of blank verse or to rescue speeches in the high heroic or the solemnly tragic vein from ludicrous associations. It is, however, not to be concealed that the first representation left a very decided impression that the thing would not do. The gloomy terrors of the piece were found to be oppressive to a point, and thenceforward relief seems to have been sought in a watchful lookout for anything of an absurd or maladroitness. When audiences are in this mood, bad acting is apt to grow worse. One actress, who played what in the technical language of the age, 'the second lady's part,' is said to have acquitted herself fairly, but, happily, this only served to remind the chronicler of the description of Juliet:

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

Altogether, 'Count Alarcos' can hardly be said to have had on the occasion referred to a fair trial. Perhaps it may be for this reason, among others, that the authorities of the Crystal Palace have determined to revive Lord Beaconsfield's tragedy for the entertainment of that curious grave and earnest class playgoers who are believed never to be seen at the play save when, with ink in hand, they sit out an afternoon performance in the theatre at Sydenham.

It was played here for the first time on Thursday before a large audience, who listened to the rather diffuse speeches of its personages with exemplary patience; applauded wherever fair opportunity presented itself, and were not heard to laugh more than four or five times during the whole of the three hours occupied in the representation. The laughter, which we are bound to say hardly exceeded the limits of a well-bred titter, was, unfortunately, not bestowed upon passages intended by the author to excite mirth, nor were these passages in themselves of a mirthful kind. They were, on the contrary, distinguished, as a rule, rather by an accumulation of terrible details, which seemed to miss their effect from the very prodigality with which they were presented to the imagination of the audience.

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ment sent, and so it moves. In assessing this story, which is without indications of date, to the 12th century, the author of the tragedy has modified some of its features. It may perhaps have struck the reader that it was already depressing enough for the purpose of the tragic poet; but it is noteworthy that the effect nevertheless of the alterations introduced is uniformly to increase its dismal complexion. There is very little sense of duty of any kind about the Count Alarcos of the play. Like Orsino, in Shelley's terrible drama of 'The Cenci, he has a 'sly, equivocating vein.' He complains of the hypocrisy and wickedness of his fellow Castilians, but in private makes no pretence to any superiority in those respects. 'Men,' he observes, 'who

Would gladly dig my grave; and yet I smiled And gave them coin as ready as their own, And not less base.

"He has little reason to feel at ease in the royal palace, for he had been banished by the King at the instigation of his Queen, because, as her daughter does not scruple to observe to her royal father, he 'did reject' her 'wanton overtures.' Nevertheless, the unamiable Soliza no sooner makes love to him than Alarcos determines to get rid of his wife—first by tempting to encourage the advances of a profligate admirer, then by bribing an assassin. When these means fail, and the wicked husband has grown weary of such unamiable exclamations as 'Will not pest descend upon her blood!' he seizes the weapon himself from the grasp of the remorseful cut-throat and after the fashion of Macbeth, dispatches his victim in an antechamber. As regards the princess, it may be safely said that the Borgias and Brinvilliers of history would show fair by her side. The mere discovery that the lady she has so deeply injured is comely tempts her to aim a blow at her with a poniard while she is lying sick and helpless, the deed being only averted by timely interposition. The King, it may be said, fully sustains the reputation of the tyrant of the ballad; and other varieties of villainy are furnished by young gallants at the court, who plan deeds of blood in a lively, jesting vein, and hire bravos to aid them in shameful designs, without a token even of a consciousness of the heinousness of their behavior. Amid all these wicked folk there is the injured countess, who draws the line at spying her husband's movements in a rather shabby fashion, and is otherwise really a respectable lady. There is also a Moor who hires himself to cut throats, not for pay, but for protection against persecuting enemies, and who finally exhibits a touch of conscience by stabbing himself rather than fulfil an oath to do the bloodthirsty bidding of his exacting master.

"Beyond these no ray of goodness relieves the story, which, to use an expression of one of the personages, is from the first 'haunted with presaged gloom.'

The operation of the curse, which, as we have seen, extended in the original ballad over 30 days, is, of course, hastened in the play; indeed, the curse itself, is necessarily lost sight of, since the murder of the countess takes place off the stage, and is indicated only by a shriek. We may here observe that a good deal is accomplished in the play by sounds from invisible disturbers—serenades, vocal and instrumental, screams, tolling of bells, and occasional blasts of trumpets and horns, being invested from time to time with special significance. Thunder and lightning may also be reckoned among these outside manifestations. A thunderbolt plays, indeed, a very important part, for it is by this agency that the wicked Infanta is finally struck to the ground, as we are told, 'a blighted corpse.' Indirectly, this bolt may even be said to have slain the guilty hero, for as soon as he has learned the fatal news he stabs himself, calling on what few of the personages now remain unstabbed or unstrangled to observe that—

"The Count Alarcos lived To find a hell on earth; yet thus he sought A deeper and a darker."

Lack of Noble Simplicity. "The prevailing characteristic of the style of Lord Beaconsfield's work can hardly be said to be a noble simplicity. The personages are apt to exclaim, 'rash calf!' whenever opportunity occurs; and they apostrophize the Moor as 'dusk infidel.' When the profligate admirer, waxing over-bold, ejaculates, 'Thou art mine!' and insists on encircling 'this delicate waist,' the persecuted Countess replies, 'Unhand me, Sir!' in an approved fashion which ought to have conciliated Lambeth audiences. Its cut-throat swagger, too, more than seems absolutely useful. Perhaps they may be considered to make up for this by their curious tameness when called upon to proceed to business, as will be seen in the following remarkable passage:

"(The Bravos rush in and assault Alarcos, who, with drawn sword keeps them at bay.) Alarcos—So, so, who plays with princess' blood? No sport for varlets. Thus, and thus, I teach ye To know your stations. (Thrusts.) First Bravo—Ah! Second Bravo—Away! Third Bravo—Fly, fly! Fourth Bravo—No place for quiet men. (The Bravos run off.)

"There is doubt a certain merit in the pretty uniform maintenance of the sombre key of the play. The frank wickedness of our ages is even presented with a fidelity that approaches to true creative power. The personages, indeed, seem to be absolutely ignorant of modern standards of morals; they go about seeking the gratification of their own desires and the accomplishment of their own gully ends with an unscrupulousness which in itself is striking to the imagination. There are some truly dramatic situations in the play, and there may be found in old collections many a piece inferior in power which has yet moved audiences and even enjoyed a sustained popularity. The decay of faith in tragic terrors may justly be held accountable in some degree for the weakness of the impression left by the performance. We are compelled, moreover, to add that the interpretation which the tragedy receives at the Crystal Palace is not of a kind to lay Lord Beaconsfield under any great obligations. The performers generally had but a weak hold upon the lines of the text. Miss Moddle, who represents the Princess Soliza, is an actress of considerable power, but she does not greatly shine in this impersonation, which wants the concentration and sustained energy necessary to give the impress of truth to so terrible a portrait. Mr. Brooke, as the Count, plays solemnly enough; but his solemnity is more apt to suggest a sense of injured innocence than a depth of unrelenting depravity. There is some subtlety in the portrayal of this character; but it must be looked for in the words rather than in the actor's tones or command of suggestive arts. Oran, the Moor, who is at once crafty and faithful, cruel and superstitious in points of honor, stands out in very distinct outlines in the play; nor does Mr. McIntyre altogether fail to indicate these attributes, but there is a perilous tendency in this actor to indulge in gestures and attitudes of an unpicturesque kind. Under all the circumstances, this somewhat dismal production of Lord Beaconsfield's younger days—when the tragedy was published he had attained the mature age of 34—may be considered fortunate in the reception that it received from an audience presumptively little accustomed or disposed to sup so very fully of horrors."

stances, this somewhat dismal production of Lord Beaconsfield's younger days—when the tragedy was published he had attained the mature age of 34—may be considered fortunate in the reception that it received from an audience presumptively little accustomed or disposed to sup so very fully of horrors."

The Old Herald: Reading Mr. Ryan's "Nash," reminiscences of the Old National reminded me of having seen it from my attic window go up in flames when I was a boy. A member of my family who had a craze for fires used to keep a fireman's hat on his closet shelf, and whenever he heard an alarm he would grab the headpiece and rush down the street with it on over his ears, laboring under the delusion that he was a district chief or something of the sort. Some of the ardor was taken out of him on the above occasion when hit by a hot brick which fell on his helmet during the height of the fire, so that, like Bret Harte's hero, the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. I remember there was great rejoicing among the Puritans over the destruction of this playhouse, which was regarded by them as the abode of the devil himself. As a child I attended the Mayhew school near by, but never had the pleasure of entering the "Nash," which was thought by my guardians to be no fit place for "kids." It was not far from there, on Cambridge street, near Bowdoin square, that Dr. Jones lived, the author of "The Silver Spoon" and father of "Nat," the old-time actor, who died the other day in his Scituate home. "Nat" was one of my early joys; and I recall an occasion when, in company with a well known theatrical personage, the latter, in shooting at a target in a West end gallery, hit the bullseye of the target in an adjoining alley. Pandemonium reigned for a while, and the astounded marksman never heard the last of his remarkable feat. Somehow, the most amusing things are seldom seen on the stage—save by accident.

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J. B. Booth, Mayo, and Melodrama. Mr. Ryan refers to J. B. Booth and I recall seeing him at the Boston Theatre, on the occasion of his annual benefit as King John. Just as the king was seating himself on his throne, the end of the long sword which he wore at his side caught in the stage floor, so that for an appreciable interval the body of his imperial majesty hung suspended over the royal chair, which caused a ripple of laughter to spread through the house, much to the beneficiary's discomfort. It was at the Boston Theatre that I first saw Frank Mayo in "The Streets of New York." It was an amusing skit and in a certain way was true to life. Wasn't it William James who so much enjoyed melodramas? It has been the fad of late years to harp upon realism, as if anybody knew what realism is! The so-called realists, as a rule, see, and endeavor to depict, only disagreeable fragments of life, and these fragments, harped upon, grow tiresome, making the "realistic" plays a bore. I believe the genial and philosophical Mr. Dooley has made some entertaining and sensible remarks upon this subject.

Early Actors and Baseball. I was greatly interested in reading The Herald article on stage folk who made their beginnings in Boston. I remember Charles Barron as a young man at the

Boston Museum and Goodwin and Dixey when they were mere boys, and the Methodist Church on North Russell street, with the flagstones on which Dixey first tried his "jig-steps." And Wyzeman Marshall, who gave Goodwin instruction in heavy tragedy. Many a time I have heard the veteran coaching a pupil, and in the deepest of tragic tones say to a tiny namesake: "How do you do, Wyzeman?"—with the accent on the "you." The mention of "Evangeline" in The Herald article brought to mind Cheever

Goodwin who besides being an author was a first-rate baseball pitcher. I still bear the mark on my person of a hot curved ball—not a highball—delivered by him when I was one of the batsmen of an opposition team. This recalls George Frothingham of "Robin Hood" fame, one of the staunchest and most vociferous rooters for the old Boston Red Stockings in their halcyon days at the South End grounds, before Baby Anson was born. Talk of Cy Young! Why, Cy is a mere colt compared to the real old-timers like Dick McBride, Joe Start, and Shad and Muffs! Almost all American actors are baseball fans, and I wonder if there is one left who remembers Jackson, who fell asleep in his chair during a game when second baseman of the Boston nine. He was to run for Cal McVey, who was lame that day, at the bat; but, forgetting all about it, the day being sultry, Jackson took what seemed a good opportunity to "rest up" by snatching 40 winks while his side had their inning. McVey hit the first ball pitched right on the nose, and it sailed away far over the head of the right fielder. Watching its course with smiling face, "Mac" suddenly became aware that nobody was running for him. He turned quickly around and sang out: "Where are you, Jacky?" The latter, roused from his slumbers, sprang from his chair, and sprinted for first, arriving, strange to relate, just before the ball settled in the hands of the first baseman. It is my belief that this was the first, last and only time this spectacular play was ever made in a baseball game. It is a classic incident, but I've never met anyone who happened to see that particular play, or even heard of it. Yet I'll take my Alfred David that it actually occurred.

DeWolf Hopper says he clearly recalls Casey at the bat and the day Kelly stole home from second base across the pitcher's box, winning the game by sliding over the home plate on the seat of his pants; but he can't remember Jackson sneaking down to first after rousing up from the arm-chair when McVey hit that three-bagger to right. In those days, be it remembered, the players had separate resting places not far from the foul line on the third-base side.

It has been often said that Boston is the best show town in the country. Perhaps it is. There are certainly plenty of shows in it nowadays. Going into the Tremont the other afternoon I saw "The Woman Hater's Club," with Leslie Kenyon in the caste. I say I saw it, but in reality I saw very little of it. What I did see, what Kenyon made me see, was something of the past; something of the wholesome English ways and traditions. And I gave him, under my breath, a vote of thanks for making me forget, for a time, my troubles and vexations, and recall again some of the friends who are no more.

"We are not all the self we see, But twined around with men Who once performed this mortal dream And dream 'in us again."

West Roxbury. J. W.

Notes of The Pall Mall Gazette, speaking again about the performance of "Find the Woman," which is "The Third Degree," quotes an "American gentleman," our old friend "who does not wish his name to be mentioned," as saying: "Over there this piece was acted as crude, coarse melodrama. Here it's done quietly—yet it gets there just the same."

Miss Gertrude Kingston of the Little Theatre, London, recently returned from Munich. She went there to see a farce comedy imported from Vienna. "The acting," she says, "was indifferent, the mounting bad, the story commonplace and of the old-fashioned type of 25 years ago. Yet the house was crowded; the audience laughed at old situations and yelled with delight at well known tricks of the comedian. I came to the conclusion that if these things could still be accepted in a centre where Bernard Shaw held the stage before he was played in England, and

where Ibsen is acted as often as are Shakespeare and Schiller, there will always be a big audience, all the world over, for the stereotyped pattern of old-fashioned drama." Miss Kingston hopes to introduce some works by young authors. "Nobody can talk of the decline of the drama at the present moment. I am a firm believer in the theory that invention precedes necessity, and not necessity invention, in the drama."

Ian Kubelik, who on his marriage acquired Hungarian citizenship, has Magyarised his name and will be known as Janos Polgar. Does not "polgar" in Magyar mean "citizen?" Piet Janssens, a Hollander, has completed a

crimes of the famous automobile bandits. The author at the end represents Bonnot's sweetheart as slain by the pursuers' bullets. Some of the Dutch journals protest against the performance of this play.

Cecil F. Armstrong is the author of "A Century of Great Actors." "Mr. Armstrong has not much that is new to say, even in the matter of criticism."

D. E. Oliver's book, "The English Stage, Its History and Developments," also recently published in London, is described as much cheaper and better.

"The reader will find a great deal of history in it, brightly composed, and set through with a judgment that is fairly sound and sympathies that are generally creditable. We should certainly not say that in Shylock, Richard, and Iago Kean has had no equal on our stage; for his Iago was immeasurably inferior to his Othello and was certainly vastly surpassed by Irving's Iago, while his Shylock, grand as it was, probably found its equal in Irving's. Mr. Oliver welcomes warmly the repertory theatre movement of the present day, denounces the censorship and finds in musical comedy little more than 'legs and tomfoolery.' As a matter of fact, musical comedy is as a rule very modestly draped so far as legs are concerned; and the actress in tights so popular in the burlesques of the Nellie Farren days is now only seen in Christinas pantomime. The late Miss Emily Soldene used to say in her amusing way that she believed the actresses in modern musical comedy had no figures to show, and, therefore, did not show them!"

Wolf-Ferrari is completing a two-act opera based on Moliere's "Le Malade Imaginaire," and is at work on an opera comique entitled "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kniesel Quartet (Franz Kniesel, Hans Letz, Louis Svecanski, William Wilhelm) will give four concerts in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evenings at 8:15 P. M., Nov. 5, Dec. 3, Jan. 7, March 18. Among the works to be performed are these: Grieg, quartet, G-minor, Haydn, quartet, D-minor, op. 76 No. 1, Locfler, quintet, F-major; Mozart, quintet, G-minor; Reger, quartet, E flat major; Schubert, quartet, G-major, op. 161; Schumann, quartet, A-minor op. 41 No. 1, piano quintet, E flat major; R. Strauss, cello sonata; Svendsen, octet for strings; Tschalkowsky, sextet, "Souvenir de Florence."

Subscribers to the concerts of last season have the privilege of securing their seats by application to L. H. Mudgett, Symphony Hall, on or before Oct. 19.

The general subscription sale will open Oct. 21. Tickets for single concerts may be obtained on and after Friday, Nov. 1.

CONCERT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The management of Symphony Hall announces an interesting list of recitals and concerts for the coming season. Those to be held at Symphony Hall will include the concert already announced by Mme. Calve on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 20; a recital by Mme. Schumann-Heink, on Sunday, Nov. 24; by Madame Sembrich, Sunday, Dec. 8; Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Rumford will give a joint recital on Sunday, Jan. 5, while Miss Elena Gerhardt will be heard on Sunday, Jan. 19. Miss Julia Culp, the Dutch mezzo-soprano, of whom flattering things are said, will give a recital in Symphony Hall and the date will be announced later.

In the same Hall a concert will be given on Nov. 10 by the New York Philharmonic Society, Mr. Stransky, conductor, and Mischa Elman, the eminent violinist, as soloist. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Emil Oberhofer conductor, will be heard on Feb. 20. The Handel and Haydn Society will give its usual three concerts Sunday, Dec. 22, and Monday, Dec. 23, "The Messiah"; Sunday, Feb. 9, Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and on Easter Sunday, March 28, "Elijah." The Cecilia Society will give two concerts on Dec. 19 and April 17 respectively.

Harry Lauder will be at Symphony Hall the entire week of Jan. 6, giving six evening concerts and two matinees. Lauder is one of the greatest singers of Scotch songs of our time and is a great favorite in this city.

The violin recitals will include one by Mischa Elman in Symphony Hall on Dec. 15; Ysaye, who has not been in this city for many years, will give a recital in Symphony Hall on Jan. 12.

Jordan Hall will have its quota of concerts as usual. Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt will give a song recital on Nov. 22; Efrim Zimballist, violinist, who delighted the public and the critics when he was here last season, will give a recital, the date to be announced; Miss Tina Lerner and Miss Germaine Schnitzer, pianists, will give recitals on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 14, and Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, respectively, while Miss Edith Thompson will give a piano recital, the date to be announced later.

The Flonzaley Quartet will give its usual three concerts in Jordan Hall on the following Thursday evenings, Dec. 12, Feb. 6 and March 12.

The Kniesel Quartet will give four concerts in Steinert Hall on Nov. 5,

Dec. 3, Jan. 7 and March 18 (see special notice).

The Longy Club will give its usual three concerts. The dates will be announced later.

Negotiations are now pending for recitals by William A. Becker, Leopold Dowdsky, Norman Wilks and Max Pauer. A joint song recital by Miss Maggie Teyte of the Chicago Opera Company and Edmond Clement, tenor, is also being arranged as an afternoon at Jordan Hall, with Miss Kitty Cheatham, "entertainer."

October 14, 1912

G. A. G. writes from Stratton, Me.: "Can you tell me the origin of the word 'blumblodgets,' heard in the familiar speech of guides and natives in this region?" We know the word, also its meaning, but wild horses could not drag us to a discussion of its derivation. "It is not a word unsaid, it is not in any dictionary," to quote Walt Whitman, but it is an utterance, likewise a symbol, and is always associated in our mind with Turkey rhubarb.

To K. L. P. You are right. The title of the German piece on which "A Polish Wedding," is based is "Polnische Wirtschaft," which, being interpreted, means, "a disorderly household." But why should such a household be known contemptuously as "Polish"?

Yesterday and Today.

How opinions concerning morals change with the revolving years! When "Nana," based by Busnach on Zola's romance—for Zola was a romanticist in spite of his shrieks for naturalism—was produced at the Ambigu in Paris (1881) there were loud protests against its "immorality," although there were Parisian critics who said that this "Nana" was considerably expurgated and did not closely resemble the novel. "The 'Nana' of the Ambigu," wrote one critic, "is an essentially moral one; the poor girl is unconscious of the evil that she works and is not the cause of the foolishness displayed by the men that ruin themselves for her." The play ran for 154 performances that year. The part of Nana was created by Leontine Massin, one of the most beautiful blondes in Paris. Her photograph was in all the shop windows, and the jewels she wore had been the pride of historic families. As an actress she had no reputation except in this part, but it was Zola's idea that a realistic play could not be real unless the performers came from the ranks they portrayed. They were instructed to be "natural," "to be themselves." Leontine at last fell into want, lost her mind, and in 1901 was sent to an asylum for lunatics.

And now this play, revived at the Ambigu, is voted slow and dull, and a man in the stalls was heard explaining to his neighbor that "the late Gen. Booth had adapted it from the English."

What a fuss was made about "The Black Crook"! Some of us remember the savage attack made on the spectacle and all that took part in it by Olive Logan. If "The Black Crook" were revived today, how tame and inoffensive it would seem—a show for children, on a pleasant Saturday afternoon. Yet we should like to have some of the dear old lines again: "A single soul, a single year; a hundred souls,

a hundred years! 'Tis in your power to live forever!

"Forever?"

"AYE, FOREVER!"

To the Rescue!!

Articles have been published recently in American and English newspapers lamenting the decay of poetry. Not only are there no "boss poets," but the searchers after the epic and the lyric, sweeping the literary heaven, find no stars of second or third magnitude. Courage, faint hearts! We quote this advertisement published in the London Times:

POET, 20 high promise, contributes to leading Reviews; brilliant speaker, writer, conversationalist, organizer; tall, energetic; good looking. Desperately fighting poverty. Intensely ambitious. WANTS OPPORTUNITY where talent counts. Any one help? —, The Times Office, E. C.

Once in Fashion.

While we are considering literature—pronounced "literatoor," if you insist—let us note the fiction that was in vogue when Lady Dorothy Nevill was younger. She quotes, in the volume of her memoirs just published, from a mid-Victorian novel: "All of a sudden the girl continued to sit on the sand gazing on the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much joy and sorrow, and pine and lumber, and emigrants, and hopes and salt fish?"

Another author, describing a fire, wrote: "A horse entirely consumed made its escape, uttering horrible cries!"

And still another told of a traveler, who after being perforated with countless bullets by bandits, was thrown

into a lime-kiln, where he was burnt to a cinder; but he had strength and resolution enough to drag himself to a neighboring village and lodge an information before a magistrate.

An Albanian Duel.

Just now there is talk about the ferocity of the Albanians—we do not refer to the inhabitants of Albany, N. Y., who are savage only in appetite when Helderberg mutton is set before them. Sir Richard Burton, who once commanded a corps of Bashibazouks, wrote: "The Albanian contingent, who generally fight when they are drunk, had a peculiar style of monomachy. The principals, attended by their seconds and by all their friends, stood close opposite, each holding a cocked pistol in their right hand and a glass of rakl or spirits of wine, in their left. The first to drain his draught had the right to fire, and generally blazed away with fatal effect. It would have been useless to discourage this practice, but I insisted on fair play."

Oct 15 1912

"DISRAELI" AT THE PLYMOUTH

BY PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Disraeli," a play in four acts by Louls N. Parker. Produced at Montreal, Jan. 23, 1911.

The Duke of Glastonbury... Charles Carey
The Duchess of Glastonbury... Lella Repton
Adolphus, Viscount Cudworth... J. R. Torrens
Lady Cudworth... Frances Reeve
Lord Brooke of Brookehill... Guy Cunningham
Lady Brooke... Mair R. Quinn
Lady Clarissa Pevensy... Violet Heming
Charles, Viscount Desford... Arthur Eddred
The Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli...

Lady Beaconsfield... Margaret Dale
Mrs. Noel Travers... Margaret Dale
Sir Michael Probert... Oscar Adey
Mr. Hugh Meyers... Alexander Calvert
Mr. Lumley Foljambe... Stapleton Kent
Bascot... Douglas Ross
Potter... St. Clair Bayfield
Flocks... Rutherford Herman

The dramatist in a program note "craves indulgence for the liberty he has taken with history"; and Disraeli at the end of the third act admits to his wife and the audience that, as prime minister, he could not take away the charter of the Bank of England, but that Sir Michael of the bank did not know it. Thus is the improbability, or rather the impossibility, doubled. In the original version, as we have been informed, the representative of the bank came to the rescue of Disraeli and, rejoicing in his patriotic action, brought down the curtain with a heroic line. As the play now stands, it really ends with the third act. The fourth gives an opportunity of seeing members of the English nobility, as Mr. Parker thinks they move and have their being, in their court dress, and again assures the audience that Disraeli was fond of his wife. There is no other reason for the existence of this act.

Mr. Parker's Disraeli as played by Mr. Arliss is a composite character; a mixture of Mr. Tullingham, Mephistopheles in his more amiable moments, Cardinal Richelieu in his gentler mood, and the Disraeli of Punch. The mask is always that of the Prime Minister, and the make-up of Mr. Arliss is singularly ingenious and life like.

The story is as simple as it is fictitious. Many have learned history from Sir Walter Scott and Dumas the elder. It is not unlikely that many, having seen Mr. Parker's play, will be firmly convinced that Disraeli bought the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal, and thus baffled Russia, whereas the man that brought about the purchase was Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and Disraeli had no more to do with the transaction than Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Brown, and Miss Robinson, who applauded Mr. Arliss last night.

In the play Disraeli sends to Egypt young Charles, who might justly be characterized as a "mutt," to do the delicate business. The Prime Minister, a bit of a detective, thwarts the schemes of Mrs. Travers and her husband, who are spies in the pay of Russia; thwarts them even after the bullion that was to come to Meyers, the Jew banker and friend of Disraeli, had gone down in a vessel, scuttled by a crew corrupted by the Russian government. For Mrs. Travers, a handsome, seductive creature, had a spotted past, and Disraeli knew about it all the time and remembered her adventures in Geneva. One of the most preposterous scenes in the play is where he detects her in the attempt to steal a secret code and then lectures her after feigning illness in the stage manner of "Me Lud Cardinal Richelieu."

It is not necessary to dwell on the improbabilities or the impossibilities; or to speak of Mr. Parker's ideas concerning the speech and behavior of the aristocracy; or to comment on the comic gardener and comic postman at Hughenden. As performed by Mr. Arliss and his company "Disraeli" is an entertaining play in three acts.

Mr. Arliss, one of the most accomplished actors now before the public, did much more than appear as the counterfeit presentment of the ironical and theatrical statesman. He made the

audience accept for the time being the historical perversions and the incredible situations. The impersonation was composed with consummate art, with the utmost finish in detail; and the performance was remarkable for its freshness, spontaneity and vitality.

This Disraeli was many sided, as in life. The epigrams, as delivered, did not suggest the lamp or the "wit of the staircase"; the irony was the expression of an attitude toward life; the gallantry toward wife and Clarissa was not only for an evening in public; and when for a moment Disraeli thought himself ruined and disgraced, there was no taint of mock-herosics, nor in the appeal to the Bank of England and the final threat did Mr. Arliss think it necessary to indulge in a grand trade. From the beginning to the end there was a refreshing exhibition of finest art. A close relationship with the audience was established as soon as Mr. Arliss came upon the stage, and through the play the spectators were in fullest sympathy.

The company as a whole gave adequate support. Conspicuous among the players were Miss St. John, whose Lady Beaconsfield was simple and lovable; Miss Dale, whose beauty and artistic restraint gave plausibility to the character of the spy, and Miss Heming, an unaffected Clarissa.

A large audience was most appreciative and Mr. Arliss spoke a few words in good taste at the end of the third act.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"On the Level," a play in four acts, by Richard Madden. First performance.

Robert Bangs... Charles Abbe
Jenny Bangs... Marguerite Bourne
Ned Varney... Theodore Friebus
Nell Evans... Ethel Grey Terry
Thomas Quincy Gerard... Dudley Hawley
Cora Whitely... Beth Franklin

A bride of a few months, who finds the husband she thought the paragon of all virtues an embezzler and entangled with another woman, remains still absolutely confident of the spark of good she believes there is in him, but has to wait until he has almost killed her before he finds out himself and in self-abasement crawls back, unbelieving of her final forgiveness.

Primarily the play, apparently, is meant to be entertaining and in this it undoubtedly succeeds. One young married couple, happy in their domesticity lead two of their friends, who have been holding off for lack of funds to take the plunge. The husband is involved at his bank—too small a salary in the first place and an infatuation for an actress in the second. For the latter he has embezzled. The son of the president of the bank, an unsuccessful suitor for the bride's hand, comes to his rescue, both financially and matrimonially, and smooths the way toward an end of all their troubles. It is simple enough and trite, but there is something different in the handling.

It is a play for young married couples. Mr. and Mrs. Bangs are drawn from real life. Mr. Abbe and Miss Bourne will be readily recognized by half the people that see them as in some part the replicas of friends. Both last night brought repeated waves of chuckles from the audience, chuckles that arose not from any direct humor in the lines, but because the situation and the resulting dialogue was so natural that it was instantly appreciated. Both Mr. Abbe and Miss Bourne found parts in which they seemed perfectly at home.

Miss Terry, too, played a more difficult role with a skill and repression as creditable as it was delightful. Mr. Hawley was thoroughly competent in his part of the deus ex machina, though at times he seemed to forget there was an audience anxious to hear what he had to say.

Mr. Friebus, particularly in the last act, spoiled the sense of naturalness and modernity by overemotion and a strained enunciation. Miss Franklin, as the siren, played her one tense scene with commendable restraint and much ability.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Coning Home to Roost," a comedy in three acts by Edgar Selwyn, founded on a short story by Jesse Lynch Williams. Cast:

Martin Boldt... William Courtleigh
Ellen Boldt... Phyllis Bostwick
Miss Hudson... Elsa Berold
Robert Harrison... Fritz Krembs
Dr. Colbey... William Sampson
Sarah... Grace Elliston
Dick McElroy... Otto Hoffman
William Lawrence... George Backus
Aloysious Leonard... Frank Monroe

Desperate illness requires heroic treatment; so when good old Dr. Colbey, from the home town up country, advises Martin Boldt, the successful financier, that he will have to "go broke" to cure his wife's neurasthenia, Boldt consents after a big mental struggle and after he has seen that the mere hint that he might be in trouble causes Sarah, the wife, to chirp up perceptibly. Boldt realizes now that the specialists all failed in the case, because there was nothing to cure, and that Dr. Colbey was right in declaring that Sarah's "nerves" are all due to the fact that she has nothing to live for after Boldt has achieved wealth and the help she gave him in his early struggles is no longer needed.

For some time past, the little town of Beld's has been the scene of a most unusual and curious case. The town house is said to be a chicken farm—or rather Mrs. Beld thinks so. She does—up the Hudson. She gets well. But real disaster threatens Beld now, and he is unable to persuade Atty, Gen. Lawrence to say the word that would avert the blow. The chickens of various kinds are all coming home to roost on the farm. Beld has to tell his wife of his original deception and then she thinks of a way to put the matter up to the attorney-general so that he feel it his duty to speak out and give Beld the chance he needs to prevent the real smash.

This simple though novel little story is worked out with abundant humorous situations that naturally would follow a reversal like Beld's. The fun is quiet and wholesome and the story is presented by a cast so uniformly excellent that it is all plausible and interesting.

Alfredus is finely dignified, though hardly sympathetically as the attorney. Mr. Monroe is appropriately cast as Beld's partner, Leonard. Ollie Hoffman furnishes one of the best spots in the play as a foolish country youth of good family. Mr. Kravis is wholly adequate to the part of the secretary in love with the sister and Miss Bostwick, a Boston girl, aids as the sister in a naturalness, though the character is not one that in itself provokes sympathy.

Grace Elliston's suffering from the start suffer with the knowledge that she is no longer in her abundant health, while at the same time her evident love and solicitude for the man and the sympathy that she has for the "nervous" woman would make that is what simple charity, and sincerity accomplish.

Burdette's problems and troubles are Beld's, both as financier and as a chicken farmer, are set forth in a straightforward and in such honest fashion that all who see the play therein are pleased.

Williamson as Dr. Colbey, comes from Canadaigua and as he brings big gusts of country air through the whole house. His little homely ways of expressing his common sense views on medical and other matters make one of the chief attractions of the piece.

Castle Square Theatre—"Such a Little Queen," by Channing Pollock:

Robert IV.....	Wilson Melrose
Robert V.....	Donald Meek
Robert VI.....	George Henry Trader
Robert VII.....	Walter Walker
Robert VIII.....	Al Roberts
Robert IX.....	Carney Christie
Robert X.....	Ebert Munro
Robert XI.....	Alfred Lunt
Robert XII.....	Stowell H. Bancroft
Robert XIII.....	Laurel Browne
Robert XIV.....	Mabel Colcord
Robert XV.....	Blythe Bladen
Robert XVI.....	Margaret Fay
Robert XVII.....	Mary Young

STORE COMEDY AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Jessie Busley scored a hit on her first appearance in vaudeville at B. F. Keith's Theatre in "Miss 313," a comedy of Department Store, Life, written by Rupert Hughes. The rest of the bill is made up of Montambo and Wells in "Acrobatic Funnoscities"; Miller and Mack, singers and dancers; The Five Musical Lassies, Andrew Kelley, the Irish comedian; Bert Levy; McDevitt, Kelley and Lucy in their comedy "The Piano Movers"; Coombs and Aldwell and The Tom Davies Trio in "Motoring in Mid-Air."

The ego-centric predicament itself prevents the observation of negative cases. It is impossible to observe cases of unobserved things even if there be any.

Beards and All.

We spoke a few days ago of Mr. Dando and other heroic oyster eaters. Let us now add Bismarck to the list. Mr. John Booth, the owner of famous horticultural gardens, once dined with him. There were two other guests present, and 100 oysters whetted the appetite. But this was only a prelude to Bismarck's remark that he alone had eaten 175 oysters at a sitting. It was at 14 when he was 26 years old and on his way home from England. "First, I ordered 25, and then, finding them excellent, another 50. Whilst I was consuming these, I decided to eat nothing else, and ordered another 100, greatly to the amusement of those present."

Fortunate Ireland.

The brutal Sassenach, slow to recognize, or flippantly ignoring, the glories of Ireland, never associates Kathleen-Ni-Houlihan with oysters, yet there are the Powdoodles of Burran, the Burton-Bindon, the Cork Harbor, the luscious Carrickfergusites, the Bland of Kerry, the Malahides and the natives of Carlingford. Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie informs us that in Ireland of the Fifties these oysters were rarely stewed, never fried, and only occasionally scalloped. They were eaten raw, and each man, armed with a coarse towel, to protect his hand, and a short, stumpy knife, opened a hundred or more placed before him.

"Six-score, or 120, moderate sized oysters is considered a fair (Irish) allowance for a gentleman before he enters upon such substantialities of a supper as ramp artichokes, salmon-cutlets, sweetbreads, lobster salads, game, and that crowning glory of the feast—some ripe Stilton (about the size of a piece of chalk) washed down with one tall glass of stunning Edinburgh ale! After such a supper a man may safely commence 'to make a night of it,' secure in the certainty of having laid a good foundation in the stomach for the drink to rest upon. N. B.—Should the sitting be prolonged until 5 A. M. exhausted Nature may have her strength somewhat renewed by a devilled turkey's leg or so. Eschew grilled gizzards, as indigestible."

An Example for the Young.

A most instructive book for boys—one that might well be selected by his judicious parents for a Christmas gift to the young and promising Algernon—is the "Memoirs of the Life of the Late John Mytton, Esq., of Holston, Shropshire." Although he was in the direct succession from the regency, he was Spartan in his hardihood and con-

tempt of pain. He never wore any stockings but those of the thinnest and finest silk, and as his boot soles were also thin, he seldom had dry feet in winter. He despised fannel; his hunting breeches were unlined; his small waistcoat was open in front from the second of the lower buttons. His only use for money was to throw it away. His daily allowance of port was six bottles, and these he put down without the slightest inconvenience. Alas, he cultivated a taste for brandy, "which at last shattered his iron frame." Not long before he died he set fire to his shirt in order to frighten a distressing hiccup.

A mighty hunter before the Lord, he would strip to his shirt in rough weather to pursue wild fowl, and once he peeled to the skin, going after some ducks. He had no need of a handkerchief, and though he never carried a watch, he always knew the time.

Nor was he without a sense of humor. "One day he was driving a friend in his gig, and the friend hinted at the risk he was running. 'Was you ever much hurt, then, by being upset in a gig?' 'No, thank God,' said his friend, 'for I was never upset in one.' 'What, answered Mytton, 'never upset in a gig?' 'What a damned slow fellow you must have been all your life!' And, running his near wheel up the bank he gave the timid one the experience that he lacked."

Mr. Montgomery and Dr. Elliot.

Mr. James Montgomery, the author of the play "Ready Money," confided to a New York reporter that he met a Swami in Chicago who "opened up new vistas" to him and showed him how to rub away the blur on his mind so that he could reflect the TRUTH. Mr. Montgomery was so impressed by the Swami's teachings and his mind became so clear, so polished, that he wrote a good part of his play "unconsciously." It is the more surprising then that Mr. Montgomery said to the reporter: "I do not suppose there is a scholar in the world who has a better appreciation of the worth of a written line than Dr. Elliot, or a deeper understanding of life, but he does not know the value of a spoken line." Has Mr. Montgomery ever heard Mr. Elliot speak? If he did hear him it must have been before the Swami rubbed away the blur.

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Also she said, for to get and purchase purity of soul, it were right necessary that a man kept himself from all manner of judgments of his neighbor, and from all idle speaking of his neighbors' deeds; for in every creature we should behold only the will of God.

Mr. Johnson at Work.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to The Herald that he is collecting material for the section, "Clubs," which will probably fill two volumes (elephant folio) of his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast." "At present I am studying the workings of the club at Clamport. The rooms are over the barber's 'emporium,' which includes a billiard room. I find that the conversations does not differ materially from that of the Somerset in Boston and the Union, Union League, Century, Manhattan and other clubs of New York. The members talk about politics, baseball, drink and the condition of women in all ages. They are, in turn, didactic, persuasive, anecdotal. The old stories reappear and the familiar jests are told, although there are variations on the threadbare themes."

Disappointing Ned Ward.

There are books about clubs, but they are fragmentary, parochial, disappointing. Over 200 years ago the scapegrace Edward Ward, better known as Ned Ward, wrote a history—the "Secret History" of Clubs. It has been reprinted in a thin, padded volume. Some may have been tempted to read these pages of the "vulgar, but acute, cockney" thinking that they would revel in scandalous revelations, but the history is as dull as a volume of patent office reports. Nor were the clubs described to be compared

the Monks of the Trankor Medmenhall Abbey. Let us be more contemporaneous. Ingenious correspondents of the London Chronicle refer to singular clubs in London discovered by a writer for La Revue.

Singular Clubs in London.

There is a Six O'clock Club, consisting of only six members, who meet at 6 P. M. and sit together until 6 A. M. There is a No Nose Club, composed of men who have lost their noses; and there is a Nose Club, to which only men with extraordinary noses are expected to apply for membership. Cyrano's portrait should have the place of honor. Then there is the Club of Ugly Faces, restricted to the acknowledged hideous. The Black Bean Club is limited to 40 members. Each of them pays an entrance fee of £10 and the annual dues are £10. There is only one meeting a year, when a bag containing 39 white beans and one black bean is passed around. The drawer of the black bean is compelled to be married within 12 months and the other members vow to remain single until the next meeting. The house of the bridegroom is furnished out of the club funds, and the club pays the wedding expenses and the cost of a honeymoon for three weeks.

Nobody's Club was founded by William Stevens, a rich London merchant, who wrote some theological tracts signed "Nobody." This club has a rule that when a bishop or a judge is a candidate, a ballot is at once taken, and if he is elected, he is ranked as an honorary member. For 80 years in succession the president was a judge. Many of us have heard of the Beefsteak Club; some of us have visited it; but does any Bostonian know the Leg of Mutton Club?

All Happy at Kneist's.

Dresden would be a pleasant city for a winter sojourn, were it not for the great number of English and Americans living in the town, and for the peculiar wind ever blowing, which leads the natives to go about with cotton in their ears. The opera is one of the best in Europe; there are the famous pictures; and 80 years ago there was a restaurant, Kneist's, the only one in Germany where you could procure a chop broiled on a gridiron and not cooked to death in a frying pan. The beer, Erlanger and Culmbacher, was excellent. Kneist himself looked something like the Chandos Shakespeare. We have seen at one of the tables in the unventilated "Stube" a redhaired Spaniard named Kirkpatrick, who admitted that he was a first or second cousin of the Empress Eugenie; a Russian of grave deportment who had gambled away at least two fortunes; Mr. Shiel, who was then an Irish member of Parliament; the American consul, a Virginian who knew only enough German to order food and drink; his friend and backer Don Cameron; Lewis Ginter, the tobacco man of Richmond; an English composer, and one or two American students—all happy in their beer.

Our Friend, the Dog.

And why do we now recall those joyous nights? Because we read that the consumption of horse flesh and dog flesh in Dresden is on the increase. Last year 1684 horses and 125 dogs were slaughtered for food. Let no one hold up hands in horror. The Otaheltans, a natural folk with appetite unspooled by rum and tobacco esteemed dog a more delicate meat than pork, and Capt. Cook and his merry men agreed that a South Sea dog was little inferior to an English lamb. At Whydah, in Africa, dogs are considered a great luxury by those whose palate has not been blunted, and on the island of Savu, the inhabitants prefer dog to sheep and goats. "Friends of temperance will hear with pleasure that the consumption of beer in the Saxon capital is steadily declining" on account of the decrease in the purchasing power of the people. Let us, then, remember Dresden as it was. A chop at Kneist's was better than roast or triced dog in the more pretentious restaurants of today; for, alas, our own taste was that of the supposedly civilized.

Star of "Disraeli" Talks to Drama League on Art of Acting.

Mr. George Arliss addressed the first meeting of this season of the Boston Dramatic League yesterday afternoon at the Plymouth Theatre. There was a very large attendance.

Owing to the shortness of notice given Mr. Arliss through a misunderstanding of his expected appearance as a speaker at this meeting and a consequent lack of time for special preparation, he was compelled to read an address "On the Art of Acting" recently delivered to the graduating class of the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York city. The actor laid the greatest stress on the importance of stock companies. In

his opinion the art of acting is gradually becoming lost owing to the habit of distinguished actors of touring constantly in one part.

With reference to acting in general Mr. Arliss said:

"The impression you are conveying to an audience must come from within yourself, deep-down. You can't appear a villain—a deep-dyed, subtle, powerful villain—by just knitting your brows, glittering with your eyes and inhaling large quantities of air through your closed teeth. You must feel power from within and then you will get more effect with one glance than with the entire set of facial gymnastics used superficially. I say one glance because I consider the eye is the most powerful medium of expression that an actor has."

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A "soft" hat, an "eccentric" hat—nay, somewhat of a "rowdy" hat—may be all very well when you are at the seaside, or taking a pedestrian tour in the country, or making a tour abroad. But "in society," in the streets of crowded cities and in paying visits to those whom we hold in some kind of esteem and respect, I don't think we can do better than to adhere to the hat which, for the last century, has been in almost universal use among the great body of civilized nations. That hat is no other than the old Spanish beaver—it is the "chimney pot" or "stovepipe" of the best silk velvet nap, modified of course as occasion requires, and as the capricious mutability of fashion demands, as to shape and height of crown and breadth of brim.

Symbols of Office.

As the World Wags:

On Wednesday of last week, the day following the first of the Red Sox-Giants series, I was interested to note in one of the Boston papers a group picture showing Gov. Foss, Mayor Gaynor, Mayor Fitzgerald and Secretary O'Brien of the New York club together at the game. The costumes and particularly the hats of the four men were worthy of study. Gov. Foss wore a much wrinkled short overcoat and a soft felt hat; Mayor Gaynor a long belted ulster and one of the flat-topped derbies affected by J. P. Morgan and other great men; Secretary O'Brien was the typical sporting man in checks and a hard bowler, not of the recent skimming dish style; Mayor Fitzgerald was resplendent in a frock coat, buff tie and silk hat, the lid tilted at an angle reminiscent of the late Mayor Hurley of Salem.

It would be interesting to know the circumstances or the mental processes that led our mayor to the sartorial socialism of appearing at a ball game in the costume of a bridegroom. Perhaps his honor had been in attendance at a high noon wedding and had no chance to change before the contest; or is it possible that he regards the silken and frock as badges of office, an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace, to be worn on all occasions.

Mr. Witherspoon's Silker.

I once owned a silk hat myself. It was purchased in a moment of temporary insanity for ten dollars gold on the beach at Nome. The vendor was an Englishman, drunk, busted, and disgusted, who assured me with a hiccup that the hat was "really old top, the latest thing from Bond street, don't you know." The horrible thing was shaped like a lard pail with a flat rim and was enclosed in a dinky leather box. An especially obnoxious and inane copy of the Smart Set was thrown in for good measure. Later, in a saner and soberer moment, I hurled the whole works, magazine, box and hat out through a port hole of the Oregon into the dark cold waters of the Bering sea. A fitting fate I take it for all silk hats, whether of the variety seen after church on Sundays, or the collapsible brand popping in the hands of flat-chested, narrow-waisted young squirts at first nights of the opera. The late Stephen Crane wrote a poem on hats a dozen years ago. It was published in the Philistine around 1901-1902. I wish I could quote it. Perhaps you can.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Oct. 15, 1912.

Operatic Head Dress.

Mr. Witherspoon would not agree with George Augustus Sala, whose remarks are quoted at the head of this column, and it is only fair to say that Sala's little book about hats was published by a hatter. Some of us may hold the plug hat in detestation; the fact remains that in savage countries it is the badge of power and authority. African chiefs wearing only a silken think themselves clad in robes of state. We like to meditate on Mr. Elvarts's shocking bad hat; on Mr. Hammerstein's superb tile of the "Boule Michele."

Mr. Witherspoon speaks of the gibus, crush, accordion, collapsible or opera hat. He should know that for some years this hat has not been considered as a part of flawless, impeccable opera dress; it is not "de rigueur," as our volatile French neighbors say. Can any one inform us as to the private life of Mr.

Gibus who invented the type, or at any rate put it on the market? We have asked this before and are still expectant. We should also like to know something about Mr. E. Forbes, who wrote in the Fifties. "No man in a gibus ever commanded public awe or private respect." He must have been a delightfully wormy individual.

What a list of synonyms the French have for the silker! Boisseau, Blockhaus, Bollivar, Rossillard, cabrat, capsule, colonne, cylindre, tube, tromblon, t'yan, decultre, and there are others.

There was a time when, as the poet sang, an Englishman's hat was his crown, and this hat was a topper. Sir Richard Burton said that the English were a different race after the invasion of the cholera in 1831. Before that there was no dining without a dinner pill, and men and women were brave and greatly enduring. So there was a time when no self-respecting Londoner was seen even in the "City" without his plug. Now straw hats have made their way into the House of Commons, and royalty itself affects queer hats, green and soft hats, the hats of Vienna, the Tyrolean with the foolish feather. No wonder that the English go to sleep in dread of a German invasion by sea and by air!

By the way, Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria is said to be the best-dressed sovereign in Europe, and to possess the largest wardrobe. Is he still faithful to the silker?

We know a man of mature years and ripe judgment who has not seen a baseball game of any kind since Mr. Clark Griffiths was pitching for the Chicagos. During the season he reads attentively the reports of games and has a gentlemanly-like knowledge of the standing of each club. He has a special fondness for the Chicagos, of whom Messrs. Anson and Pfeffer were once the glories, and he thinks highly of Mr. Mordcaai Brown, whom he has never seen in the flesh. Last season he rejoiced in the success of the Athletics, possibly because as a boy he wondered at the swift pitching of McBride. This season he favored the Giants—possibly because, although living in Boston and fond of the city, he was swayed by the Demon of Perversity of whom Poe wrote with understanding. And why does he not go to the games? He could, like judges, lawyers, clergymen, barkeepers, philanthropists and elevator boys, accommodate his business to a few at least of these nerve-racking contests. Has he a weak heart? Does he suffer from agoraphobia? Does the sight of a crowd throw him into a cold sweat, provoke nausea and lead him to doubt the immortality of the soul? Who knows? And yet he will be explaining for days to come, and in a clear, bell-like voice, why the Giants failed to win the series.

A Hindu Hercules.

In the course of this memorable season, the world was informed as to the precise amount of meat eaten daily by leading batsmen, fielders, pitchers. We were interested, therefore, in an article about Mr. Rama Murti Naldut, published in the Statesman (Calcutta) of Sept. 3. Rama Murti, now 29 years old, is the Hindu Hercules. He smiles at the elephant weighing four tons who walks over his belly. He allows a 12-horsepower motor car to run over his shoulders and back. "Two country carts loaded to the limit of their capacity with men and boys from the audience pass over his shoulders and thighs." A stone weighing 3000 pounds is put on his chest and men break a large rock on it with heavy sledge hammers. He snaps asunder a stout chain about one-eighth of an inch in thickness by merely raising his shoulders. One hundred and ten medals have been awarded him; his carriage is often unhorsed and dragged by young admirers; not a few call him Bhima II., and there are some that regard him as an incarnation of Hanuman.

Upon What Meat.

And what is the diet of this prodigy of strength and endurance? A couple of hours after his night performance is over, he takes a light meal of rice, pulse and greens, or one or two vegetables mixed together, not weighing over half

a pound. He drinks water, sometimes plain soda—a vain and gaseous luxury—but in moderation, and looks not on tea, coffee, cocoa, or strong waters of any sort. He awakes at 6 A. M., washes his face and hands, and without eating and drinking, goes back to bed. At 8 A. M. he gets up again and quaffs his favorite drink which is made from almonds, cummin seed and black pepper, weighing in all two pounds, soaked overnight, made into a fine pulp, then mixed with a pint of water, strained through a piece of muslin and sweetened with sugar. An hour later he eats a quarter of a pound of raw, fresh butter. He breakfasts at 1 P. M., and the meal is like that after the performance at

night. At 4 P. M. he takes a drink like unto the one already described, compounded of almonds, wheat bran and milk, and eats a pudding made by boiling together clotted cream, honey, butter and sugar. He never eats between meals.

An Internal Lubricator.

Some may cry out against this mess of cream, honey, butter and sugar. Indeed, the sugar seems superfluous—for honey should be used more extensively in our cookery in place of sugar. Ponder the old maxim: "Whoever wishes to preserve his health should eat every morning before breakfast young onions with honey." Consult the ancients. Hippocrates said that honey eaten with other food is nutritious and improves the color. Democritus taught his pupils to promote health by lubricating the inside of the body with honey and the outside with oil. The Pythagoreans preferred honey and bread to all other food. The curious may also consult Oribasius (Synops. iv., 38), Haly Abbas (v., 27), and our old and honored friend Simeon Seth (in voce Mel.) The best honey comes from Martha's Vineyard.

The Case of Roger Crab.

Reading the story of Mr. Rama Murti's simple life, we invoke the shade of a vegetarian hero who lived and died without spectacular admiration. His name was Crab, Mr. Roger Crab, who passed away at Bethnal Green in 1680, leaving a sweet savor behind him. He was a meat eater up to his 20th year; then he apologized for the enormity of his conduct. "Butchers are excluded from juries, but the receiver is worse than the thief, so the buyer is worse than the butcher." Soon he gave up butter and cheese, and at last he found nutrition and peace and morality in dock leaves, grass and water, so that the cost of his food was only three-quarters of a penny a week. Some spell his surname with two b's. He wrote his life in 1655: "The English Hermite; or, Wonder of This Age." (London. Quarto.) We doubt if Capt. Crabb of Abchurch-lane, who, getting out of bed in his sleep, fell out of the window on March 14, 1762, was a descendant.

MUCK REVIVES OLD SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Marie Rappold, soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D major, No. 1..... Sgambati
Elizabeth's Greeting, "Tannhauser"..... Wagner
Overture to "The Little Christ-Elf"..... Pfitzner
Agathe's scene and aria from "Der Freischuetz"..... Weber
Variations on a theme of Haydn..... Brahms

We have not heard Sgambati's symphony for 14 years. Much water has flowed under the bridge since 1898, and the hearers of that year now listen to music that would then have seemed incredible. If not impossible. It does not matter what was written about the symphony then; it was long ago forgotten, and unfortunate, indeed, are those who never change opinion or belief, to whom no great light appears on the road to Damascus. The symphony still lives, whether it was then liked or disliked, or whether the critics, smiling, put the question by.

Sgambati, an Italian with an English mother, was a serious person in music from the beginning, and was greatly influenced by Liszt. As pianist, and as concert giver, Sgambati fought valiantly for German music. Brahms was no more foreign to him than was Beethoven; he was interested in Schumann and Wagner alike; but Liszt undoubtedly moulded him. It is natural to say that this Italian heard his own music the other side of the Alps. It would be unjust to say that he denied his enviable birthright. If there is abundant evidence of German influence in this symphony, there are also unmistakable manifestations of Italian sentiment and expression. Nor is the composer's nationality revealed only in the Serenata. In the second movement, and even in the Scherzo, there is the suggestion of the solemn festal music in a Roman basilica. Furthermore, in allegro passages there is a peculiar vivacity that we do not associate with either French or German composers; a vivacity that is not idly gay, a vivacity that does not remind one of Milton's unwieldy elephant wreathing his lithe proboscis to make our first parents mirth; nor in the allegro is there the demoniac spirit that at times gives character to an otherwise inconspicuous German scherzo.

This Italian composer has not the gift of original melodic invention. Perhaps this is the reason why. Unlike his fellow countrymen, he has not sought fame in the opera house; but his themes are not dry or sterile. There are no great moments in the symphony; there is no deep emotion; there are no passionate outbursts; but this music has other qualities that are not to be ignored, much less despised. There is always the honorable, artistic intention; there is indisputable skill in the ex-

pression. The music is of proper form; there are no harmful progressions; it should be remembered that the symphony is over 30 years old; there is ingenuity in the blending and the contrasting of instrumental timbres; there is rhythmic variety, the climaxes are intelligently and effectively prepared. It was a good thing to hear this music again. It gave pleasure, and it reminded the audience that there are Italians who are not always cudgelling their brains to find out appropriate music for "amore," and "dolore."

Although Hans Pfitzner is a name that incites discussion in Germany—the sort of discussion in which it were well that one of the disputants should be fastened securely to his chair—his music is little known in this country. It is not probable that his operas will be performed here; his chamber music is neglected; few if any of his songs are sung by singers nervously seeking something new. Dr. Muck brought out the overture to Ilse von Otach's fairy play when he was in Boston five years ago. The overture then made little impression, and the excellent performance yesterday did not convince us of any inherent worth lurking in the pages. However, this music was written for a play; to prepare the spectators; to put them in sensitive, recipient mood. In the theatre the purpose of the composer may have been accomplished. To those, for example, who have seen "L'Arlesienne" in Paris, the Prelude of Blzet when played in the concert hall has a keener significance. As a concert piece Pfitzner's overture contains a few agreeable passages of unaffected simplicity, but many more that are as routine work of little distinction.

The unhappy Hugo Wolf in one of his many bilious articles against Johannes Brahms cynically admitted that Brahms was a master when he wrote variations on another composer's theme, and he exclaimed: "Is not the whole of Brahms's creative work only one huge variation of the work of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann?" This is, of course, extravagant, unjust; but it is not to be denied that the great and distinguishing gift of Brahms was his skill in construction, and this skill is the dominating feature

of the St. Anthony variations. Grant the suave beauty of the "Pastoral" variation, and of the variation with the Hungarian flavor, the set as a whole suffers from the monotony of the prevailing tonality, and too much of the music is interesting only by reason of flawless workmanship in the orthodox manner.

The orchestra is regaining its reputation for precision, balance, eloquent phrasing, euphony, and under Dr. Muck as interpreter and disciplinarian it will surely not lose in plasticity and passion.

Mme. Rappold of the Metropolitan Opera House is an amiable, a cheerful singer with a voice of pleasing quality. It was announced that she would sing songs by Dell' Aquia and Van der Stucken, but at rehearsals these songs were not found worthy of a symphony concert, although they might excite applause in a parlor. Would it not be well to put Agathe's scene and aria on the shelf? The "prayer" is often heard in church; the long recitative-arioso passages have significance only on the operatic stage; and the final allegro is barbarously written for the voice.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Bischoff, symphony in E major; Wagner, A Siegfried Idyl; Weber, overture to "Euryanthe."

Of all the bores whom man in his folly hesitates to hang, and Heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable is the teller of "good stories"—a nuisance that should be put down by cudgelling, a submersion in horse ponds, or any mode of abatement, as summarily as men would combine to suffocate a vampire or a mad dog.

A Near-Sighted Boy.

"The existence of the monocle, long precarious in England, is now threatened in France, perhaps its last stronghold."

Reading this statement of international importance, we remembered the sad lot of a boy in a Massachusetts village over 40 years ago. In school he could not see from his desk the figures and diagrams on the blackboard, and the teacher accused him of mulishness and kept him in at recess. Out doors he could not see a kite or a bird when the other boys saw clearly, but he pretended that his vision was sufficiently far-sighted. He was handicapped in games of ball. He unavoidably fell into the habit of squinting. It suddenly occurred to his parents that their hope and joy and source of torment was myopic. There was no oculist in the village or in the nearest city; but eyeglasses and spectacles were fitted and sold by the jeweller, who also dealt in toys of all kinds, marbles, equipments for games and fireworks in their season.

The Tortures of Myopia.

And then the boy's life was made wretched by the cruelty of his schoolmates. He was called "Giglambs,"

"Four eyes" and still more opprobrious epithets. He was accused of putting on airs, of being stuck-up. His protest and his plea for indulgence were in vain. Even the hired man made contemptuous remarks, and the boy's sweetheart, who lived near the graveyard, spoke of him with a giggle, as "Glass eyed Johnny." The Irish youths who lived in the Pancake district laid in wait for him and insisted on fighting, or at least wrestling. He was constantly breaking his eyeglasses and for this he was soundly flogged by a Solomonite sire. There were three whips in the house: a riding whip for trivial offences, a carriage whip, using which the father showed greater skill and enjoyed more vigorous exercise, and a rawhide to serve as a corrective of lying and stealing. Not until he entered college was the boy free from the odium of being near sighted.

Concerning Monocles.

Is the prejudice against the monocle an unreasonable one? Is it just to associate the single glass with a Dundreary? It is said that the first person to screw a glass in his eye was a Dutch swell named Jonkheer Breele, whose monocle staggered the diplomats at the Congress of Vienna. This congress was in 1814-15. (We do not say this boldly and off-hand, but after consulting one of the many books that have helped us.) Dr. Murray gives the date 1868 as that of the introduction of the word monocle into English literature, and the author quoted speaks of the monocle as "a reading glass for one eye." The thing itself was undoubtedly used in England soon after the congress. Dr. Kitchener in his "Economy of the Eyes," deplored the fact that "a Single Glass, set in a smart Ring, is often used by Trinket-fanciers merely for Fashion's sake. These folks have not the least defect in their Sight, and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of such Irritation."

The man that sported the single glass has been known as a monocle, a monoculate, a monoculist and a monoculus. There is another synonym which Sir Richard Burton delighted in using, as when the woman in the wonderful story of the "Porter and the Three Ladies of Bagdad," "returned with three monoculars," i. e., the three one-eyed Kalandars who told of their marvellous adventures.

A Glassy Stare.

They say that 10 years ago "everyone who was anyone" in Paris wore a monocle. It was "de rigueur." The broad black ribbon went with the white waistcoat; but the ribbon passed out of fashion, "and if you wished to be in the swim you had to retain your monocle in place by a fierce fixed frown and an upward tension of the cheek. A sudden release of the strain jerked the monocle from its orbit, when it was retrieved by the wearer's hand."

The stare and the gesture were supposed to quell the energy of a bore, to gorgonize the impertinent. The unoffending and the timid were also made uncomfortable. More supercilious, however, is the stare of a lorgnette wielded by a woman, whose facial expression at the time is of one passing an exposed drain. A man though armed with triple brass when thus regarded feels his knees turn to water. He is surveyed from his boots to his thoughtfully combed hair and dismissed as a thing of insignificance. He is as though he were not.

Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers of Boston, known on the operatic stage as Clara Doria, and now esteemed as teacher, composer and the author of "The Philosophy of Singing" and "My Voice and I," has published an interesting and valuable volume of a little over 100 pages entitled "English Diction for Singers and Speakers." In her preface Mrs. Rogers says that her aim was to make the treatise as comprehensive and as simple as possible. "I have purposely resisted the temptation to offer arguments to sustain my statements except where necessary to make clear unfamiliar laws." She assures the readers that these statements are "in accord with the highest authorities on both the science of speech and of vocal physiology."

English as a Language for Singers.

Mrs. Rogers begins by combatting the statement often made by Americans that English is "a bad language to sing in." She insists that it is as well adapted to singing as any other language except Italian. If English songs sound badly, it is because the American singers do not sing good English. She names Braham, Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, Santley as famous singers who "made their reputation entirely as singers of English." Indeed, they seldom sang in any other language. This is hardly true of Clara Novello and Santley. Clara Novello sang in German cities as well as in English towns before she went to Milan in 1839 to study for the stage. She made her debut at Padua in Italian opera and sang in Italian for two years before she returned to

The Technical Chapters.

London. In 1880 she sang in Italian at Rome and in Portugal and in 1884 she sang again in Italian at Milan. Santile's first operatic experience was in Italy, and from 1882 to 1870 he sang in Italian opera. Gounod wrote "Dieu Posante" for his Valentin in "Faust" and Santile sang in Italian the part of the Dutchman in Wagner's opera when it was first performed in England. But all this is of minor importance. The fact remains that certain foreigners singing in English put English and American singers to shame by the purity and expressiveness of their diction. Mrs. Rogers mentions Mme. Tietjens as an example. "In learning to sing in a foreign language she had taken pains to acquire a knowledge of the exact sounds of our vowels and consonants and how to enunciate them into her voice."

We all hear in the course of a season Americans fondly believing that they are singing successfully in French and German, whereas their German is "questionable" and their French may not be even "tolerable." Mrs. Rogers quotes Mr. W. E. Apthorp's remark: "Tolerable French is a tolerable egg." Mrs. Rogers adds: "When, at concerts, one hears group after group of songs in foreign tongues sung by native Americans, and when one is unable to distinguish which language is sung, one suspects that they seek to hide their incapacity to pronounce anything distinctly under the cloak of a language unfamiliar to their audience." In learning to sing good English "one is at the same time mastering the principal laws which govern perfect diction in other languages." Mrs. Rogers names the typical elements, the chief laws which govern perfect diction in other languages, and concludes: "English cannot spoil singing unless the singer spoils English."

English Singers and Italians.

Mrs. Rogers has mentioned Charles Santile. Let us interpolate here a passage from his entertaining reminiscences. He is speaking of the pure sound of the Italian vowels and how the pronunciation is a most difficult task for an English speaking student, for we all treat vowels carelessly. "I have often heard English vocalists say they preferred singing in Italian, because it is so much easier than singing in English. It may be pleasanter to them, and seem easier, but to those of their audience whose ears are accustomed to the beauty and efficacy of the Italian language the gibberish they utter entirely mars any effect they might make with their vocalization; much better would it be if they converted their songs into 'vocal-izmi.' Like many other things, singing in Italian is 'easy to get through,' but it is difficult to do properly. It is only a question of intelligence and application. 'What man has done, man may do'—if he has but the will. The words! the words!! the words!!! Without the words there is no accent. Without the accent there is no singing. I once heard a man say (he was an English professor of music who did not understand a word of Italian) that he preferred Italian to English opera. I suggested, 'What about the word?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I would rather not hear the words.' It is not for such as he that I write my words."

A Fixed Standard of Pronunciation.

Walt Whitman said that the English language "befriends the grand American expression; it is brawny enough and limber and full enough. On the tough stock of a race who through all change of circumstance was never without the idea of popular liberty, which is the animus of all liberty, it has attracted the terms of daintier and gayer and subtler and more elegant tongues. It is the powerful language of resistance; it is the dialect of common sense. It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races and of all who aspire. . . . It is the medium that shall well-nigh express the inexpressible."

How slovenly is our pronunciation of this language, whether it be in theatre, opera house, concert hall, court room, church or in familiar conversation! Mrs. Rogers makes a plea for a fixed standard. "In America we are constantly brought into contact with people who have had advantages of education and whose social status should call for all the outward and visible signs of culture and good breeding, but who nevertheless maltreat the English language in a most painful and deplorable way. So greatly do they belie themselves, by incorrect pronunciation of vowels and slovenliness of articulation, uttered in a coarse and unmusical tone of voice, that the matter ceases to be simply a question of a 'correct standard of pronunciation,' but becomes a matter of fitness and good taste." Mrs. Rogers gives instances of this slovenly pronunciation of words; also of sentences. Thus vanilla ice cream is either "Vaniller i-Scream" or "Vaniller rice-cream"; for instance becomes "Fir-lance"; raw oysters, "ro-roystur"; Columbus avenue, "Clumbus Av'noo"; gentleman friend, "junn'imun frenn"; Shall I give you some more? "Shilgvu smore?"

The purely technical interest in its relation to voice; the character and treatment of vowels; tone attack, the particular treatment of diphthongs, the different characteristics and treatment of consonants; the letters H, Y and W, the American R and others; consonants that have more than one sound; flexibility in articulation; exercises on double consonants and terminals, varied spelling of uniform sounds; and other subjects that should be thoughtfully considered by all that wish to sing and speak with some degree of correctness. Thus a singer should not the same as "make lean our hearts," nor should a familiar question be converted into "can the Afrikan change his kin or the leopard his pots?" There is advice to teachers, and there is an "after word" with this significant conclusion: "We cannot express anything but sickly monotonous of sentimentality until we have trained our organs to be under the rule of unconscious control. This unconscious control is only to be acquired by an absolute knowledge of every element out of which perfect tone is compounded; therefore, as singing is a compound of speech and song, the study of diction is basic, for there can be no perfect singing without perfect diction."

"Adele, the Saleslady."

Mr. Klein was not the first to dramatize the struggles, trials, and final glorification of a shop girl. Admirable as Maggie Pepper is, amusing and excellent as is the impersonation of the girl by Miss Stahl, Mr. Klein's play is hum-drum in comparison with a drama by John Alfred Mack which was produced years ago at the Bowery Theatre, New York. The review which was published at the time in the Sun is now of lively interest.

"The salesladies of New York must be an inhumanly tortured class if the story told on the stage of the Bowery Theatre last night had any grains of truth in it. According to Mr. John Alfred Mack who has been making a study of this interesting phase of our life, the bloodthirsty villain of immemorial melodrama now wears a 'plug' hat, and hires innumerable girls for his dry goods store at \$2 a week, only to swindle and starve them. Adele Elismere is one of these unfortunate. She is one of the ladies of the sales in Marcy's establishment. A piece of ribbon is missed, and this unfortunate lady has a dollar deducted from her week's salary, and is discharged—rather brutally, for the whole business is done on the sidewalk in front of the store. Adele then sets out to reach her humble home in a tumble-down court. Time, winter. Paper falling bitterly. Adele is repulsed by stony-hearted landlady, and told to die in the streets. She appeals to heaven and prepares to do her dying. Just then the wealthy Judge Thornton and his patrician son, Arthur, accompanied by the elegant Huldah Delmarte—who always take their way through this tumble-down slum when going to their palatial home—encounter Adele. Arthur is touched. Adele is run in by a policeman because she is drunk and disorderly. Arthur goes to the station, knocks down the sergeant and threatens to marry Adele. Then comes the lovely Huldah upon the scene, dressed in gorgeous velvet. She loves Arthur as the tigress loves. The blood that runs in her veins and stains her gown has never been baffled—nevarr. Huldah is the most interesting liar for a woman that recent play-writing has produced, for she is baffled completely.

"Hearts were wrung in the upper galleries during the evening by the unmitigated woe of the little creature in black so relentlessly pursued by fate through four acts, and great numbers of immature salesladies in the family circle nipped their eyes with monogram handkerchiefs when Adele, in choking tones, refused to marry Arthur because he had money. Her language was quite unique, by the way, for she said she must be loved for herself alone, and not for her \$2 a week. Her independence was even more remarkable, for she preferred to go and die around in all sorts of alleys and back courts to marrying a big fellow who loved her. This was accepted by the third tier as very beautiful, until the policeman put an end to the appreciation with his rattan.

"Adele, however, turns out to be a little fraud of a saleslady, for she does marry Arthur, and they settle down in the Fifth Avenue as comfortably as any pair of millionaires; and as if missing ribbons did not still wreak their misery on the world.

"But the sales-gentlemen in the pit applauded the final resolution, so that it is safe to believe that Mr. John Alfred Mack knows what he is up to.

"This sterling photograph of New York life will be presented at the Bowery Theatre until 'Skvoz Strio, the King of the Galley Slaves,' is ready."

A New Style

"The Open Door," produced at the Lyceum, London, Melodrama, Oct. 2, is a melodrama with scenes in Russia. The chief character is a Fr. Homo, who preaches that the path of beauty is the path of duty. An inspector-general sentences him to be shot. Cossacks fire at Homo

as he stands by an open grave. They leave him for dead; but he rises, stretches his arms towards the 'gallery' and stands exulting in the lime light. Then the Inspector-general lets loose on him a dancer named Zorah and there is champagne on the table. "She enters in an exceedingly unbecoming costume, revealing a good deal of 'linb,' and, leaning her back upon his chest, looks up in his face and asks him if he has ever known what it is to have a woman's heart beating against his own, which was physiologically interesting as showing where the lady wore her heart. His reply is an extremely slow reminder of the days gone by, when she was an innocent child; whereat she recoils in horror and remorse, shrieks 'Forbear!' and becomes a good girl ever after. Impersonated by Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, as a sort of walking funeral, Fr. Homo exercised a profound influence and was received with roars of applause after each act." The Inspector-general, middle-aged and turning bald, is a desperate villain. He has designs on Miriam, a Jew's wife, and has her arrested. Waiting for her, he informs the audience that he has "a way with women, aha!" She comes in and he kisses her hair. She, unappreciative, says that his touch is pollution. "They all commence like that, aha!" But Miriam goes on like that, and the Inspector-general sentences her as a wanton to 20 lashes. Of course Fr. Homo saves her. At the end Miriam and her husband escape and Fr. Homo disappears on a raft, saying, very slowly, "Love one another."

No wonder that the Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "It may sadden some of us to think that Melodrama, an art form in which such passionate, witty, shrewd and well-thought-out work has been done in the past by such writers as Charles Reade, Dion Boucicault, Henry Arthur Jones and George R. Sims (compare this with 'The Lights of London') should have come down to such a 'sad mechanic exercise' as 'The Open Door.' But the drama's laws the drama's patrons give—and the patrons of the Lyceum showed by their applause that their needs had been satisfied."

Boots or

H. H. Davies's new comedy "Doormats" was produced at Wynd-

ham's Theatre, London, Oct. 3. A young painter and his wife are none too happy together, and Capt. Harding is devoted to her. The painter visits America. The captain tells the wife that it is a stupid thing for a man to "muck up his career." The painter suddenly reappears and is jealous, but there is a making up. Presto! In the last act the officer finds out that he cannot live without Lella. The painter rages, but cools and says he will go away. Let them be happy. The wife does not wish him to sacrifice himself; she is disgusted when the officer argues that he is sacrificing as much as Lella or her husband; she dismisses him and falls into her soft husband's arms.

"Everyone," says the nice old aunt to the young painter, "Is either a doormat or a boot. You and I are doormats, my husband and your wife are boots. It is not their fault. They have the talent for taking; we have the talent for giving. We are doormats because we want to be, and we have to be thankful to them for accepting our sacrifices. The boot wants the doormat, and the doormat wants the boot." To which the Daily Chronicle answers: "All this is, of course, about as deep as the print on a chocolate box." The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette praised the charming touch of the dramatist and the daintiness of the first acts, but had no praise for the sudden and violent change. "A play that had opened delightfully because it all appeared to be sincere, and the people in it all seemed agreeably recognizable types, ended in bewilderment and discord."

The Opera

The postmaster-general of Denmark has ordered a coin to be struck bearing the words: "The child seeing the light for the first time presents a tribute to the child who will never see it." These tokens will be sold to the parents of all babies having sight, as lucky charms, and the money will go to a fund for the blind children. "Antolycus" reading this was reminded of a passage in a recent work on Italy by Richard Bagot:

"In the famous theatre, La Scala—which, with San Carlo at Naples, is the largest opera house in the world—there is a mysterious box immediately above the stage on the fifth tier which appears to be always unoccupied. As a matter of fact, however, this box is never empty when opera is being performed. Screened from the gaze of the public, the most appreciative of all among the audience are following every note of the music from its recesses. Men and women sit in that box entranced—transported temporarily into another world, a world in which they can forget that they are not as the majority of their fellow creatures, and are able, if only for a few hours, to feel that no dark and hopeless veil exists between them and the rest of humanity. They are all blind, the occupants of this box. Some sixty years ago a Milanese lady, who was the proprietress in the

greenhold of a box in La Scala, bequeathed her rights to the then Archbishop of Milan, and the archbishop made them over to an asylum for the blind on the condition that the box should forever be devoted to the exclusive use of its inmates.

"In order that these should enjoy to the full the intentions of the donor, the directors of the theatre accorded to the blind tenants of the box the privilege of free entry into the theatre—a grant in itself sufficiently generous, since in all Italian theatres an entrance fee of sums ranging up to 5 francs is demanded in excess of the sum paid for the place occupied. I wonder if any spot in the wide world contains so much concentrated happiness as this box in La Scala on an opera night. The blind are sent there in rotation, so that all the inmates of the institution may have one or more evenings' bliss in the course of the season. To them an evening at La Scala is an evening spent in Paradise."

New English Music.

Two new compositions by Englishmen were produced at the Birmingham Festival, Oct. 2. The Pall

Mall Gazette says of one:

"Mr. Granville Bantock's orchestral drama, 'Fifine,' is a very brilliant and spirited piece of work, and in many ways stronger than any other work of the same class by Bantock. He has simplified the story of the drama. The three characters, the Husband, Elvire, his wife, and Fifine, who for a time makes him forget his wife, are clearly marked, and the way in which they occur and recur in the score almost makes the story clear without explanation. At any rate, it is obvious that the Elvire theme at the close has the upper hand. Viewed as a musical fabric it makes the impression of more spidity and finer proportion than most of his other work. The themes are of not very original expression, and the charm and brilliancy of the individual sections are undeniable. It may be urged that it does not go very deep into the subtler significance of things, but it is all very much alive. Possibly, the din and bustle of the fair are over-elaborated from the point of view of the drama; but from the musical point of view there is ample justification because of the value of the contrast."

But was this a first performance? "Fifine at the Fair" was certainly composed as far back as 1902.

The other work was Walford Davies's "Song of St. Francis," a setting for solo voices, chorus and orchestra of the "Præfates" of St. Francis.

"The poem composed by the dying saint shows how the sun, the moon, earth, fire and water united in praising the Creator. The language is of great simplicity, but suggests the most varied imagery. The strange note of ecstatic naïveté would naturally appeal very strongly to the composer of 'Everyman,' which moves in the same atmosphere, and the music of which is archaic in idea and modern in utterance. In the same words we may describe the music of 'The Song of St. Francis.' The four voices are used in many combinations, but there is only one solo, and there are no opportunities for individual display, the soloist being practically part of the chorus. The choral ensembles are elaborate, but the elaboration is made subservient to the emotional expression in a truly modern way, though the structure of the vocal phrases themselves seems to be that of a past age. Much of the music is subtly contemplative, but other numbers are dramatic and picturesque. Of these the most striking is the section 'Of Fire,' which is a vigorous and impulsive tone picture, and is justly likened in the analysis to the scherzo of a symphony. The section 'Of Water' is imagined finely, and the effect of the murmuring chorus is delightful. The scene of the deathbed strikes a note of deep pathos, and the epilogue has a dignified solidity of structure. Taken as a whole, the music of St. Francis seems to show that the composer is as much afraid as he used to be to let himself go; a little more boldness in this direction would not harm his music, as is shown by the 'Fire Music,' when apparently he has indulged in the greatest freedom, and which is the most successful. It should be mentioned that one theme runs through the whole like a motto. It is labelled 'Joculatores Domini,' and the title is explained in the program thus: 'He (St. Francis) and his Brothers were the Jugglers of the Lord; men who by their love of God and all His creatures were to charm the people into appreciation of the beauty of holiness.' The soloists were Miss Donalds, Miss Doris Woodall, Mr. Gervase Elwes and Mr. Thorpe Bates."

A Few Personal Notes.

Has anyone read Mr. Zangwill's play—or rather poetic drama—"The War Notes. God"? It is published by William Heinemann of London. In the preface there is praise for the dramatist because he adheres strictly to blank verse, and does not permit himself to drop into prose after the manner of Shakespeare or another. Thus when

the newborn baby prince in the play lifts up his voice. Mr. Zangwill is not content with a stage direction; he writes out the ejaculations:

"La, la! Bo, hoo! Bo hoo! La la! Bo hee!"

And when a character laughs we have:

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. George Alexander says that the sure index of a play's success is the little queue outside the theatre. "I believe that it is impossible to tell whether the public will like a play or not before it is produced. The author may think it is very good—sometimes the author and actor do not agree—the actor may have every confidence, the critics may say very nice things about it, but the public may stay away. I would I knew why. You remember 'The Bells.' It was a poor play; 'rotten stuff,' I have heard it called. But Irving made it wonderful. While I must readily admit that the actor is very often under a tremendous debt to the author, the name of the author might, at the present time, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, be left off the bill altogether without making the slightest difference to the success or failure of the play."

SEND COPY TO MR HALE

Mme. Teresa Carreno will give a piano recital in London on Nov. 6 when she will celebrate her jubilee. It will be 50 years since she first played in public as an 8-year-old prodigy. Her first appearance in Boston was in Music Hall, Jan. 2, 1863.

Mr. Stanley Nayler, in an article on Miss Marie Tempest published in Pearson's Magazine, says that she did not abandon musical comedy because it failed to satisfy her higher ambitions, but because there was a quarrel between her and George Edwardes, who, when

Miss Tempest at rehearsal complained of her entrance, answered, "the only thing that troubles me is your exit."

Apocryphal of the statement that the English theatre of today is in the hands of the younger men. Mr. Granville Barker remarks: "What do you call young? Youth is not merely a matter of years. Some people are always young, however long they may have lived. Mr. A. B. Walkley is one of them. And that reminds me that in regard to the criticisms of 'The Winter's Tale,' it was, with the exception of Mr. Walkley, who is perennially young, only the younger critics who appreciated in the least what I was getting at. Perhaps that is why the young man is making headway in the theatre. The young men are now for the first time getting their chance in criticism as well, and so those other young men who are being allowed to express themselves in the theatre are cheered and urged on by the understanding of their contemporaries instead of repressed by the apathy of a generation out of sympathy with their ideals. Certain I am, too, that whether the young man has begun to 'get there' in the theatre or not, it is the duty of every artist to see that he keeps young, for only by doing so can he truly live."

They are still telling stories about Massenet. A South American operatic manager who had for years been mounting the French composer's works without paying any royalties—there being no copyright agreement between France and the Argentine republic—sent the composer his own photograph, requesting him to return it with his autograph. He enclosed £3 for postage. Massenet returned the photograph with the following note: "I keep the three francs. It is at least something on account of what you owe me."

Debussy wrote in the *Matin* that Massenet "was the most genuinely loved of contemporary musicians. It is, in fact, this love that one had for Massenet which created for him the particular position which he has not ceased to occupy in the world of music. His conferees could not easily forgive him for his power to please, which is, in truth, a gift. This gift is not indispensable, particularly in the realms of art, and one can affirm, among other examples, that Johann Sebastian Bach never pleased in the sense that this word assumes when applied to Massenet. Did you ever hear tell of young workgirls humming music from the 'St. Matthew Passion'? I think not. On the other hand, all the world knows that they wake up in the morning singing 'Manon' or 'Werther.' That is a charming glory which would be secretly envied by more than one of those great purists who have nothing to warm their hearts but the respect, a little labored, of the elect."

Some Theatre Notes. Charles Kingsley's novel was produced at Johannesburg, Sept. 23 by Matheson Lang, who took the part of Amyas Leigh.

Miss Olga Nethersole, again in London after an absence of nearly seven years, finds it lamentable that the great majority of the people are practically cut off from the theatres, in which dramas of artistic value are produced, because the prices to them are prohibitive, and are obliged to frequent picture palaces, music-halls, or playhouses that present nothing but crude and lurid melodrama.

She suggests the formation of a society, The People's Theatre League, and solicitation of subscriptions from the fortunate and well to do.

"Arrangements should then be made for buying a house, or houses, on certain evenings, and the tickets should be sold through the Trade Unions and Friendly Societies at prices that the working-man could pay—say, from one shilling to twopenny, the difference between the amount received and the amount paid to the theatres being made up from the league's fund. The selection would be left to the committees, and the theatres selected would, of course, depend upon the plays produced in them. These should be, in my opinion, on educational lines, and dealing with the broad subjects of morality and physical and moral health. Mr. Barrie's plays do that. He gives us the sugar-coated pill, and it is such a sweet and palatable coating that we are hardly conscious of the bitter part of it—the lesson it conveys. Mr. Shaw, in the same way, gives us our lesson, but the coating of the pill is not quite as sweet, and we sometimes get the bitter taste. In each case a lesson is taught. Of course, there would be musical productions as well."

Henry Bernstein has promised a new play for Gaiety to be performed next year. Mr. Dawbarn saying this adds: "Bataille Bernstein—the two have revolutionized the theatre in 10 years. They have accomplished amazing things in the direction of clarity, simplicity and verity. The art of the theatre has followed all modern art in becoming instinctive. How different from the theatre of Capus and Maurice Donnay. It is the difference, I suppose, of thirty-five and fifty. But not entirely that. The one leads the movement, the other follows it, reluctantly, with eyes turned toward romanticism. There is great similarity in the artistic careers of two most strenuous writers. They are pursuing parallel paths, which will bring them finally into the same open glade. They are both highly-gifted young men, not merely poets (Bernstein has shown the poetic touch in 'L'Assaut,' whilst Bataille has written charming verses), but philosophers who have penetrated into the character and temperaments of the day."

CALVE SINGS IN SYMPONY HALL

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon Emma Calve and her husband, Galileo Gasparri, gave an operatic concert, assisted by Emiliano Renaud, pianist. The program:

Polonaise, Tschalkowsky-Liszt, Mr. Renaud; "Tosca," aria, first and third act, Puccini, Mr. Gasparri; "Sapho," stances, Guonod, old French song, Calve; Vieux Menuet, Emiliano Renaud; Toccata, Schumann, Mr. Renaud; Carmen, Habanero et Duo, "Nina tu ne m'aimes pas," Bizet, Calve and Gasparri; "I Pagliacci," Arioso, Leoncavallo; "Canzon Popolare Italiana," Mr. Gasparri; In Questa Tomba Oscura, Beethoven; old French song, Calve; legende: St. Francois de Paul, Liszt, Mr. Renaud; Cavalleria Rusticana, Duo, "Tu qui Santozza," Mascagni, Calve and Gasparri.

The hall was well filled and that the people enjoyed the concert was shown not only by the abundance of the applause but by its evident spontaneity. It had the ring of sincerity and was not so plainly inspired by a desire to get "your money's worth" in encores as is sometimes the case. Yet there were insistent recalls for both singers and they responded with sufficient if not over-abundant generosity.

It was indeed an operatic concert, not only because the chief selections were from operas, but also for the reason that the singers did their best to make it so. They did not confine themselves to staid concert singing of the score with some slight facial and voice expression to heighten the effect of music and words. They acted and they did it with spirit, grace and dramatic fire. This was particularly the case in Mr. Gasparri's selection from "Pagliacci" and in the duet from "Cavalleria Rusticana." And the audience liked it. Without doubt the heartiness of the enthusiasm shown by the people was largely due to this freedom and fervor of the artists.

Calve's voice was as fresh, as pure and as shining in tone as ever and as quick to express the varying emotions of the singer. Her choice of music, too, was happily made to illustrate its remarkable range.

Mr. Gasparri won the good will of his hearers by the simplicity and directness of his manner as well as by the power and beauty of his voice and the vividness and force of his dramatic expression. Mr. Renaud's work at the piano was pleasing.

And how then was the Devil dressed? O! he was in his Sunday's best: His jacket was red and his breeches were blue, And there was a hole where the tail came through!

Preservatives of Youth.

Lady de Bathe told a reporter in strict confidence that the secret of a woman's youth is her clothes. "That is why men

grow old before women. Men ought not to show themselves in dismal tints."

This opinion should interest many men, for there are writers who assert that it lies within the power of any one to preserve youth and vitality for 125 or 150 years. Our friend Mr. Ferguson, having implicit confidence in the Russian professor living in Paris, drinks pansful of sour milk daily and introduces benedictine bugs into his system. Mr. Gollightly has abandoned stewed meats and claret and subsists chiefly on spinach jam. The spinach is boiled in a pipkin with white wine. Sugar, cinnamon, and rosewater are added to the green pulp, and the compound is boiled until it is as thick as marmalade. For spinach is rich in iron; it is eminently digestible; it is a sweet boon to the liverish. Mr. Herkimer Johnson informed us when we last saw him that he goes through various physical exercises on rising and going to bed. Lying naked and flat on his back he raises slowly both legs until they are at a right angle with his trunk. We expect to see a picture of him in this position when an account of Mr. Johnson's home life with portraits of the distinguished sociologist—Mr. Johnson as a baby, Mr. Johnson at district school, Mr. Johnson at breakfast, Mr. Johnson greasing the windmill—is published in one of the leading magazines.

Mr. Hyslip's Waistcoat.

Dion Bouicault used to say that he kept young by engaging only young women for his dramatic companies and associating with them off and on the stage. This man has one remedy against decrepitude; that one has another. Will sunset waistcoats, out-vying those of the Chicagoan "Bath House John," will shrieking cravats, "fancy shirts," a plum colored coat, thunder-and-lightning inexpressibles preserve softness of the arteries and regularity of the heart and liver? The experiment is worth trying; yet the experimenter must be prepared to offer sacrifice on the altar of health.

Young Percy Hyslip, the brother of

Mr. Leverett Hyslip, a valued contributor to this column, reading Lady de Bathe's remarks, ordered a purple silk waistcoat, so that he now resembles in a measure the rich man in the parable. Mrs. Hyslip has warned him against wearing it at any social function where food and drink are served. The tailor said with a coarse laugh: "This is no waistcoat for a beer saloon. One drop will ruin it, Mr. Hyslip."

Needed Lecturers.

As a man with a thick or straggling mustache denies himself black bean soup when he is arraigned in faultless "evening dress," so Mr. Hyslip can wear his waistcoat only on dry occasions. Yet, about 1800 there was a Frenchman who lectured in London on the art of taking soup gracefully, under the difficulties opposed to it by the fashionable dinner dress of the time. The brilliant Duchess of Devonshire was one of his most promising pupils. Is it not possible for Mr. Hyslip to sport his waistcoat boldly in public and on all occasions, provided he give his whole mind to it?

It is true that in 1800 there were lecturers on all the social accomplishments in London. Spitting was "pre-lected upon," to quote De Quincey's phrase. "The professors in this faculty were the hackney-coachmen; the pupils were gentlemen, who paid a guinea each for three lessons; the chief problem in this system of hydraulics being to throw the salivating column in a parabolic curve from the centre of Parliament street, when driving four-in-hand, to the foot pavements, right and left, so as to alarm the consciences of guilty peripatetics on either side. The ultimate problem, which closed the curriculum of study, was held to lie in spitting round a corner; when that was mastered, the pupil was entitled to his doctor's degree. Endless are the purposes of man, merely festal, or merely comic, and aiming but at the momentary life of a cloud, which have earned for themselves the distinction and apparatus of a separate art."

Inasmuch as a gorgeous waistcoat is as a shield and buckler against invading age, there is the greater need of instruction in the art of keeping it unspotted.

And pondering the opinion of Lady de Bathe, we disapprove the speech of a high school teacher at Bayonne, N. Y., who warned the girls against wearing hose other than black or tan.

Melancholy town where the wreck of life is finished,
Ignoble town of refuge for dishonor, fear and shame—
Here the final glitter of a glory all diminished,
Here the last presentment of a long forgotten name.

Down the whitened street where the cruel duet is flying
Broken men and women vaguely wander one by one—
All the ruined talents, the outcasts and the dying
Still prolong their agony beneath a mocking sun.

Here the former beauty brings her rests of love and pleasure—
Simpers through her paint the ghosts of brilliant smiles of yore;
Here grotesque ambitions learn at length the scurvy measure
Of the world that praised, then flung them here, and thought of them no more.

A Snakeroot Idyl.

Forgetting Mr. O'Sullivan's verses, oblivious of the steam radiator, let us find comfort in an idyl.

As the World Wags:

A friend of my youth was telling me last night of his schoolboy days. The desks were large enough for two. The other occupant was chewing snake-root. He asked for some and in chewing swallowed the juice. Nearby a girl was seated—just across the aisle. The effect of the juice created a sensation that he declared made him feel that he must be in love with the girl, as he had often heard of persons being lovesick, and he gazed at her so often he thought that must be the case. He neglected to make the same known to the girl and nothing came of it. The girl never married, but the young man did. Not long ago the man met the girl of 60 years ago and both enjoyed the incident. The woman remarked that she never knew how near she came to marriage.

Love indeed has many avenues of entrance to the heart, and there are many exits also. Life is existence in a condition of unrelated surroundings, with unknown possibilities at every turn.

OZIAS B. LIBBEY.

Plymouth, Oct. 19.

The Virginian Root.

We infer that Mr. Libbey, speaking of snakeroot, refers to the root of Polygala Senega, or Aristolochia Serpentina, vulgarly known as Virginia snakeroot. It is supposed to possess properties antidotal to snake poison. It is a famous sudorific and it remedies a deficiency of saliva; but we never heard of snakeroot as an aphrodisiac. Truly, this is a world of wonders and we live and learn. Perhaps the snakeroot chewed in school was not the Virginian after all, but the black, button, Canadian, Red River, Samson's Seneca or Texan. It makes no difference. Snakeroot is

snakeroot and the chief properties are the same in all varieties.

From Maine Again.

While we are talking of roots and school let us quote from "G. A. G.," who writes from Stratton, Me., and again with authority concerning silver and porcupines.

"I questioned Seth, my guide, about the 'quillpigs.' He has often seen them silvering pines, and he once knew a big one to stay in one large pine two weeks without once coming down, but eating and sleeping in the tree the whole time. The silver, Seth says, is the sap of the season not yet hardened into wood and before it has detached itself from the bark and stretched itself to the wood of the tree. When it does harden and attach itself to the wood it is the latest and outer ring of wood in the growth of the tree."

Whiskers on the Diamond.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of whiskers, I saw the Athletics and the Charter Oaks play a game of baseball at Hartford, Ct., in the sixties and most of the players wore mustaches. McBride, the demon pitcher of the Athletics, sported Burnside's and a mustache. Today any luxuriant whiskerage would interfere, I suppose, with base running and put a player at a disadvantage in argument with the umpire. Boston, Oct. 18. J. D. K.

Willie a-Gunning.

As the World Wags:

Here is one you seem to have overlooked:
Little Willie shot his sister;
She was dead before we missed her;
Willie's always up to tricks.
Ain't he cute? He's only six.
Boston. WM. WILLIAMS.

A Little Willy Prose.

As the World Wags:

Your "Little Willy" verses recall a true incident—unfortunately it cannot easily be put into rhyme. A youngster of 8 or 9, who had been for some years the terror of the neighborhood, had much annoyed my sister, who owned her house there. Various persons had many times complained to the boy's parents, without relief. One day my sister smelled smoke. A quick investigation revealed the fact that Freddie was busily engaged setting fires to a corner of her house with a pile of papers and rubbish. As soon as my sister could extinguish the fire she "put on her things" and went over to the boy's mother with an indignant complaint. The mother said with an indulgent smile: "Why, the little rascal! If his uncle weren't coming to dinner tonight, I'd send him to bed!" Oct. 15. SUBURE.

BLANCHE RING

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Wall Street Girl," a musical play; book by Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selwyn; lyrics by Hapgood Burt; music by Karl Hoschna and others. Orchestra conducted by J. Albert Browne. Produced at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 7, 1911.

MRS. LANGTRY AT B. F. KEITH'S

Mrs. Langtry—It is Lady de Rathe in private life and upon the English running turf—headlines the B. F. Keith bill this week, and at both of yesterday's performances large audiences followed her every move in "Helping the Cause," a light comedy sketch of which she claims for herself partial authorship.

It is nearly 30 years ago since Mrs. Langtry, then affectionately termed the Jersey Lily, first appeared in this country. And while she is still the same Mrs. Langtry there is a bit of a difference in her work now from then, as there is also in her figure and in her voice. Yet Mrs. Langtry, now very close to 60 years, retains amazingly those charms of youth that made her, at one time, be regarded as England's fairest woman.

Since her first appearance in this country, Mrs. Langtry has visited the United States quite frequently, her last few trips being, as is the present one, as a vaudeville star rather than as the head of her own company. "Helping the Cause" is the story of the advanced-thinking woman of today who, that she may appear before the world as more or less of a martyr, permits herself to be arrested and thrown into prison to serve a two weeks' sentence in lieu of a fine.

Mrs. Langtry is, of course, the fair prisoner, and, once landed in a cell in Hollowell jail she has the jail physician, the warden, the governor and all others at her feet—all save the wardress who is highly indignant over the actions of the new inmate. And Mrs. Langtry in turn, refers to the wardress as "that disagreeable old person." After the evening performance, yesterday, Mrs. Langtry came twice before the curtain, bowing her acknowledgment of the applause.

There are many other good things upon this week's bill which ranks, on the whole, as one of the best of the season. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, always favorites with Keith audiences, are back again in a new version of their "At the Newsstand." Dancing has ever been their greatest specialty and they have some beautiful work in that line this time. Then the two Vans—Charles and Fanny—another popular combination, got away with a lot of excellent jokes and songs in their so-called "laughalogue" entitled, "From Stage Carpenter to Acker."

Still another of the old but ever-welcome favorites is Walter S. (Rube) Dickinson, the ex-justice of the peace. Mr. Dickinson's rube make-up is easily the best of many in that line and his 15-minute talk, in which he deals with a variety of subjects from political movements to Pullman car porters, he brings down the house. As the country politician who is proud, rather than ashamed of the fact that he's run for office all his life without getting elected, Mr. Dickinson gives an interpretation absolutely true to life.

One of the big features of the bill is "The Hold-Up," a real blood-and-thunder drama, depicting western border life with a real engine, snorting steam, pulling up at the Apache, Ariz., telegraph office waiting to let "the limited" pass. Percival Lennon is Joe Brandt, the telegraph operator, while Jefferson Hall plays the hold-up man, and Tom Ward the engineer of the freight. It is the last word in dramatic realism.

Three Japanese jugglers of barrels—and of each other—are the Mori brothers, who are exceptionally clever. They are so good, in fact, that they were called before the curtain, a disjunction that rarely befalls a Japanese juggler troupe. Earlier upon the program come Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Darrow, who make real pictures out of colored sand and smoke, and wind up with some interesting shadowgraph work; Lydell and Butterfield, a black-face team, in song and dialogue, and Richard Wally, a European juggler, at Keith's for the first time this week.

To roam in the sun and air with vagabonds, to haunt the strange corners of cities, to know all the useless, and improper, and amusing people who are alone very much worth knowing!

Sociological Notes.

The Rev. Dr. William H. van Allen is reported as saying: "The gossip at the clubs or over the cocktails is never charitable." The reverend doctor should join a club or two and touch the bell or be within sounding distance. The gossip over the 5 o'clock cocktails is too charitable, too mellow. Jones, for once, is not bored by Robinson. Gollightly insists that Ferguson, who has never met Mrs. Gollightly, should dine with him at home that night and "take pot luck." Boulter, who, at noon is a Therapist, by 6 o'clock beams on the world including the waiter, who is not

yet house broken. Blame, not Blame, comes out of the alcoholized mouths. There is a lack of discrimination. Even Mayor Fitzgerald and Mr. Matthew Hale are not always taken seriously during this hour of relaxation and good will. The sternest Episcopalian speaks hopefully of all dissenters.

A man was recently seen in the Earl's Court-road, London, in a bath towel and sandals, with his hair curled about his ears, and a fillet around his forehead. No one was so surprised as to turn and look at him, although he inquired the way in "a pure Balliol College Oxford accent."

Those "Literary Fellers."

There is a fine review of Mr. George Moore's new book, "Salve," in the Pall Mall Gazette. Mark the ending of it: "He lives in old houses and takes us up dusty and long-unfrequented staircases; and then he will, it matters not how, push, or lead, us into some room, where we can get a fresh and unimagined outlook on some country that we have known all our life and never seen before."

Some are surprised because Mr. H. G. Wells says frankly that his father was a gardener. What more delightful occupation is there? Re-read the essays by Bacon and Cowley, oh ye genteel, and hang your diminished heads. Then there is the poem by Marvell and there is Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden," which should lead a man to drop the law or medicine, to throw away the key of his office, that he may spade and spray and watch and exult. Charles Lamb's father was a serving man, one highly respected. There's a long list of famous writers with lowly fathers. The butler in Thomas Hardy's comedy-novel, "The Hand of Ethelberta" was far superior to the swell rabble that eyed his daughter. Was George Meredith ashamed of the fact that his father was

a tailor? O, no, we never mention him; his name is never heard. A contributor to the London Chronicle quotes from "Peter Simple." Peter and his friend O'Brien, escaping from a French prison, arrived at Spithead. "We did not go to the admirals," said Peter, "but merely reported ourselves at the admiral's office, for we had no clothes fit to appear in. But we called at Meredith, the tailor's, and he promised that by the next morning we should be fitted complete." Marryat's novels were based on personal experience, and it is evident that the father of the novelist was well known among naval officers at Portsmouth.

Per Aspera ad Astra.

Much has been said about the visit of the Emperor William to Switzerland, but little or nothing about his conclusion in a far more important matter. We read in a foreign newspaper that he intends to abandon the upward twist of his mustache. It has made him conspicuous among monarchs. There was a story that his barber, one Haby, amassed a fortune in this manner. The Emperor was struck by the natty appearance of an adjutant and asked him the name of his hair dresser. Haby became the Emperor's hair dresser and the whole army followed suit. The daily fixing filled a quarter of an hour and the fee was seven marks—about \$17.50. Mr. John Saxon, a Londoner, went into Haby's "tonsorial parlors" and found them splendidly equipped, but the man that served him was indignant when Mr. Saxon rejected the machine called "It is achieved!" with which the Emperor's mustache was shaped and said in a cold, disinheriting voice: "You are a child of nature." Now comes Mr. A. H. Kuttmeyer, who says these tales are nonsense. Herr Haby never charged anyone, not even the emperor, such an absurd price. The great Haby himself served Mr. Kuttmeyer and thanked him for the eight cents demanded and joyfully given. As for the training of the mustache, there is the mustache bandage, the "Bartbinde." We see advertisements of this toilet tool, sometimes called the "Schnurrbarterzieher," in German newspapers, comic, serious and serio-comic.

The Hygienic Lip.

Mr. Kuttmeyer, who evidently was made in Germany, insists that all self-respecting and prudent men should train the mustache skyward, if only for the reason that this fashion, Emperor or no Emperor, is hygienic. "Englishmen, if they possess such a thing as a mustache, are in the habit of having some of it in every meal." Nor are bits of food carried defiantly in it during the day to be recommended as a facial decoration.

Charles T. Grilley Delights in Characters from Dickens.

Charles T. Grilley, assisted by Miss Louise Claphill Rinehart, violinist, gave an enjoyable entertainment last evening in Huntington Chambers Hall. Among Mr. Grilley's selections were "Bendy's Sermon" by Dr. Conan Doyle, "What the Fiddle Told" by Norah Franklin and a song "My Lady Marlo-

nette." He also gave character sketches from Dickens and told an amusing story about the trials and tribulations of the house to house canvasser.

Mr. Grilley's excellence as an entertainer is well known in Boston. Last evening he again revealed himself a fine elocutionist, an imaginative interpreter and a skilful impersonator of rapidly succeeding and varied characters. Miss Rinehart played agreeably Leonard's "Sur le Desir" and De Berlot's Seventh Concerto. Miss Tozier was the accompanist. There was a large and appreciative audience.

Oct 24 1912

The Greeks have seized Lemnos. A good many years ago Hypsipyle asked Jason to sojourn there, and the maiden blood flushed hot in her cheek.

I ween this land of mine Thou shalt scorn not, for passing fruitful it is above all the rest Of the myriad isles that lie on the broad Aegean's breast.

But Jason was bent on finding the Golden Fleece, and he went on his way to strange adventures, and other women. In the northeast part of the island is that "Terra Sigillata" which is so famed for healing wounds and expelling poison. Before Jason met the superb queen, Hephaestus, kicked out of heaven by Zeus, fell on Lemnos, and fell hard; hence his lameness.

From morn To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, A summer's day; and with the setting sun Dropped from the zenith like a falling star, On Lemnos' th' Aegean isle.

The Genoese took the island from the Turks in 1457, and in 1662 the Venetians seized it and ruined all the strong places. What happened afterward we do not know, for the only encyclopaedia at hand is Jeremy Collier's "Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical and Poetical Dictionary" (second edition), published in 1701.

Really, This Must Stop.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Willy. Here are two stanzas my brother and I used to sing effectively to the tune of Dundee:

Willy, he stopped a cable-car While standing on the track. It gave his system quite a jar; His sisters now wear black.

The ice was thin when Frederick died; His pa's tears fell like rain. He said: "The icebox can't be filled, If it don't freeze again." H. W.

Lemnian Suffragettes.

Yet there is a story about this island which should interest all that are now excited about women's rights and wrongs. The women of Lemnos neglected to pay honor to Aphrodite, and she in vengeance smote them cruelly. They were suddenly of so foul an odor that their husbands forsook their company for that of slaves brought from Thrace. Whereupon the Lemnian women massacred their husbands, fathers, brothers and male children, all save Hypsipyle, who hid away her father, old King Thoas. It is a strange tale, one that has excited the ingenuity of many in explanation. The curious will find a mass of entertaining conjecture in a commentary to Ovid's Epistle of Hypsipyle to Jason by Messire Gaspar

Bachet Sr. de Meziriac. Some say that the unsupportable odor was a pestilential breath. And there are some who believe that Medea, not Aphrodite, thus wreaked vengeance. Alas, there are some things that we shall never definitely know. As we write, the Greeks have seized Lemnos.

A Dinner Invitation.

The Manchester (Eng.) Guardian has been commenting on the terrorism and stupidity of some of the old-school and popular hymns. Here is one of the examples given:

Come naked, come filthy, come, Come just as you are; You cannot come too filthy, You cannot come too bare.

"This verse so attracted an irreverent friend of mine that he sometimes uses it in his invitations to his informal dinner parties, as an equivalent to 'Don't Dress.'"

A Meal of Victuals.

After all, the most entertaining pages in Mr. Wells's "Marriage" are those in which Trafford and Marjorie, self-exiled in Labrador, talk about good things to eat. Now that Disraeli is in town, let us remember the dinner described by him in "Venetia." It opened with "an ample tureen of potage royal, with a boned duck swimming in its centre. Then came a huge roast pike, flanked on one side by a leg of mutton and on the other by bombarded veal. To these succeeded a grand battalia pie, in which the bodies of chickens, pigeon and rabbits were embalmed in spices, cocks's

Dr. Leonard... George Gaston... Charles... William... Alice... Geraldine... (Jimmy) Greene, the Wall Street Ring

The joyous Bacchantic Blanche Ring gave life to "The Wall Street Girl" last night. It would be easy to say that she deserves a more amusing place than she is furnished her by the authors; how unfair this would be, for Miss Ring is the whole show and she is almost constantly on the stage. Without her "The Wall Street Girl" would be a dreary desert. This is not a slur on her associates, for Mr. Gaston is a character to the part of the Rev. Leonard and played it in comedy without unduly caricaturing it. Mr. Ring was a mainly Westerner, whose strong voice should have tempted the composer of "She's the Girl" to a higher note. Mr. Silber was amusing and showed individuality as Pinch. Then there was Mr. Rogers who did surprising things with a lariat and made some remarks. His comic business would have been still more entertaining if he had not insisted too much on his nose on his sleeve and on the chewing of gum. Absolute realism on the stage is ineffective. It is desirable because it is not

Why dwell on abstract propositions or speak of what happens, should it or does not happen when Miss Ring is not on the stage? If a play is to win with Miss Ring as the main attraction of a company, we all go to hear Miss Ring. It matters not who wrote the lines or whether the plot of the piece is thin and drab or brilliant. The moment Miss Ring is on the stage there is no question of the character of the play or the dialogue.

She is much more than a "pleasing personality" who is "presented" by this manager in a new "vehicle," to quote from the amazing vocabulary of the press as it is now conducted. Her performance is frank, not sly or insinuating. She sings "I Want a Regular Guy" and she does not ogle Brown, Jones or Johnson she throws out her honest opinion to the whole theatre, so that no man jack of us last night sat up for the moment was broad-chested, with the vitality and enthusiasm of a young athlete. She is the embodiment of health and high spirits, wholesome and clean, and, even wildly extravagant, most womanly. Her jesting is not subtle. She would be the first to laugh at any suggestion of finesse; and for all this she is the more refreshing.

As in speech and action, so in song. There are few trained singers who are so successful in grasping the innermost meaning of a song and conveying the meaning to the hearer in an authoritative manner. The recklessness of her singing makes the phrase more eloquent. Her catching of breath before a high note—as in "I should have been a Boy"—is a triumph of nature. The song would lose flavor without this little trick.

The composers have not been kind to her. It is true that there has been only one "Empty-ti-Addy"—or whatever the words are of that inspiring ditty, a song that for a time obsessed staid old men as the Abbevoles of old were addressed by a chorus in praise of Eros. But Miss Ring could not keep harping on one string. "Whistle It" caught the house last night after some minutes of tedious non-acquiescence; she was more fortunate, however, with "Deedle-Deedle" and her comments on the young men who in turn lined out the refrain.

She was funny in the first act, as the funniest woman, and funny in the old-fashioned meaning of the word. Few women have the courage to be funny on the stage or elsewhere. They are witty, or they have a hard finish manner; or they are pert, fresh, brazen, silly; or they are unconsciously self-confident; but to be naturally and irresistibly funny is another matter. Rosina Vokes was funny. So is Miss Blanche Ring.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Man of the Hour," by George Broadhurst.

Alwyn Bennett... Wilson Melrose... Richard Horrigan... Walter Walker... James Phelan... George Henry Trader... Perry Carter Walwright... Donald Meek... Charles Walwright... Frederick Ormonds... Scott G. Gibbs... Egbert Munro... Henry Thompson... Carney Christie... Judge Newman... Al Roberts... Richard P. Roberts... Alfred Lunt... Ingram... Stowell H. Bancroft... Henry Williams... Herman Frenzer... Arthur Payne... Stowell H. Bancroft... Miss... Herman Frenzer... Mrs. Bennett... Mabel Colcord... Virginia Garrison... Florence Shirley... Dallas Walwright... Mary Young

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Deep Purple," by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner.

William Lake... Dudley Hawley... George Bruce... Herbert Pierce... Gordon Laylock... Theodore Friebus... Harry Leland... Harry Fearing... "Pop" Clark... Charles Abbe... Connelly... William Walsh... Finn... Sydney Riggs... Dr. H. Moore... Ethel Grey Terry... Kate Fallon... Beth Franklin... Mrs. Lake... Kate Ryan... Ruth Lake... Helo Cairns... Ardith... Beatrice Loring

combs and savoury balls, and well bedewed with one of those rich sauces of claret, anchovy and sweet herbs, technically termed a lear. . . . The repast closed with a dish of oyster loaves and a pompetone of larks."

Samuel Richardson prepared an elaborate index for his "Sir Charles Grandison." The old novels should be republished with notes and glossary.

"Bombarded" means stuffed. "Battaglia" was adapted from the French "battailles," meaning tit-bits, as cocks'combs, sweetbreads, etc., in a pie. A "lear" is a thickening for sauces, soups. The word came from the Latin "ligatura" through the French. And what, pray, is a "pompetone"? When the vocabulary of cookery was so pompous, men and women did not live on the contents of cans and paper bags.

A Trinidad bill of fare, with mangrove oysters, stewed lappe and moco-ro-y, clamors for attention. Tomorrow! and Tomorrow! and Tomorrow!

To go back to "Venetia." Oyster loaves were crusts or rolls of bread filled with a stuffing of oysters.

The tongues of carps, dormice, and camel's heels.
Bolt'd i' the spirit of sel, and dissolv'd pearl,
(Capricious diet, 'gainst the epilepsies)
And I will eat these broth with spoons of amber,
Heated with diamant and carbuncle,
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, gadwits, lampreys; I myself will have
The heart of barbles serv'd, instead of sallads.

Disraeli In Spain.

Was Disraeli a gourmand, a gourmet, or, as an oriental of race, an abstemious man, though splendid in hospitality? We quoted yesterday the account of the dinner in his "Venetia," but Disraeli the novelist and politician delighted in splurging. In Thackeray's burlesque, "Coddingsby," young Rafael Mendoza smiled at the clumsy efforts of the Cambridge University cooks to entertain him, and a couple of dates and a glass of water formed his meal. "My good-man," said Rafael to a landlord, "I have 15 cooks, at salaries rising from four hundred a year. I can have a dinner at any hour." "Venetia" was published in 1837, the year Disraeli was returned to Parliament for the borough of Maidstone. His digestion was undoubtedly then admirable, for in a letter to his mother from Spain a few years before he described an olio with uncommon gusto: "There are two large dishes, one at each end of the table. The top one contains bouilli beef, boiled pork sausage and black pudding. The other is a medley of vegetables and fruits, generally French beans, caravanseras, and whole peas. Help each person to a portion of the meats, and then to the medley. Mix them up in your plate together and drown them in tomato sauce. I have eaten this every day: it is truly delightful." Disraeli, who gloried in his race and "boiled pork sausage!"

The Real Olla.

And what did Disraeli mean by "Caravanseras"? The Olla, or to speak properly the olla, was said by the French to be made of two cigars boiled in three gallons of water, but this is an instance of neighborly injustice, possibly envy. Richard Ford gave the recipe for the veritable olla. First, there should be two pots of earthenware and each with water should be placed on a stove. In pot No. 1, put garbanzos or chick peas which have been soaked overnight, add a good piece of beef, a chicken, a large piece of bacon; "let it boil once and quickly, then let it simmer; it requires four or five hours to be well done." In pot No. 2, put what vegetables are to be found: lettuce, cabbage, a slice of gourd, carrots, beans, celery, endive, onions and garlic, long peppers and a slice of beef. The vegetables should be cut as if for a salad. "Then add red sausages or 'Ehorizos,' half a salted pig's face, which should have been soaked overnight." When the mess is boiled, strain off the water and throw it away. The scum of both pots should be constantly skimmed. Then in a large dish put the vegetables

at the bottom, the beef in the centre, flanked by the bacon, chicken and pig's face. The sausages should be arranged around. Pour some of the soup of pot No. 1 over it all and serve hot. "No violets come up to the perfume which a coming olla casts before it." This is the olla en grande. "Such as Don Quixote says was eaten only by canons and presidents of colleges." The ordinary olla or puchero is made of dry beef or cow, boiled with chick peas and a few sausages.

A Trinidad Mess.

We spoke yesterday of a dinner on Trinidad.
Mangrove Oysters on Ice, with Pepper, Vinegar and Limes.
Purée of Lentils with Toast.
Boiled Red Snapper. Mayonnaise.
Blue Crab Farci.
Stewed Lappe with Akee.
Avocado Pear Salad.
Moco-ro-y with Pigeon Peas.
Cocoanut Pie.
Guava Jam and Cream.
Dessert.
Cheese.

Yet we are informed by Moloney in his "West African Fisheries" that Mangrove oysters, which grow on the roots of mangroves, are not so much sought after as rock or bed oysters. The blue crab in a state of captivity, in a crab-berry, is fed on capsaicums. Lappe, Mr. Schlosser informs us, is a kind of indigulous lizard, while moco-ro-y is a land tortoise stewed in red wine. Something in our heart, or stomach, tells us that this Trinidad bill of fare is a mess; that it would be safer to order a New England boiled dinner, with a few—say two or three dozen—Cotuit oysters as a starter.

Harassing Domesticity.

Meanwhile let us ponder the sad case of Mr. William G. Swenson of Kansas City, who brought a suit for divorce because his wife did not like his cooking. She would come late and snippy to breakfast and complain about the biscuits. He did not "fry the meat" to suit her. The oatmeal was too gluey or too thin; the eggs were too soft or too hard. And when she was more than ordinarily fastidious at table she would throw at him a lighted lamp, glass fruit jars, or a butcher knife. Now knife throwing is a fine art, lucrative in sideshow or in vaudeville. Mr. Arthur Symons wrote a pretty poem about it, but Mrs. Swenson was apparently only an amateur, and no consolatory admission price was charged at the front door.

Inexhaustible Willie.

As the World Wags:
Here are two more foundling rhymes:
Willie and two other brats
Licked up all the Rough on Rats.
Father said, when mother cried:
"Never mind, they'll die outside."
Willie fell down the elevator,
And wasn't found till six days later,
Then the neighbors said: "Gee whizz!
What a spoiled kid, Willie is!"
Watertown, Oct. 22. BARBARA.

SIEGFRIED IDYL FINELY PLAYED

By PHILIP HALE.

The third public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E major.Bischoff
A Siegfried Idyl.Wagner
Overture to "Euryanthe"Weber

The feature of this concert was the exquisite performance of Wagner's Idyl. Seldom, if ever, has the beauty of this music been revealed in such fulness. For once the Idyl did not seem too long spun out. There was always the finest sense of proportion in the exposition of the melodic thought with the becoming background. The delicacy of treatment never became mere preciosity.

The French in their criticism distinguish, thanks to the richness of their vocabulary, between "simplicite," the real quality, and "simplesse," which is the semblance, or artificial simplicity. Dr. Muck's reading of this Idyl was characterized by genuine simplicity. The euphony of the orchestra was above praise.

Bischoff's symphony was produced by Dr. Muck early in 1908, and played twice that season. We think now, as we thought then, that the symphony is preposterously long and over-elaborate; that the music suffers first of all from excess of material. Coleridge once said: "There is a ninetiety—a too-muchness—in all Germans. It is the national fault."

The composer publishes no argument, no "explanation" in his score, yet when the symphony was first performed at Essen, he informed the public of a story that was in his mind when he wrote the music. The story is that of a young man who in the first movement indulges himself in dissolute nights, in "orgiastic masked balls." Conscience pricks him, and he vainly seeks to find peace in resignation (second movement). Ghosts of his wild youth pursue him, as the Furies pursued Orestes. (This is all portrayed in the scherzo.) Love of the pure woman delivers us from the filth of life. Not a word about this, however, in the printed score. And Bischoff, denying that his symphony has anything to do with program music, admits that there is no music which is not program music in one way or another. His attitude in this respect reminds us of MacDowell's, who, frank as a rule, often disconcertingly frank as a rule, often of his aesthetic views, was curiously inconsistent when the question was concerning program music.

Let us leave Bischoff's dissipated young man out of the question. Let him disappear as the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe." He is not necessary to the enjoyment of the music, nor will the thought of him save this music from the reproach of tediousness arising from the surplussage of ideas and a wearying magniloquence in the statement of them. The first movement holds the attention throughout. The reckless, hectic gaiety of the opening, the sensuousness of a contrasting theme, the debauch in

the second, all a fine speaker, these make his "West African Fisheries" that Mangrove oysters, which grow on the roots of mangroves, are not so much sought after as rock or bed oysters. The blue crab in a state of captivity, in a crab-berry, is fed on capsaicums. Lappe, Mr. Schlosser informs us, is a kind of indigulous lizard, while moco-ro-y is a land tortoise stewed in red wine. Something in our heart, or stomach, tells us that this Trinidad bill of fare is a mess; that it would be safer to order a New England boiled dinner, with a few—say two or three dozen—Cotuit oysters as a starter.

The other three movements have not the same vitality and spontaneity. The slow movement in deeply contemplative mood grows majestically to a climax, but with this section the inspiration of the composer flags, although there are still some impressive passages. The scherzo proper is conspicuous chiefly for its demoniacal energy. The second theme, when stripped of its sumptuous orchestral dress, is inherently commonplace, and in this respect Bischoff is like unto his friend and adviser, whose thematic material in its nakedness is often common, even trivial. The finale, save in the measures of the apotheosis, suggests an indomitable will and ingenious workmanship rather than natural nobility or profoundly felt emotion.

Having demanded an unusually full orchestra, Bischoff felt it his duty to keep the instruments constantly employed. There are few effective contrasts gained by opposition on succession of timbres. There are sharp dynamic contrasts, sudden changes from fortissimo to piano, but the garish coloring for long stretches is monochromatic, and one would welcome relieving nuances, or the appearance of an instrument reserved for a specific effect. A score that looks thin to the eye, like the scores of Saint-Saens, often satisfies fully the ear, and the modest scoring of Debussy is a constant revelation of beauty. Bischoff's score is thick, and not only to the eye.

Yet there are inspiring and powerful pages in this symphony. It is a pity that the composer had not learned the value of reticence, inquired into the secrets of contrast, felt the need of artistic moderation. Instead of spending laborious nights over the scores of Strauss, he might have learned much from the instrumentation of one Auber, a cynical old Frenchman, whose melodies came to him, they say, while he was lathering his face before the glass; whose use of orchestral instruments for effects with the simplest means made possible the scores of Saint-Saens, Bizet, and the later Frenchmen who have studiously avoided writing after the manner of Richard Wagner. The performance of Bischoff's symphony yesterday was extraordinarily brilliant, yet the work itself seemed very long and verbose.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven, symphony No. 8; Weber, Lysistrat's scene and aria from "Euryanthe"; Bach-Ducloz, suite in D minor, for flute and string orchestra; Wagner, Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Scene from "Die Walkure." Mr. Witherspoon will be the soloist.

"Ah, gentlemen, the power of the press!" We remember the Rev. Joseph Cook as he spoke to the students at Yale in the old chapel. "Standing as I do between the two golden candlesticks that have lighted up the altar of New England theology for the last two centuries"—he referred to the shabby gas fixtures each side of the pulpit desk; "having in my rear the greatest metaphysician of the age"—President Noah Porter smiling; "I feel it a privilege and not only a duty to address you, young men." And then the Rev. Joseph Cook snorted. "Ah, gentlemen, the power of the press!" roared the Rev. Joseph Cook after he had expressed a desire to do something for "the Bedouin of the streets" and repeated a long conversation with Thomas Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea; "he, gazing at me from the depths of his cavernous eyes, said: 'Look at Paris, Mr. Cook, oblige me by looking at Paris. What are they doing there but lying? Eternity is not visible from Paris.'"

"The power of the press! Stand anywhere in Asia, on the rice fields of Canton or on the topmost peak of the Himalayas, and you hear the rumbling and the roaring of the London Times." (Here the Rev. Joseph Cook gave an imitation of a printing press in action.) "Stand on the loftiest summit of a Rocky mountain, look north, east, south and west, and you see the spire of the New York TRI-BUNE!"

Rehabilitated.

This in its day by some was reckoned eloquence, and here in Boston men and women swarmed to hear the Rev. Joseph Cook prove at an appointed hour the existence of a God. We had forgotten him, his tumid lectures and his Chadbadian flights; we had forgotten Thackeray's tribute to the London Times; we were conscious of the fact that we belonged to the abused race of newspaper men for whom professors of English literature find no excuse; when a letter dated Dedham, Oct. 23, awoke our slumbering pride in the profession, and the daily routine no longer seemed that of a wall-eyed mule in a brick yard. On that morning The Herald published this aspiration: "To roam in the sun and air, with vagabonds, to haunt the strange corners of cities, to know all the useless, and improper, and amusing people who are alone very much worth knowing!" But to the letter.

A Day Gained.

As the World Wags:
What is going to support me if

you continue to separate me from work by such glorious lines as head your column this morning? After long wrestling with desires for strolling I had achieved a kind of half victory which permitted me to re-enter the treadmill for a few hours. Instinct warned me to avoid your page, but I thought of Gene Field's noble prayer when putting temptation away: "O may I be most notably beset today," and so I read, and here I am about to set out for the woods with Propertius and a few sandwiches. There's a song in my heart and I am fanned by a spiritual ecstasy. Where did I read "Woe to him by whom offence cometh"? It puts the blame on you, but never mind! It makes me think:

I've drunk sheer madness! Not with wine,
But odd, fantastic tales I'll arm
My heart in heedlessness divine

And dare the road nor dream of harm.
But perhaps I'd better keep a dog,
For 'creditors have no souls to save,
and kill if we do not pay."

A HAPPY SLUGGARD.

There's only one out in this tribute,
or reproach. Is Propertius a coat
pocket poet in Dedham?

The "Ewe-Neck" Flute.

As the World Wags:

Where can I find an "ewe-neck" or "U-neck" flute? The clerks in the shops where musical instruments are sold do not seem to know anything about it. In one shop they tried to sell me an ocarina. Is this flute ever used in our Symphony concerts?

Boston, Oct. 23.

B. A. P.

We are not acquainted with the "ewe-neck," although it probably would come under the general head of "fipple flute." The flutes used in Symphony concerts are the piccolo and the ordinary flute of silver or boxwood; although Mr. Weingartner's symphonic poem, "The Elysian Fields," played here in 1903, called for an alto flute as well as three ordinary flutes, one interchangeable with piccolo. Praetorius in 1618 reckoned in the family of flutes the little flute, the soprano flute, a fourth lower; another soprano flute, a fifth lower; the alto flute, the tenor flute, the baritone, also the bass and the double bass flute. A whole set cost 80 thalers, brought from Venice where the best were made. As you know, the older flutes were played in the position of a flageolet, and not as though the musician were a virtuoso on a buttered and salted ear of corn. Why don't you look up the article on flutes in the Encyclopedia Britannica? Possibly you will find some allusion to the "ewe-neck" variety therein.

Our old and esteemed friend, Giuseppe Campanari, recently talked with a reporter of the New York Times about his daughter. This daughter, born in the United States, is now 17 years old, and has one of the great voices of the age. Mr. Campanari says she has, and we believe him, for are we inclined to smile at the statement, as another instance of pathetic paternal devotion. It is a serious matter to have a daughter with a great voice, one that sings the music of the Queen of Night in the original key, and also the music of Leofora. What is to be done with her? Where will she first plunge into the troubled sea?

Mr. Campanari says not in this country, but in Europe. Although this daughter has "such facility, such execution, it is perfection and she is but 17," the jaded audiences of the Metropolitan Opera House are not to be quickened and refreshed. This seems especially cruel on the part of the manager, for there will be a production of "The Magic Flute" this season and here is an opportunity of hearing the Queen of Night sing as Mozart wrote for her. Furthermore, Mr. Toscanini says that Miss Campanari will be the greatest of singers; at least Mr. Campanari says that the distinguished conductor thus praised her. And where is Mr. Henry Russell? Mr. Campanari's remarks were published last Monday and the Times arrived at an hour permitting Mr. Russell to have a choice of comfortable trains for New York. Is it possible that Miss Campanari will first be heard at Bergamo, or some sluggish little town on the Adriatic?

At Home

It is often said that an American public will not willingly hear an opera

and Abroad

singer unless she has already a European reputation; that unless a singer have this reputation she will not be applauded, even though she succeed in forcing the stage door. This statement might be disputed, for there have been noteworthy instances to the contrary. Clara Louise Kellogg was highly honored in opera in this country before she won fame in London.

But it might also be said that a European reputation is not necessarily advantageous to a singer when he or she comes to this country. Mr. Campanari mentions Battistini, the baritone, who, though over 60, is "still singing beautifully in Italy." Let it be at once

...that Battistini is a great artist. How many of the subscribers to the Metropolitan Opera House ever heard of him? Had he come to New York 20 years ago, would his name have been known at the box office?

It should be remembered that certain singers highly esteemed and famous in European countries have met with little or no success in the United States. In Europe the tremolo of this baritone or soprano did not disturb enjoyment; in Boston and New York it was found to be intolerable. On the other hand Mr. Campanari was much more warmly appreciated in these two cities than in Paris and London. Young Mr. Lassalle, the tenor, gave much pain to audiences at the Boston Opera House; yet he is now at the Paris Opera, and when he sings there are no calls for the police, no cushions or cushions are thrown upon the stage. Mr. Rildez is treated respectfully in Parisian journals, yet in Boston his voice wobbles and he often defies the true pitch—and these vocal peculiarities are not wholly due to our climate, with its sudden, surprising changes.

Mr. Campanari We are all fond of Mr. Campanari in Boston and are the more in Boston grieved to see and hear him in a pendent mood.

I want my daughter to make none of the mistakes that I have made. I came to this country when I was very young from Milan, where I had sung a little. I had also learned to play the cello. I was advised by a friend to come to America to make my fortune. I had the bad luck to land in Boston, and it soon became evident that I could find nothing to do there with my voice. But with my cello I succeeded in gaining a position with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and I played with that organization under Gericke and Nikisch for eight years. Whenever I spoke of my voice people said I was crazy. And then Mr. Walter Damrosch heard him and engaged him for a Sunday night concert at Carnegie Hall. My success was enormous. One would expect from this that Mr. Campanari was widely known in the city of Boston.

Now he came to Boston in 1884 when he was about 25 years old. As a cellist he had been associated with the Scala orchestra at Milan, but he had also sung in opera in Italy and Spain. He joined the Boston Symphony orchestra and was a valued member. Some might think this no slight honor. For a season he was the cellist of the Adamowski quartet. Before Mr. Damrosch heard him sing he sang with the Handel and Haydn as solo baritone when Verdi's Requiem was performed in 1889, and his intonation, phrasing and sympathetic interpretation were warmly praised by the critics. He sang as soloist with the Apollo Club in 1888. He was heard in other concerts before he left the Symphony orchestra in 1893 for the operatic stage. While he lived here he was highly regarded as a musician (cellist and singer), and he had hosts of friends. Veneto, Italy gave him birth, but Boston was to him a kindly stepmother. No, landing in Boston was not "bad luck." Would he have fared as well had he landed in New York?

His Views and Opinions Is it true that there is no place for American singing girls in this country until they have made a success abroad? The records of the Metropolitan Opera House, the Chicago Opera House and the Boston Opera House show the contrary. Much depends on the girl. There are young women who sing well and yet were not intended by nature for the stage. Mr. Campanari is not unknown to the managers. If his daughter has surpassing talent will there be any real difficulty in her finding opportunity?

Mr. Campanari speaks of the strong influence of the critics in this country over the public. He flatters us. In New York the accomplished, the extraordinary Miss Garden has been for two or three years a target for the "poisoned darts," to which Mr. Campanari refers. Is Miss Garden's popularity in New York diminished thereby? Do not the public hear and see her gladly? Nor is she the only one who has a right to think that the influence of a critic is nil.

In a rather sad voice Mr. Campanari recounts the story of his artistic life. At the Metropolitan he was happy and had no heed for the future. He did not take the advice of friends who urged him to sing in European theatres. "Now here I am at 52, utterly unknown abroad, and no longer a member of the Metropolitan Opera House." Yet he has no just cause for complaint. Few singers, born here or in any foreign country, are better known and more warmly esteemed than he is throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Notes About the Stage M. Augustin Hamon has written a book, "Le Moliere du XXe the Stage Siecle: Bernard Shaw."

To this Mr. Walbrook of the Pall Mall Gazette answers: "Moliere, according to some of the critics of his time, was a sort of demon clad in human flesh, running amok among the sanctities of do-

monstrous, mad, even religious, attributing the wit and wisdom of others and offering it in his plays as his own, and capable of going to any lengths of vulgarity and impropriety merely to epater le bourgeois. All this has been said of Mr. Shaw. It would, however, be easy to call him the Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Mahomet, Henri Quatre of Jack Sheppard of the 20th century, and to make out quite a good case, perhaps even to prove that he has Moliere's pity and wonder at the fortunes of modern men."

Henry Bernstein's early play "Le Detour" has been largely rewritten to give the lines greater simplicity for the revival at the Gymnase, Paris. Antoine promises to revive the author's earliest play "Le Marche." Bernstein's "L'Assaut" has been issued in book form. Mr. Dawbarn, speaking of English versions, says the perfect translator needs "the light, graceful pen of a Frenchman, whilst remaining intuitively English. What passes for French atmosphere in the Strand sometimes is asphyxiating."

Appropos of the revival of "The Winter's Tale" in London, Mr. Davey, who revels in statistics, says that the play was performed in Germany 560 times in the years 1901-10. In 1906 there were 139 performances given by 21 companies and that year the whole number of Shakespearean performances in Germany was 1663.

"Oliver Twist" is now on the screen in England. In the dumb show there is little of Rose Maylie and nothing of Mr. Grimwig. The device sticks to Oliver, Fagin, Sikes, Nancy and the Artful Dodger. Many of the scenes were acted and photographed on the spots indicated by Dickens. A Londoner describing this cinematograph film says that many have tried to dramatize a Dickens novel, but very few have succeeded in reproducing for the spectator the emotions and sensations of the reader. "Dickens worked on a large canvas—it seems, indeed, as though a large canvas was essential to him—and the playwright has usually floundered into the difficulties and pitfalls that must beset every attempt at compression. We may be sure that Dickens, with his knowledge of the stage and love for it, would have been his own dramatist had he not realized that what he had to say was best said in the chapters of a novel."

Miss Olga Nethercole, who is playing in England in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," tells a reporter that she, and not Mrs. Patrick Campbell, was first chosen to impersonate the second Mrs. Tanqueray. The drama, as she tells the story, was written for John Hare, who was to play Drummie Forbes-Robertson was to play Tanqueray. Mr. Hare became nervous about the subject and Mr. Pinero took the play to Mr. Alexander, who, thinking it "risky," at last put it on as a stop-gap. They could not persuade Mr. Hare to release Miss Nethercole and the first time she played Paula was in Paris. Arthur Meyer of the Gaulois has written a play, "Eternal Chagrin." A married woman "throws off the shackles of society."

"The Quaker Girl" is at the Olympia, Paris. Percival writes that he loves French with an Irish accent. "To hear charming Miss Alice O'Brien calling Tony Chute 'Mongh friherre!' is alone worth the price of admission."

A shabby dramatization of "Monte Cristo" was produced in London Oct. 9. (Would that we could see Fechter and his version again!) It is said to be exceedingly dull and it slanders Dumas's Mercedes by making Edmond the father of Albert de Morcerf, so that there will be a clap-net curtain with Mercedes shrieking to Edmond: "You shall not! You cannot! For he is your own son!" It appears that Mr. Davis as the Abbe Faria simulated the coming of death so realistically that he could not be heard. "Let him remember the late Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose voice always rang like a trumpet in death scenes. We can hear him now pealing forth that long last utterance of the dying Chatterton by the open window. And, though he was a so-so tragedian, he was a master of melodrama, and knew that the essence of a long death scene is that it shall be audible in all parts of the house."

An admirer of Granville Barker's production of "The Winter's Tale" asks: "Isn't it something approaching an outrage for people who have paid for their seats to be mulcted in sixpence for a paper facetiously termed a program, consisting of just a list of the characters entombed in five pages of advertisements which must have paid for the wretched thing several times over?"

Mr. Titterton loquax, Elisabeth, Reine d'Angleterre, did not show us Sarah at her best. In itself the play is not great stuff, and its interchange of broken dialogue does not afford an opportunity for the display of elocution. Only in the final passages wherein Elisabeth lets loose her grief and then falls dead did one hear the magic utterance. But Mr. Titterton likes R. G. Knowles. "His interesting serenity and his staccato delivery, rammed home with breathless yet deliberate piston strokes, are highly inspiring. He gets the last scrap of significance out of every song that he sings, and he tells a funny yarn as well as any man in London."

The year ending Aug. 31, 1912, was the most prosperous in the history of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. The statement of the directors includes the American and English tours. "The total receipts amounted to £11,435 and a net profit of £2138 remained after the expenses had been paid. Of this sum one-

third has been given to the players and one-third to the reserve fund. The remaining third has been devoted to extending the work of the theatre in the Irish provinces. The fund provided by friends of the theatre has not, up to the present, been finished, and it has been invested in the names of three trustees."

The new Cabaret Theatre Club, London, which is at "The Cave of the Cliff" in Haddon street, off Regent, promises performances of plays and operas, among them: Mozart's "Bastien et Bastienne," Purcell's "Timon of Athens," the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes, D'Annunzio's "Dream of an Autumn Evening," Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," the original version of "The Beggar's Opera," Haydn's "The Apothecary," Pergolesi's "Maestro di Capello," and pieces by Strindberg and Leonid Andrejev. Each performance will begin at 11:30 P. M. The Cabaret will aim at offering throughout the night "a refuge place, an atmosphere of vivid colors, music, emotion."

Barrie, Pinero, Shaw A triple bill of plays by Messrs. Barrie, Pinero and Shaw was produced at the Duke of York's, London, but

the hit was made by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, although Mr. Barrie's "Rosalind" is apparently not exciting. The motive is an old one: The disillusionment of a young man on finding that the actress whom he adores is over 40 years when she is off the stage and somewhat of a slattern. But Mr. Barrie provides this ending: She changes her dress to rejuvenate herself and thus rekindles the youth's passion.

Sir Arthur's "Widow of Wasdale Head" was almost a complete failure. There is a talkative and commonplace ghost who chatters about agricultural affairs. "When the audience heard the ghost's young widow shrieking, on his final departure, that she loved him still, they irreverently laughed."

Mr. Shaw's piece, "Overruled," is by far the best written of the three, "a sort of blaze of dialectic," and it elicited the only cries of "Author!" heard during the evening. Two couples, Mr. and Mrs. Juno and Mr. and Mrs. Lunn, slightly weary of each other, separate for four individual voyages around the

world. Mr. Lunn and Mrs. Juno meet and flirt, and Mr. Juno and Mrs. Lunn have the same adventure. Lunn is restrained only because he promised his dead mother he would never make love to a married woman, and Mrs. Juno would embrace Lunn were it not that she really loves Juno. "She yearns for Lunn to be 'nice' to her—but at a distance of not less than two yards. Lunn at last becomes volcanic and catches her passionately in his arms, yelling, however, in the very bliss of the impact: 'My darling! My precious! We shall both be sorry for this!'" Mrs. Lunn has a voluptuous aspect, but toward Juno she is coldly critical and her most acute emotion is a longing for dinner. At the end the two couples meet, husbands and wives reunite. "The two husbands decide to go on loving their own wives, but each takes the other's wife in to dinner."

Adventures "Arabella" by George R. Malloch, produced at the Court Theatre, Lon-

Arabella don, Oct. 8, "contains quantities of good material; it is sincere, outspoken, full of ideas; but it is verbose, muddled, ineffective, flabby." The Times thinks it is an annoying comedy. Arabella is bored by her dull husband. She runs away with a professional seducer, on whom she proposes to lock her door until the divorce is granted. He objects to this, so she goes back to her husband, but he and his sisters make life a burden to her and insisting on a divorce she goes away alone. She is next seen in a charming flat, and as she has no women friends, and sees rich club men, she is naturally under suspicion. Her ex-husband, the professional seducer and another man all call on her and attempt to rescue her. Each offers marriage. She refuses each one. And then she delivers a long, tedious oration about love and marriage. "If only Arabella had been content to tell the three shocked and anxious gentlemen that her profession was not that of courtesan but of architect, Mr. Malloch would have achieved an exceptionally good third act."

Bernard Shaw and Hamlet Mr. Bernard Shaw, writing about Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet for the Birmingham Gazette,

discusses the old question of madness: "There is no sense in which Hamlet is insane; for he trips over the mistake which lies on the threshold of intellectual self-consciousness; that of bringing life to utilitarian or hedonistic tests, thus treating it as a means instead of an end. Because Polonius is 'a foolish prating knave,' because Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are snobs, he kills them as remorselessly as he might kill a flea, showing that he has no real belief in the superstitious reason which he gives for not killing himself, and, in fact, anticipating exactly the whole course of the intellectual history of Western Europe until Schopenhauer found the clue that Shakespeare missed. But to call Hamlet mad because he did not anticipate Schopenhauer is like calling Marcellus mad because he did not

refer the ghost to the Psychological Society. It is, in fact, not possible for any actor to represent Hamlet as 'mad.' He may (and generally does) combine some notion of his own of a man who is the creature of affectionate sentiment with the figure drawn by the lines of Shakespeare; but the result is not a madman, but simply one of those monsters produced by the imaginary combination of two normal species, such as sphinxes, mermaids, or centaurs. And this is the invariable resource of the instinctive, imaginative, romantic actor. You will see him weeping bucketful of tears over Ophelia, and treating the players, the gravedigger, Horatio, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern as if they were mutes at his own funeral."

Mr. Shaw concludes by saying that Mr. Forbes-Robertson bowls out all other Hamlets by being "clever enough to be simple."

Notes About Sir Charles Villiers Stanford has written a piano concerto for Moritz Rosen-

Music thal. This is his second concerto for piano. Mr. Rosenthal graciously allows that it is "very clever and musically interesting."

Marguerite Sylva's Carmen was praised to the skies in Berlin when she sang in Bizet's opera with Caruso.

Mischa Elman, in the same city, amazed the hearers by his extraordinary talent for fiddling, but they lamented his lack of musical discipline and artistic self-control. In London critics objected to his playing an "arrangement" of Tartini's "Devil's Trill."

Ernest Hutcheson's piano playing in Berlin was described as clean, modest and unimportant.

Felix Weingartner was enthusiastically applauded last month as opera director in Hamburg. By the way, Miss Lucille Marcel sang in "Faust" when he conducted.

Emma Grammann, the sister of the composer, has given 10,000 marks to the recreation fund of the Dresden Royal Orchestra.

On account of the death of Carlo de Gualta, the young cellist, the winter plans of the Marteau quartet have been abandoned. Marteau and Dohnanyi will give "Sonata Evenings" in Berlin.

A formidable pianist, Richard Singer of Hamburg, threatens to play 14 sonatas in four concerts, and the Berliners were apparently helpless.

Baron Clemens von und zu Frankenstein, who has been appointed intendant-general of the Munich Opera, lived five years in England as a conductor. His wife is Irish.

The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette objected to the "tedious amount of entirely irrelevant and distracting 'incidental music' in Mr. Benson's recent revival of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' It was too bad that so beautiful a couplet as Antony's

Thou, residing here, go'st yet with me, And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee

should be scarcely audible above an absurd moaning of fiddles played by a number of exceedingly visible gentlemen dressed in modern evening clothes."

Coleridge-Taylor's violin concerto was performed for the first time in London, Oct. 8, at a promenade concert. Mr. Catterall played the solo part. The concerto, which is in three movements, evidently disappointed. While the music showed strong rhythmic sense, it also showed an inequality of invention. "The car is too frequently disappointed by the lapses into conventionalities, a phraseology which one feels could have so easily been refined and purified. * * The general impression is of music not perfectly adapted to the form. It does not breathe the spirit of the violin as a solo instrument. Partly this is because of the rather strident orchestration, and partly on account of the too violently vigorous nature of the material."

Mme. Poldowski's nocturne for orchestra was produced at the same concert. It is a study after the manner of Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." "The naivete of the work as a symphonic poem, its attempts at making one hear sea-birds crying, rain falling, see stars shining (the scene is night on an island off the west coast of Scotland) and the like, suggests that the composer has not discovered the limitation of musical composition in this respect." The composer's real name is Lady Denn Paul.

Mme. Melba sang in London, Oct. 5, in concert. Her clean attack and exquisitely finished phrasing were fully appreciated. "While the actual quality of almost every note within her wide range is clear and pure with the crystalline clearness for which in her earliest days she at once became famous."

Among the "floral tributes" was one in the shape of a kangaroo, which was "briskly led in by a Boy Scout and solemnly wheeled out by an attendant."

The fourth symphony of Sibelius was performed at the Birmingham, Eng., festival Oct. 1. The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette characterized it as a puzzling work, "the outcome of a puzzled frame of mind. It is strangely vague; the composer seems purposely to avoid coming to any definite conclusions. Each movement seems to start nowhere and lead nowhere. There is probably no work of equal length (it is in four movements) which moves so consistently in the dark. Every movement ends suddenly when one thinks

The development has not been slow, and the first and third are slow, and the second is fast, the mood of all is the same. There is a message of the end of the third movement, and some finely imagined effects (aided by long persistent rhythms) in the last, but just as we think something is going to result from it all the music gathers again and the symphony is over.

Widor has completed an opera "Neruo." The libretto by Maurice Lena is based on a poem by Mistral.

Saint-Saens's new oratorio, "Moses," will be produced in England next spring.

Mr. Arthur Hadley, formerly of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and now solo artist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by his brother Henry, will soon bring out Henry Hadley's new Concertstueck for cello and orchestra. This same composer's new piano quintet will also be played soon. Mr. Hadley expresses his pleasure at the technical efficiency of the orchestra. The first symphony concert took place last Friday in the Coast Theatre and the program was as follows: Beethoven, overture "Leonore" No. 3; Dvorak, Symphony "From the New World"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Capriccio on Spanish Airs.

Sacha Guitry and **His Theatre**. Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes entertainingly in the Pall Mall Gazette about M. Sacha Guitry and his new comedy, "La Prise de Berg op Zoom."

"In the city the fortress captured is not Berg op Zoom, but a charming young woman named Paulette Vanname. That the events happened on the 10th of July, with a few years intervening, is the title of the play and illustrates the whimsicality of the author. But not only have Paulette and Berg op Zoom been captured, but Paris as well. Sacha has performed the triple feat. Though he bears no sign of early demise, Sacha is beloved of the gods. He has achieved fame at a moment when most men are idly dreaming of it—just settling to work after three years of mitigated study at the university. But if Sacha (as I suspect) has the temperament of the Bohemian, he has a test for work and a fixity of purpose denied the careless creatures of Henri Mager.

"People said he would soon write himself out, after the slight and summary sketches which made Paris laugh and rub its hands with glee, exclaiming: 'What could gay spirit be here?' But, for all that, he has the solemn look of Renan and the features of Lucien Guitry, doubly distinguished as prince of actors and father of a brilliant son. But presently the critics saw there was dazzling wit and observation in the clear eyes of beardless Guitry 'fils.' After one or two plays, amusing for their implied juvenility, the young man wrote 'Le Veilleur de Nuit.' It was startling, positively uncanny, in its insight into a certain world. It described the manners of the smart had set with a caustic, and yet ingenuous, brilliance it was impossible to resist. The play in its plot represented nothing at all; it was purely Latin in its conception; but one was staggered by the knowledge of human nature. How could one be so young and know so much? And Paris greatly marvelled at the worldly wisdom of David slinging stones at Goliath and whistling lightly at every telling shot.

"Un Beau Marriage" followed, and the evil spirits rejoiced for they said: 'This is the end of Sacha.' But they did not know Sacha. In their foolish prediction they reckoned without the explosive power which is behind our youngest dramatist, just as it is behind the Benjamin of the Balkans. Sparkling in its dialogue and unexpected in its situations, the play yet ended in confusion—like some British manoeuvres, Sacha is never convincing; he is much more—he is amusing. He is a wizard, who waves a magic wand and makes things happen—even the most impossible. But you do not mind a bit, for he has transported you already to his garden, where the pumpkin grows with the speed of lightning and puts out the most surprising leaves.

"Then came 'La Prise, etc.'—at the psychological moment, to use the cant phrase. Wealth and fashion are attracted to the vaudeville as in the old days of Rejane. And yet the situations suggest the commonest of French farce and the plot is thin and shabby. But M. Guitry knows what to do with such materials—how to weave them into elegant designs. And he succeeds chiefly by not thinking about it, one would say. The commissaire in 'La Prise de Berg op Zoom' knows women, and has fixed his glad eye on the fair features of Paulette Vanname. A meeting comes about, by one of those coincidences which would seem the merest stage trick in any other author. M. le Commissaire expounds his passion with a delicate and suppressed enthusiasm. 'Promise to be mine,' he says, 'for tomorrow is the anniversary of the Berg op Zoom,' and Paulette, with her historical sense aroused, says neither 'yes' nor 'no.' But it is not necessary, the commissaire knows already, and awaits tomorrow's answer with the calm of the destined conqueror. They meet again until the afternoon, and

while he is engaged in dramas of contemporary human interest?

English and American Sir Arthur Pinero was taken to task in London for stage, Enunciator ments made by him to an American reporter. Mr. Walnroth took up the cudgels for Sir Arthur. "Then, again, Sir Arthur Pinero is reported to have said: 'I can understand your actors better than our own. You enunciate more clearly. One of my great objections to actors trained on the London stage is that I cannot hear the last syllable of their words.'"

"The only fault that can be honestly urged against this by any one who knows the English stage as thoroughly as Sir Arthur Pinero knows it, is that it is rather platitudinous. Is there a single playgoer of any experience at all who has not heard that pathetic 'Speak up!' from the pit or gallery? And do not we all know that the explanation lies in the fact that there are numbers of men and women on our stage who have been entrusted with good parts for no other reason than that they are well dressed, or can play golf, or are pretty? In 99 cases out of 100 it takes 10 years to make an actor; and we have seen people in important parts on the West End stage who have not had ten months' experience. Nobody in the auditorium can hear them satisfactorily, and when they have to act their failure is pretty complete. All this is notoriously true; and, assuming that Sir Arthur Pinero said the things with which he is credited, it is perfectly absurd to attack him for having done so. Rather should he be thanked for his frankness."

"PITTSFIELD, Oct. 25—For the first time in America Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was presented here tonight in the form of a grand opera by the Majestic Grand Opera Company, under the management of Theodore H. Bauer. "O no! Not for the first time. "Elijah" was produced as an opera, with costumes, scenery and properties, at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, Ct., on May 8, 1901. The solo singers were Shannah Cumming, Marguerite Hall, E. F. Bushnell and W. H. Rieger. The work was produced by Frank Lee Short, who had been associated with Charles Frohman. Emilio Agramonte was the musical director.

A Hot "Silver Bath." As the World Wags: Having maintained a noble silence throughout the Little Willy orgy, I am felled by the following passage from E. V. Lucas's last book, a passage quoted as a sample of old Midland dialect: "Great misery I have had this winter with my liver, and the doctor told me to get into a hot silver bath, so I borrowed one from a neighbor, and he, coming in, said to me: 'soak a while longer, friend and get the grease soaked out of your bones.' So I sat in it and kept in it for a long time and my trouble has been much worse ever since that day."

I quote from memory, hence the scarcity of dialect. But what about "silver" now? W. W. Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 25. What do the silverites in Maine say to this silver with two "v's"? Is it not possible that the "quill pig" described by Mr. Seth Paine of Stratton to "G. A. G." as staying up in a young pine for two weeks without coming down may have taken a "silver bath" in the course of the fortnight? What is a "silver bath"? Dr. Wright's huge dialect dictionary does not come to the rescue.

Personal Notes. W. W. Mentions the always delightful E. V. Lucas. In the latter's "London Lavender" there is mention of 18th century men of queer professions: One who sewed spots on chenille vells, another who took the squeak out of shoes for fourpence a pair. But in 1912 and in the United States, there are men of equally strange callings. In Kansas City, a citizen bottles smoke of burning hickory logs for smoking meat in an air-tight compartment. A man in Seattle secures the mustaches from walrus killed in Bering Straits and sells them to the Chinese for toothpicks. Can any bright-eyed boy tell us the precise duties of a "whittler" in a straw hat factory, a "pouncer" in a hat-making establishment, a "teaser" in a glass factory?

We see that Augustin Daly is now an attorney and counselor-at-law in Macon, Ga. Does he wear the same old hat

while he is engaged in dramas of contemporary human interest?

A Nocturne. Is snoring hereditary? Jeremy Bentham said it was. "My father snored, my mother snored, and if my nephew does not snore he is an imposter." But if George Catlin's little book, "Shut Your Mouth," is to be believed, snoring in the majority of cases comes from sleeping with an open mouth. It is curious that Mohammed said nothing about this habit. He disliked yawning, and said to his followers: "If one of you yawns and cover not his mouth the devil leaps into it." The prophet approved sneezing because it is accompanied by lightness of body and openness of pores. "If a man sneeze or eructate and say 'Alhamdulillah' he averts 70 diseases of which the least is leprosy." But to spit or blow the nose in good Mohammedan society was counted as vulgar.

The Statistical Flend. We all know the bore that begins a sentence: "Statistics show." He can tell you how the daily flow of beer in St. Louis compares with the amount of Mississippi water that passes the city in 24 hours. He can state the tonnage of all "ocean greyhounds," bull dogs, pomeranians and curs of low degree. He knows how many men were slain in battles from that of Abancay or Aboukir, to that of Zurich or Zolchow. He speaks as one having authority, and even those who run at his approach shake the head solemnly: "If old Augur says so, it must be so."

What a relief it is to find Sir William Ramsay admitting that the most accurate of statistics may lie. Some time ago the statement was made that 50 per cent. of the total abstainers in a regiment stationed in India had died within a year. It turned out that the whole number was two, and one, while taking his morning walk, had been eaten by a tiger.

NEW COMEDY AT CASTLE SQUARE

"Butterfly Baronet" Produced BY PHILIP HALE.

Castle Square Theatre: First performance on any stage of "Butterfly Baronet," a comedy in four acts by Robert Keith Snow.

Sir Charles Rivers.....Wilson Melrose
Raymond Harcourt.....John Craig
The Rev. Mr. Selwyn.....Donald Meek
Ralph Rivers.....Walter Walker
Alfred Blair.....Carney Christie
Detective.....Al. Roberts
Tom Ruggles.....Egbert Munro
Mrs. Farrell.....Laurel Browne
Lady Mary Buffinton.....Mabel Colcord
Evelyn Rivers.....Belle Bruce
Mrs. Selwyn.....Sylvia Bladen
Dolly.....Henrietta MacDaniel
Ruggles.....Florence Cook
Lady Stockton.....Maude Hull
Lady Grace Hope.....Florence Shirley
Ruth Harcourt.....Mary Young

The audience enjoyed this play yesterday afternoon, yet it is an artless mixture of conventional comedy and conventional melodrama, which might have been put on the stage in the fifties. It is said that the plot is derived from a once popular story, "Sir Charles Danvers." The fact remains that the play itself seems much older than the novel.

The characters are all familiar. Sir Charles is a sadly cynical man of two and thirty, cynical in cheap epigrams, but with a good heart and a ready purse. It is often said in the course of the comedy that he has had "affairs"; that he is a trifle with women young or old. Whether they pursue or are pursued. No wonder that dear, innocent Ruth Harcourt, who is almost as commonplace and wishy-washy a girl as Esther Summerson, cannot understand him. She thinks when he is making love to her that he is telling her about Lady Grace, who has a trick of spraining her ankle when Sir Charles is with her, so that she may cling to him and he then may propose to her; therefore Ruth promises to marry Mr. Blair, who has no money but wishes to improve the condition of his tenants. She does not love Mr. Blair; she only respects him and trusts him.

Now Mr. Blair, a highly moral young man, had been married to a brazen creature who spent his money and in other ways was not nice to him. He divorced her, but as he was an English subject the divorce obtained in the United States did not hold good in England, and his wife, who had a husband living when she married Blair—one Farrell, who died in prison at Baton Rouge after her second wedding—pops up in England, confronts him before Ruth and her friends, and laughs in an unpleasant and staccato manner.

Ruth also has had hard luck. She has a reckless brother who, because he once rowed in the university boat with Sir Charles, borrows money from him. Harcourt has been in America and returns to England, where he is followed by a stage detective, for Harcourt—we regret to say—was implicated in a bank forgery at San Francisco. While Sir Charles and his friends are lying in wait for poachers Harcourt is run down

by the detective and knocked on the head, and when he thinks he is dying he tells Sir Charles the truth about Blair and Mrs. Farrell.

Sir Charles agrees to pay Mrs. Farrell's fare to America if she will abandon any claim on Blair, and Mr. Blair is so deeply touched that he frees Ruth from her promise.

Add a hen-pecked clergyman and his preposterous wife, an aunt of the old school, and a few assorted minor characters who have little or nothing to do with the action.

It is not necessary to dwell on the manner in which this story is told on the stage. It is enough to say that the audience was evidently pleased.

No doubt the performance will be smoother, and the play may possibly be more effective later in the week. Yesterday afternoon some of the players halted in their lines; there was repetition and there was what might be called sparring for a time until the entrance of the cue. Mr. Craig acted the part of the erring Harcourt with spirit. Miss Young was a pretty Ruth; she talked in an appropriately philanthropic manner about the poor tenants, and at the end archly persuaded Sir Charles that he should not set out for India but should stay at home and buy Mr. Blair's estate. Mr. Meek made much of the part of the clergyman and did not caricature it. Mr. Melrose, although he hardly gave the idea of a cynical man of the world according to the English pattern, delivered his lines with as much effect as was necessary, and in the night scene with Harcourt and the others struck the right key. Miss Colcord impersonated the choleric Lady Mary in the good old fashioned and traditional manner.

Next week, "The Commuters."

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Blue Mouse," a farce comedy in three acts by Alexander Engel and Julius Herst, the American version by Clyde Fitch.

Pauline Devine.....Beth Franklin
Lowell.....Charles Abbe
Mrs. Lowellyn.....Kate Ryan
Augustus Rollet.....The Rev. Mr. Selwyn
Mrs. Rollet.....Egbert Munro
Walter.....William C. Walsh
Jazzle.....Eleanor Poles
A. de.....Bella Cairns
Philip Scarsdale.....Dudley Hawley

First timers abound in the B. F. Keith program this week. Among them the headliner is a skit entitled "The Trained Nurse." It is one of the brightest that has come to Boston in a long while. It abounds in catchy lines and music, all interpreted by as pretty a lot of girls as ever graced the stage. There are a couple of men in the cast, for of course the girls must have the men as foils. One of these, Henry Bergman, the millionaire patient in the nurses' hospital is a whole show in himself, both in repose and action. It is to laugh just to look at him and it is to be convulsed when he sets out to amuse you. There is a dazzling array of gowns.

Second only is the farce "The Home Breaker" in which Edwina Barry shows a fondness for kissing and being kissed that all but parts a rector and his wife. For athletics there is a turn by Maxine Brothers and their trained dog, Bobby, that is absolutely new from beginning to end. Both do things that would be deemed impossible if not actually performed before your eyes. The dog is second only to the principals in cleverness.

An exceptionally good number and one that took the house by storm was that of Miss Laura Buckley in "Studies From Life." This clever actress impersonates the manicure girl so truly as to make more than one in the audience sit up and recall incidents supposed to have been forgotten. Clever indeed also was her imitation of those who have a hobby of patronizing the demonstrating departments of our large stores. Here again she scored several times as was evidenced by the storm of applause that greeted her telling hits.

There is the usual wealth of song and dance artists and moving picture of up to date scenes that fall little short of marvelous.

BIG BENEFIT SHOW IN COLONIAL TODAY

Promptly at 1:30 this afternoon the curtain will rise at the Colonial Theatre upon the Ronster Benefit Performance for the Henry B. Harris Rest Home for Stage Children. This affair promises to be memorable on account of the excellence of the bill and the cause for which it is given. There will be amusement for lovers of every form of entertainment and the bill ranges from drama to turkey trot. Those who are to attend are requested to come as early as possible as the performance will start promptly at 1:30 as announced and will run until 5:15. The complete program and time of the different acts is as follows:

Overture.....1:25
Rose Stahl and company in Act 1 of "Maggie Pepper".....1:30
May Vokes of "The Quaker Girl" company in songs and dances.....2:05
William Courtleigh of "Coming Home to Roost" company in monologue of French Canadian poems and stories.....2:15
George Arliss and company in Act 2 of "Disraeli".....2:30

Do you mark these down in the lowest pit and innermost funnel of Hell Fire Pit, souls writhing in smoke, themselves like glowing smoke and tortured in the flame? You ask me what they are. These are the servants of the Rich. * * * These are those men who were wont to come into the room of the Poor Guest at early morning with a steadiest and assured step and a look of insult. These are those who would take the tattered garments and hold them at arm's length as much as to say "What rags these scribblers wear!" And then, casting them over the arm with a gesture that meant: "Well, they must be brushed, but Heaven knows if they will stand it without coming to pieces!" Would next discover in the pockets a great quantity of middle-class things, and notably loose tobacco. * * * They are hated by men when they live, and when they die they must consort with demons.

Mr. Johnson, Lecturer.

As the World Wags:

There is no tailor in Clamport, so I have come to New York at considerable expense to order a suit of clothes, inasmuch as I purpose to lecture this winter on sociological subjects. As you know, although I am bold, I may say audacious in scientific investigation, I am personally shy, and I dislike the idea of appearing before vast audiences. Nevertheless I feel that I owe myself to the world and I can no longer withstand the entreaties of managers. Besides, I need the money.

When a man appears on the lecture platform his trousers should be irremovable. They should not bag at the knee. They should not be at half-mast. I well remember how the audience in old Music Hall shuddered when Mr. Arthur Nikisch first came upon the stage. The Leipzig tailor regarded the suit as a triumph of art, fit for Alcibiades or the Apollo Belvedere; but the trousers, alas, were of the variety known in common speech as "accordeon pants."

The Question of Trousers.

But what am I to do? I learn from The Outfitter—an invaluable periodical; it should be in all of our public reading rooms—that dress trousers in London will be of the peg-top type, made fairly wide over the boot, and the side seams will be braided with two narrow rows of about a quarter of an inch wide. On the other hand the Society for the Reform of Male Apparel, which was recently organized in Germany, advises smock or blouse suits for ordinary day wear, and knee breeches and high buttoned jackets for evening dress. I admit that I should feel more at home in a smock frock than in a "dress shoot," but I suppose I must bow to the conventions, for I am not advertised as a comic lecturer. I filed last week the circular of a tailor in Leeds (England, not Massachusetts) who is almost hysterical in his advocacy of bright-colored clothes. He declares that the dress suit of today is "a gloomy atrocity, a relic of an age which is dead and should be forgotten. It is the very embodiment of mid-Victorian smugness." He suggests red or blue. I spoke of this to my tailor in New York, but he only smiled a pitying smile. I am afraid he does not take me seriously. He evidently does not know that I am the author of a colossal work (as yet unfinished), and I can't tell him about my position in the scientific world. From a remark he made yesterday, I infer that he believes me to be doing something in vaudeville.

Untrousered.

I hope my new trousers will fit. Yet what absurd things they are when viewed in the light of reason! I have read that Cleero taunted a man with having sprung from "trouser ancestors," but as Rome grew more and more degenerate the use of trousers made its stealthy way. Alexander Severus wore white ones, but those of his predecessors were crimson. The Quakers in the north of England held out against the vanity of trousers as late as the sixties. A correspondent of Notes and Queries wrote: "I often heard my father—who could not endure the idea of trousers 'sluttering about his legs'—say that when he was a boy all the male population from three years old and upwards, except sailors, wore cocked hats and knee breeches."

A Plug or Two.

The powerful and uncorruptible press informs me that 125 enlisted men at the Brooklyn Navy Yard will test for six weeks samples of tobacco; smoking and "eating" tobacco. These samples are submitted by a dozen bidders whose success rests on the opinion of these naval men. Let us hope that the glorious old traditions concerning sea dogs will prevail and an overwhelming majority declare for plug. By the way, can any one tell me who first chewed tobacco in England? There is a wealth of information about the first smokers in that country. Telleman des Reaux describes Scipion de Berziaux, Baron de Molins and Viscount de Nanteuil, as an "original," and relates extraordinary anecdotes in proof. It appears that the baron had

most unpleasant habits and "stank like a goat, for he is always chewing tobacco." Now the Histoiresses were written about the middle of the 17th century—and about 100 years earlier Jean Nicot either sent or carried the tobacco seed or plant to Catherine de Medici. How hard it is to obtain definite information in this little world!

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

New York, Oct. 30, 1912.

SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, F major.....Beethoven
"Non plu andrai".....Mozart
Suite No. 2, for flute and strings.....Bach
Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire.....Wagner

Beethoven characterized his eighth symphony as "a little symphony" and in the same letter spoke of the seventh as a great one; yet if Czerny is to be believed the composer was vexed because the audience was cool when the eighth was first performed. He said: "Because it is much better" than the seventh, which was played at the same concert. Authors often pronounce strange judgments on their works, as parents often favor a stupid or unpleasant child; but this composer had a right to be proud of the little Benjamin—the colossal ninth was not then born—for the eighth symphony is charged with the spirit of the greater Beethoven.

Some commentators have endeavored to read a program into the symphony, thinking perhaps thus to give it greater importance. One speaks of the symphony as a "military trilogy"; another thinks the allegretto is a parody of Rossini's manner, but the movement was written in 1812 and Vienna did not go mad over the Olympian Rossini until after that year. We even find the same Vincent d'Indy citing the eighth as revealing impressions of Nature made on the composer's soul; the trio of the pompous minuet is to M. d'Indy a representation in grotesque fashion of a peasant band, and the Hungarian theme in the Finale, the hymn of Hunyadi, denotes the arrival of gypsy musicians in the mist of a festival.

The Symphony needs not such support to excite extraneous interest. In the music we find Beethoven in reckless mood, whimsical, delighting in abrupt contrasts, shouting his joy, ready to play a practical joke. There is, no doubt, the absence of the "fine taste" which Debussy misses in the case of Beethoven and finds ruling the musical life of Bach and Mozart. No, Beethoven was not Paterian in a struggle after taste. He was an elemental person, coarse in his life, with an enormous capacity for hard work. There are others who have been condemned for a lack of taste; Euripides, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Verdi, Walt Whitman. De Quincey, a stylist, found Goethe lacking in taste when he wrote "Wilhelm Meister."

And in this symphony characterized by mad jollity, and a playfulness that at times approaches buffoonery, there are exquisite musical thoughts; there are passages that for a moment sound the depths and reach the heights.

It was a pleasure to hear the symphony read yesterday by Dr. Muck and performed by the orchestra in a manner that revealed the genius of the composition. It was also a pleasure to hear Bach's suite again in Backow's version and with Mr. Maquarre as the flutist. The solo passages were played fluently and with the musical sensitiveness and taste that distinguish Mr. Maquarre's art, and in the pages for strings alone or in accompaniment there was always admirable proportion. The Sarabande in which the flute and solo cello (Mr. Warnke) are in canon was singularly beautiful, but all the movements in dance form had an old-time grace.

Mr. Herbert Witherspoon sang Figaro's air to Cherubino and Wotan's farewell to Bruennhilde. He was more fortunate as Figaro than as Wotan, although in "Non plu andrai" his upper tones were thin and evidently attained with difficulty. Wotan should have had a more sonorous voice. Mr. Witherspoon sang Figaro's air with spirit and Wotan's music with mental dignity, but in Wagner's music also the upper tones lacked body, and although Dr. Muck's accompaniment was most favorable to the singer, the god was not vocally impressive.

Mr. Witherspoon is a serious singer, one to be treated respectfully. I do not intend to slight him when I state the general proposition that such excerpts from operas have no place in a symphony program. Figaro's air is far more effective when we see him and the Scapegrace Cherubino on the stage. It demands a dramatic situation and action. Wotan's scene calls imperatively for the previous preparation, the sight of the disobedient yet dearly beloved heroine, the flashing of the encompassing and protecting flames.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of the concerts Nov. 15-16 will be as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 1; Glazounoff, solemn overture; Tchaikowsky, piano concerto No. 2 (Mr. Proctor, pianist); Chabrier, "Es-paña."

Names, Reader, are serious things, so serious that no man since Adam has been able, except by special inspiration, to invent one which should be perfectly significant.

His name was a terrible name, indeed, Being Timothy Thady Mulligan; And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch, He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

Through the Alphabet.

Let us this morning listen to those versed in onomatology. All are or should be interested in names, even those who suffer from onomatomania, and morbidly dread some word, or suffer intense mental anguish at the inability to recall a word or to name a thing, thus sometimes losing a rare opportunity to drink at another's expense, when the cheering cry is heard: "Well, gents, name your plzen!"

As the World Wags: Apropos of your article on Christian names let me give you an absolutely trustworthy account of a family named Cotton, who flourished in Vermont many years ago. It was the desire of the parents to use the consecutive letters of the alphabet as initials for the names of their children. They were fortunate in being able to work off three letters on the first born; Abel Bramble Cotton. Then followed Death-born Ipitheus, Foster Gilman, Hilarity Juno (I and J being one), Kathery Leroux, Manilla Notilla, Odile Pelandier, Quietta Rosina, Sophia Trusty.

After the birth of Sophia Trusty, Mr. Cotton died—rested from his labors—but there was a posthumous child, and she was named Ann! S. C. R. Brookline, Oct. 29.

In Pursuit of Celebrities.

As the World Wags:

In a village near Wachusett there is a woman who named her daughters Vestal Virgin and Psyche Ceres. She doubtless thought both names alliterative. In a New Hampshire village not far from Gorham a fond mother of many sons named all her offspring after celebrities. When American names of note were exhausted she ventured on foreign ground and called one boy Admiral Nelson—the "I" in Admiral was pronounced long. F. W. Boston, Oct. 28.

A Correction.

As the World Wags:

On my way home from New York this afternoon I obtained a copy of The Morning Herald. In the department "As the World Wags" my eye fell upon my own name; and I learned to my great surprise that I had been reported as saying certain things about my inability to vote next week for any of the presidential candidates on the ground that they "do not come up to the ethical standard demanded by me." I do not know who made this astounding statement attributed to me; I am certainly not guilty of it. I am told that the remark was reported to have been made in an address delivered by me this week; but I have made no such address and in fact have been away from Boston since Sunday. Mr. Hale's comments are illuminating and would seem to be deserved; but he has been misled into paying his respects to the wrong man.

JOHN MCGAW FOSTER.

Boston, Oct. 31. We were as much surprised as the Rev. John McGraw Foster at reading the remark attributed to him and are now glad to do him the justice of publishing a correction. The statement, however, appeared in two of the leading Boston newspapers of Oct. 30, and as the reverend gentleman's name was then published in full we rubbed our eyes, but were forced to believe in the accuracy of the report. We regret that he has been subject to this annoyance.

Olla Podrida.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is a bird-fancier, and when he accepted the crown he made his entry into Sofia on horseback with a canary in one hand and a packet of disinfecting powder in the other.

There is a new weekly journal in London entitled Everyman, which is sold for a penny. It publishes a story about Oscar Wilde that is characterized as new. "During his tour in America, the inhabitants of Griggsville, Kansas, sent him a telegram asking him to come to them and lecture on aesthetics. Wilde telegraphed back: 'Begin by changing the name of your town.'" Now, there's only one out in this agreeable story. Griggsville is not in Kansas. It is a banking city and pleasantly situated on the Wabash in Pike county, Illinois.

English writers for many years have reviled Americans for frequency and copiousness of exhortation. Some have not been able to conceal their admiration for startling accuracy in distance and direction, and others were evidently impressed by the wild fury of western and southern statesmen. But how was it in England? We read in "The Correspondence of Sarah, Lady Lytton, 1787-1870" that a beautiful new carpet was laid down in the drawing room at Spencer House. This led Lady Sarah to write: "It affords conversation to all the visitors, and afforded Mama an excuse for turning out Lord Bulkeley's great dog. Alas, poor car-

pet! In how short a time will it be torn and spit upon by dog and man without scruple."

There is at least one good story in these letters. The old Duke of Cambridge was staying at Chatsworth, and when "on his knees in the middle of family prayers, said very loudly before the assembled household, 'A damned good custom this!'"

Nov 3 1912

BOSTON THEATRE—"Quincy Adams Sawyer," dramatized from Charles F. Pidgin's story by Justin Adams.

Quincy Adams Sawyer.....Gilbert E. Coan
Zekiel Pettengill.....Harry Hollis
Obadiah Strout.....Colton White
Arthur Hastings.....Lloyd Foster
Hiram Maxwell.....Win. de Wolf
Deacon Mason.....Russell Clark
Abner Stiles.....Gene Worthington
Sam Hill.....Chas. Raymond
Bob Wood.....Jas. Morrison
Ledy Putnam.....Laura McVicker
Alice Pettengill.....Gladys Durell
Mrs. Hepsbah Putnam.....Ellen Seymour
Maud Skinner.....Hellen Butler
Huldy Mason.....Dorothy Reade
Samanthy Green.....Ida Marie Rogers
Mrs. Crowley.....Kate Power
Mrs. Hawkins.....Kathryn Vile

A small audience was present yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre at an enjoyable performance of "Quincy Adams Sawyer." The production is scenically elaborate, the characters are well cast and the familiar figures usually to be met with in a New England village are realistically portrayed.

Mr. Coan was amiable and conscientious in the title part. Mr. White justified Obadiah Strout's reputation of an "almighty selfish critter" in an appropriately unpleasant fashion, while Mr. Foster was a romantic Hastings. Miss Durell played Alice acceptably and Miss Rogers was amusing as Samanthy Green.

The engagement will end on Saturday evening, Nov. 9. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

M. Arthur Pough, who is now in his 72nd year, is still untiring in biographical research and critical exercise, although the complexity and the "dissonances" of modern music disquiet and disconcert him. His life of Marietta Alboni has just been published. In it there is a story of her queer experience in Boston, which is, we learn from a footnote, the capital of Massachusetts.

"It passes for the most musical city of the United States," M. Pough quotes from an American journal. As the original is not before me, I am obliged to re-translate from M. Pough's French: "The session of Feb. 7 (1853) in the hall of representatives of Massachusetts was marked by a singular incident. Some of the members, seeing the celebrated singer Alboni in the gallery, proposed to admit her to the honors of the meeting; but the motion, supported by some, and combated by others, resulted only in throwing the meeting into indescribable confusion. The maker of the motion, Mr. Cogswell (sic), thought it his duty to withdraw it; another member, Mr. Thompson, expressed the hope that the incident would not figure in the records; and the speaker added that the newspapers would without doubt be asked to keep silence. It appears that the request was ineffectual."

Alboni was in Boston in 1852 and in 1853. The great soprano of that season here was Mme. Sontag.

Mr. Plunket Greene's Book "English Diction in Song and Speech." Teachers, singers and the general public should be interested in "Interpretation in Song," by Harry Plunket Greene. The book is published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. Greene is no stranger in Boston. He sang here for the first time at a Handel and Haydn concert in "Samson" April 2, 1893, and was afterward heard with visiting orchestras, with choral societies, in his own concerts and with Miss Marie Brana. He was a mainly singer in those years, who often caught the spirit of the song, but his interpretation was frequently false.

His book is pleasant reading even for those who do not sing and find no delight in singing. He starts with the statement that "Interpretation knows no restrictions of compass, or sex." It is the highest branch of the singer's art. Anyone can acquire technique; it is easy to acquire, a matter of months; it is difficult to absorb, and this is a matter of years. The physical use of the voice must be the unconscious response to the play of the singer's feelings. And in order to interpret the singer must have at his command: deep breathing and control of the breath; forward and consequently resonant production of the voice, the power to pronounce pure vowels and distinct consonants with ease; the power to move at any pace with ease; the power of phrasing both long and short—with ease. Magnetism is a pure gift. The singer should treat every song as a whole, for every song has an atmosphere of its own; "that is, a something all-pervading to which all detail is subordinate and to which at the same time every detail contributes." It is hard to say whether the sense of tone color is a gift or capable of ac-

Mr. Greene, by the way, in a letter to the London Times, sums up the arguments against a National Opera, and adds:

The Self-Conscious Singer—The self-conscious singer cannot forget his technical details—his mind cannot be far enough away.

He cannot forget himself; he cannot, therefore, give and receive magnetism. He cannot visualise; he cannot let his imagination run; he cannot, therefore, create atmosphere. He cannot find the

voice cannot unconsciously react to the play of feeling; he cannot, therefore, paint in tone color.

He cannot think of his song in terms of notes, therefore, have style. The singer has only two things to think of: his song and his audience—and of these the song comes first. The appeal to the audience is the result of self-consciousness and the foe of style.

Rules—Mr. Greene gives certain rules that he thinks apply to every song in existence.

There are three main rules. First, never stop the march of a song. Mr. Greene explains this rule in some 70 pages and many more illustrations and a useful side re-

ference table is: Sing mentally. This rule is essential while the first is physical. A singer should be able to sing his song at the first note of the accompaniment and cease singing at the last beat of the last note of the symphony.

Second rule. Sing as you speak, in a clear, direct, and the sublimity of Diction, Sense of Rhythm and Metre and Identity of Sound of the Spoken and the Sung are carefully considered.

In the old Italian school of singing the text was often valueless, yet every word a model of elocution. "But the adoption of that school for the singing of our singers was another error."

The Victorian period—not vocally, but in the matter of language. The Italian school is very limited in the number of vowel sounds, though each vowel is itself; the English language, on the other hand, has almost every possible vowel sound.

Consonants have a liquid incisiveness, a paradoxical which is almost impossible to transplant into the solid Anglo-Saxon. The English language, and avowing to assimilate the Italian and consonants, absorbs the Italian and misses their characteristic.

When the flowing tide comes to the song by the contralto and appraised by the public, for a familiar touch of the British contralto, the worst of it in rhythm, technique, intelligence and diction, wishes to make her voice; to produce a fog horn effect; a trombone-like blare.

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freedom itself. It should be able to rank as a poem, and should follow the line of the song.

It would be a pleasure to quote from Mr. Greene's treatment of bel canto, declamation, singing of recitative, the use and abuse of the pause or fermata, the rubato. "A song can be marred—if not made—by its finish." Other pages that should be of much value to singers are those concerned with word-illustration, the classification of songs, the singing of Folk Songs, the making of programs and How to Study a Song. In this last chapter Mr. Greene gives practical advice concerning the singing of Schubert's "Doppelgänger," Schumann's—the composer's name here appears as "Shumann"—"Er der Herrliche von Allen" and "Auf das Trinkglas." Stanford's "The Crow." "How to breathe" may well excite discussion. There is an adequate index.

This book should be a stimulus to every singer, young or old, who is not content with merely singing; notes. It may be said that the art of interpretation cannot be taught; that the pupil should show his own individuality in the conception and the carrying of it out. This is in large measure true. Nevertheless there are many pages in Mr. Greene's book which should be of assistance to singers and also to teachers who too often are busied chiefly with "tonal emission."

Notes—Mr. Greene, by the way, in a letter to the London Times, sums up the arguments against a National Opera, and adds:

About Music—What follows? The British composer must stick to oratorio or forever hold his peace; the British singer must stick to the "potboiler" or live in exile. British music must limp along on three legs for the rest of its natural existence. In that crippled condition the greatest of all the arts must remain in this country so long as plutocratic England looks on music as a long-haired fad, and London—to the derision of every tenth-rate Continental municipality—proudly perpetuates the role of the tortoise at the Zoo.

"Composers, singers, orchestras, operas and opera house are there, waiting only for England to wake up."

We have yet one more instance of an author inadvertently using the same title as a predecessor in the publication of "English Diction for Singers and Speakers" by Clara Kathleen Rogers. In this case, however, the author in order to avoid confusion has decided to change the title of her book to that of "English Diction in Song and Speech: a Text-book for Singers and Speakers" under which name it will appear in future editions.

Max Fledler will give two orchestral concerts in Berlin the 14th and the 28th. All the works will be by Brahms: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2, with the Akademische Fest Overture for the first concert; the Tragic Overture and Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4 for the second.

Arnold Schoenberg's "Lieder des Pierrot Lunaire" were recently produced in Berlin. There are 21 of them, a selection from 42 poems by Albert Giraud. The translation is by Otto Erich Hartleben. The music is for speaking voice, piano, flute, piccolo, clarinet, bass clarinet, violin, viola and cello. The critic of the Signale describes the poetry as a mixture of flowery romanticism, satanism a la Rops, and the Lord knows what else, but nevertheless "true poetry with an allegorical meaning and an indirect working, like that of music."

The music is said to be even more extraordinary than the poetry and the saying of Verdi is quoted: "The sick of our period who search and search and find nothing." The critic concludes: "The evening was extremely interesting. And the people hardly hissed at all; perhaps because they were invited."

Alice Ripper is a good name for a pianist, European or American.

Max Roger's concerto in the old style for orchestra was performed for the first time last month at Frankfurt. The second of the three movements made the strongest impression. "It is in a classically tranquil spirit, is most euphonious, and it is almost profound."

Dr. Muck will produce the concerto here this month.

Marius Szudolski of Vienna has completed an opera called "Seagulls," based on a story by Maxime Gorki.

Vincent d'Indy denied in a letter to the Echo de Paris that he was a candidate for the chair at the Institute left vacant by the death of Massenet. He gave several reasons why he did not wish to run, and ended his letter: "And then there are so many composers to whom this distinction would give infinitely more pleasure than it would to me!"

The Morning Telegraph (New York) of Oct. 26 published the following dispatch from Omaha: "The Secret of Susanne," as given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company in Omaha last week is 'demoralizing and unfit for public presentation,' according to the Omaha W. C. T. U., which today passed resolutions condemning the production. The opinion was expressed that it is a perversion of harmony to link music so beautiful as that of the opera with a cigarette-smoking woman. In the resolution, the opera is characterized as being 'not only demoralizing and below the standard of productions that our young people should witness, but also is directly in opposition to the principles for which we stand.'

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Mr. Harry Lander

is going to play

Hamlet at a mat-

inee of the Grand

Music Hall next month. The scenes

will be the Graveyard and the Players

and he is going to play it straight, not

in burlesque mood. "I have never seen

Hamlet played in all my life. I've not

even read the part. I have not the re-

mote idea of the character at all. But I

shall just form my own imagination

of it. There is not any character that I

have yet portrayed of which I have not

made a success."

Mr. Titterton sighs for the old-fash-

ioned ballet. "Have I grown middle-

aged, that innovation has so harsh a

stroke? Surely a young man may lament

the passing of the Alhambra ballet. And

why must it pass? Doubtless we have

outgrown the convention of tip-toe

dancing and the umbrella skirt, but we

still long for gay concerted dances, for

crowds of pretty girls with smiling faces,

for the intricate, reekless whirl of limbs

and color. Had not the Russians confounded us,

on the one hand with their cynical command

of an outworn technique, and on the other

hand with their voluptuous nightmares in

rhythmic pantomime, we should by this

time have found a new way for the ballet.

It is not too late to find it. I hope to see

soon, on the Alhambra stage, ballet, in a new

mode, that will not let me regret the happy-go-

lucky fascinations of the past."

Miss Gertrude Kingston likes Mr. Bernard

Shaw at rehearsals. "He sits in front with

pencil and notebook, and lets us go straight

through. As soon as the act is over he is ready

with criticism. It is then that we come up for

judgment. No one could be kinder in criticism.

He always says what has to be said in the

most delightful way. You never feel you are a

terrible fool. He merely makes you feel that

there is another point of view. Nor does he

ever dismiss your own ideas as though they

were not worth thinking about, as do a good

many well known and celebrated people. He is

absolutely indefatigable. He works with us

from morning till night. Nothing is left by

him to chance."

The Pioneer Players of London will begin

this season this month with a performance

of Heijermans' "The Good Hope," translated

by Christopher St. John. Then will follow

three new one-act plays by English authors; a new

three-act play by Cicely Hamilton, a play

by a new Irish author and a play by W. B.

Yeats. It is proposed to close the season

with the performance of a religious drama

dealing with our old friend Thais, by the

Nun Hroswltha, who lived in the 10th century.

Anatole France has written delightful articles

about this playwright and they are republished

in "La Vie Littéraire." Her dramas were

played at the convent of Gandersheim.

Mr. Aubrey Smith has succeeded at the

Liverpool Repertory Theatre with "Instinct,"

adapted by Penrhyn Stanlaus from the French

of Ristmaekers. "The great situation of the

piece deals with a crisis in the lives of two

people, a distinguished surgeon and his wife.

The latter has taken a deep but innocent

interest in a young poet. In the absence of

her husband, who pretends that work calls

him away, Mrs. Mandover gives her youthful

protege a last rendezvous in her own house.

Thither he repairs, and is suddenly attacked

by serious illness. The return of Dr. Mandover,

maddened to such degree that nothing short

of his rival's life will satisfy him, is followed

by a frenzied appeal from his wife to forget his

supposed wrongs and to remember that it is

his duty to cure and not to destroy."

Karl von Stekelle, who invented a machine

to imitate rain on the stage, died recently

at Munich. They say that the illusion was

so perfect that when Shakespeare's "Tempest"

was given one night to an audience of peasants

in Bavaria the spectators opened their

umbrellas and would not shut them till

the noise behind the scenes had ceased.

"Sarah" Apropos of Mme. Bernhardt's

engagement at the Coliseum.

London, the Pall Mall Gazette published

dialogues "In the stalls," "In the Royal Circle"

snoring is worse than a crime. It is a blunder. Think of a delicate poet, a bearded philanthropist, a visiting statesman thus vexing the quiet of the night! Byron said that he did not like to see a woman eat. Think of her snoring. There is the suggestion of overfeeding, a gaping mouth, or possibly a nasal obstruction! An ounce of civet, good apothecary!

Travellers' Tales.

As the World Wags:

Let us hope that the trousers of Mr. Herkimer Johnson will become him. He has said nothing about the color. Is it the conventional black or a delicate pea green? Something in large checks might hold the attention of the audience while he lectures.

Do you know that on the Ile de Rhe, about two miles out from La Rochelle, donkeys, who do the greater part of the draught work, have their legs encased in trousers, fastened with cords over the withers and hindquarters? For the island is cursed with mosquitoes and a peculiarly ferocious fly.

You spoke of prisons in Montenegro. When I was last in Serbia I saw prisoners employed as road sweepers, and they were allowed to smoke and talk with passers by on topics of the day, the Eastern question, the abstract idea of liberty, the price of tobacco, etc.

GEORGE F. BOLIVAR.

Marblehead, Nov. 2, 1912.

This inquiry into the color of Mr. Johnson's trousers reminds us of Mr. Chesterton's remarks concerning the current color language in England. "White wine" is yellow! "White grapes" are a

pale green. "We give to the European, whose complexion is a sort of pink drab, the horrible title of a 'white man'—a picture more blood-curdling than any spectre in Poe." And here Mr. Chesterton argues with Herman Melville, who insisted that the color white is associated everywhere with something mysterious and awful; hence the peculiar horror incited by Moby Dick, the white whale.

European News.

Snuff is now made in England from the petals of snowdrops, dried and crushed to powder, and they say it is good snuff. The London Daily Chronicle, however, reminds its readers that the snowdrop does not bear a good name. "It is unlucky to carry the first spray of the season into the house, and it is a barbarous act to offer snowdrops to anyone of the opposite sex. Such a gift is supposed to imply a wish for the death of the recipient."

The talk about the Turkish navy recalls a story told by Lord Carlisle in 1854 about the admiral of the Turkish fleet who was so seasick that he was obliged to go to bed. A noise disturbed him. He was told it came from the rudder of the ship, and he demanded that the rudder should be taken off at once.

Sir James Murray wishes information about the origin of the phrase, "Tom, Dick and Harry." He has notes about its use in the United States as early as 1816, but he has not a quotation showing use in England earlier than 1856.

It was Leslie Stephen who said that the Alps were improved by tobacco smoke.

The London correspondent of Men's Wear writes that bandanna handkerchiefs are "going strong just now," and this without compliment to Mr. Roosevelt.

A Note on Hash.

Mr. William Williams of Chicago, returning home from his day's work, found hash provided by his loving spouse, but he wanted stew. He then fell upon her and beat her sorely, and smashed other things, among them 40 jars of preserves. If the hash were corned beef hash with a touch of beefs, Mr. Williams deserves his sentence to the Bridewell. Sir James Murray's definition of hash is singularly inadequate: "Something cut up, a dish consisting of meat which has been previously cooked, cut small and warmed up with gravy and sauce or other flavoring." This is not only inadequate; it is misleading.

'THE RAINBOW'

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Rainbow," a comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas. Produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, March 11, 1912.

Henry Miller
Edward Fellows.....Charles Hammond
Nicholas Hollins.....Robert Stowe Gill
William Mortimer.....H. Conway Wiggfield
James Judson.....Joseph Alletton
John Carpenter Gilmore.....Daniel Pennell
Hennett.....George C. Pierce
Mrs. Ruth Sumner.....Ethel Barker
Hetsy Sumner.....Lillian Glover Hale
Cynthia Sumner.....Ruth Chatterton
Jane Palmer.....Vera McCord
James Davis.....Ethel Martin
Theresa.....Ethel Loyd

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner had lived apart for some years. She carried her pride and wounded heart to Paris. He stayed in New York and comforted himself with cards, horses and ladies given to loud costumes, the race track and late

supper, but evil companionship did not corrupt his manners, or tarnish the inherent nobility of his character, for he made Mr. Hollins a most unpleasant person, give up compromising letters which were to be used in blackmailing a young married woman with a spotted past, and he supported his wife handsomely without letting her know the source of the remittances. For she had a rascal of a brother who had wasted her estate and she thought that the money came from mines in which he had induced her to invest.

The wife returns to New York and brings her daughter Cynthia, who wishes to know her father. She visits him and creeps into his heart. He loathes the life that once he led. The two are blissfully happy, but Mrs. Sumner cannot endure the thought of Cynthia being thrown in with her father's companions. His sister may protest that he has turned them away, but Mrs. Sumner, calling at her husband's country place to confirm her suspicions, sees Hollins there, and, worse than that, Jane Palmer, the heroine of a disgraceful divorce suit and connected by scandalous report with Mr. Sumner. The mother takes Cynthia to Europe, and the husband is desolate.

But they all meet in Mentone, and Mrs. Sumner, knowing the truth about the remittances, is deeply touched. Mr. Sumner says he cannot live without them and there is rapturous embracing.

The story itself is simple, natural, affecting. The theme is one that appeals to all. Mr. Thomas unfortunately has not told it wholly in the manner it deserves. In contriving certain situations, he has turned to conventional melodrama. His dialogue is too often artificial and stilted. Take for instance the scene in the second act between Sumner and Jane Palmer, with the burst of rhetoric about each one being in a boat. There are speeches that might have come out of "The Stranger," they are so inherently meretricious in sentiment, so inflated, so meaningless. On the other hand there are lines that are plausibly epigrammatic, and Mr. Thomas gets down from his high horse when he sets the father and the daughter talking together. The comedy, then, is one of uneven merit. We have fine old crusted melodramatic characters in Mrs. Sumner, Jane Palmer, Hollins, and the amiably disposed friend, who in Mentone is the god in the machine; and we have a natural human being in Cynthia.

Mr. Miller gave an excellent performance of the husband. He might perhaps have been a little lighter in the scenes of pure comedy, yet in them he played with a certain animation. In the emotional episodes he was manly and convincing. There was no touch of false sentiment; there was no mock heroics. When he was frock-coated in dialogue, it was the fault of the dramatist.

Miss Chatterton was a charming Cynthia, wholly without self-consciousness or any affectation; a girl, not a sophisticated woman playing at girlhood and aping innocence. It would have been easy for her to be silly and intolerable in the part, but she avoided every pitfall. She was not too sweet; she was never "cute"; she was neither ebullient nor lackadaisical. She was the Cynthia her father loved.

Miss Hale was sufficiently amusing as the sharp-tongued sister Betsey, and Mr. Pennell as the United States consul, a character lugged in by the heels, excited laughter by his pronounced Americanisms.

A large audience evidently enjoyed the performance. There were many curtain calls, and after the second act some found pleasure in the now familiar sport of actor-baiting, i. e., insisting that an actor should drop his part for the sake of saying how thankful he is.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Concert," comedy in three acts by Herman Bahr, American version by Leo Ditrichstein.

Gabor Arany.....Leo Ditrichstein
Dr. Dallas.....Nye Chant
McGinnis.....Jay Quigley
Helen Arany.....Isabel Irving
Flora Dallas.....Catherine Proctor
Eva Wharton.....Kathryn Tyndall
Mrs. McGinnis.....Belle Theodore
Miss Merk.....Cora Witherspoon
Fanny Martin.....Marlan Lane
Clair Flower.....Margaret Bloodgood
Natalie Moncrieff.....Eleanor Verden
Edith Gordon.....Maud Proctor
Laura Sage.....Madge West
Mrs. Lennon-Roch.....Annie Livingston
Mrs. Chatterfield.....Madeleine Sorel

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Alias Jimmy Valentine," a play in four acts, by Paul Armstrong; adapted from the story, "A Retrieved Reformation," by O. Henry. The cast:

Handler.....Neil J. Sully
Smith.....Sydney Riggs
Blickendolffenbach.....Harry Pearing
Doyle.....Dudley Hawley
Mrs. Webster.....Miss Beth Franklin
Mrs. Moore.....Miss Bella Cairns
Robert Fay.....S. B. Dudley
Jose Lane.....Miss Ethel Grey Terry
Blinky Davis.....Burk Symon
"Dick the Rat".....Charles Abbe
Lee Randall.....Theodore Friebsch
Vim Lane.....Harry Pearing
Red Jocelyn.....William C. Walsh
Bobby.....H. M. Giffels
Kitty.....Miss Marion Glad
Williams.....Miss Florence Doherty
Sydney Riggs

JOHN J. M'GRAW AT B. F. KEITH'S

John J. McGraw, looking not so different from when he was last in Boston three weeks ago trying to win that eighth game and the world's baseball championship from the Red Sox and for the New York Glante of whom he is manager, is at B. F. Keith's this week.

Is telling a little something about the world's series, about baseball from the inside and, incidentally, pulling down a \$1500 each, and every week and as he is working under a 12-week contract he will be able to lay aside during baseball's off-season an amount that just about equals the \$18,000 he annually receives for managing the Glants, being as every fan knows, the highest salaried manager in baseball.

Mr. McGraw—for now that he is on the stage he would probably enter one of his strenuous objections to being called just plain McGraw, much less Mac or Mugsy—steps to the stage front with that same little choppy, swagger stride that used to carry him back and forth from the third base coaching lines during the late world's series. But he's somewhat differently attired. He wore yesterday afternoon a business suit, black and white check, with the trousers conspicuously turned up. Then, after he has bowed his acknowledgment of an applause that, yesterday afternoon, was certainly most enthusiastic, the orchestra stops playing the familiar "Take me out to the ball game," and Mr. McGraw proceeds to decourage for seven or eight minutes upon the game that has brought him world-wide fame.

Along with himself, Mr. McGraw features Fred Snodgrass and Christy Mathewson in his talk. Right off the bat, at the very outset, regarding Snodgrass and that \$30,000 miff of his cut at Fenway Park, Oct. 16, 1912, that gave the world's championship to the Red Sox, Mr. McGraw states in that characteristically convincing way of his "I do not blame Fred Snodgrass one bit for dropping that fly ball that cost us the championship. He's a good ball player, and he will be with New York next season (then somewhat defiantly), and help us to win the world's championship." Christy Mathewson, Mr. McGraw declares, is the greatest pitcher he has ever seen, and he never expects to see another like him. "Mathewson pitched in three games and lost them all," he adds, "and yet the Red Sox made but one earned run off him. But Matty is a broad-minded boy and does not blame anybody."

Having thus touched upon the world's series Mr. McGraw proceeds to relate a number of his experiences in big and little league baseball, bowing himself off the stage to return again and pass out a word of evidently genuine commendation to the Red Sox and to Boston. "I want to compliment Boston upon its sportsmanship," he says. "In that final game upon which the world's sportsmanship was shown by the crowd that attended, Jake Stahl and the men who helped Boston win the world's series are a fine lot of fellows." Then the applause breaks forth again, and Mr. McGraw, beaming far more graciously than he has been known to beam upon some umpires of his acquaintance, bows himself off the stage. His is a decided hit.

Just before Manager McGraw upon the bill is Emma Carus—the jolliest star in Stageland, so the program has it. Miss Carus is always a Boston favorite and she has with her this time a new repertoire of songs, perhaps the cleverest of which is one entitled "Love, Honor and Obey." A dainty and attractive act is that of the Six Kirkemith Sisters in a vocal and instrumental musical specialty that is extremely pleasing and artistic.

The balance of the bill includes The Four Musical Kings, the Stelnert Trio upon the horizontal bars, Cunningham & Marlon in an aerobatic talkfest, Williams, Thompson & Copeland in "The Burglars' Union," David Schooler and Louise Dickinson in a miniature musical, and the Juggling Burkes, expert club swingers.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Commuters," a comedy by James Forbes.

Larry Brice.....Wilson Melrose
Samuel Fletcher.....Donald Meek
Mr. Rolliston.....Walter Walker
Mr. Colton.....Carney Christie
Policeman.....Egbert Munro
Mrs. Graham.....Mabel Colcord
Mrs. Rolliston.....Sylvia Bladen
Mrs. Julia Stickney Crane.....Laurett Browne
Mrs. Colton.....Henrietta McDannel
Mrs. Applebee.....Vashti Bertet
Mrs. Shipman.....Gladys Lott
Carrie.....Florence Shirley
Betty Brice.....Mary Young

Tipping the Hat.

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that students in the courses at Harvard University are expected to take off the hat to professors and assistant professors whether they know them personally or not. Mere instructors, it seems, are not thought deserving of this honor. We do not know whether this story is true or false, for it is many years since we have ventured into darkest Cambridge. "I cock my hat at please indoors or out," screamed Walt Whitman. Students at Yale in the seventies were expected to take off the hat only to the president of the college, the Rev. Noah Porter, the author of "The Human Intellect," which for their sins they were compelled to study in senior year.

A Courteous Visitor.

We remember in our village the apparition of a polite young man from the city. He took off his hat when he met a woman of any age in the street. We boys accused him of putting on airs. The substantial men of the town, the storekeepers, selectmen, lawyers, physicians, constable, foreman of the Deluge fire engine company, looked on him as a frivolous person. An elderly gentleman, who had been in Europe, assured them that in cities he had visited he had seen men taking off their hats to other men, but as he was often in his declining years under the influence of strong waters, his word was not taken seriously. The women thought the city chap a delightful acquaintance and pressed cake and quince preserves and branched peaches, hot bleuet and shaved beef on him at supper and sugared his tea without thought of possible hepatic consequences. But in New England villages of the sixties, innate courtesy was not expressed in outward flourishes.

Well Bred Orientals.

It is not our purpose to revive the question whether a "gentleman" should take off his hat to the family cook if he meets here in street or trolley car. Much good ink has been shed over this simple proposition. Nor do we wish to discuss the question whether a man should go up or down bareheaded in an elevator. Events in the East recall a passage from Coryate's "Crudities." Coryate visited Constantinople in 1613 and was deeply impressed by the good manners of the Turk, who was then a fine fellow, as he is today. "The Turk doth never at the saluting of his friend at any time of the day, or when he drinketh to him at dinner or supper, put off his turban (as we Christians do our hats one to another), but boweth his head and putteth his right hand upon his breast so that he utterly disliketh the fashion that is used amongst us of putting off our hats; therefore, when he wishes any ill to his enemy, he prayeth God to send him no more rest than a Christian's hat."

Good Table Manners.

In the 17th century hats were commonly worn in church and at table. There are allusions to the practice in

church in Mr. Pepys's diary; but here is an entertaining story told by our old friend, Tallenand des Reaux. He was describing the personal characteristics of Louis VII. de Rohan, Prince de Guemene, Duc de Montbazoni. "He has a ridiculous face and were it not for his decoration would be taken for a tooth-puller. He has a certain trick of swelling everything he eats, and as he has a long nose and is short-sighted, he often bedaubes his nose all over, and it has happened to him that in eating soup or an omelet, he has spilled it even on his hat, for his hand would shake, or he would be dreaming of something else. And he is such a disagreeable sight that to prove the devotion of his wife, they say that if it were not genuine, she would not eat with her husband."

A French book of etiquette published in 1618 observed: "When you are at meat, it is enough to make some sign of reverence with the head; for it is not seemly to uncover one's self at table." And so in the English "Rules of Civility" (1630) we find that when a person of quality detains you to dine with him, this advice: "When the person invited is sit (sic), he must keep himself covered till the rest sit down, and the person of quality has put on his hat. If the person of honor draws a health to you, you must be sure to be uncovered. If he speaks to you, you must likewise be uncovered till you have answered him. If one rises from the table before the rest, he must pull off his hat." In the House of Commons a member wears his hat only when he is seated. Hats are worn in the reading room of the British Museum by readers, and the superintendent is always seen with a glossy silker.

"Happentry."

There is a word heard occasionally on Cape Cod and Nantucket that shows in general use. An aged man, who has been a deep sea sailor and is a bit of a philosopher, was asked whether it would rain. He discussed the probability at length and ended: "In this world there is just as much chance in 'happentry' as in certainty."

KNEISEL FOUR OPEN SEASON

Appreciative Audience Enjoys
Attractive Program at
Steinert Hall.

The Kniesel Quartet (Messrs. Kniesel, Letz, Svecenski and Willeke) gave the first concert of its 25th season last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, quartet in G major, op. 161; Glere, Theme and variations from quartet in A major, op. 2; Cesar Franck, quartet in D major. There was an audience of good size that often showed its appreciation of the performance.

On election night it is not easy to find space for a description of the pious orgies of the music. We must therefore be content with a few words concerning the interesting program. Schubert's quartet, although it is not so impressive as the one with the "Death and the Maiden" variations, is characteristic of the composer, with its constant shiftings from major to minor, its suave melodic ideas, its peculiar naïveté and gentle melancholy. Glere's variations, finely played, are eminently Russian in mood and not merely an echo of the German academic school.

There are certain effects of long sustained tones that remind the hearer of Borodin's "Russian Steppe." The variations are something more than a display of technical skill; they show fancy, and at times imagination. The Kniesel have made Franck's noble quartet their own. There are few greater works in the literature of chamber music.

The next concert will be on Dec. 3.

Nov 7 1912

A few days ago The Herald published a letter from "S. C. R.," which gave an account of a family named Cotton in Vermont and stated that the parents used the consecutive letters of the alphabet as initials for the names of their children.

As the World Wags:

The Cotton family lived in this town. Will you allow me to make some corrections in the names? The first was Ashley Brigham instead of Abel Bramble, and instead of Death-born Ipitheus, it was Death-born Epithena, as if it was the former the E would have been eliminated. Instead of Kathery Leroux, it should be Kathery Larona. There are descendants of the Cotton family living here now. A son of Sophia Trusty is a highly respectable farmer and has a daughter and son. There are also a daughter and grandson with whom I am well acquainted. I well remember Odell Polander who was a bachelor and often drove past my father's house to visit his sister Ann.

MRS. M. A. THAYER.
Hartland, Vt., Nov. 4, 1912.

Lost Illusions.

We had fondly believed that onions eaten freely were beneficial to the health. The ancients encouraged us in this belief. They assured us that the onion is detergent, diuretic, rubefacient, with great powers as an alexipharmical medicine; it concocts and breaks hard tumors; it occasions a rapid growth of the hair in cases of baldness; it should be chewed for paralysis of the tongue; as a cataplasm with salt, rue and honey it is a sure thing for the bites of mad dogs; its juice is useful in suffusion and dimness of vision from thick humors. In English folk medicine the juice is used for deafness. It is true that if you dream of onions, in the field, raw on the plate, boiled, fried, it presages sickness or still worse. What sings the humble poet?

To dream of eating onions means
Much strife in thy domestic scenes,
Secrets found out or else betrayed,
And many falsehoods made and said.

As a boy we were told that onions were good for a cold—and purified the blood. Judge, then, of our surprise when Mr. Gollightly, who wishes to reduce his weight, informed us at the Porphyry that onions were sternly forbidden him by the learned leech who drew up his diet list. Mr. Gollightly sighed as he stated the fact, and called for his third pint of ale.

Troublesome Arteries.

We had also believed that the eating of beef not only does harm to the wits but encourages the hardening of the arteries; that as a man begins to go down hill he should live chiefly on cereals, vegetables and fruit. And now comes Prof. Parizot of Nancy who shows at a Pathological Congress that vegetarian diet is capable of producing arterio sclerosis. The disease is frequent amongst plant-eating animals whose arterial coatings are often thickly charged with calcareous salts. The eminent professor recommends a

mixed diet of meat and vegetables, this in its simplest and most condensed form is called hash. Heed not the flippant and time-worn wheezes of professional lechers paid by the week on the space rates. A medical inspector broke into the conversation: "I have opened the bodies of many drinkers of ale and beer. Never in one of them have I found hardened or thickened arteries." And when we left, Mr. Gollightly, cited by the cheering news, was ordering his fourth pint and impressing upon the waiter the importance of pewter.

Quelle Surprise!

All this reminded us of a story told by a London journalist. He called at a country tavern for ale. "I observed floating in my glass a dingy leaf, which, on examination, proved to be a hop leaf. The landlord noticed the incident, and inquired what I had found in the ale. 'A hop leaf,' I replied. 'That's funny,' was his comment, 'I don't know how it could have got there.'"

To Fit the Crime.

Complaints about the inferior quality of food, the adulteration of food, the high prices and the cheating weights have been common for centuries. There are some curious pages in Henri Estienne's "Apology for Herodotus," and that book was published in 1566. But offenders were often punished and in most appropriate manner. Witness an edict recently found in the archives of Puy-de-Dome: "Whosoever shall have sold watered milk, in his mouth shall be set a tube, and into the said tube shall be poured the watered milk till the doctor or barber there present shall assert that the culprit cannot swallow more without being put in danger of his days. Whosoever shall have sold butter containing turnips, stones, or any other foreign substance shall be seized and attached in a very curious manner to our pillory of Pontet. Then the said butter shall be placed on his head till the sun shall have melted it completely, and in the mean time the children and meaner folk of the villages shall insult him with such outrageous epithets as shall please them—subject to the respect of God and his Majesty. Whosoever shall have sold evil or rotten eggs shall be seized by the body and exposed in our pillory of Pontet. The said eggs shall be given to the children of the villages, who shall by way of joyful diversion throw them in the face of the culprit, so that all may be full of merriment and laughter."

Sophisticated Ale.

Let us connect this with Mr. Gollightly. In Boorde's "Dietary" (1542) is this passage: "Ale is made of malte and water; and they the whiche do put any other thyng to ale than is rehersed, except yest, barme, or godes-good, doth sofisticat Theyr ale." "Godes-good," like barm, was merely another name for yeast. The literature of ale is pleasant reading. The old words, now obsolete, associated with the brewing, selling, drinking were picturesque, sometimes volumes in themselves.

Nov 8 1912

Apropos of remarks made in this column about the Turk and his turban, here is a speech that James Clarence Mangan put in the mouth of Meer Djafrat expressing the latter's oriental contempt for "the Ingleezee Khafir, calling himself Djaun Bool Djenkinzun":

I spit on thy clothing,
That garb for baboons!
I eye with deep loathing
Thy tight pantaloons!
I curse the cravat
That encircles thy throat,
And thy cooking-pot hat,
And thy swallow-tailed coat!

With the Painters.

Mr. Alfred Glendenning exhibited a picture, "Haymaking," in London and it was greatly admired until some unaesthetic person observed in print that both mowers were using left-handed scythes. A defender arose and said that there was nothing impossible about it for the handles were primitive and could easily be reversed, "and the local blacksmith could probably do the same for the blade." They take art seriously in London. Then another unaesthetic person shied his castor into the ring by saying that painters and sculptors nearly always show the mower in a wrong position; thus, in Mr. Glendenning's picture although the mowers are left handed men they are shown with the left leg in front, and in Mr. Walker's "Harbour of Refuge" the mower is swinging across his right leg in his backward stroke and this mower is a right-handed man.

Animals on Canvas.

The London journals then began to receive letters from the entertaining and valuable correspondents who, found in every city, apparently have nothing else to do than to fat the columns of newspapers. A man wrote about a picture of milking a cow which appeared in an illustrated paper. One held the beast by a rope, while the other, milking, sat on the cow's left. "I never saw a milkmaid or man sit down to milk on that side of

the cow. They sit on the horse, and served, even with cows and horses, and to mount a horse from the right side will cost you a gallon of beer, to a Kentish ostler."

Another wrote about a picture of a university boat race made by "an eminent American black and white artist." The picture was beautiful, but the oarsmen were rowing with their faces towards the winning post.

Still another objected to a galloping horse with his mouth wide open and his tongue hanging out. No well bred horse does this when he is allowed to have his head. He may commit the indiscretion when he is pulled up severely. There are hundreds of pictures that show horses at full gallop with front legs extended forward and hind legs extended backwards, but instantaneous photography proved that this was all wrong. "Each time all the legs were seen off the ground they were actually folded up under the animal's body." Is it not true that instantaneous photographs of dogs in rapid motion show that they naturally take the position so often attributed to horses? When John Leech exhibited a collection of his drawings, horsey men were loud in praise of the "osces," particularly those in Mr.

Briggs's sporting adventure; but would these pictures now stand the test?

The Stronger Sex.

We are told that in Australia although the women have the parliamentary franchise they are still aggressive, possibly longing for something this world can never give. In the theatres of Melbourne they show their noble discontent by stabbing, not the actors and actresses, which would often be pardonable if not to be expected, but the managers, ushers and other officials with hat pins. Ushers are seen bleeding from wounds in their legs. Said one manager: "I have seen cases where the hatpin has been thrust in as far as it would go."

M. Poincare's secretary is an advocate. He recently defended a girl who had committed the "crime passionnel"—which is in high favor in France—that is, the girl slew her lover by dagging him with a dagger when she was high-strung and nervous. The secretary ended her eloquent plea for mercy, and the judge said to her: "I am happy, Maitre, that the rota has given me the pleasure of presiding over the case in which you plead. May I, having heard your defence, say to you that you have every right to look forward to a distinguished career?" The jury smiled and acquitted the defendant. It should be noted that M. Poincare's secretary is described as young and charming.

"Beak" or "Beck."

As the World Wags:

In a delightful play now running in Boston, the characters speaking of Disraeli as an earl, pronounce Beaconsfield as though the first syllable were "Beck." The admirable Mr. Arliss is an Englishman and should know the correct pronunciation, but, reading yesterday a life of Disraeli written by an Englishman I came across a passage in which the accomplished political juggler is represented as insisting that his name should be pronounced "Beak"-onsfield as he himself pronounced it. How is this? HENRY MINER.
Boston, Nov. 15, 1912.

End. 1/9/30

